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DEVON MEN.

FROM Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer snow;
And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass to-day,
And lasses turn and toss it till it ripen into hay;
For gone are all the careless youth did reap the land of yore,
The lithe men and long men,
The brown men and strong men,
The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of old
With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's gold;
They sped away with dauntless DRAKE to traffic on the Main,
To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure train;
For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the sweeping oar,
The strong men, the free men,
The bold men, the seamen,
The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle grey
Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea to-day;
So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples bloom
And Summer weaves her colour-threads upon a golden loom;
For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon shore,
The cool men, the bluff men,
The keen men, the tough men,
The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

TRAINED VOLUNTEERS AND THE REGISTER.

(To certain responsible people.)

WHEN from a ten months' sleep you wake
 To find that we've a war on hand,
And feel the time has come to take
 A Register of all the land;
To ask about our names and ages
And who the persons are who pay our wages;

Whether in single bliss we live
 Or bear the weight of wedlock's chains:
What leisure hours we have to give,
 What skill of eye or brawn or brains
To put at England's service, please,
If she should ask us on her bended knees;

You'll hear with nicely feigned surprise
 That you have had, this six months long,
Unnoticed by official eyes,
 An army half-a-million strong
Begging for leave to do its bit
And getting for its pains the frozen mit.

Spurning delights of ease and sport
 They plead to serve some humble use,
To guard a line, to man a fort,
 Letting our younger warriors loose,
And earn the right to have a pitch
Allotted to them in the final ditch.

And when at last you come and say:
 "What can you do? We ask for light
On any service you can pay,"
 The answer is: "*You* know all right,
And all this weary while you knew it;
The trouble was you wouldn't let us do it."

O. S.

SQUAD DRILL WITH RESPIRATORS.

WE have much pleasure in favouring our readers with the new instructions, which are shortly to be embodied in the *Manual of Anti-Zeppelin Training*. For drill purposes the important word will be shortened to "Prators."

GENERAL RULES.

1. Recruits, before they commence the respirator exercises, are to be taught the names of the different parts of the appliance and the care of pads and sponge-bags.

2. Drill with respirators should be practised occasionally in extended order, *i.e.*, up and down stairs and round unlikely corners, to accustom recruits to hold their noses steadily and breathe correctly when separated from their comrades.

3. The recruit, having been thoroughly instructed in the respirator exercises by numbers, as shown in the following sections, will be taught to perform them in quick time, with a pause of one beat between each motion.

FALLING IN WITH RESPIRATORS AT THE ORDER.

The recruits will fall in in the front hall, should there be one in the house, dressing by and numbering from the right, the mistress or governess (if any) being right marker, and the butler or cook (also if any) marking on the left. Nurses with babies in arms will act as supernumeraries in the rear and will not form fours or carry their infants at the trail.

Each recruit will hold his respirator between the right first finger and thumb, with the two middle fingers extended and the little finger at an angle of forty-five degrees from the rest, the back of the hand being upwards and the arm slightly bent, with the elbow against the side. The left hand will hang perpendicularly, thumb against the thigh, fingers together and slanting towards the ground. When each man (woman or child) has got his dressing he will stand at ease.

THE SLOPE FROM THE ORDER.

Slope Prators—One.

Give the respirator a cant upwards with the right hand, catching the muzzle with the left hand, back of the hand to the left, elbow to the rear.

Two.

Cut away the right hand to the side.

TO FIX RESPIRATORS FROM THE SLOPE.

Fix Prators—One.

Seize the right-hand string of the respirator with the right hand, knuckles to the front; at the same time push the muzzle of the respirator sharply forward and turn the head and eyes to the right, the right-hand man looking to the left.

Two.

Taking the time from the right-hand man, raise the muzzle of the respirator to the level of the face, pressing it home on the nose, open the mouth five-eighths of an inch, lips pointing outwards, and take a deep breath. Body and head to be erect.

Three.

Tie the strings behind the back of the head on a level with the eyes, turning the head and eyes to the front.

Four.

Cut away both hands to the sides.

Note.—On the word *Fix*, the right-hand man of the unit will take three paces forward, resuming his place in line when the fourth motion is completed.

TO UNFIX RESPIRATORS.

Unfix Prators—One.

Keeping the heels closed, place the head between the knees, muzzle downwards, and grasp the strings of the respirator with the thumb and fore-finger of each hand, keeping the little finger erect.

Two.

Taking the time from the left-hand man, untie the strings of the respirator, and with the right hand disengage the muzzle from the nose.

Three.

Extricate the head from between the knees, cut away the left hand to the side, and return to the order.

ZIGZAG.

Impending Apologies.

I. To Sir Edward Grey.

"Published in Lausanne by Payot and Company, the book . . has already appeared in French. An English translation has, we understand, been prepared for the use of our Foreign Office."

Daily Chronicle.

II. To the Cape Mounted Police.

"As one observer put it, it was generally a case of 'one fool following another.' Whenever a body of mounted police was seen marching along a crowd of nondescripts immediately pursued."—*Cape Times.*

"When O'Leary stepped from the train he was received by the Lord Mayor, who shook him warmly by the hand, and in a few words cordially welcomed his back to Cork."—*Glasgow News.*

Cork might well be proud of seeing something that Sergeant O'LEARY V.C. had never shown to the Germans.



READY AND WAITING.

MEMBER OF VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS (*to President of Local Government Board*). "WHAT CAN I DO? AH! I'M GLAD THEY'VE ASKED ME THAT AT LAST. I SHALL TELL THEM I'M ONE OF HALF-A-MILLION VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS WHO'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A JOB FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS."



Tommy. "WHY, IN MY BIT OF THE LINE THE TRENCHES WAS SO NEAR THAT BOTH SIDES USED THE SAME PARAPET AND TOOK TURNS AT THE LOOPHOLES!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Canadian troops have fought with such magnificent gallantry in the War that it is good to know that, as regards their own country, they will not have fought in vain. It is the *Tägliche Rundschau* which sends the glad tidings. "Canadians as a whole," says this paper, "have given such proof of bitter animosity to Germany that they must not be surprised if henceforth every effort is made to prevent the further influx into their land of the virile stream of German manhood."

* * *

"ENEMY FLUNG BACK IN GALICIA," announced a newspaper the other day. We trust that no unnecessary violence was used.

* * *

The Queen of SWEDEN, who was in Karlsruhe at the time of its bombing is said to be returning to Stockholm. There's really no place like home—for neutrals.

* * *

"Shell-making at School" has been hailed as an innovation by several newspapers. As a matter of fact many public schools have had a Shell class for years and years.

* * *

"The feeling against Germany and everything German is much stronger here than most English people imagine," writes a Paris correspondent in *The Observer*. "No shopkeeper dares now inscribe 'Mann spricht deutsche' on his window." It must have been a very bold shopkeeper who dared do it even before the War.

* * *

"BIG FALLS IN LEADING COPPERS."
Daily Chronicle.

We are relieved to hear that Sir EDWARD HENRY was not involved.

* * *

The Daily Mail publishes a photograph, taken in a Lancashire town, of five clergymen making munitions. It should now be possible to solve the interesting and much debated question as to what a clergyman says when he hits his thumb with a hammer.

* * *

A *Daily Express* correspondent who has been paying a secret visit to Constantinople reports that the German officers there, in order to be understood by the Turks, have to speak French. The dignified inhabitants, unlike their masters, refuse to talk Bosch.

* * *

Bravo, fair sex! We hear that many ladies in order to appear the more fit for active work intend to give their ages in the National Register form as less than they actually are.

* * *

German reports from Lemberg say that the Russian administration of the town was splendid. The population were treated well, and the public buildings, museum and galleries were left in perfect order, the Russians paying all official salaries and other expenses. Not so bad for a people who have never enjoyed the advantages of Kultur!

* * *

At the Court of Common Council, last week, the City Remembrancer was asked where persons working in the City would be registered, and he answered that those who slept outside the City would be registered in their own districts, and only those who slept within the confines of the City would be registered in the City. The City Remembrancer himself will presumably not be registered anywhere, for we imagine that Remembrancers have to sit up all day and all night, note-book in hand, remembering things.

* * *

No, the name of the person is Ginnell, *not* Ginnelheimer.

AT THE FRONT.

WE have come to the conclusion that the people who arrange the battles have decided that their attitude to us is to be one of attempted frightfulness. Whereas other regiments enjoy all the amenities of peaceful trench life, with, say, a battle on every third Thursday, we are continually threatened with some fresh and frightful prospect which never materialises. In fact, we are constantly disappointed.

Sometimes they turn us out at dead of night and ship us to some forlorn bit of line, pleasant only in the forgetting, and assure us that we shall all be dead in two hours, and that the old country is already proud of us. The beginning of the third hour finds the mess president still pillaging Belgium for something to fry eggs in. The next evening sees us re-entraining for France, billets and security, with nothing more glorious to carry back than a sleepy surmise that the old country must have reconsidered her decision just in time.

Sometimes again they think out for us a highly unfortified attack on a highly fortified position. Then the General, or the General's General, sends for company commanders - at least it gets to them eventually, possibly by indirect fire - and exhorts them with cheerful words, such as, "On the afternoon of to-morrow, Friday, the 17th inst., you will spring lightly over your parapet and take the enemy's first line trenches, second line trenches, third line trenches, fourth line trenches, machine guns, communications, keeps, small arm ammunition, large arm ammunition, guns, transport, strategic railways, and *personnel*. You will send the KAISER to Belgian G.H.Q. and hand over LITTLE WILLIE to your battalion sergeant-major to birch severely."

We spend the night working up a deuce of a hate, and cutting great chunks out of our barbed wire. Some of the officers even have their rifles cleaned, and when dawn arrives the Bosch is frightened out of his life by the strange music of our men grinding their bayonets on their teeth—an old and little known army custom always observed on the morning before an attack.

Then at last, as we are finishing a frugal ration of lunch tongue and apricots and cream, touching up our wills, and writing home assurances that everything continues very quiet, a foaming signaller dashes up to the mess hut and falls in a dead faint in the act of delivering the message. "Submarine U296 sunk this morning, A.A.A. Your attack postponed indefinitely. Ends." And then everything continues very quiet, and we are left wondering whether there is a strategical connection between U296 and our attack, or whether Mr. BALFOUR just wired the news out of pure goodness of heart.

After they had played the attack game often enough to impel the two senior Captains to tell some of our leading Generals not to be silly, they moved us off here as a punishment for not taking our attacks seriously. "Here" is the seat of the original Flanders frightfulness. The Bosch has done all his best turns; he gassed us the second night in, and he shells our support line with enormous missiles for one half of every day. But as we got warning of the gas half-an-hour before it arrived, and as the support line he shells is, like the equator, imaginary, we are not yet wiped out, though the brigades and divisions and army corps to left and right are worried a little with the splinters of the shells dropped in our sector. We are now quite settled into our new war; the daily round, the common task is like this, and it never varies: -

0.5 A.M. - B 18's bomb-blunderbuss frightens German listening post.

0.30 A.M. -Battery of Little Willies sends us four short and two over, under delusion that we are B 18. (We are A 8).

3.30 A.M.—Battery Commander of German heavies (left rear of Hill 2493), returned by theatre train from Brussels, orders test mobilization of battery. 1 and 4 are always short, 3, 5 and 6 apparently laid, with devilish ingenuity, to ensure enfilade effect on imaginary support line. Something will have to be done about 2; it is nothing short of a public danger, and might well be made the ground of a conference.

10 - 11 A.M. -Three young batteries blow in A 8 f vi.—this is a trench in Flanders, not a form for claiming a rebate in respect of unmarried grandchildren. A 8 f vi. is not really occupied. When the young batteries have finished we build it up again with one row of sandbags. It is awful to think what would be the effect on our *moral* if they one day blew in A 8 f vii. by accident.

2—5 P.M.—Teuto-Britannic aviation sports. (Observe that the Britannic comes after the Teuto, as is always the case, but the Teuto usually gets away.)

6—10 P.M. -*Réchauffé* of odd shells, usually distributed neatly along roads; a few get tired on the way and try to drop in on us. But they can never remember the exact way, so we have to go out and bring them in, quite broken up.

Some day no doubt we are bound to get involved in this war they talk so much about in the illustrated papers. Some day we shall emerge glorious with full packs, mess-tins, blankets, and other appurtenances of famous attacks (*v.* contemporaries) and with our names once more on the —well, whatever it is one writes one's name on in such circumstances. But at the moment it's weeks and weeks since we did as much as a bayonet charge.



"THERE'S NO DOIN' NOTHINK WITH 'IM SINCE 'E'S GOT SHARES IN THAT THERE WAR LOAN!"

Wanted, a Deus ex Machina.

"Existing firms were not delivering gods up to promise because they had machines which they could not man."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

"According to information received, the Headquarters of the German Army has published a statement declaring that Russian prisoners found in possession of dum-dum mullets or other projectiles of a like nature will not be considered as prisoners of war, but will be shot on the spot."—*Evening News.*

But the Germans themselves do not come into court with clean hands in this fishy matter. Witness the following, from a description of the attack of one of their submarines on a French grain ship under tow: -

"The tug was attacked with a hail of mullets, but it and the grain ship both escaped."
Manchester Evening News.

It does not actually say that they were dum-dum mullets, but this fish is notoriously soft-nosed.

From an article on Lord KITCHENER: -

"His sole departure from the Spartan habits of eating and drinking and sleeping, learnt on his earliest campaigns, takes the form of an occasional cigar after lunch or dinner."
Daily Chronicle.

Most of us acquired at an even earlier period the habits of eating and drinking and sleeping.

ASSISTING NATURE.

"COME by the 9.30 to-morrow morning," said the voice of Macvicar, at the country end of fifteen miles of telephone. "Small Lochleven flies will do."

"Delighted," I answered. "I'll bring plenty of sandwiches and a flask."

"The flask by all means," Macvicar murmured; "but don't bother about food. We'll stroll home to lunch, and tea, too, if you like. I had a 2½-pounder this morning, a grand fish."

Over an aged fly-book I speculated about the New Angling, which enables one to land 2½-pounders and "come home to lunch." The private loch of the Strathrowan Angling Club was to show me many surprising ways in which Science can assist Nature to maintain a steady supply of 2½-pounders, and deliver the goods.

Macvicar, when I reached his semi-suburban residence next morning, was casting on his lawn with one of those supersensitive, five-guinea rods, which can be tied in a true-lover's knot without damage to material or *moral*.

"That's our Club-house," he announced at the end of five minutes' walk. "Strictly limited to twenty-five. We are allowed three guests each per annum, and we put in four thousand yearling trout every spring."

The Club-house looked big enough for a couple of hundred golfers. There was room in it to handle a fourteen-foot rod freely. No coaxing of fractious gossamer casts with chill fingers ever tried the temper of the Strathrowan Angling Clubmen. On a Chippendale sideboard in a bow-window stood a weighing machine, registering decimals of an ounce. The scale-pan was of oxidised silver. Two books, both bound in morocco, with tooled edges, flanked this apparatus, to record the baskets of Members and Visitors.

"Somewhat *de luxe*," I said admiringly.

"Not bad," Macvicar agreed. "The gift of the President. He takes a great interest in the Club."

"What's this?" I asked, pointing to a mahogany cupboard in one corner.

"Afternoon tea," said Macvicar, doing the honours of the cupboard.

"Crown Derby and Georgian silver," I whispered, awe-stricken. "I say, you know——"

"The gift of the President's wife," said Macvicar lightly. "She takes a great interest in the Club. Let's start now. Augustus is waiting with the boat."

I had never met a boatman called Augustus, and I never dreamt that there could be a boatman on a Scotch loch wearing not only the name Augustus, but also a neat uniform of dark green, with leather leggings to match. His silver buttons bore the Club motto. It was over the doorway, on the weighing machine, on the covers of the records kept for Members and Visitors, "*Semper Grandiores.*"

"'*Semper Grandiores,*'" I muttered to Augustus as he stowed my mackintosh in the stern of the boat.

"Yes, Sir," he answered; adding helpfully, "I understand it is the Latin for 'Bigger fish yet.'"

"Did you invent it, Augustus?" I asked, getting in with due respect for the polished satin-wood thwarts.

"No, Sir. It was selected by the President, I believe."

Macvicar seated himself in the bows, in an elegant and lofty cane-chair, pivoted like a piano-stool for convenience in casting. Augustus fiddled with an electric switch and a little wheel amidships. We backed out from the pier and turned towards the head of the loch, visible six hundred yards away and marked by a row of poplars.

"Don't see many poplars about here," I remarked.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Passenger. "THIRD RETURN TO BILLINGSHURST, PLEASE."

War Booking-Clerk (late of Snagg and Stelgrove). "I SUPPOSE YOU WOULDN'T CARE FOR A FIRST RETURN TO BRIGHTON? WE'RE SELLING QUITE A LOT OF THESE JUST NOW. THEY'RE CONSIDERED VERY SMART."

"No," said Macvicar. "The Club imported these from Bedfordshire. They bring the Mayfly on the water a week or two sooner."

We purred along an islet, about fifteen yards by ten, gay with daffodils.

"Charming," I said. "Very nice indeed."

"That's Eilean Shona," Macvicar explained. "The Vice-President put those in. They are his favourite flower. He does a bit of gardening on the island on Sundays. He did think of a little hot-house, too, but people might have rotted us about it."

"It would have had to be a very little one," I said, "or it might have sunk the island. Everything here is on a small scale, except the Club-house——"

"And the fish," Macvicar corrected. "Look out, you're into something."

Three yards of line ran out with a pleasant whirr. About thirty seconds later a plump Lochleven trout sailed reluctantly into the landing net. Augustus released it tenderly from the Marchbrown-and-Gold.

"I'm afraid it's just under, Sir," he said.

"Why, it looks a good half-pounder," I protested.

Augustus laid the fish delicately along an ivory foot-rule let into the edge of a thwart. "Nine inches, Sir," he said with the solemnity of a judge prescribing penal servitude.

"Pity," said Macvicar, casting greedily towards the islet and speaking over his shoulder. "Ten inches is the limit. Not hurt, is it, Augustus? If it had been badly hooked we could have kept it."

Augustus slipped the fish overside and wiped his hands on a towel bearing the Club monogram and motto.

"All right," I said; "I'll strike the next in the angle of the jaw and be rather harsh with it."

On our first drift down-wind, which ended only when I hooked one of the hanging baskets of Darwin tulips on the Club verandah, we had five trout, all under ten inches. Those of seven or more were immediately released on their own recognisances to come up again when called upon. The others Augustus slipped through a kind of letter-box in the bottom of the boat.

"What happens to the little fellows?" I asked Macvicar.

"They wait in their private tank till lunch-time . . ."

"What do they have for lunch?"

"Our lunch-time," Macvicar explained; "and then Augustus interns them behind the wire-netting there, in Tom Thumb Bay. We don't want to catch them again till they've grown a bit more."

"Won't they find it rather dull behind that wire netting? It's not even barbed wire."

"They grow, anyhow," Macvicar said. "Minced liver and wheat tailings, boiled soft, make a wonderful difference in three months' time."

Between lunch and tea we had a dozen fish, and kept three, including one well over two pounds, which Macvicar caught, according to his explanation, not in any spirit of bombast, but as evidence of good faith.

"We'll fish the Narrows," he said, after our Crown Derby tea, "from the European side. That's where the rainbows lie."

We slid to the top of the loch and looked into a little creek, about eighty yards by twenty across.

"Doesn't look promising," I said; "there's not a breath of wind in there."

"We'll soon put that right," said Macvicar confidently. "We'll try the transuff, Augustus."

Augustus sculled the boat to the bank, stepped out, opened a padlocked box above high-water mark and turned a handle. There was a sudden hiss of air released under heavy pressure. Little catspaws of wind appeared at intervals along the creek. By the time Augustus was back in the boat these puffs of air had grown to a light but steady breeze.

"My aunt!" I said in respectful tones.

"Service's Patent Transufflator," Macvicar explained. "Costs a bit of money, of course. That's why it's only fitted for this little creek. Next season we mean to put a pipe down right along one side of the loch."

The Transufflator yielded us three rainbow trout, all over a pound, within twenty minutes. We drifted down to the Club-house, well pleased with our day.

"Delightful place this," I said gratefully. "Plenty of sport, daffodils on the island, poplars, both decorative and useful, grey roofs against a sky of Italian blue. Those fir-trees on the hillside are exquisite in this evening light . . . ."

From the fir wood a voice interrupted me. "Cuck-oo, cuck-oo."

"To say nothing of the wandering voice," said Macvicar. "There he is."

The bird flapped slowly across the loch.

"Bless my soul," I said, "so it was a real bird after all?"

"Of course," said Macvicar. "Why not?"

"Everything's so well thought out here," I said admiringly, "that I felt sure you had a Cuckoo Attachment to Service's Patent Transufflator."

ARMY CONTRACTS.

Alfred had a severe attack of Army Contract fever the moment the War started. He had every known symptom of the malady and a few over, in spite of his forty-eight years and a good business as a Surveyor. When he was first attacked the disease took the form of mittens. But when the War Office people wrote and told him that the kind he sent them would not mit, he swept his samples into the waste-paper basket and went all out on khaki cloth.

The reason his malady took this form was that he had what he called "an enquiry" for it. I have since learnt what an enquiry means in this connection, and I think this is both the time and the place to explain the term and what it connotes.

It means apparently the dropping of a hint by A to B that A has seen C who can place so many hundred acres of cloth, so many thousand quarts of brass buttons, or so many million hands of horse, or whatever the commodity may be which is the subject of enquiry.

B then sets out to find D, who when discovered is found to be a person having the acquaintance (business, and slight at that) of E, who knows F (and sometimes wishes he didn't). F is in close touch (a fine old hallowed expression in the City) with G, who lives in Bradford, or the button-growing district, or Mexico, as the case may be; and G says he has the cloth or buttons or horses. He is probably lying, but this is not generally established till the end of the game. A, B, C, D, E and F all want commissions if the deal comes off, and G, the alleged seller of the goods, wants a profit, so it's a sort of round game rather like "Snap."

Alfred by superhuman efforts heard of some khaki cloth that had nothing particular to do at the moment, so he engaged it for the deal. But when the samples were submitted to the authorities it was discovered that the maker had bungled over the recipe and had put in the ki before the kha, or else the dye was all loose and wobbling about. Anyhow the deal was off.

Following the proper rotation of crops, Alfred tried rations, lint, chloroform and boot polish, and came at last to horses.

It was at this stage of the game that I first took a forced interest in his doings. His office is not tidy at any time, and when I called on him it was difficult to find a seat, every available piece of furniture being filled up with samples. His desk was littered with bottles of all sorts, tins of boracic powder, liquid soap, and packages of various shapes, sizes and aromas.



Aunt (to little girl who has omitted to say "please"). "SAY 'PLEASE, AUNTIE DEAR.'"
Little Girl. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LEAVE THE 'DEAR' TO ME."

Three saddles were perched on top of the book-case, and a pile of army blankets on the only chair I could see besides the one Alfred was using. I came to anchor at last on a packing-case full of boot polish.

"How many hands go to a horse?" said Alfred.

"It depends on the horse," I said. "Not counting ponies and cobs, say from fifteen two——"

"And one for his nob," said Alfred.

"To about seventeen hands," I said.

"The Russian agents," said Alfred, "who are after my horses want to know the age, size and colour, and I've had to guess them."

"What height did you guess?" I asked.

"Well, I thought the average would be somewhere about twenty-three to twenty-five hands."

"Very useful," I said. "They'd frighten the Germans to death, even without soldiers on their backs."

"I must alter my letter then," said Alfred. "What age shall I put?"

"Oh, if you're guessing, I should say four to eight years."

"Mere babes," said Alfred. "Look here, old man, you'd better join me in this game. We'll make pots of money."

"No, thanks," I said. "The off-chance of sharing commissions with half the 'runners' in London is not alluring. Besides," I added, "I'm busy with War Office contracts myself."

"Got any through?" asked Alfred eagerly.

"Yes," I said, "several contracts I'm interested in were signed last week."

"Handled any commission yet?" he said.

"No," I said decidedly. "But two or three of the people I've been dealing with will get commissions shortly, I expect. The fact is, I've gone in for supplying the War Office with better stuff than you have."

"What stuff?" said Alfred.

"Recruits," I said.

"Our guns must have killed and wounded hundreds of the Turks, as the shells were actually dropping in and around the trenches, many of them being blown to pieces."
Daily Dispatch.

The tendency of these projectiles to suffer from sudden and violent disintegration has frequently been observed.

MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS O'REILLY.

I HAVE often of late meditated upon a garden and its immoral influence—as to why the growing of tulips should promote intolerance, or what there was in a dahlia (besides earwigs) to cause irritation.

Sir FRANCIS BACON, as I pointed out to Cecilia, fell under the fatal fascination of gardens and very soon had to be removed from the Bench. SHAKSPEARE, on the other hand, was no gardener. To him a rose under any other name would have smelled as sweet, nor would he have lost his self-control even if you had called his tea-roses Madame Karl Druschkis.

Old hardened gardeners are bad enough, but the youthful convert is a terror to his friends. Cecilia, before she took up gardening, would not have harmed a worm, but you should see her face nowadays set to storm at the sight of the shyest and most retiring of snails. As I told her, it was this way that NERO began.

She has tried hard to tempt me from the paths of virtue with a heavy watering-can. Luckily I remembered



"This is my son. He's just left school, you know, and wants to get a commission; but he doesn't know what to join."

"Well, if you think it would be any help, I daresay I could get you an introduction to Lord Kitchener. You see, a nephew of mine has joined his army."

in time that our tried family physician had warned my father once that undue horticultural indulgence might have fatal results in my case. I had been treating myself, I well remember, for measles with a small green apple. As I told Cecilia, it is ridiculous to slight the advice of a family doctor. Not an ordinary physician, I said, but a family doctor.

Perhaps I should have told her less emotionally, as she went and bought me a quilted red double chest-protector. I managed to get it off my chest on to a stall at a bazaar as a Kurdistan native lady's bridal head-dress. It was the success of the sale.

The fall of Cecilia began with bulbs. She was anxious to out-bulb the Vicar's wife, an old hand, full of wise saws and other modern implements. She pored over that pedantic brochure, *Hints to Amateurs. On Bulbs. By One.* The result was the breaking of Fogarty's back.

As he said, "The back's broke on me, planting thim bulbs!" Cecilia did the digging, and, as far as I could see, Bridgeen, our between-maid, did everything else. Fogarty was *locum tenens* for the professional gardener, who had gone fishing. He didn't say so when he returned. He put his handkerchief to his eyes and said, "She had been always very kind to me, and I had to see the last of her!"

The three of them planted bulbs everywhere. No place was sacred. I kept indoors, as I have a bald spot.

Bridgeen stood between Cecilia and Fogarty, and he broke his back passing the bulbs to Bridgeen, who handed them to Cecilia, who planted them solemnly according to the ritual of *Hints to Amateurs*, which lay open beside her on the grass.

This to me now seems years and years ago, as the bulbs have all come up since. It was Bridgeen who conveyed the information to Cecilia.

We were at breakfast when the blow fell. I remember I was at peace with all mankind, looking meditatively across the beautiful country, when a fly came straight through the window into my left eye. I don't know why flies always select my left eye to die in. I have known them come miles to do it.

Cecilia was in the middle of her third cast with the table napkin, and I was just remarking that I'd rather keep the eye with the fly, if she didn't mind, than the fly without the eye, when Bridgeen tore in and cried, "If you please, Ma'am, will you come out and look at your bulbs? They are all up. And every blessed one is a Spanish onion! And wasn't I saying to meself at the time that them bulbs had the smell of stew about them?"

When the Vicar's wife came in triumph to lorgnette our poor bulbs, I found Cecilia exhibiting them with pride. She explained with modest self-depreciation that in war-time every patriot grows vegetables in place of flowers.

"Bryan's second statement, scmfwy and amfwy andardlainanana published this morning, is a piece of stupefying impudence."

Vancouver Daily Province.

Of its impudence we cannot pretend to judge, but it is certainly "stupefying."

Mr. Punch's Holiday Pages



THE GOLDSTEINS RENT FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS A CASTLE ON THE SEA COAST. A BRILLIANT GUEST (DEPICTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREGROUND) SUGGESTS THAT THE ANCESTRAL ARMOUR WHICH GOES WITH THE PLACE MIGHT BE UTILISED FOR THE PROTECTION OF BATHERS AGAINST SUBMARINE ATTACKS. THE HOUSE-PARTY IS QUICK TO ADOPT THIS HAPPY SUGGESTION.



Volunteer Recruit. "I'M FED UP WITH THIS TRENCH DIGGIN', SIR. WHEN DOES THE LOOTIN' BEGIN?"



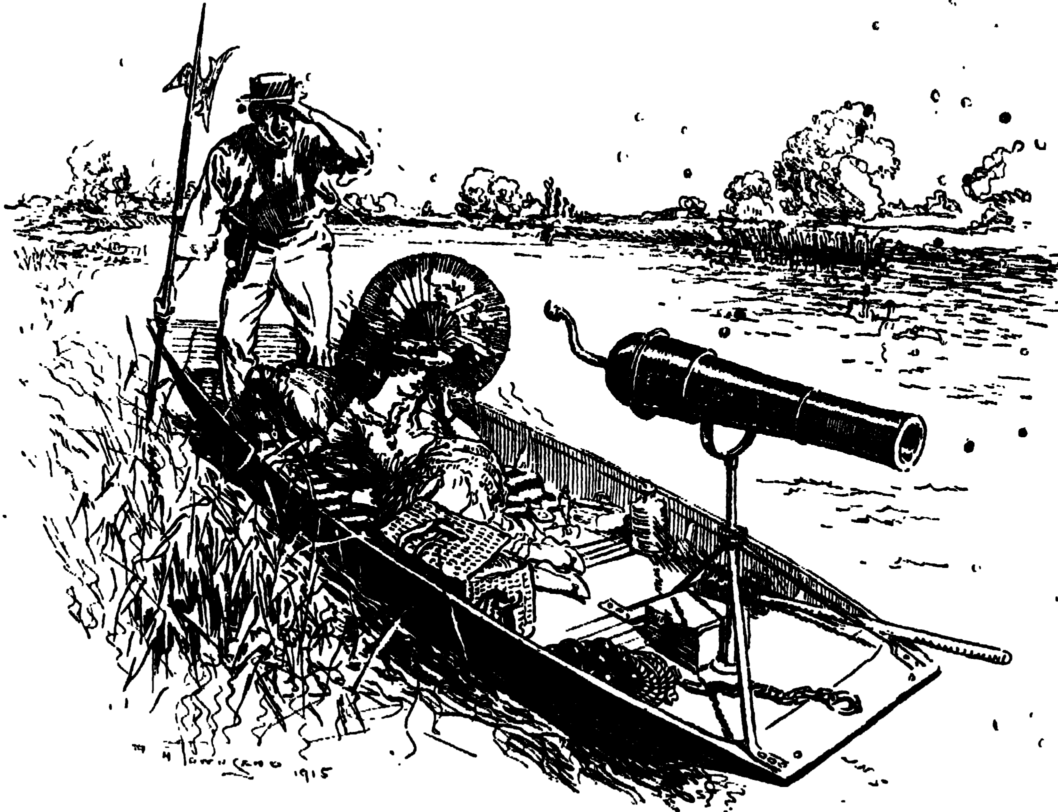
"HANDS UP! YOU'RE MY PRISONER!"
"YOUR PRISONER? HOW CAN I BE WHEN I'M STANDIN' ON YOUR COMMANDANT?"



Boatman (narrating incident of air-raid on his town). "AND THEY SAY AS 'OW THEY PUT SOMETHING IN THE BOMBS TO START A TERRIBLE THIRST. LEASTWAYS I'VE 'AD ONE EVER SINCE."



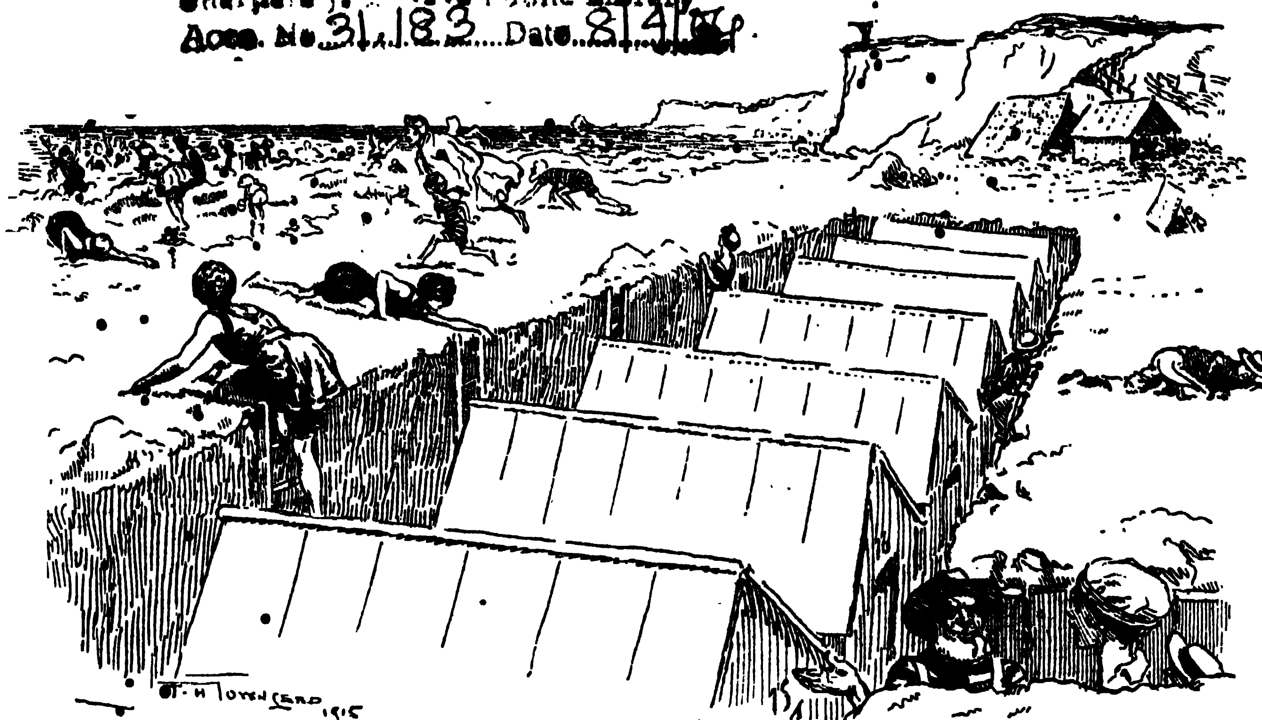
SPECIAL CONSTABLES SHOULD CONSIDER THEMSELVES "ON DUTY" IN ALL PLACES WHERE THEY OBSERVE ANY INFRINGEMENT OF THE LAW.



A PUNT PATROL.



A ZEPPELIN PICNIC.



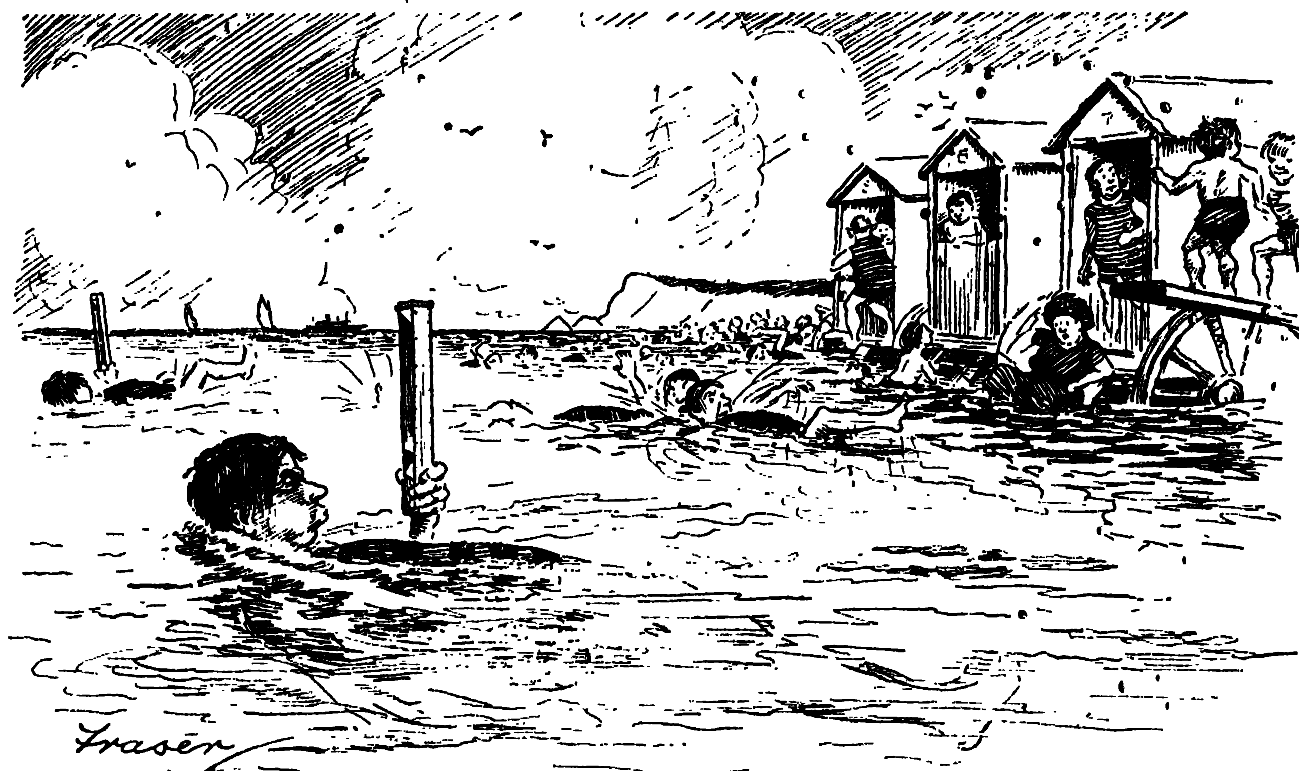
ANOTHER "FORTIFIÉD" WATERING-PLACE.



A CHALLENGE.

Sentry. "WHO GOES THERE?"

Bashful Maiden (recognising cavalier of a previous evening on the pier). "FR——, I MEAN ACQUAINTANCE."



THE NEW PERISCOPE FOR THE BACK-STROKE—TO OBVIATE COLLISIONS.



Golfer (as aircraft drops bomb on links). "THERE, CADDIE, YOU HAVE THE CHARACTER OF THE GERMAN IN A NUTSHELL—PUTS ME OFF MY SHOT, AND ISN'T SPORTSMAN ENOUGH TO REPLACE THE DIVOTS!"



Energetic Platoon-Commander. "Don't PANT."



Sergeant (to plutocrat). "Now then, Number Three, look up! All the cigar ends 'ave been picked up long ago!"

A HINT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

LET THEM DECIDE THAT THINGS ARE *NOT* AS USUAL THIS YEAR AND ADVERTISE THINGS AS THEY ARE.

SPEND YOUR HOLIDAYS ON THE FAMOUS
CLEEKTON LINKS
NEW BUNKERS
NEW HAZARDS

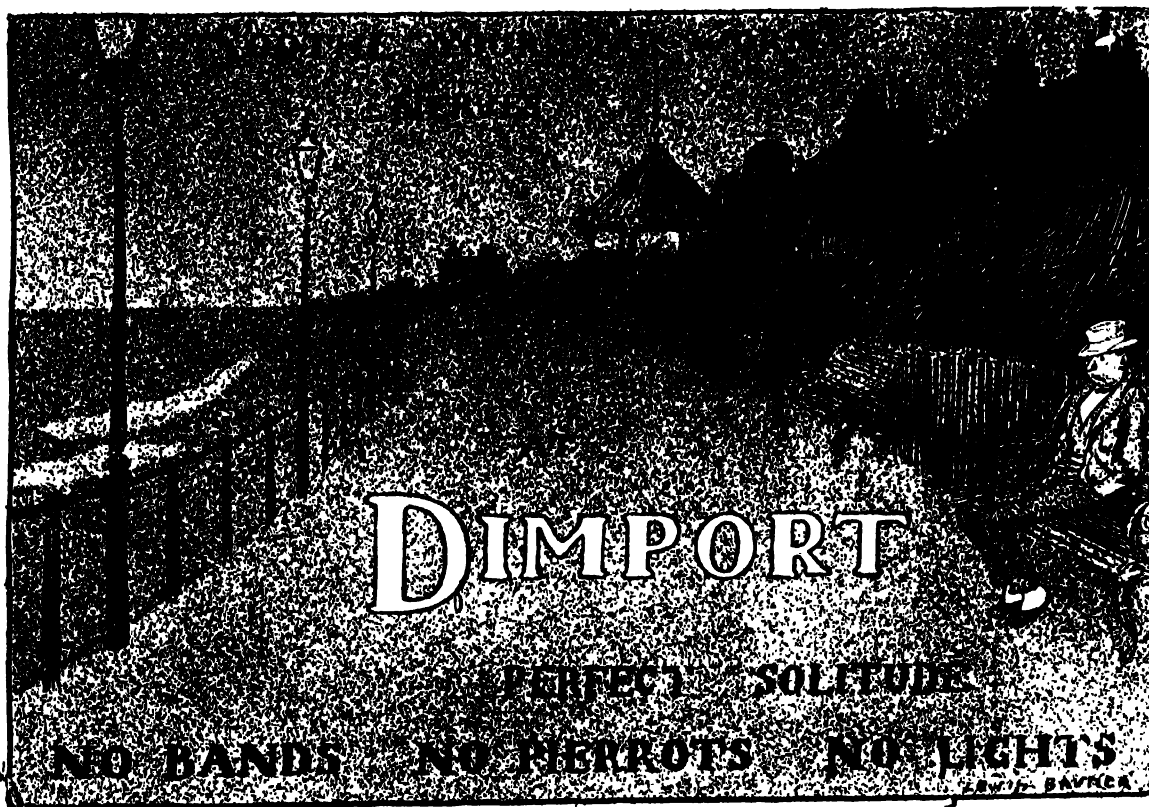
COME TO BREEZY BRIGHTMOUTH
MORE SOLDIERS TO
THE SQUARE YARD
THAN IN ANY OTHER
SPOT IN ENGLAND



THE WAR SPIRIT.

A HINT TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

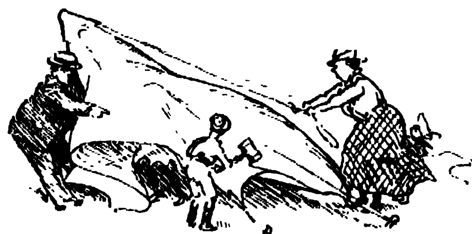




WAR-TIME HOLIDAYS.



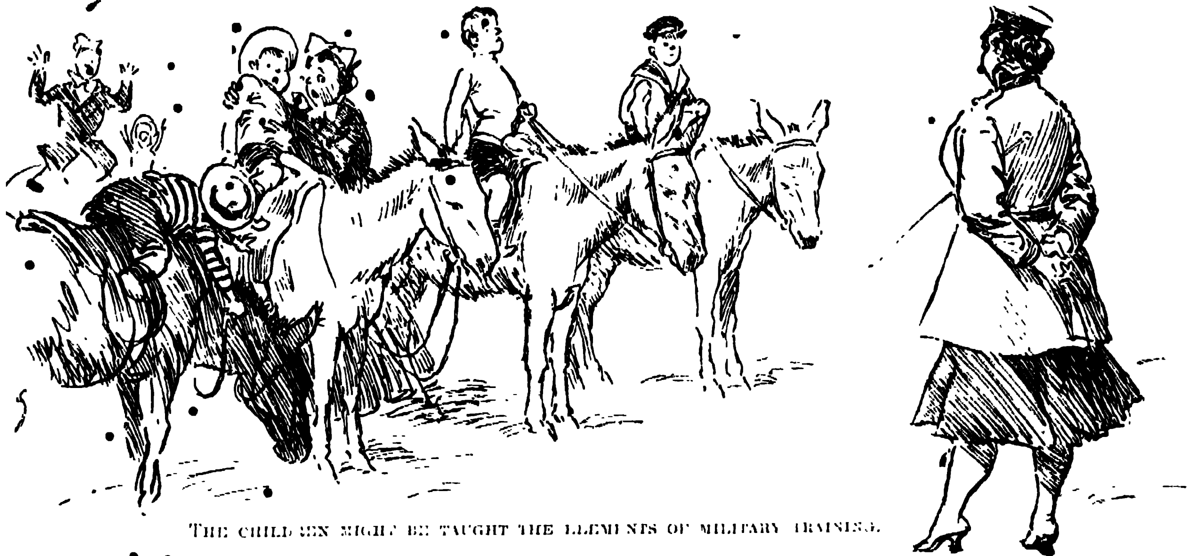
WHY TRAVEL BY RAIL? MAKE A ROUTE-MARCH OF IT.



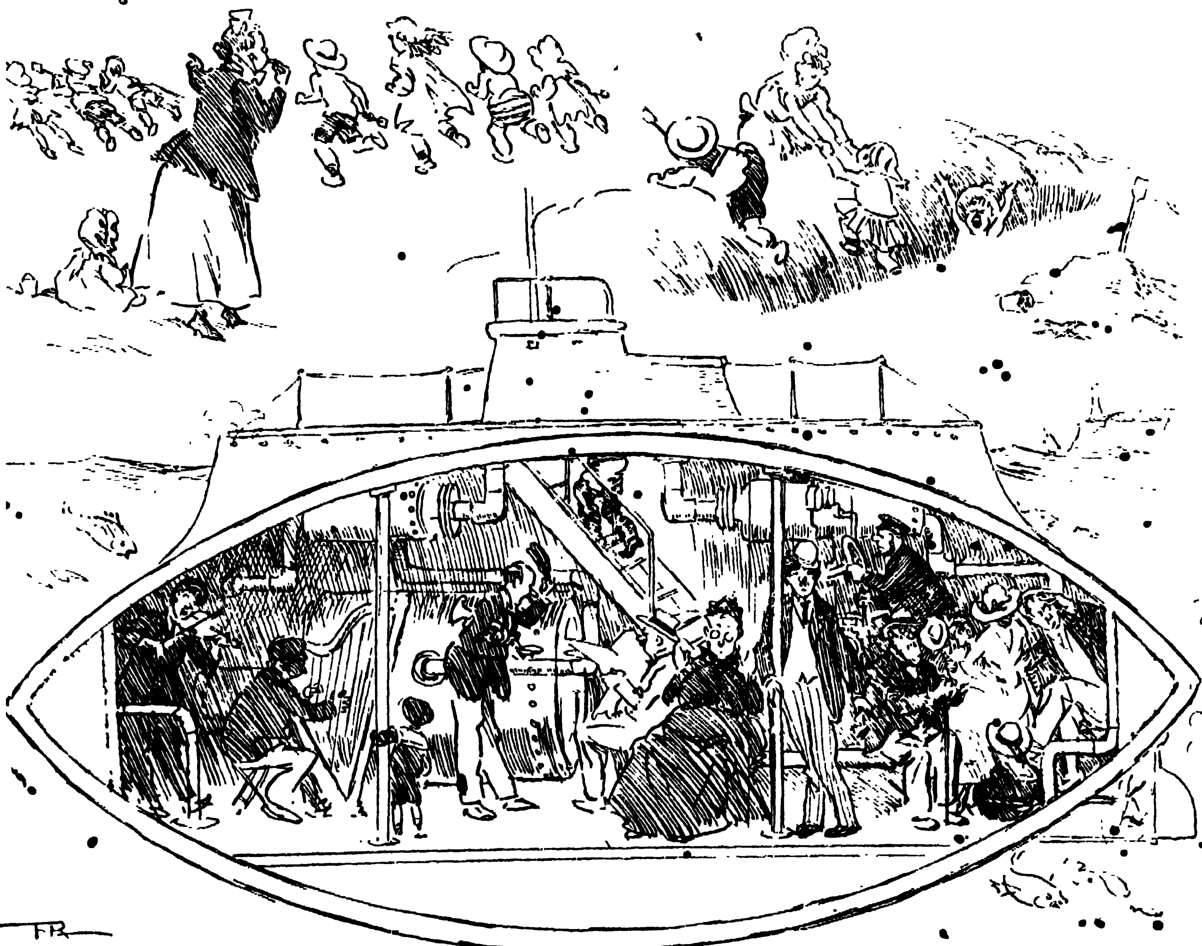
AND WHY LODGINGS?

AWAY WITH BONES AND BANJO. LET'S HAVE MARTIAL MUSIC.

WAR-TIME HOLIDAYS.



The Children might be taught the elements of military training.



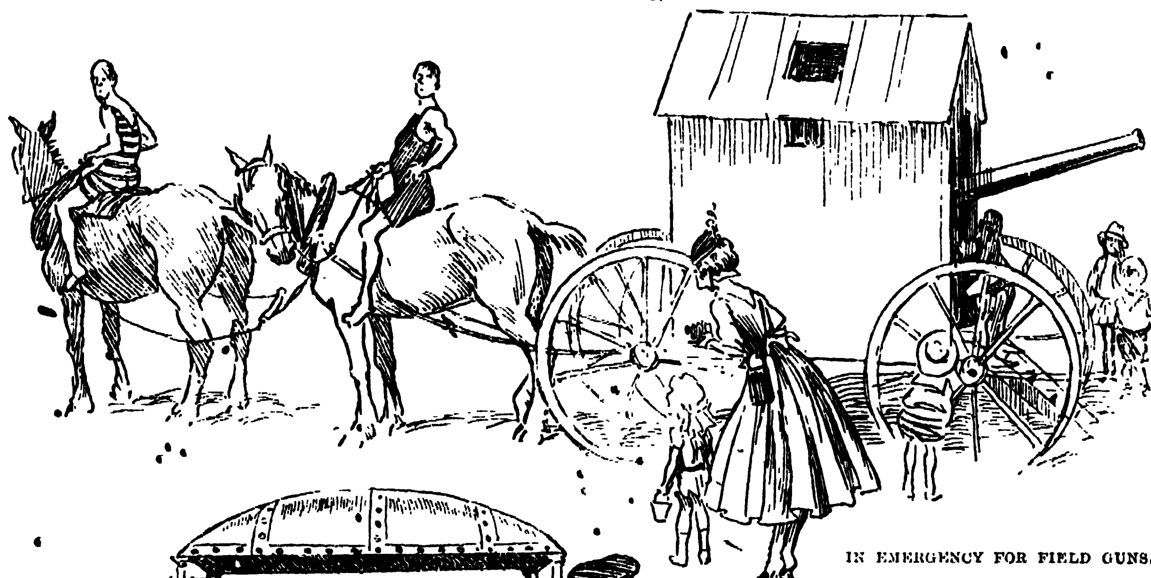
And why not run a pleasure-submarine?

WAR-TIME HOLIDAYS.

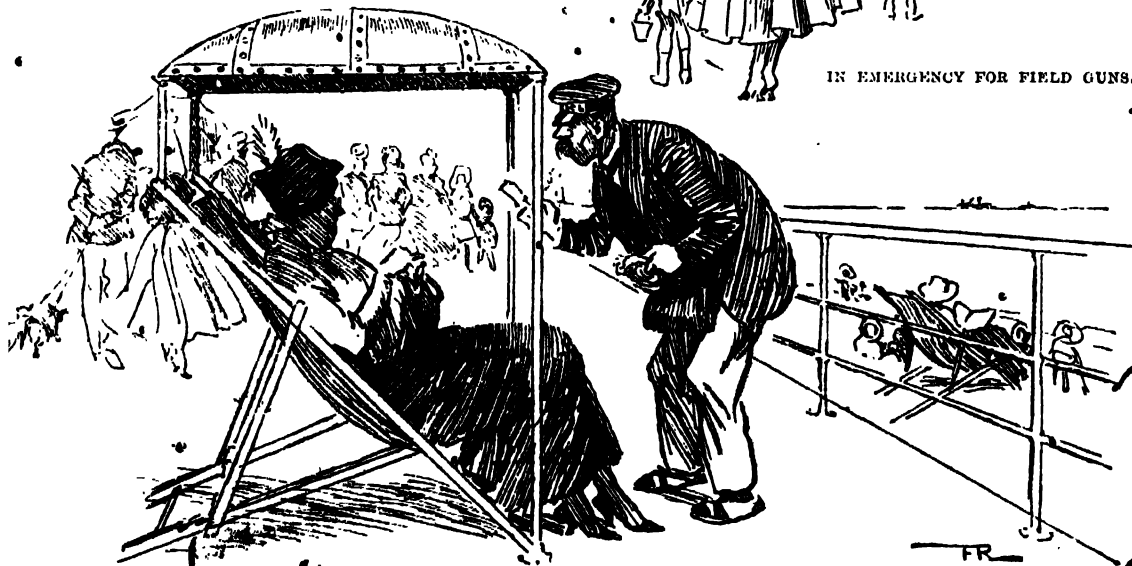


BATHING-MACHINES MIGHT BE USED FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCE

or



IN EMERGENCY FOR FIELD GUNS.



THE ARMOURED DECK-CHAIR (*1d.* EXTRA).

WAR-TIME HOLIDAYS.



Hint to beach photographers.

Bathing costumes should have the military touch.



Buskers' early morning parade.

FRIGHTFULNESS.

[There is a possibility that a mild form of "Frightfulness" may enter into our everyday life as one of the consequences of the War.]



A client indicates to a portrait-painter that he has not quite caught his wife's expression.



A customer objects to a few excessive charges in her grocer's bill.

FRIGHTFULNESS.



A BOARDER POINTS OUT TO HIS LANDLADY THAT HIS BREAKFAST EGG IS NOT ALTOGETHER TO HIS TASTE.



A VISITOR SIGNIFIES HIS DISAPPROVAL OF AN ITEM IN THE PIERROTS' PROGRAMME.

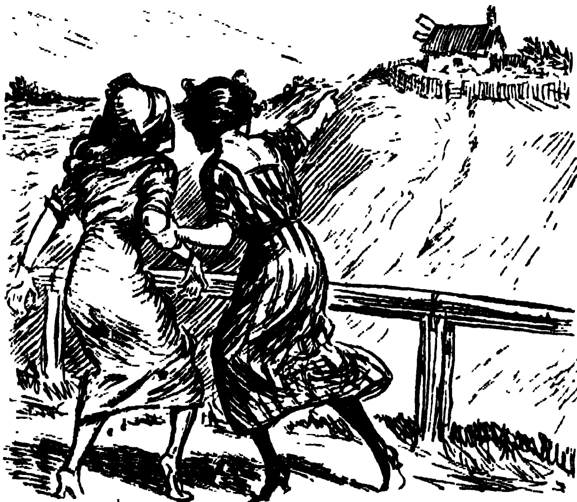
NATIONAL SERVICE IN THE HOLIDAYS.



We asked a nice-looking sentry if he had any shells we could fill for him. But a horrid sergeant rushed up and told us we mustn't speak to a sentry. The creature! We only wanted to be useful.



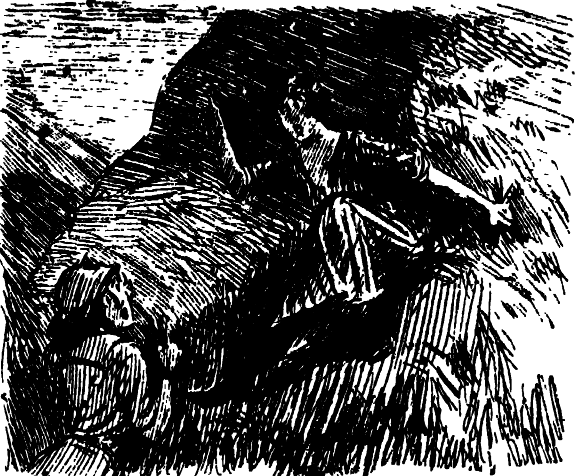
We saw a whole lot of carrier pigeons flying about. So we took all the trouble to climb up and warn the coastguard. He said they were seagulls, and wasn't at all nice about it.



On our way back we distinctly saw signalling going on behind a cottage.



There could be no mistake this time, so we called a constable and went to investigate——!



We had almost despaired of being really useful, when we heard suspicious tinklings, obviously a message by Morse code.



So with infinite care we crept over to the sound.

* * * *

We are going paddling to-morrow.



HOMMAGE À LA FRANCE!

[July 7th is to be dedicated by Great Britain to her gallant French Allies. Contributions made in honour of "France's Day" will be devoted to the French Red Cross, and should be addressed to the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, Mansion House, E.C., and marked "London Committee of the French Red Cross." It is hoped that a very large sum may be raised as an expression of our profound admiration and affection for our brave comrades.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 28th.—Glow of warlike feeling just now kindling the country and swelling the ranks of fresh armies, shone in House to-night with seathing heat. Even ARTHUR MARKHAM slightly scorched by it. More than once his constitutionally placid manner and speech sharply ruffled. At Question time had tussle with PRIME MINISTER on subject of famous statement at Newcastle that neither our Allies nor ourselves have been hampered by insufficient supply of munitions. MARKHAM wanted to know who told him so. PREMIER declined to be drawn.

MARKHAM again insistent on question of equipment of recruits. "Is it not a fact," he asked UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR, "that recruits have been kept waiting for eight months for their equipment?"

"It altogether depends upon what the hon. Member means by equipment," TENNANT deftly answered.

Up a third time, now on behalf of the Government threatened with dislocation of business arrangements. Second Reading of Munitions Bill under debate for six hours. At eleven o'clock debate would automatically close and Bill urgently needed must stand over. PERTINACIOUS PRINGLE, joining hands with IMPLACABLE SNOWDEN, attacked compulsory clauses which serve as basis of Bill. Rising just after ten o'clock, PRINGLE prattled on amid growing impatience on part of scanty audience till hand of clock pointed to five minutes to eleven. At best, did PRINGLE straightway sit down, this would leave five minutes for Minister in charge of Bill to wind up debate. If he occupied remaining five minutes the day would be lost.

It was here MARKHAM came to front again. Amid murmur of angry interruption his voice was heard with sharp command, "Give GEORGE a chance."

PRINGLE showed disposition to argue the matter. House filling up again would have no more of it; so he sat down. MINISTER OF MUNITIONS had his five minutes, and, SPEAKER promptly putting the Question on stroke of hour, Bill passed the stage.

ARTHUR LYNCH, sometime Colonel of Irish Brigade during Boer War, not the man to be left out when things like this going on. Had placed on Paper three questions addressed to MINISTER OF MUNITIONS dealing with production of aeroplanes. On UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR rising to make reply LYNCH leaped to his feet.

"No," he shouted, "I wish to have a live man to put live questions to."

TENNANT not only live, but in his replies often lively. LYNCH, thirsting in Fe-Fo-Fum manner for the blood of a Welshman—LLOYD GEORGE to wit—declined to put the question, and TENNANT perforce resumed his seat.

A few minutes later ex-Colonel LYNCH complained that every time he rose to ask a question he was interrupted by unmannerly remarks from Member seated near him.

"If I cannot get protection I shall deal with the hon. Member myself. I am quite capable of doing it," he added, nodding confidentially to the culprit.

Thereafter silence reigned in that quarter of the House.

Business done.—Munitions of War Bill read a second time.



Studies in the manner of IVAN MESTROVIC, the Croatian sculptor.

I.—LORD ROBERT CECIL, who opened the exhibition of MESTROVIC'S work at the Victoria and Albert Museum.



II.—A typical British Army Champion. MR. H. J. TENNANT.

Tuesday.—As WALTER LONG said when moving vote for the Department, twenty-nine years have elapsed since his first connection with Local Government Board. That was in 1886, when he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary. After serving a term of five years as President of the Board of Agriculture he went back to the Local Government Board, this time as President.

His period of office at the former Board made memorable by reason of his stout, prolonged, finally successful fight with rabies. Dog-owners of all degrees were up in arms against his strict regulations. He with appropriate doggedness held on, and delivered, permanently as it happily appears, the nation from this plague.

When at opening of Session of 1905 GEORGE WYNDHAM was offered up by his old friend and chief as the sacrificial lamb in the matter of Ministerial dallying with Home Rule hotly denounced by Ulster, WALTER LONG, the handy man of the Party, the Ministerial Marine ready to go anywhere and do anything, was appointed to fill the vacancy created in the office of Irish Secretary. By odd chance he came up against Sir ANTONY MACDONNELL, now Lord M. His attempts to employ Board of Agriculture tactics for purpose of muzzling the stubborn Under-Secretary were noted at the time in this faithful record.

Coming back to his old post and to a seat on the Treasury Bench he finds that quaintly renewed prosperity makes him acquainted with strange bedfellows. Faithful to his creed and his colours, he has not been what is known as a strong Party man. Differing from political opponents, he has never descended to personalities, a habit that appreciably strengthened his position in debate. Still, when he swore he would hold no truck with LLOYD GEORGE and his political heresies, he never thought he would live to sit in Cabinet Council with him, and from Treasury Bench generously cheer remarks offered by former foe in his new administrative office.

However, there he is, and there



Officer. "You fool! Come back at once!"
Tommy. "Not me, Sir! There's a wasp in the trench."

they are. Being gentlemen all, they get along very well together working for the security of the nation in time of peril. The loud and general cheer welcoming the President of Local Government Board when he made his first appearance testified to his genuine merit. As Sark says, there is no shrewder, more infallible judge of a good fellow—or, for the matter of that, a bad 'un—than the House of Commons.

This afternoon, in speech limited to ten minutes, new President of Local Government Board brought in Bill providing for compilation of a National Register. Difficult task to expound in scanty time particulars of important measure. Not new to Walter Long. Prince Arthur, sitting lower down on Treasury Bench, loyal colleague of a Liberal Premier with whom in other days he had many a scrap across the Table, remembers how, sixteen years ago, Walter Long brought in a Tithes Bill under Ten-minutes' Rule, and how Asquith and his friends denounced what they described as the unprincipled straining of a provision expressly devised for sole purpose of hastening on their course measures absolutely non-controversial.

Business done.—National Register Bill passed First Reading, opposed only by Herr Ginnell, still at large.

Wednesday. — Ronald M'Neill's catholicity of view and chivalry of temperament illustrated afresh in question put just now to Home Secretary. Appears there is a group of persons, calling themselves a Peace Committee, engaged in distributing pamphlets of a character harmful to national interests in relation to the War. What the Member for St. Augustine's wanted to know was "Whether the Home Secretary proposes to take any measures to provide against the danger of their being lynched?"

Never since the utterance of famous entreaty, "Don't nail his ears to the pump," was the fine feeling of philanthropy more pointedly expressed.

Home Secretary gravely comforted Hon. Member with assurance that "such violence would call for severest repression, whilst a great responsibility would attach to anyone who might be supposed to suggest that it was excusable."

Business done. Chancellor of Exchequer introduced Bill enabling trustees to become subscribers to War Loan. Other Bills advanced.

"The Germans last night delivered an attack to the northward of Ypres and succeeded in gaining a football in the French trenches."
East London Daily Despatch (S. Africa).

Yet they have not noticeably improved in playing the game.

AS ADVISED.

When Zeppelins are in the air
Above my humble dwelling,
For what they threat I shall not care,
For I have means of quelling,
Or at the least of dodging, what-
Soever comes of shell or shot.

'Tis but a little exercise
Pleasantly acrobatic;
For safety in the cellar lies,
And also in the attic;
And what should danger-dodgers do
But circulate between the two?

With water I shall let my bath
At least half full be standing;
And gravel from the garden path
Will decorate the landing;
For he at burning bombs may laugh
Who treats them well with half and half.

I'll stay indoors—rush wildly out;
Admit the air—exclude it;
Keep silent—like a Stentor shout;
Pick up the bomb—elude it;
Do nothing—act—show fear and pluck;
Be quite prepared—and trust to luck.

"Colonial and Continental Church Society.—Its Brave Chaplains are still in Brussels, Lille, Croix, and Dunkirk. Its Chaplains in Boulogne, Rouen, Paris, &c., devote themselves unremittingly to the British soldiers, sick and wounded."
Advt. in "Church of Ireland Gazette."

Why this invidious distinction?

OFFICIAL TERMINOLOGY.

THE C.O. wiped away from his forehead a few small pools of perspiration, in which adventurous blue-bottles were dabbling their tentacles. "Listen to this," he said. "The G.O.C. will not permit the continued use of slang terms in reports and correspondence, such as 'dug-out' for bomb-proof shelter, 'sniper' for sharpshooter, 'pip-squeak' for light high-velocity gun. What is the Army coming to?"

As none of the mess dared hazard a forecast, the C.O. continued: "Well, it's an order, and orders have to be obeyed, and this battalion is to be in the vanguard of obedience, and if I find any junior subaltern"—here he glared at the "O.C. signals"—"disobeying orders, then—"

At this point the Machine Gun Officer walked in. "The Bosches," he said, "have been potting at my dug-out the whole blessed afternoon."

The C.O. straightened himself out. "You mean to say 'The Germans have been directing their artillery fire upon and towards the bomb-proof shelter which you are accustomed to occupy.'"

The M.G.O. collapsed and the M.O. prescribed diluted soda-water.

We are a loyal battalion, and since the order was read out we have all endeavoured to obey it, though it took days to teach Corporal Bloggs to alter his famous "Now then, do yer bit" to "You are requested to complete your portion."

Other divisions who had not received the order were at first inclined to laugh, but have come to respect us and to listen with bated breath to our remarks when the trenches are being changed—such as, "It is advisable for you to exercise due precaution and to adopt an attitude of semi-flexion when traversing this section of subterranean passage on account of errant projectiles from the weapon of a sharpshooter probably domiciled in the conspicuous turret adjacent to yonder village."

A few nights ago our Adjutant was almost rendered *hors-de-combat* by a report of a small attack by Germans on a slag-heap in our lines. He insists that the term "German" is slang and so refers to them as "militant bodies of composite Teutonic origin." As I was doing a little artificial respiration to restore him I glanced at his report and saw—". . . from that period a continuous fusillade of projectiles from light high-velocity pieces of ordnance was observed to impinge upon the heterogeneous accumulation of *débris* and *rejecta* in close proximity to our position; it therefore became necessary to reduce the concentration of our forces in the vicinity. I accordingly issued orders to open out." "Open out" was erased and the substituted phrase ran as follows:—"increase the intervening space between individual members of the section."

There seems to be no limit to the horrors of war.



First Tramp. "YOU SEEM VERY 'APPY ABAHT IT. WOT'S UP?"

Second Tramp (reading Mr. Asquith's Guildhall Speech). "'ERE'S ME BIN, GOIN' WIVOUT LUXURIES ALL THIS TIME, AN' I'VE ONLY JUS' FOUND OUT THAT I'VE BIN' 'ELPIN' THE COUNTRY TO WIN THIS WAR."

"The new building presents a pleasing appearance, standing on the southern slope of the cliff, and it is easily distinguishable from the railway by its bungalow roof and spacious verandah."—*Hampstead and St. John's Wood Advertiser.*

Is it wise, in these Zeppelin days, to give away the architect's secret like this?

"But manœuvring under and also above a Zeppelin must be conducted with extreme caution. In flying upwards at the speed of 3,000 feet per second, a terrifying vortex is produced beneath the airship, and, if the aeroplane should be engulfed, its own destruction is certain."—*Land and Water.*

But do Zeppelins fly upwards, or in any other direction, at this speed, which works out at something over 2,000 miles an hour?

More Commercial Modesty.

From a draper's circular:—

"We have recently secured the services of a Head Dressmaker, who until she came to us had been engaged in the highest class of work in the West End and Provinces."

THE HUMAN SIDE.

["Owing to his shortness in stature, many people think that Mr. Lloyd George is a small man and lacking in physical power. This, however, is quite a mistake. The truth is that Mr. Lloyd George, who weighs thirteen-and-a-half stone, is a very sturdy person."—"*Cabinet Ministers: Their Human Side,*" "*Strand Magazine.*"]

I LOVE to read about the good and great,
  Limned in some enterprising magazine,
Not in the trappings and the pomp of State,
  But as they figure in some homely scene—
As "standing by his kitchen-garden gate,"
  Or "playing with his little daughter Joan"—
Exhibiting, in short, that "human side"
Whereby to plainer folk they are allied.

I like to know, for instance, that Lord CREWE
  Delights in playing on the pianola;
Or that he has a favourite cockatoo
  Which answers to the gracious name of Lola;
That CARSON rarely touches Irish stew,
  And feeds his Persian cat on Gorgonzola,
And, though his literary views are sane,
Considers TOLSTOI greater than HALL CAINE.

It helps me, too, to learn that WALTER LONG
  Prefers jam sandwiches to bread-and-butter;
That Dr. MACNAMARA plays ping-pong;
  That SIMON likes an aluminium putter;
That Mr. BALFOUR, when his game goes wrong,
  No sort of oath is ever heard to utter,
But always keeps undauntedly serene
Save when his caddie hiccups on the green.

I thrill to read how CONAN DOYLE in hats
  Requires a size one larger than MARCONI;
That Dr. CLIFFORD sometimes wears black spats
  And likes milk puddings made with macaroni;
That PADEREWSKI is afraid of bats;
  That Mrs. BARCLAY drives a Shetland pony;
That HERBERT SAMUEL has shrimps for supper,
But never reads the works of MARTIN TUPPER.

It comforts me to know that China tea,
  And not Ceylon, Assam, or even Senna,
Is regularly quaffed by BEERBOHM TREE
  As well as Mr. REGINALD McKENNA;
That Mr. BIRRELL smokes a B.B.D.
  Whene'er he rusticates at Rosapenna,
But when at Overstrand prefers cheroots,
And always wears on Sunday button boots.

Details like these, which writers in *The Strand*
  Provide *ad lib.*, I welcome with effusion;
But I resent, upon the other hand,
  Assertions tending to our disillusion,
Or showing that the leaders of our land
  May end in lame and impotent conclusion,
As when the startling statement goes the rounds
That GEORGE weighs thirteen stone *plus* seven
  pounds.

Can we believe it—that our Cambrian sprite,
  Quintessence of ethereal velocity,
Should have expanded in a single night
  To such a miracle of adiposity?
Such allegations cast a horrid blight
  On all romance and turn it to jocosity.
It cannot be; yet if it should prove true
The Censor never should have let it through.

And O ye curious scribes, who in your zeal
  To feed the printing press with fact and fable,
Invade the statesman at his frugal meal
  And catalogue the dishes at his table;
Whatever other secrets you reveal,
  Henceforth let no one feel himself unable
To render faithful service to the State
Without your publishing his fighting weight.

THE VOLUNTEERING SPIRIT.

(Being scraps of conversation from a gathering of literary men, artists, etc.)

"THERE'S nothing like a good long route-march for pulling you together. We marched fourteen miles last Sunday and the men didn't turn a hair."

"What's the right pronunciation of that word? I thought it was pronounced *rowt*-march, not *root*-march."

* * * * * * *

"There were forty of us. Imagine it, forty more or less middle-aged gentlemen and one sergeant-major. He gave us a most frightful doing. If one of us scratched his nose it was 'Leave your face alone—leave it alone, I tell you. You can't improve it'; or 'Ho, very nice, very nice. You call that giving the word of command, do you? I call it whispering to a canary in a cage'; or 'Look at your watch again, do. Hold it up to your ear and find out if it's ticking right.'"

"Terrible fellows, these sergeant-majors."

"Yes, but that's the sort of thing you want—makes you smart and attentive."

* * * * * * *

"It's always done at the trail in Rifle regiments."

"I didn't know yours was a Rifle regiment. What's the difference?"

"Well, you see, we do it at the trail, and the others do it at the slope."

"Ah."

* * * * * * *

"You've got to get into close column of platoons first."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and then the word of command is, 'Line outwards. One platoon (or two platoons) to the right. Remainder, form fours; outwards. Quick march.'"

"Yes, but how do you get back to close column?"

"Easy enough. 'On No. 1 form close column of platoons. Remainder form fours; inwards. Quick march.'"

"That would do it, but it's not in the drill-book."

* * * * * * *

"Have you managed to get your rifles yet?"

"Yes; Sniders, most of them, about a hundred yards long and weighing a ton. However, we've got bayonets."

* * * * * * *

"The instructor was splendidly cold-blooded about it. 'Drive it into him sharp,' he said, 'and draw it out quick. Otherwise he might tumble over atop of you and break your bayonet. If he does tumble over stamp on his body. That'll help you to get it out.'"

"What were you practising at?"

"A sack stuffed with straw."

* * * * * * *

"I wish they'd make up their minds to use us in some definite way. All the men are as keen as mustard. We got about two hundred of them into camp at Whitsuntide, and they did jolly well."

"Have you seen the work of that new black-and-white man they're talking about?"

"No; too busy with drills."

"So am I."

OUR LAST LINE BUT ONE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When you think of our soldiers, you generally have in mind the men who are in the trenches in Flanders, or are going out to give the final push to the German Empire in the Summer. But there are others whom you never hear people talk about. Take ourselves, for example. Here we have been since August, guarding the defended port of Mudhaven. I refrain from further details for fear of giving information to the enemy; and, anyhow, you can buy picture post-cards of all the forts at any stationer's shop in the town for 1d. each (or 2d. coloured). But I may safely say that it is the last place the Germans would be likely to attack.

But you mustn't imagine that we have no excitement. Captain Driver's engagement with a tin can off Pier Head Fort thrilled us for weeks. He engaged it with his heavy guns and subsidiary armament, and when it drifted so close in that they couldn't train their guns on it they threw stones at it. The enthusiasm of the men was splendid. You couldn't stop them, and when the can was picked up next morning it was found to be riddled with holes, besides having a big dent in it. This last was beyond doubt due to a well-directed shot from Capt. Driver himself, who was cover-point in an Oxford XI. famous for its fielding, and serves to show the close connection between the playing fields of peace and success in war. The other forts were naturally jealous, and two nights later, just to show what it could do, Mud Fort opened fire on a school of porpoises, who were forced to retire with, it is believed, heavy losses. So we feel that the pirate submarine will have to disguise itself pretty well to get by us.

All the regulars have long since left for the Front. Our O.C. is a gallant veteran with a string of medals stretching far back into Victorian times. Indeed, among the men, who are mainly drawn from the rural districts of Mudshire, where the chronological aspect of history is evidently ill understood, he is widely supposed to have been present at the Battle of Waterloo, an impression due partly to his appearance and partly to his habit of referring to that battle when he addresses recruits. The other officers are mainly dug-outs who left the Service on account of age or some other infirmity, such as impaired digestions, defective visions, diseased livers, or merely a general disinclination to work.

The rest of us, lawyers, engineers, schoolmasters and the like, are trying to follow the intricacies of military etiquette. We have learned that you must never argue with a senior officer, even if, as may happen, his opinion is in apparent conflict with the Drill Book. But the habits of our civil occupations are difficult to break through. The Colonel is in the nature of things inured to flattery and subservience of every kind, but even he, seasoned old warrior as he is, was electrified when Jameson, who is a police-court solicitor, addressed him in the orderly-room as "Your worship."

Sometimes we hope that we may yet get a chance to play some more exalted part in this epoch-making time, but mostly we expect to stay where we are till the end of the War. Then—for news comes slowly to these parts—I imagine someone at the War Office will remember to write and tell us it is all over, or perhaps they will stop sending us our pay. Otherwise we shall be found at some future date tottering up to our crumbling emplacements, leaning against our antiquated ordnance, searching the sea with spectacled eyes, waiting, still waiting, for the attack that never comes.

Your obedient Servant,
MUDSHIRE R.G.A. (T.)



LEST WE FORGET

THOSE PAILS OF SAND ON EVERY LANDING.

Cause and Effect.

"DISORDER IN PRUSSIAN DIET.
SHAMEFUL SPECULATION IN FOOD."
Glasgow Herald.

"DWELLING HOUSES TO BE LET.
Nice Baby Carriage, in good condition."
Liverpool Echo.

Just the thing for a small family about to move.

THE WATCHER AT THE WINDOW.

When I took "The Laurels" on a three years' agreement the house agent, a man of hysteric temperament, assured me, with a sob in his voice, that I was entering paradise. For a time I was inclined to agree with him (it was certainly a most comfortable house), till one day my wife and I decided that in future we would breakfast in the front room which overlooks the road. Carelessly, light-heartedly we made the change, little knowing what misery it would entail.

To my mind there are few sadder sights in life than that of a bulky man running to catch a train. This was what Wilkins, the stout, elderly person who lived three houses up the opposite side of the road, used to do every morning. At nine o'clock, never a second sooner or later, he banged his garden gate and, passing my breakfast-room window *en route*, ran all the way to the station, a matter of about half-a-mile, to catch the 9.6. He ran very slowly, holding himself quite erect, with a curious skimming effect which gave him at a distance the appearance of going on wheels. There was no need for him to run at all, since another train left at 9.11; in fact, this was the train, report said, for which as often as not he had to wait four-and-a-half minutes. Yet I never saw him approach the station in any other manner. Wilkins, they told me (I did not know him personally, nor had I any desire to), was employed at the War Office, and sometimes I wondered whether this might not explain the mystery. The War Office holds many secrets unknown to the outside public. Perhaps the officials there were sworn never to walk to their morning trains. However that might be, it was certain, at any rate, that Wilkins, though a married man, did not make a practice of running home from the station in the evening. Only once did I observe him do so. On that occasion it was raining, and he had apparently forgotten his umbrella.

At first Wilkins amused me. He was also useful in a way, because we were able to boil our eggs by him. My wife had an ingenious contrivance with a spirit lamp for performing this operation at the breakfast table, and from where I sat I could see through a side-window a long way down the road, right to the corner where it bent sharply round to the station. When Wilkins passed our front window we put the eggs in; when he disappeared behind the corner we took them out. They were always done to a turn.

Soon, however, I ceased to be amused. As morning after morning I watched him fade strenuously into the offing I began to feel anxious about him. I began to wonder whether he had caught the 9.6 or had missed it. I began to see him making a wild dash for his carriage, falling under the train and being picked up a mangled mass; or just managing to secure a seat and sinking down hot, damp and breathless in his 18-inch collar among his fellow-passengers. Both pictures were distasteful, but it was the former which gradually grew to possess a dreadful fascination for me. I found it impossible to make any real headway with my breakfast till I had allowed sufficient time for him to be killed, collected and driven home in the station cab. From 9.12 to 9.30 my eyes became glued to the corner in the road round which the vehicle would, I knew, one day sooner or later appear with all that was left of Wilkins. My wife suggested that we should breakfast again in the room which faced the garden at the back of the house, but I could not tear myself away from my view of the road. I felt that when the day came I must know the worst as soon as possible. After a while the suspense became so trying that I began to wish each time I sat down to the table that we could get the business over and done with. Till Wilkins was killed I should never really enjoy my breakfast again unless I put it off till 9.30, which is a later hour than I care for.



Working-man. "An' this 'ere poison gas business! I'd give 'em poison gas! I'd choke the blessed lot on 'em in about two twos."

Non-smoking fellow passenger. "Less than that, I'm sure."

At last, feeling that I could stand the strain no longer, I decided that the only thing to do was to sublet "The Laurels" and rent a house in another quarter. It took me three months to do this, three months during which I lost flesh so rapidly under the strain of watching for the cab containing Wilkins that my wife grew seriously alarmed and called in the doctor, who advised a voyage to Madeira. But I would not give in. I refused to leave my post before the new tenant had been secured. At last we found him.

I was down early on the morning of our departure, and spent some little while in wandering round the room, stopping occasionally to gaze through the front window at the house a little way up the road in which Wilkins was, perhaps for the last time, eating his breakfast. It would be a curious coincidence, I reflected, if he were killed this morning. Still, life was full of coincidences; stranger things had happened. At two minutes to nine my wife entered the room.

"Have you got the eggs?" I asked in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered.

"Get them ready," I said, seating myself at the table.

Nine o'clock struck, and I waited nervously for the bang of Wilkins' gate. It did not come. A minute passed, two, three, four minutes. Still no Wilkins. "This is extraordinary!" I exclaimed. I jumped up and hurried again to the front window. Yes, Wilkins' house looked much as usual. The blinds were all up. At seven minutes past nine we decided that he must be ill, and boiled the eggs by the clock on the mantel-piece.

Breakfast over (my first satisfactory one for months), I went out to make inquiries about Wilkins. I learnt from the greengrocer that after forty-two years' service at the War Office he had retired the previous day on a pension, and was shortly leaving for a little place which he had taken in the country.

"The Kaiser has taken supreme command in Galicia, says the Copenhagen correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph.' The German head-quarters are in the principality of Pless, in Siberia."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

We hope this is not a mere misprint, but a case of "intelligent anticipation."



Choleric General (whose staff have been keeping a safe distance). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, WHAT ARE YOU FOLLOWING ME ABOUT FOR LIKE A DASHED STRING OF SAUSAGES?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT seems a pet formula with Mr. WILLIAM J. LOCKE to take a number of pleasant, conventionally well-bred persons, and dump into the midst of them a primitive and preferably feminine savage. You may recall a previous instance of his success with this. In *Jaffery* (LANE) he varies the ingredients, but repeats the success. *Jaffery* was a big man with a beard, a war-correspondent, upon whose hands a deceased colleague had left a young widow just plucked from the mountain fastnesses of her native Albania. So *Jaffery*, guided by Mr. LOCKE, brought *Liosha*—such was her terrific name—home to the happy Berkshire abode of *Hilary*, who tells the tale. Of course there was the dickens to pay. There were others also; especially when *Liosha*, in that natural irritation that we all feel at the non-arrival of letters, charged the country postman with purloining them, and wound up by flinging him into the ditch and his letters after him. That is the kind of widow *Liosha* was. But Mr. LOCKE does not rely wholly upon her for his intrigue. *Hilary* and *Jaffery* had a third friend, a pleasant ineffective person named *Adrian*, who, to the astonishment of the world and his immediate circle, suddenly blossoms forth as the author of the Book of the Year. For my part, I suspected *Adrian* from the first. He had a trick of turning pale and snapping his wine-glass when people congratulated him upon his masterpiece; conduct which I, who have met many novelists, felt to be unusual. Moreover, I started with the advantage of having read *The Giant's Robe*. Anyhow, I spotted *Adrian's* secret in once. What exactly he had done, and how *Jaffery* tried to mend matters, is for you to find out. I am pretty sure you will agree with me at the end that Mr. LOCKE has written no more genial and entertaining story than this.

In *Rank and Riches* (STANLEY PAUL), Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL provides his readers (I hope they are as largely numerous as his skill deserves) with another of his delightful and placid surveys of English country life. He has the authentic feeling for the countryside, its lanes and trees and gardens, its squires, its parsons, its houses—in a word, for its atmosphere, and he describes it and its inhabitants with a loving and a careful hand. The story opens with the downfall of the *Marquis of Meadshire* and the sale of his great house and its contents to the new rich man from the regions of high finance, *Mr. Armitage Brown*. Thence flow many complications and not a few collisions between varying temperaments and traditions. The new man does not fit very comfortably into his new life, though his son and his daughter do their best to make things more easy for him. Yet *Mr. Brown* is in more senses than one a man of metal, and entirely refuses to succumb to the impertinences of the bibulous *Marquis*. In the interview between the two and in other scenes Mr. MARSHALL gives proof of his excellent turn for dialogue. He does not smash up the weaker character at one blow, but gives him plenty of strong arguments which have to be met and fairly defeated. Thus the issue is left in doubt up to the last, and when the right man wins the reader is all the more pleased. It is a great joy to meet once again some of the characters of the *Clinton* novels. They are older, but are otherwise their own agreeable selves. There is a good deal of pleasant love-making in this book, but the breaking out of the War, besides making a considerable inroad on *Mr. Brown's* millions, causes various semi-engagements to

be left in suspense. I can only say that if the *Marquis of Meadshire* eventually applies for *Katie Brown* I shall forbid the banns, for *Katie* is charming, and the *Marquis* cannot safely be left within half-a-furlong of a bottle of whisky.

For quite a long time I hoped that Miss Isabel C. Clarke was enjoying, doubtless at my expense, a laugh which eventually in her mercy she would invite me to share. Then, particularly if I could have secured a vicarious revenge by working the jest off on you, I should have felt she was within her rights and all would have ended well. But unfortunately in *Whose Name is Legion* (Hutchinson) the laugh never turns up, for as the plot develops there becomes ever more relentlessly apparent a serious purpose of a quite unusually alarming character. Even if one cannot altogether acquit the authoress of applying her study in demonology to an end of sensation (though after all she had to do something to keep things moving) the fact remains that she has set out to light a flaring beacon, a warning away from Spiritualism and a call towards Rome, there being, it would seem, no other path of which she has ever heard. Whatever the merits of her opinions, there they are beyond mistake; and that is no matter for legitimate grumbling. All the same I doubt whether, even if you accept her positions, you will read to the end without a considerable degree of irritation. One would have thought that in the long intervals of small-talk between the lurid patches there might be ample opportunity for neatly tidying-up the odd threads of narrative, but the truth is that the writer's treatment of her subject is so crude and slipshod that, as a story, it really does not hang together at all; and so the self-complacency of her assumptions goes unredeemed. Possession by evil spirits is, to put it mildly, a theme to be approached with discretion, and I cannot say that Miss Clarke has shown much competence for so delicate a task. Her book is neither very readable nor very wholesome.



Mr. Brown-Orpington takes precautions in view of a possible Zeppelin raid. An evening scene in the poultry-run.

The Tollhouse (Smith, Elder) is a War story, inasmuch as it treats of English life since last August; but, being entirely simple and unambitious, it succeeds where others of more ambitious scope have failed. Miss Evelyn St. Leger has written of an English village society of the older and still feudal style, dominated by the squire, and with the others, from parson downwards, respectively in their proper stations. She shows how these placid folk, preparing for the mild gaieties of a rustic August—cricket matches Primrose League gatherings and the like—were overtaken by the bewildering upheaval of their ordered existence; and she traces the course of their changed lives through the months that followed. I have said that the book is pleasantly simple. At its best there is a touch of *Cranford* about the style of it. But in places I will not deny that the captious may find it a little sugary and sentimental. The leading character is a village worthy, one *Mrs. Kidston*, ex-nurse at the Hall, whose present abode, The Tollhouse, gives its name to the book. This *Mrs. Kidston* is an excellent person. In the year before the War it had been her proud privilege to visit London and see the state procession at the opening of Parliament. There she was further witness of the breakdown of the German Ambassador's state coach, an incident subsequently exalted by her to the dignity of an "omen." The worst of *The Tollhouse*, as of all War-tales published to-day, is that, as the main plot is concerned with the punishment of Germany, one has to break off with the villain still at large. There are, however, subsidiary happenings, whose nuptial termination pleasantly ends an attractive, if rather undistinguished, little book, which may be of some value as a record of our contemporary life, in the happier days when it shall have ceased to be contemporary.

I cannot believe that Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. would give anything but an honest and unbiassed opinion of any book which appeared under their imprint; so, when they say of *The Gillingham Rubies* that it is "brightened by innumerable touches of Mr. Edgar Jepson's incomparable humour," I can only suppose that they share with the friends of *Mr. Peter Magnus* the delightful quality of being easily amused; for, speaking for myself, I found that Mr. Jepson's humour did very little by way of brightening a story which certainly needed all the brightening it could get. I am disappointed in Mr. Jepson. There was a time, after the appearance of that jovial tale of his where the villains spent their spare moments performing human sacrifices in the back garden of a suburban house, when I fancied that he was about to give the world a new sort of sensation novel. But the promise of that story has never been maintained, and *The Gillingham Rubies* is rather poor stuff. I have an idea that Mr. Jepson is taking too little trouble over these part humorous, part sensational novels of his. It is true that they are not particularly exalted literature, but that is no reason why he should not pay a reasonable amount of attention to style and character-drawing. It looks as if Mr. Jepson did not hold a high enough opinion of this book to read twice what he had written, and I am bound to say that, if that is the case, I can sympathise with him. I should not care to have to read *The Gillingham Rubies* twice myself. But it is nice to think of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. chuckling over it.

From an article on "The Way to End the War":—

"There would be no need to wait until we had reached an aerial strength of, say, ten or twenty thousand machines. With two or three thousand, which could be turned out in as many months, our new aerial army could get busy."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Even so, it seems that we must wait for a century or two before the War in the Air can start in earnest.

CHARIVARIA.

We are requested to state that Lord FISHER'S new post—Chairman of the Board of Inventions—in no way tallies with that filled by the Managing Director of WOLFF'S News Bureau in Germany.

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We are glad to see that Dr. F. C. CONYBEARE has withdrawn his pasty remarks about Sir EDWARD GREY. Sir EDWARD will now return to the Foreign Office without a slur on his character.

***

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN moved an amendment to the National Registration Bill, describing the measure as "an unwarrantable interference with the personal liberty of the people." We sincerely trust that this legislator has got a binding undertaking from the KAISER that, if his Huns come over, there will be no unwarrantable interference of the sort referred to.

***

The King of ITALY, according to the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, recently climbed into a church belfry to watch the positions of the combatants at the Front, and remarked, "The House of Savoy likes a good front seat in the Theatre of War." Tastes vary. The House of Hohenzollern prefers the gallery.

***

Writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt* Major MORAHT says that great difficulty is being experienced by the Germans in getting an adequate water supply in Northern Champagne. *A propos* of this an indignant wine expert writes to us:—"Only barbarians would think of watering Champagne."

***

At times we are frankly puzzled to know what to make of the Germans. We used to think that they lacked humour, and yet read this—from the *Neueste Nachrichten*:—"Our foes ask themselves continuously, How can we best get at Germany's vital parts? What are her most vulnerable points? The answer is, her humanity—her trustful honesty."

***

A curious result of the War, it is pointed out, is the fact that our actresses are now being photographed with their mouths shut. One would have thought that at such a time all British subjects ought to show their teeth.

A contemporary, in drawing attention to the disappearance of the top-hat in London, prophesies its reappearance after the War. We must say that we think it very wrong of an influential journal thus to hold out an inducement for prolonging the War.

***

A little while ago, we are told, the KAISER asked his favourite journalist what he thought about Italy, and GANGHOFER answered, "Your Majesty, it is best for Austria and for us to make Italy a clean house." To this the KAISER said, "You are right, Ganghofer." So the Austrian and German Ambassadors were withdrawn from Italy.

***

Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S exhibition at the Leicester Galleries does not contain a single problem picture. The reason of this is, we understand, a patriotic one, which does him credit. The distinguished painter wishes the nation to devote its entire energies to the War, and not to fritter them away in an attempt to solve his conundrums.

***

As the result of a letter from Sir FREDERICK TREVES the anti-fly campaign is being prosecuted with renewed vigour, though some (including the flies) are still of the opinion that we should be better advised to wage one war at a time.



First Trawler Skipper (to friend who is due to sail by next tide). "ARE YE TAKIN' ANY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THESE SUBMARINES, JOCK?"

Second Skipper. "AY! ALTHOUGH I'VE AYE BEEN IN THE HABIT O' CARRYIN' MY BITS O' BAWBEES WI' ME, I WENT AN' BANKIT THEM THIS MORNIN', AN' I'M NO TAKIN' MA BEST OILSKINS OR MA NEW SEABOOTS."

First Skipper. "OH, YOU'RE A' RICHT, THEN. YE'LL HAE PRACTICALLY NAETHIN' TAE LOSE BUT YER LIFE."

The way in which some papers are always having their knife into our sportsmen is really a little unfair. For example, here's *The Grimsby News*, in an article on Canon QUIRK, winding up with the remark, "It is questionable whether he knows what it is to quarrel with anyone. He is a keen sportsman nevertheless."

***

Dr. FISHER, medical superintendent of Shoreditch Infirmary, stated last week that measles is the most dangerous epidemic in this country. Surely the time has now arrived to give this disease a more impressive name.

***

The German officer, GUNTHER PLUSCHOW, who escaped from Donnington Hall last week, can be identified, we are told, by a Chinese dragon which is tattooed on his left arm. It is thought, therefore, that it is unlikely that he is going about disguised as a little girl in short sleeves.

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The War's first birthday will take place shortly, but it is not proposed to have any public celebration—not even in Germany.

***

We are sorry to hear that our troops in Egypt are feeling the heat. A sharpshooter with a gift for vivid description writes home:—"At the present time Egypt has two principal sources of irrigation: (1) The River Nile; (2) Me."

Death in the Cup.

"The German forces surrendered absolutely unconditionally yesterday. General Botha presented an ultimatum to the Commander, which expired at tea-time yesterday."—*Reuter.*

We presume that the Germans, by force of habit, had poisoned its drink.

Altruism.

"10s. Reward for little White Dog, lost from 5, Lake Road.—If not returned please call for the licence."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

"After eleven months of war, there is not a German port outside of Europe, except in the Baltic and North Sea."

Newcastle Evening Chronicle.

It was always expected that the War would alter the map of Europe.

"Switzerland is prohibiting the export of soft and second quality hard cheese next autumn and winter, and first quality cheese (Gruyere, etc.) will only be allowed to leave the country under control."—*Evening News.*

Cavalry escorts will be provided for the more active varieties.

WANTED: A CENSOR OF THE HOUSE.

You little folk—just voices, nothing more—
Who love to figure on the Chamber floor,
Wallow in sentiments of Teuton tint
And see your prattle reproduced in print;
Here in these islands, on your native sward,
We know you (not in person, thank the Lord),
And on the advertising space you fill
Can put its proper value, which is *nil*.
But yonder, in your friend the enemy's land,
Where nobody begins to understand—
Where Truth's imbibed from very ancient founts
And still they think a politician counts—
Where those who judge us have no measuring-span
Whereby to tell a midget from a man—
Out there the Press reports your childish chatter
As though it fell from mouths that really matter,
And Berlin says: "They grope without a guide
Now that the expert, A, has come our side;"
Or "Britain's Empire crumbles at a touch—
Her leading statesman, B, has said as much."
And Huns who never heard your names till now
Suck it all in and wear a radiant brow,
Crying, "Turn on the gas! Our Gott begins
His tardy punishment of England's sins!"

Records of shining courage, such as spur
Limp hearts to action, frequently incur
The india-rubber of the Press Bureau
Lest they afford a wrinkle to the foe;
But you, who give us words in lieu of deeds,
Content to blather while your country bleeds—
Who with an envious malice ply your mission
Of carping at a patriot Coalition,
Of hounding with the old sectarian hate
The men whose only party is the State—
No Censor has the pluck, it seems, to tackle
The copious spout of your putrescent cackle;
At large it spreads for enemy eyes to view
And, viewing, picture England torn in two.
Had I my way for just a little spell,
I would expunge your words and you as well,
Who by your alien tricks have fairly earned
The Anglo-Bosch's right to be interned.

O. S.

RUNNING THE WAR.

[*After the bland method of Mr.* ARNOLD BENNETT *every week in "The Daily News."*]

I APPEAR to have been sharply brought to book in sundry high places for an observation which I made in this column last Friday, namely, that I anticipated that the War would be over in about three weeks. Exception was taken in the same quarter to my contention that it wasn't so much a war as an international job. I can only say that, as my readers are surely well aware by this time, I know all about it, and more than that I mean to go on writing about it. A man can't always be writing novels—that is the trade about an author. If I must once again produce my credentials I may add that I approach the problem with that expert and well-grounded knowledge of European warfare which is the fruit of a life-long study of the social conditions of the Five Towns. We have had too much of the fatuous din of experts. This is Our War.

Some of my many friends call me an Optimist, but I can only ask them to look at the matter squarely, or rather to allow me to put it before them in its true light. There are, as we now know—some of us—three important and imminent developments which are calculated to end the international job suddenly at any moment. The first is known to every one; the second is still the secret of the higher command (and myself); the third is known only to me. But there they are. A Tory lady of my acquaintance,—yes, a Tory lady—recently used these words to me: "If we don't win this War we shall lose it, and that means that we shall be defeated, and Germany will be victorious." I assured her that I would rather be sneered at as an Optimist than hold such reactionary views as these.

The Government have more than once had from me (as my readers know) words of warm encouragement and approbation. I repeat that they are an incomparable body of Ministers who have consistently shown the greatest genius in handling this War—that is, this international job. At the same time they are continually perpetrating criminal blunders, and that is where I come in. It is imperative that I should keep setting them right. I have (as I have repeatedly remarked) a very large correspondence nowadays about social matters. And I am always at it. You wouldn't believe. Only last Tuesday I visited a girls' school in Sevenoaks, where a proposal had been mooted to teach the elder pupils to make respirators; and not long ago a special friend of mine, who is a leading Trade Unionist, personally conducted me over an engineering shop in Bolton. So I have the whole thing at my fingers' ends. And I emphatically warn the Government that some things need altering.

The country is united and will stand as one man behind the Cabinet in any step which they decide to take. And yet my own private opinion is that there are certain steps (of which I strongly disapprove) which, if taken, would split the country from top to bottom. I say advisedly that there are forces at work.

Instances can be given in my own neighbourhood. I find it better to give those personal instances which come under one's own eye simply because they are of such extraordinary general interest. Last week an elderly lady connected with the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society called and interviewed my cook, whose husband is in the A.S.C. (Let me say at once that the S. & S. H. Society is doing magnificent work of a far-reaching nature. I have ascertained that fact for myself. I made a special point of dropping in not long ago to have a talk with the local secretary. I impressed him very favourably). My cook was subjected to the closest cross-examination as to whether in the absence of her husband she was well fed and cared for in my house. Now that wants altering.

Take again the case of Bob Higgs. He is a great friend of mine. I know him well. He is an agricultural labourer. He tells me he was twenty-three on the 18th of May last. I should say that he is unmarried and has red hair and always fills his pipe with his left hand; 5ft. 8½ins., the eldest (living) of a family of five. He had a dispute with his employer about wages and made up his mind to enlist. (I need hardly say that the employer was quite in the wrong; employers always are, though I hasten to add that they have one and all shown magnificent patriotism in the present crisis). Four times Higgs tried to pass the doctor, and every time he failed. So he is forced to stay at home. That wants altering, though candidly I don't quite see how it is to be altered, as Bob Higgs has only one eye.

Meanwhile there is an international job to finish and we must get on with it. The German line in the West is still unbroken, and they are pushing forward in the East. That wants altering.



THE ENEMY, M.P.

Mr. Punch. "THESE SELF-ADVERTISING PRO-GERMANS MAKE ME SICK. WHAT WE WANT IS A CENSORSHIP OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS."



WAR-TIME ECONOMIES.

"Eat two ounces less meat a day."—*Daily Press.*

Conscientious Youth. "FATHER, YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN EIGHTH OF AN OUNCE TOO MUCH."

BREAKDOWNS AND REPAIRS.

THE rain was being swept across the dyke-lined flats by a stiff easterly breeze. Everything was cold, wet and glutinous with mud. The loose planks at the bottom of the trench squished and sucked to the movement of impatient feet.

Peter Simmonds surveyed the scene gloomily. One of a new draft, he was unaccustomed to the local conditions and felt completely out of touch with his new profession; also he desired speech.

"Bit off, I call it." He turned to his companion, a lugubrious old timer who chewed tobacco steadily and vouchsafed no reply.

He tried again. "Cawn't stand this blinkin' rain. Wot the 'ell are we waitin' 'ere for?"

The other man eyed him scornfully. "Royal Artilleree, o' course," he replied; "d'yer think we're waitin' for the champagne ter come erlong?"

As if to vindicate this statement, shrapnel began to explode over the German trenches some 400 yards in advance. At first occasionally, and then, when the range was secured, in growing volume until the sound was something beyond all knowledge—certainly beyond the knowledge of Peter Simmonds. His small body seemed to grow smaller and his eyes started out of his head like those of a captured rabbit. Presently, with a rush of air that almost threw him down, a large projectile passed just over him.

"Gawd! wot's that?" he shouted, clawing at the man stationed on his left.

"Common shell," was the reply. "Clearin' away wire hintanglements preparatory to the advance."

Peter wilted still further at the word "advance."

"When the hintanglements is cleared away, as requisite, the Captain blows 'is little whistle and the Company advances hat the double—at least, them as ain't 'it does."

This man's loquacity was almost as bad as the phlegmatic attitude of the other.

The shell fire slackened a little.

"Look 'ere," cried Peter to no one in particular, "I ain't well, I ain't. I ought ter be in 'orspital, that's where I ought ter be."

"Garn," said his left-hand neighbour, "you ought ter be in a pramberlater, you ought. Wot avocation might you 'ave been pursuing before you come out 'ere?"

"Shuvver," replied Peter, scenting sympathy. "I drove a 'General,' Barnes and Liverpool Street, that was my lay."

"An' what brought you to this yer state of military hinefficiency?"

"Well, yer see," Peter hesitated and sought for the truth, "I 'ad a bit of a skid at 'Yde Park Corner and knocks over a privit kerridge, knocks an old gent aht of it too—Earl o' Something, 'e was. The old blighter said I was racing one of them Blue 'Ammersmiths, and that puts the kybosh on my job of motorin' . . . Wasn't 'arf a skid, I tell yer."

Peter's reflections were interrupted by a renewal of the shell fire. A subaltern came down the trench and spoke to the men. He spoke to Peter, but Peter didn't hear; his mind was already occupied.

After what seemed an interminable period there was a shrill blast of a whistle, followed a second later by another from the opposite point of the

compass. Before the second whistle had ceased to sound, Peter's genteel and intelligent friend had scrambled to the top of the trench; the uncommunicative man-of-action on his right was even more alert. He was already on his feet and advancing out of Peter's vision. Vaguely Peter felt that something ought to be done. He clawed at the slimy bank in front of him, clutched a clump of twitch grass on the brow of the trench, and pulled himself up. Then his terrified brain slackened from its objective, his fingers loosened themselves, and his inert, half-conscious body slid back into the trench.

For some time he lay in the muddy water mentally dazed. Somewhere he could hear sounds; the crack of rifles, the incessant tap-tap-tap of machine guns, and the occasional smack of a bullet into the soft earth above his head.

At last he realised that the water that was soaking him was extremely cold. He sat up, and, staggering to his feet, began to move along the trench. Around him was an indescribable nerve-racking clamour, but he had the trench to himself, anyhow. One thing fixed itself in his mind; whatever happened he was not going to leave the trench. He was quite resolved on that point. Eventually he came to a cross section which abutted on to, and commanded, a road. This was the limit of his perambulation. Here he decided to wait. His patience was inexhaustible; besides, he was ill, very ill. He had barely settled down when the drone of a motor struck upon his ear. Gradually it became more distinct; evidently it was approaching him by the road. Peter peered out cautiously. Yes, there it was—a 'bus undoubtedly—a motor-'bus, moving with obvious reluctance through a sea of mud.

Peter, fascinated, watched its progress; watched it struggle to within twenty yards of him and then break down.

The driver jumped off and tore open the bonnet. Two A.S.C. men joined him, and together they juggled feverishly with the mechanism. Nothing happened.

Peter looked on with growing contempt. "Bloomin' gardeners," he muttered and became less cautious.

Five uneventful minutes passed. Peter could stand it no longer. Dropping his rifle he clambered on to the road, and proceeded to wade towards the 'bus.

"Wot 's er matter?" he enquired.

"Matter," snarled the driver, "'ow do I know? Ain't I trying to find out? Think I want to stay 'ere with 'alf a ton of 'ammernishion?" A stray bullet tore through the mud at their feet.

"One of them through the cases and up we goes," cheerfully remarked one of the A.S.C. men.



CORNERED.

"Now, Mr. Tomlinson, your tailoring business is bound to move soon. When the rush comes you want to be prepared. Now, Sir, we can't leave this slot until we are relieved. So, while we are waiting, just have a look at this lot of summer suiting samples. This is a line in which our firm can't be touched, and we can do you any of these at before-the-war prices, ten per for cash instant delivery. How's that for a dressy lounge?"

Peter sidled round to get a better view.

Suddenly he gave a shout. The driver dropped a spanner and then swore as he groped in the mud. "What yer making that noise abart? startlin' people!"

"Gor' blimey!" exclaimed Peter with emphasis, "if it ain't 527—old 'Gruntin' Liz!' Lived on 'er eighteen months, I did. Got me the sack, she did. 'Ere, let me come," he shouldered his way in masterfully, "I'm acquainted with 'er, I am."

He began to overhaul the engine with expert fingers. "Got a three-quarter nut there?" he enquired briefly. The driver fetched it obediently.

A bullet touched the corner of the up-flung bonnet and sang away into space. Peter didn't even look up.

"Nah then!" he cried, "start 'er up."

The engine coughed, backfired and finally rattled into life.

Peter, unchallenged, climbed into the driver's seat.

"Up yer git!" he cried, "all sereno! Where might yer want this blaysted ammernishon took? 'Ammersmith Broadway? Barnes? Mortlake? . . . Oh! 'advanced firing line.' Righto! 'Old tight."

They proceeded onwards at a speed which would have satisfied a Surrey policeman. Half a mile brought them into what Peter described as "an 'ell of a beano."

Here they halted to unload. For the next half-hour a small pale man with gleaming eyes and a great deal of mud and grease on him might have been seen, knee-deep in mud, hauling recklessly at ammunition cases and cursing with tremendous gusto.

It was Private Peter Simmonds come unexpectedly to his own.

For the Dog Days.

Extract from Company Orders:—

"Pangbourne.

DRESS.—Men are reminded that correct walking-out dress is khaki puttees and canes. No other dress is to be worn except on parades."

A section leader of the Hertfordshire Special Constabulary is even more solicitous for the comfort of his men, for, in announcing a special Sunday inspection he says:—

"DRESS.—Armlets only to be worn."

"Enormous masses of troops are getting into position and assembling at Gargantuan the stores and ammunition needed for a general engagement."—*Natal Advertiser.*

This is the most interesting item of news we have had since the capture of Point d'appui by the French.

"At 2.30 a.m. H.M. ships, together with the tows and the destroyers, proceeded to within some four miles of the coast, H.M.S. Queen (flying Real-Admiral Thursby's flag) directing on a point about a mile north of Gaba Tepe."—*Daily Chronicle.*

No doubt the Imitation-Admiral Thursby displayed his flag elsewhere to mislead the enemy.

NEW LIGHT ON NATIONAL FINANCE.

Now that War week-ends have had to take the place of holidays I have come to expect Sinclair and the Reverend Henry on the first Friday of every month, but on this occasion Sinclair was a day late. It happened to be his police week. Henry greeted him warmly.

"I am particularly glad to see you, Sinclair," he said.

"We want to consult you," said I, "about finance. Henry and I have been waiting for you to put us right. We have had a touching faith in you, Sinclair. We have always assumed that you were sure to know."

"Well, what's the trouble?" demanded Sinclair.

"It has now become clear," Henry began to expound, "that the national need of the moment is individual economy. Of course we are keen to play up, but we are a little uncertain what steps to take."

"Why, use old golf balls," said Sinclair.

"I wonder," said the Reverend Henry, turning to me, "if he is really going to be much use to us?"

"I doubt it," said I. "But let me try."

"Go ahead," said Sinclair.

"The question is," I began, "after having got rid of the more glaring luxuries, how we can best conserve our national resources."

"Well, give up golf altogether."

Nevertheless I went on calmly. "By what means," I asked, "can we best stand by the Government in financing the War?"

"I should countermand the new mowing-machine and travel third-class," said Sinclair.

"There are two ways in which we can help. By buying the War Loan and by reduction of imports."

That made Sinclair sit up at last.

"Ah," he said. "Imports?"

"Yes," said I sternly. "It's like this. If you buy a penny box of English matches your penny goes to the chap who made the matches. It stays in the country and helps to fight Germany. But if you buy a piece of india-rubber with your penny it goes to some outsider in the tropics (who grew the rubber) and is lost."

"That, of course, is perfectly simple," the Reverend Henry broke in. "The real difficulty is with regard to the War Loan."

"Ah, yes," said Sinclair. "I see now. You want to know whether you ought to proceed by way of voucher or application."

"I don't feel as if you were going to give us much light, Sinclair," said Henry. "The point is, the loan ought to be bought out of cash savings."

"Well, I'm not in this," said Sinclair. "I haven't got any cash savings—far from it."

"That's just our difficulty," said I. "Henry, for instance, has no cash savings, but he has some investments. Alkalis. I don't think he knows what they are, but they are reputed to be worth some £600. He got them from his aunt. Henry proposes to sell his Alkalis and invest in War Loan."

"Excellent," said Sinclair. "I might even sell my Nitrates."

"But don't you see the flaw, Sinclair?" said I. "These Alkalis not being cash savings, if Henry sells them some one has got to buy them."

"And the fellow who buys them," Henry put in, "has to pay six hundred pounds for them (I shouldn't let them go for less) and is thereby prevented from buying—as he otherwise would have done—six hundred pounds' worth of War Loan. So are no further on."

But he might not be the sort of chap that would want to," suggested Sinclair.

"We can't afford to build on that," said I.

There was a long thoughtful pause. Then Sinclair came out strong at last.

"There is only one way out of it," he said. "We shall have to sell our stuff, Henry, to that beggar in the tropics who grows the rubber."



THE OLD FORMULA.

Wife. "Look, George—my new respirator."

George (preoccupied). "Oh! By Jove—yes! Suits you devilish well."

"Those who have volunteered explanations [of the real pronunciation of their names] include Dean Inge, Lord Strachie, the Baroness Orczy, Sir L. Chiozza Money, and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham—who, by the way, says that his name is pronounced just like the word 'Waugham' in 'It is a Waugham day.'"
Daily Mail.

We regret to learn that the eminent dramatist pronounces his name to rhyme with Warm. This will throw the Scotch completely off the track. They will be calling him Maughrrrm.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXIII.

My dear Charles,—No sooner had I posted that letter to you about leave being cancelled than news was received that leave was restored. Half-an-hour later I was to be seen galloping for the nearest rail-head in the mess-cart, moving with all possible speed from the area in which minds are changed so suddenly; in a few hours I was on the boat, catching my first delighted glimpse of that trim white island of ours, and agreeing with a weather-beaten Major, who had no doubt done his bit of grousing also in his time, that "it was worth going to a little trouble and expense to keep *that* intact."

* * * *

On our return to the War, we found that developments unfavourable to ourselves had taken place in our absence. When men refer to the curse of drink, they usually exempt cider, but our undoing was due to nothing else. Let us begin at the beginning.

You will recollect that, arriving in France at the end of February and having rushed from place to place, trying to poke our nose into this battle, we eventually took over our private stretch of trench at the end of March. One's conception of "the trenches" was then merely a dotted line; when we got to them we found this was just about correct. We knew we were in them, because we were so informed on the best authority, but there was little to show for it except here and there a large hole with an adequate water ration at the bottom of it, now and then a sandbag affording cover for the feet and ankles, and an occasional piece of fascine, protecting one from the gaze of the curious if not from the bullet of the spitefully inclined. It only remained for us, we were humorously told, to "improve." This we set about to do, applying such principles of building without materials as we could remember from *Robinson Crusoe* and Barrie's *Admirable Crichton*; utilising the services of our men, who, given picks and shovels, could turn the Earth inside out in a week, and having for inspiration the missiles of our interfering friends the Germans. If you ever want to make bricks without straw (or with straw, for that matter), tell your labourers what you want and then set someone on to shoot at them from a distance of about ninety yards; you'll soon have all the bricks you want.

Eventually there appeared a breastwork lane, which, allowing for the absence of lifts and the shortage of electric light, I may at least describe as eligible. Some great man of the engineering department inspected us and praised us. To the officers, who are brain-workers merely and gullible, this was a pleasure and an incentive, but with the men, who shift the soil and are unused to praise, it aroused suspicion. Had they been allowed to have their way, they would have done no more and left it at that; but our enthusiasm, being superior in that respect to their energy, was infinite. Safety being assured, comfort was attempted; rows of model dwellings for the men, semi-detached villas for the officers and bold designs in variegated sandbags to catch the public eye, appeared on all sides. An enterprising Sergeant-Major's batman mobilized a large tub and took in washing, while I for my part got out the plans for a County Court, for the adjudication of disputes between outgoing and incoming tenants consequent upon the system of battalion reliefs. It became the habit of all kind old gentlemen in red hats in or about the neighbourhood to come along our line, in its less disturbed moments, and make extravagant remarks, whereat the men smiled cynically. I feel at times that if all officers were sent home and the whole affair was left to the men the War would be finished in twenty-four unbusinesslike but determined hours. At other times I incline to except the Platoon-Commanders. This is undoubtedly a Platoon-Commander's war. I am a Platoon-Commander myself.

It was when our servants, having already the energy of the men, added to this our enthusiasm, that our ruin befell. The early *régime* of the single one-course meal a day, consisting of the mere ration, soon gave way to an elaborate menu; our servants even went to the length of discovering a potato-bury in the support trenches and supplying us with *pommes-de-terre nouvelles* long before the *p.t.n.* season should properly begin. We took to sitting on real chairs, eating off real tables; our captain, on special occasions, drank from a real tumbler. Once that desperate but loyal villain, Green, narrowly missed running into the arms of a military policeman as he escaped from those of an infuriated lady of seventy, whose cottage garden he had despoiled of its fairest roses. Don't, however, underrate this cook of ours; he may have the looks and some of the gifts of a professional burglar, but he has also gentler arts. He has since fed, by invitation, off the generosity of that brave lady, and so, I am told, have we.

We lacked only a cellar. The wine of the country is as disappointing as its coffee; our fellows bethought them of cider, purchased a barrel, and, regardless of the pain and shame involved, trundled "same" in a perambulator to the trenches. The first cool draught was being drawn when the nicest and oldest nice old gentleman of all, in quite the reddest hat, blew in . . .

No, there were no cross words or frowns even. In fact *the* tumbler was produced and Distinction drank our health. Later we were addressed, publicly, as follows:—"The improvements you have made are excellent." (There was no specific reference to the wine-list). "We are sorry to part with you, even for a period while you carry on your good work elsewhere. The return to hard, or deficient, conditions will merely give you new scope; the dangers will inspire you to even greater success. If you find your new place a hot one, you will, we are sure, leave it as comfortable. We look forward to seeing you, all of you" (this with a brave smile), "back again shortly." That, Charles, is what comes to you for discovering perambulators in the least likely spots and adapting them to Bacchic purposes. Old Adam himself had no harsher words for apples in general than we had when we arrived at our new area and found that it consisted of a bare field, for the moment occupied by a thunderstorm.

Have you ever coped with the problem of spending a night in a flooded meadow, endeavouring to find consolation in the fact that it is, at any rate, not so bad as it will be in a couple of hours' time? There is nothing to do about it; you must just lie down and go to sleep. If you stay outside your valise you will catch a death of cold; if you get inside your valise a lot of companionable rain will get in with you. There is no solution; you sit on your kit trying to make up your mind what to do; later you try to make up your mind as to what you are making up your mind about. The men, as usual, met the situation with irrelevant songs, and the next morning or the next one after that you wake up to find there are no such things as rain or colds. I like this view of the situation now, because the sun happens to be shining; at the time, however, I seem to remember that an air of disapproval prevailed. I have just been up to look at our new trench. My Company is in luck; of the two trenches it is to occupy to-morrow, one has ceased to exist to-day. This appears to be a habit, for when I suggest to the present occupier that it should be rebuilt, he begs to inform me that the trench *has* been rebuilt . . . twice daily for the last month or so.

It looks as if I shall have something to tell you next time I write.

Yours ever, Henry.



THE DANGERS OF PEACE WORK.

Joan (to father, who has lost his head in dealing with refractory purchase). "DAD! DAD! SHALL I CUT IT, OR CALL MA?"

OUR JUMBLE SALE.

(To M. H.)

As the prospect of providing our efficient village nurse
With a reasonable salary had gone from bad to worse,
'Twas no wonder the Committee should incontinently hail
Mrs. Jones's apt suggestion of a giant Jumble Sale.

In this world of mingled motives single-hearted folk are rare,
As Mrs. Jones herself would be the foremost to declare,
And, though she truly meant to lend her energetic aid,
On the wardrobe of her husband she had planned a special raid.

The date was fixed by Mrs. Jones, who wisely put it down
For a day on which her husband had arranged a trip to town
To attend the annual meeting of the Hatless Heretics,
And couldn't possibly get home till nearly half-past six.

Mr. Jones was very happy with his daughters and his wife,
And he led in his peculiar way a wholly blameless life;
He had played of late a leading part in beating up recruits,
But he had a perfect passion for accumulating boots.

He had boots described as "rational"; boots made of badger skin,
And boots called "anatomical," the toes of which curved in;
He had boots to cure the various ills that torture human feet—
In fact, he'd every kind of boot that wasn't smart or neat.

* * * * * * *

Well, the Sale went off quite swimmingly; the people came in crowds
From every social stratum, the dandies and the dowds;
And Mrs. Jones's happy thought, the free refreshment stall,
Was patronised perhaps the most extensively of all.

There were hats and caps and collars; there were ancient evening suits;
There were old perambulators and accordeons and flutes;
There were antiquated bicycles and stylographic pens
And seltzogenes and curling-tongs, and cats and cocks and hens.

I saw an aged farmer's wife, a most forbidding crone,
Carry off the works of BROWNING and a battered gramophone,
While the station-master's daughter for the sum of two-and-three
Bought a pair of motor goggles and a pound of China tea.

There was only one exhibit where the takings in the till
Presented the deplorable totality of *nil;*
It was in the boot department, where, in serried ranks arrayed,
The historic Jones collection was impressively displayed.

The prices weren't prohibitive: the highest figure there,
As well as I remember, stood at 3*s*. 6*d*. the pair;
So it must have been the fearsome shapes the makers had designed
That had an adverse influence upon the rural mind.

Nearly everything of value by the afternoon was sold,
And the takings made a goodly pile of silver, "bronze" and gold,
So the Rector then gave notice that the undisposed-of stock
Would be sold by public auction at half-past six o'clock.

Not long before the auction Mrs. Jones had come away,
So you'll easily imagine how she felt the following day
On receiving by the carrier a monumental sack
Containing all her husband's boots—for Jones had bought them back.



AT A PROVINCIAL TERRITORIAL DINNER.

Waitress to Chairman (the Mayor of the town). "The Captain thanks you, Sir, for the honour, but he says he's too bad a speaker to respond to the toast."

Chairman. "Oh, tell him we're all bad speakers." *Waitress.* "I've told him that, Sir."

OUR VOLUNTEER CORPS.

By a Villager.

Our fine old warrior, Major Chrustie, of Tiflin Lodge, raised it, and is its commandant. He is patriotic in heart, soul and collar, and to hear him denounce the Huns saves fuel in cold weather. He found an able secretary and recruiter in Green, our auctioneer, who, being an expert in pinching and appraising cattle, is just the man for gauging human physique. He soon roped in the early spring and late autumn of Larkfield manhood, a big platoon strong. He even got me, though my game leg won't go far sideways, and I can never hope to form fours properly (on which I understand victory in the field so much depends).

We have had a hard training, including a special sermon from our Vicar, and are already widely known as the Larkfield Dare-Devils.

Now our contemptible neighbour, Sloshley, has a Volunteer Corps too, but it is nothing to ours. We have tunics—they haven't; we march smartly—they flop about anyhow; we have been promoted to aim at the running perambulator drawn by a long rope they are still in the haystack stage. I intrude this trivial subject of Sloshley only because we went out to fight them last Saturday afternoon. The Major of course led us, and a brave show we made when we "debauched" (I believe that is the correct military term) on to the road to Wild Heath, where the battle was to take place under the eye of a real Colonel of Territorials. His fife and bugle band kindly played us part of the way; after that, those of us who could whistle whistled, and to this stirring accompaniment we completed the four-mile journey to the Heath like so many Alpine Chasseurs, all of us having, by advice, soaped our socks and boraxed our toes for three days beforehand.

At the Heath we were met by the Colonel.

"This your infantry?" he inquired of our Major.

"Yes, Sir."

"Where are your machine guns?"

"On this piece of paper, Sir."

"Very good; post them in what you think is the most strategic position, and your troops too."

So the Major fastened the guns to a strategic gatepost with a safety-pin. Then he spread us out along an adjacent hedge and ditch, and ordered us to lie down and try to look as if we weren't there.

There we lay for what seemed a week, rifles firmly grasped, straining at the leash. No word was uttered, except when the nettles became intolerable, and then only one. All this time Sloshley never came near, the poltroons! At the long last, however, the Colonel galloped back and shook our Major heartily by the hand.

"I congratulate you on your victory," he said.

"What victory Sir?" exclaimed the puzzled Major; "we have never stirred or seen a soul."

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply, "the battle was won by the superior disposition of your machine-guns. Your opponents had placed theirs where they could only fire on themselves!"

So, exulting, we turned our faces and marched back towards Larkfield, home and beauty. Only one man fell out (into a passing cart), having used the wrong soap for his socks.



PRIDE BEFORE THE "FALL."

William Senior. "There will be no winter campaign. The war will be over in October."

William Junior. "Poor old Father! He says that every year."

[In 1914 the Kaiser promised his troops that they should be "back in the dear old Fatherland before the fall of the leaves."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 5th.—When *Sir Hugh Evans* came across *Falstaff* disguised as a woman and attempting to escape from the house of one of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* his quick eye penetrated the disguise.

"I like not when a 'oman has a great peard," he said. "I spy a great peard under her muffler."

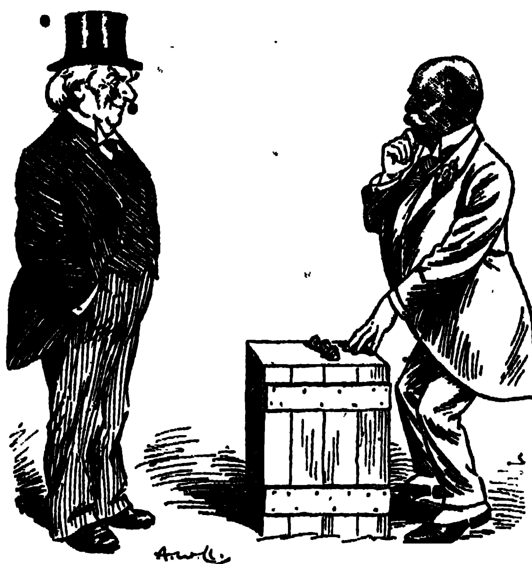
The Welsh parson was not to be taken in by attempted fraud. Neither is Sir Thomas Whittaker. Under the muffler of National Registration Bill, described by Walter Long (in moving Second Reading) as simply designed to clear the reproach that we have no record of the human resources of the country, he spied the peard of Conscription. Accordingly moved amendment which, if carried, would have effect of throwing out the Bill. In animated speech, cheered by Pringle, Og, Outhwaite, King and other Statesmen, he described the measure as designed to "hold a candle to the devil."

The Member for Sark, pragmatically practical, pointed out that such service would in normal circumstances be unnecessary, and if tendered must prove ineffectual. Understood to be light enough in the establishment of the Personage referred to. In any case a candle would surely melt.

Whittaker not in the mood to listen to reason. Continued speech which Ivor Herbert happily described as "intemperance mingled with irrelevance." If instead of mingled he had said mixed it would have vaguely suggested a new cooling cup, attractive on a sultry afternoon with the thermometer marking eighty-four in the shade.

Hayes Fisher, taking kindly to the Treasury Bench from which he has long been exiled, discovered in Whittaker's speech a violent and vituperative attack upon the Prime Minister. Debate and division notable for leavening of minority with appreciable proportion of ex-Ministers. Hobhouse and Robertson both spoke against the Bill. Trevelyan and Lough voted with the minority, which of course included Snowden and Herr Ginnell.

Demonstration the more surprising since at Question time Prime Minister emphatically declared that no such action as introduction of forced labour or conscription was contemplated by the Government. In moving Second Reading, Walter Long enlarged upon and emphasised this con-



NOTHING DOING WITH THE THIMBLES.

"If he was going to start his apprentice-hand ... taking someone in, he would not begin with the Prime Minister."

Mr. Long on the Registration Bill.

tradiction. Whittaker in course of preparing his mixture disclosed true inwardness of the revolt. In addition to the superfluous service proffered to the devil as mentioned, he hotly declared that the Bill was "the first real fruit of the Coalition."

Ay, there's the rub.

Debate, occasionally heated even above eighty-four in the shade, lasted through long summer night. Strong Ministerial Whip addressed to both wings of Ministerial army brought up unusual muster. Upon the division amendment rejected by 253 votes against 30.

Business done.—National Registration Bill passed Second Reading.

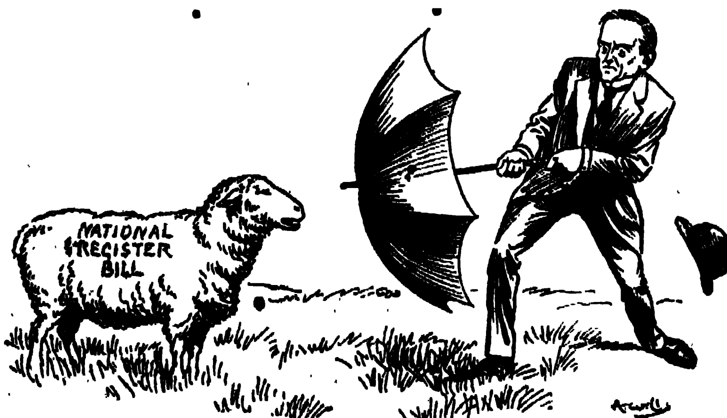
House of Lords, Tuesday.—Midleton opened interesting debate when moving resolution enjoining the Government to take immediate steps to reduce civil expenditure of the country. Showed that total amount of debt incurred, on assumption that War expenditure is closed by 31st March, will be £1,292,000,000. On account of War pensions and interest on new debt there would be available a sum of £62,000,000 to meet a charge of £77,000,000. Only way to confront this grave position was, he urged, establishment of drastic economies in regard to finance. Twenty years ago the Civil Service Estimates amounted to £20,000,000. To-day they are thrice that sum.

In absence of Leader of House, Lansdowne replied for Government. Gently hinted at possible inaccuracies and exaggerations in statement of his long-time colleague on other side of Table, but did not controvert main contention. Promised to institute careful scrutiny. "Not able to state at this moment" what particular kind of machinery will be set up for the purpose. But it wouldn't be a Royal Commission.

St. Aldwyn, speaking with authority of ex-Chancellor of Exchequer, generally confirmed Midleton's description of state of affairs. Haldane took gloomy view of future. Predicted that after the War the country will be poorer; many fields of commerce and industry, hitherto an exclusive possession, will be broken in upon.

This sufficiently depressing. Gloom deepened when Jeremiah Loreburn followed. Silent for some time; but could not resist temptation to join in these Lamentations. Cassandra quite a cheerful companion compared with him. What he saw in the future was universal bankruptcy of all the great nations. Financial ruin would, he feared, be the prelude to revolution.

Midleton consented to substitute for "immediate" the more blessed word "effectual" as qualifying "steps to reduce



Mr. Snowden. "Go away! Go away! You may look innocent enough, but I'm sure you're a wolf beneath your skin."

["Behind the speech of the Minister there was the idea of compulsion."—*Mr. Snowden.*]

expenditure." Resolution, thus rendered practically ineffective, agreed to.

Business done.—In the Commons the INFANT SAMUEL, "called" a second time to the office of Postmaster-General, made statement, generally cheered, indicating Post Office reforms and new departures.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Suddenly out of string of dull questions pleasing prospect presented itself. CHIOZZA MONEY was catechising UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR on subject of firms engaged in making munitions being deprived of services of their workmen. UNDER-SECRETARY asserting that a particular firm was exempt from recruiting, CHIOZZA suggested the rule should be made general.

"One might," said TENNANT, "spread oneself at large on that. I am sure," he continued persuasively, when inexplicable burst of laughter following on simple remark had subsided, "my hon. friend does not desire me to do that. I am sure I should do it with great reluctance."

Pretty to see UNDER-SECRETARY draw himself up to full height, as if, after all, he might, if it were of real public service, at least endeavour to "spread himself at large."

Business done.—National Register Bill read a Third time amid mutual compliments lavished by those who had taken part in heated debate.



A TIP FROM MR. WASON.

[MR. CATHCART WASON asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER whether he would reconsider his decision with reference to vouchers of smaller amount than five shillings for such purposes as "administering gratuities."]

THE MAN IN EARNEST.

AFTER lunch we gather in the smoke-room for a peaceful half-hour. It is a cheerful time. If we talk about the War, it is only to circulate the most pleasant rumours. Great moves by the X Army in the region of Y; huge numbers of captured submarines in the harbour of Z. (Even the Censor cannot object to that). And then cheered by this friendly meeting we go back to our labour of producing khaki or war export articles, of pushing the War Loan, or of converting our ploughshare stamping machines so that they may produce shell caps.

We should be quite happy were it not for Bromley. Bromley belongs to that peculiarly aggressive type of man born early in 1874. The first six months of 1874 were prolific in warriors. It is most unfortunate for the country that they are all now just over military age, otherwise the Germans would never stand a chance. Well, we are all quite cheerful till Bromley enters.

"Ah," he would say, looking round scornfully "I'm glad some people can joke in these times." (Never by any possibility had Bromley joked at any time, though he always implied that before the War he was a kind of LENO-cum-BIRRELL). "I fail to see the slightest sign that the nation is taking the War in earnest. On my way here I counted eighty-four stalwart men who ought to be in uniform. Skulkers! That's what they are. Last night I looked in at the Colossus just to get the War off my mind and saw hundreds of men who ought to be at the Front. I could not enjoy the performance for a moment. On Saturday I was up at the golf links. It seemed to be a case of pleasure as usual. The club house was quite full, though I will say that many of them had the grace to go out when I talked about the necessity for national earnestness. Then on Sunday the Portsmouth Road was literally crammed with motor-cars. When I think of the grim determination of Germany I can see nothing but ruin before us. Our Government" — and then Bromley would let himself go about the Government. Strange as it may seem we don't like abuse of the Government, though a year since we were saying things which must have made LLOYD GEORGE's and CARSON's ears burn.

Every day the earnest wet-blanket would come, till at last the smoke-room went on strike. We arranged a plan and waited expectantly for Bromley. He came in grim as usual, seated himself, scowled on the frivolous, said "Nothing in war-time, William," to the waiter (though he never took anything in peace-time) and was about to dwell on the extraordinary slackness of the British public when Dobbins tackled him.

"Look here, Bromley," he said, "we all think it would be better if you took the War a little more in earnest" (Bromley turned almost apoplectic). "According to your own account you are golfing, motoring and doing the halls as usual—all of course because you want to see if the nation is slacking. It's not good enough. The nation doesn't need your supervising eye. Come down with me and join the Specials. Or go with Harrop there and be a Red Cross orderly. You could scrub floors if they wouldn't trust you with anything more important. Or let Craven book you as taking ten thousand of the War Loan. He'd stand cigars round if you'd do that."

"It's this frivolous spirit that will ruin England," began Bromley. "Nobody is in earnest——"

"What you've got to bother about," interrupted Craven, "is getting more earnestness into yourself, Bromley. You're only earnest about other people being in earnest. Be earnest enough to knock six months off your age and tell a good straightforward lie for your country. Why, under present circumstances GEORGE WASHINGTON would have lied and his father would have patted him on the head for it."

Bromley rose to his feet and strode out of the smoke-room.

Then Craven said a bitter thing: "I believe that man on the sly is a leader-writer."

Another Impending Apology.

"London, Friday.—The Central News is authorised to announce the engagement of the Hon. Ivy Gordon Lennox and the Marquis of Titchfield, son and heir of the Duke of Portland.

Lots of women give more thought to the selection of a gown than of a husband."

Glasgow Evening Times.

Extract from a letter written by a Sergeant to *The Southern Daily Echo*:—

"LAST NIGHT'S METEOR.

SIR,—It would be interesting to know if any of your readers noticed any special or uncommon object passing through the heavens yesterday evening, in addition to myself."

The gallant N.C.O. does not mention his corps; but we gather that he belongs to the Sky Terriers.



Dick. "COME ON, MOLLIE—I'LL BE A FRENCH SOLDIER, AND YOU CAN BE A GERMAN."
Mollie. "NO, THANK YOU. *I'M* GOING TO BE WHAT DADDY IS—A GLASGOW AND SOUTH-WESTERN HIGHLANDER."

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

VIII.

Jimmy says the butcher's boy wants to buy his bloodhound, Faithful; he wants to have him stuffed. It was because Faithful had been studying spiders and how they did it.

You see Jimmy's bloodhound had been sleeping on the lawn, with all the windows open because it was so hot, and when he went back to his kennel Jimmy says he found a spider had bunged up the entrance with a web.

Jimmy says Faithful sat and looked at the web, and then pushing his head into the middle waggled it about and tried to look like a bluebottle.

Jimmy says that when the spider saw its success it could hardly believe any of its eyes at first, and then it made a flying leap and landed with all its feet in the middle of Faithful's back. Jimmy says the spider ran along as hard as it could, and was just letting itself down hand over fist from the end of Faithful's tail when Faithful caught sight of it.

Jimmy says Faithful tried to wag the spider off, but it only made it swing backwards and forwards, and it was all Faithful could do to keep time with his head so as not to take his eye off it. Jimmy says Faithful tried to twirl the spider, but it gave him a crick in the neck watching it, so he decided to stalk it.

Bloodhounds are good stalkers, Jimmy says, and it's because they keep one eye on the object.

Jimmy says Faithful stalked the spider round and round, slowly at first, gradually working up to top speed until he was doing well over thirty; then he jambed on the brakes suddenly and swung round on his own base so as to meet the spider coming the other way.

The butcher's boy stopped to watch Faithful. Jimmy says everyone knows the butcher's boy because he has got red hair and wears a blue apron, and when he washes his face he looks like the French flag, and then you have only got to whistle the *Marseillaise* to get him to fight you.

When the butcher's boy saw Faithful pursuing himself, he said he had seen sheep like that, and it was because they had a worm in their heads.

Faithful never caught the spider, and it made him think more of spiders and their ways than ever; he couldn't manage to spin a web, no matter how he wagged his tail.

Jimmy says the butcher's boy got very friendly with Faithful. He always greeted Jimmy's bloodhound every morning. He would say, "Good gracious, there it is again," or simply "Help!!" One day Faithful was sitting on the wall looking into the road and wondering how he could make a web to catch German spies, when the butcher's boy stopped to admire him. He told Jimmy he had often seen people look like Faithful; it was when they wanted to sneeze and couldn't. He then made a noise like a dog that has been bitten by a wasp, and Faithful fell off the wall into the road.

Jimmy says the butcher's boy had a basket fixed on to the front of a bicycle and he told Jimmy he was taking Mrs. Jones's ribs, Mr. Brown's liver and chops, and Mr. Smith's kidneys to them because they wanted them.

Jimmy says when the butcher's boy started to ride off Faithful kept jumping up to kiss him good-bye. Faithful wouldn't leave off, Jimmy says, although the butcher's boy kept bending down to try to blow him away.

It made the butcher's boy laugh, and then he tried to ride as fast as he could so as to leave Faithful behind. Jimmy says he might have done it if he hadn't run into a boy wheeling a barrow. Jimmy says everybody was surprised except Faithful, and he just selected



Fair Stranger. "OH, SIR! *Do* STOP MY DOG FIGHTING!"
Nervous Patriot. "ER—W-WE ARE ALL FIGHTERS TO-DAY, MADAM. H-HE'S GOT THE RIGHT SPIRIT. I-I MUST NOT INTERFERE." (*Makes off hurriedly*).

two chops and went and sat down under a bush on the far side of the road. Then Jimmy understood. Old Faithful had been on the spy trail all the time; he had spun a web and was quietly waiting for his prey.

Jimmy says the name of the boy with the wheelbarrow was Jumbo, because when the butcher's boy looked up from under the wheelbarrow he said, "Hello, Jumbo! I see you."

Jimmy says Jumbo had been trying to stand on his head in the barrow and he was discontented with the butcher boy's red hair. He told him to go and put his hair out and threw Mrs. Jones's ribs at him. He then gave the basket a good kick and began to whistle the *Marseillaise*.

Jimmy says several people stopped to watch the fight, because it was disgraceful, they said. There were two old gentlemen who had come out of their gardens to say how disgraceful it was. One of them showed the other a mark on his knuckle where a boy had once lost a tooth, and the other said he had once fought twenty rounds and his nose never would be quite straight again.

Jimmy says the butcher's boy was a good fighter, he fought with his head, and when he did it Jumbo used his weight to sit down.

One of the old gentlemen showed Jumbo how to side-step very quickly, until the man standing behind told him not to.

The man standing behind the old gentleman was telling him how you go home and put ice on your head, when a motor-bicycle came round the corner and told everyone to move right away ever so far quickly.

Jimmy says the motor managed to dodge the barrow and would have cleared the bicycle if it hadn't skidded on Mr. Brown's liver. Jimmy says you have to practise a lot before you can turn on people's livers, and the man made an awful mess of it.

Jimmy says that the motor-bicycle buzzed about like anything, and old Faithful came rushing out to have a look at his luck.

Jimmy says they had to carry the motor-man into a house to put water on him to bring him round, and as they were carrying him he suddenly opened his eyes and said, "*Was giebt es?*"

One of the old gentlemen got very excited at this, Jimmy says; he shouted out, "He's sprekkening Dutch," and he said to the motor-man, "*Sprekke Sie Dutch,*" and the motor-man said, "*Nein,*" and went off again.

Jimmy says everyone was very pleased with everyone else, but no one praised Faithful; in fact no one said a word to Faithful except the butcher's boy, and he only inquired how much it would cost to have him stuffed. Jimmy says it was enough to make a bloodhound give up the spy-trail.

Humour at the Guildhall.

"The LORD MAYOR introduces Lord KITCHENER."

"Champion Whippet-Bull Terrier, kill anything living, fond of children and water, 8s.; good guard; exchange chickens."
Feathered World.

Like the Terriers of our Army, this dog seems to have very soldierly qualities.

"The Turkish sniper is no match for the Kangaroo hooter."—*Evening News.*

Zoologists are anxiously awaiting further details of this new and valuable species of Australian fauna.

"The cricket professionals at Lord's are making net horsebags for the use of the Army horses in their spare time."
Evening Standard.

We understand that our cavalry chargers have for a long time enjoyed considerable leisure.

THE BLUEBOTTLE CAMPAIGN.



I. THE AMBUSH.



II IN ACTION.



III. VICTORY.

THE WAR-LOAN FORM.

"I WISH," said Francesca, "you would come out of your armchair and help me to fill up this form."

"Forms," I said, "are the easiest things in the world. You've only got to——"

"Yes," she said, "I know all you're going to say about the wonderful simplicity of forms, but they don't strike me in that way. I've never yet seen a form that didn't paralyse me."

"Has this one paralysed you?"

"Absolutely."

"That's serious," I said. "What's it all about?"

"I'm not sure. I think I did know once, but it's all gone from me now. I think—mind you, I'm not certain—but I think it's about the new War Loan."

"Oh," I said, "you're going to be a capitalist, are you?"

"Well, I'm going to invest some savings. We're all going to invest some savings. Muriel and Nina and Alice and Frederick. They've all given notice to withdraw their money from the Post Office, and they're going to put it in the War Loan. Muriel and Nina want bonds, but Alice and Frederick have decided for vouchers. They don't know what vouchers are, but they're quite determined to have some or perish in the attempt. I'm doing mine through my bank."

"Bravo," I said; "that's the true spirit. How much are you going in for?"

"Do you think a hundred would do?"

"Certainly," I said. "A hundred would do if you've got a hundred."

"Yes," she said, "it's there. I've saved it out of the housekeeping money."

"That's thrift," I said. "You give me less to eat by so many joints of beef and dishes of buttered eggs and——"

"We're all in the same box, anyhow."

"Yes, but we don't all get the savings. You get those."

"Of course I do. Who else should?"

"All right," I said, "I won't press the matter. Really, I'm all for it."

"Come along, then," she said, "and tackle the form."

"Read it to me," I said. "When things are read to me they always sink in better."

"Put down your paper, then, and listen."

"Don't be too hard on me. Let me go on reading Mr. BELLOC on the Russians. It's most comforting. Besides, I can always listen better when I'm reading a paper."

"It's no good," she said. "Put it down."

"Very well," I said. "I shall remember this. If a man isn't to be allowed to read his BELLOC in peace and quiet I don't know what things are coming to."

"They're coming to business—hard and solid business. Now listen: 'To the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, London'—that's a good beginning, isn't it?"

"Splendid," I said. "It simply couldn't be better. Here's a woman who has saved somebody else's money, and one of the results of her thrift is that she's to be allowed to write to the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, London."

"Are they real people?" she said.

"Real people! The Governor and Company—real people! Francesca, what *do* you mean?"

"Oh, I don't know. I had an idea all that sort of thing was done by machinery now."

"Don't be frivolous," I said. "If you were to meet the Governor of the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street and run a pin into him, he'd jolly soon show you whether he was machinery or not."

"I should never dream of doing such a thing. I've been much too well brought up. Still, it would be rather nice, too. A pin into the Governor of the Bank of England—but no, it's impossible."

"Don't dwell on it, Francesca, or it'll get the better of you. Go on reading from the form."

"Lend me your ears, then. 'Blank hereby request you to allot to blank a in brackets pound-mark blank comma say blank pounds of the above-mentioned Loan comma in terms of the Prospectus of the 21st June 1915 semi-colon and blank hereby engage——'"

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "for Heaven's sake, stop!"

"Why interrupt me?" she said. "I was just getting into my stride."

"Your stride's too much for me," I said.

"Oh, haven't you understood? I'm so sorry. I'll read it out again: 'Blank hereby request you——'"

"Stop it, I say."

"Oh, very well, then," she said. "I thought men could always understand that sort of thing. That's what they're here for, isn't it?"

"Hand me the form," I said firmly. "It's as simple as A, B, C."

"Of course it is," she said, "when a financial genius gets hold of it. But I'm only a poor woman, and anything like a rule of three sum or a calculation of per cents always reduces me to pulp. Still, I should like to help just a little. I'll dip your pen in the ink—oh! what a naughty blot! Mop it up quick. The Governor and Company can't bear blots. 'Name of Applicant in full.' Down it goes: Francesca Carlyon. Doesn't it look grand? 'State Title if any.' You can say it was an oversight in the last Birthday List. Why should they want to know that? Probably the Governor hasn't got a title himself if the truth were known. Anyhow, it's a mere bit of swank. There, you've done it. Clever man. How shall I deal with it now?"

"It only wants your signature."

"Well, let it want for an hour or two. I'm not going to humour it too much all at once."

"And then," I said, "you can take it to your Bank-manager with five pounds and the thing's done."

"Actually *done?*"

"Yes, for the moment."

"Oh," she said, "the moment's good enough for me."

R. C. L.

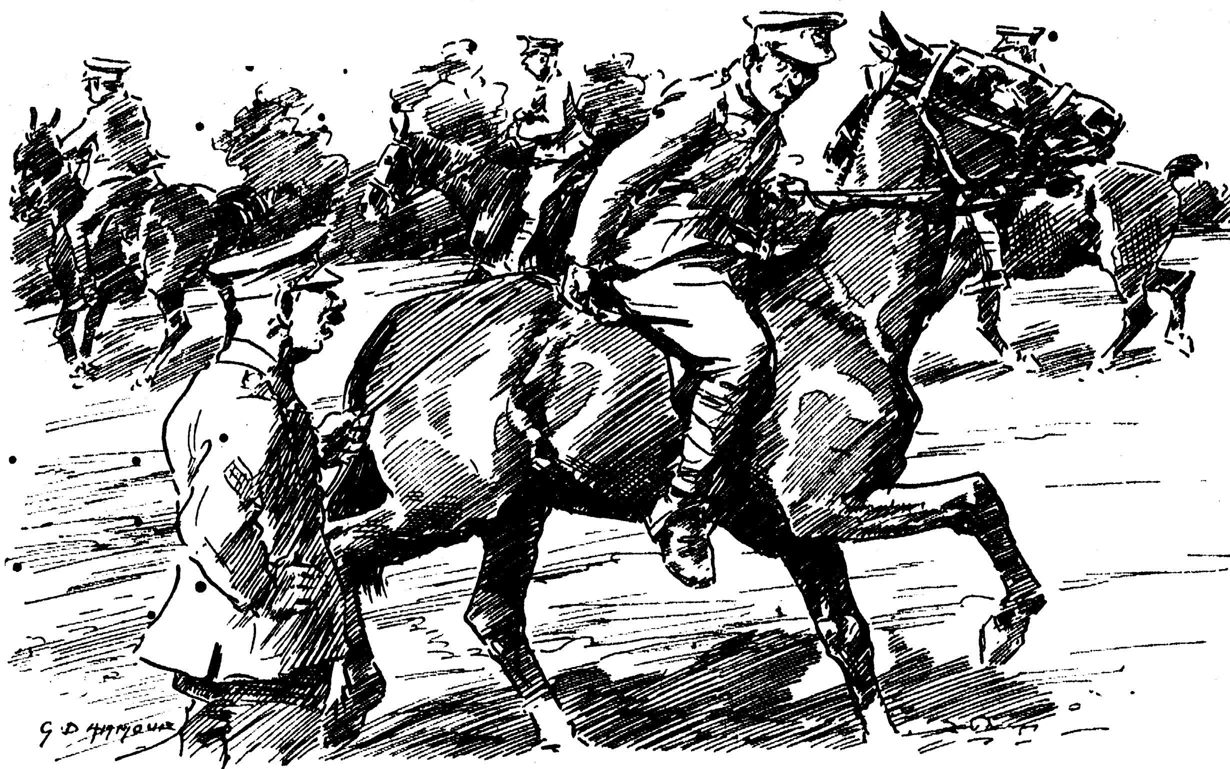
V. M. B.

("*What did you do, Daddy, in the Great War?*"—*Recruiting Poster*).

YEARS on, when Winter waxes murk and stormy,
And nightly by the cheerful hearth we meet,
My wife (whoever that may be) before me,
My offspring romping round their father's feet,
Thus, Sirs, shall I reply should they demand
The tale of how *I* helped my Motherland:—

"While fitter men for England, dears, were fighting,
I bared my arms and slaved for her like—well,
Like billy-oh; I stopped my stupid writing—
Left, so to speak, the poet's lyre (or "shell")—
And all my strength of muscle and of mind
Devoted to the high-explosive kind.

"These hands shall witness how I did my duty;
Though pink again is every battered nail,
Though healed the blisters once that marred their beauty,
Not all the soaps that e'er were put on sale,
Not all the waters of our Island seas
Could rob my palms of their callosities."



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPÔT.

Sergeant (to recruit, lately a motor mechanic). "NOW THEN, WHAT FOR ARE YOU FUMBLIN' AT THE BACK OF YER SADDLE? LOOKING FOR THE BRAKE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. B. PAUL NEUMAN is one of the exiguous group of persons who have reason for gratitude towards WILLIAM THE FRIGHTFUL. Because if it had not been for the War I fail to see how any suitable end could ever have been reached in *Oliver* (SMITH, ELDER), while, as things are, the end, if perhaps a little mechanical and arbitrary, is at least appropriate. *Oliver* might be called a study in paternity. Perhaps you recall how Mr. NEUMAN has already done well with the same theme; it is one that seems a deserved favourite of his. *Oliver* is the story of a weak man, first in his relations with his father, then with his own son. The thing is remarkably well done, a close and unsparing treatment of a subject by no means easy. The hard undemonstrative father, and the nervous boy who never quite understands him, have, of course, appeared before in fiction; where the present story breaks new ground is in showing the morbid weakling, himself a parent, haunted still by his old fears, and, to his bewildered and almost worshipping delight, finding in his own son the strong dependable personality that he himself could never attain. The scenes between grown-up *Oliver* and *Roland* seem to me both sincere and profoundly moving. It may possibly be objected by the severe that there is some excess of sentiment, especially in the end. But life is always sentimental to persons like *Oliver*. Whether you will believe in him, suddenly transformed into a motor-transport officer, is another matter. You will at least appreciate a great piece of writing in the account of his dash through an enemy patrol on his way to what he thought would be his boy's death-bed; young *Roland*, also serving, having been reported dangerously wounded. And after all it was *Oliver* who died in his son's arms. True or not, this makes a fine end to an original and successful story.

MR. SIDNEY LOW, a man of parts in matters of high politics, provides us in *The Spirit of the Allied Nations* (BLACK) with a convenient little tabloid of comment and instruction on the salient forces at work in France, in Russia, in Belgium, in Serbia, in Japan and in the British Empire. (This was before Italy came in). Each nation is allotted its own expert, and the thing seems to be quite well done up to the convenient standard of the extension lecturer. One can't attempt to summarise a summary of such vast issues, but I think that the normal reader will get most joy from the account of little Serbia, who so tactfully obliged the Austrians, when setting out on their punitive expedition, by themselves doing the punishing, smashing methodically first the Austrian's right, then the centre, and finally the left, with losses to the enemy of 38,000 dead, 92,000 wounded, and 62,000 prisoners. It is not a story that anybody in later ages will find easy to believe. . . . And that speech of the old King to his soldiers goes far to blot out a terrible memory. It is also good to learn of the

splendid comradeship in their army, officers summoning their men to fight, not as men but as brothers. Yes, certainly, altogether a fine little ally to have.

If you do not take the precaution to read Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's preface to *Tales from Five Chimneys* (Mills and Boon) the title may not unnaturally bewilder you. The simple explanation is that Mr. Pickthall, having written a number of stories entirely unconnected with each other, was at a loss for a generic name, and so called them after the house whence they were indited. Personally, I think he might have done better, especially as the tales themselves are as good of their kind as I remember to have met in a great while. There is in all a vigorous and unconventional air of honesty about people and events that is excellently refreshing. For an instance I might refer you to one called "The Prude and the Wanton," an exquisitely human study of a simple-minded old governess summoned to give evidence in the divorce case of a pupil whom she loved and trusted. It is possible that these stories have appeared before in magazine form, but I think it unlikely; they certainly bear no evidence of the manipulation that secures a happy ending and the subscriptions of a serial public. Of a book of this kind, where there is no one theme to describe, I can only tell you that I found the whole of unusual quality, and leave you to select your own favourites. But, in case you should not want to read the volume through, I might indicate (beside the story mentioned above, which should certainly not be missed) two others, "Love's Convert," a pleasant little comedy, and "Virgin and Martyr," a piece of irony quite horribly effective. They are characteristic examples from a collection that I have greatly enjoyed.



Auntie (having tried every other distraction). "Look, Baby! See the pretty Zeppelins!"

One can at least say of *The Jealous Goddess* (Lane) that it begins unconventionally. A hero who in an inefficient attempt to rescue a young woman from some roughs gets so battered by them that he has to be rescued himself by the fair one, and, on being assisted to her studio, promptly faints on the mat, certainly breaks new ground. Of course, though, for all this transposition of the ordinary gambit, I couldn't be greatly surprised when *Nora* and *Tommy* fell each into the other's arms. But Miss Madge Mears had several more unconventionalities up her sleeve. For one thing, the relations between *Tommy* and his shiftless but amiable father are new. So is the treatment by *Tommy* and *Nora* of their offspring, with whom they were so frankly bored that they very gladly accepted the offer of adoption made by a childless actress, who is not only the kindest but much the best drawn character in the book. Most startling novelty perhaps of all is that *Tommy*, though a dramatist, is left at the end without an income of five figures. He must, I think, be almost the sole example of this in fiction. Anyhow, Miss Mears—whose name is new to me—seems a writer with a pleasant knack of leaving the trodden paths, and this may carry her far. Her book was quite obviously written before last July; the life it reflects is already as extinct as the dodo. But for this very reason I shall the more look forward to her next.

I found *The Record of Nicholas Freydon: an Autobiography* (Constable) a very pleasant literary puzzle. The editor's prefatory note, modestly assuring me that any defects were his own, any virtues his friend's, of course made me assume a fake in the consecrated manner of these things; and that impression was not removed by "*Freydon's*" own introduction. But when he charmingly set down the memories of his childhood, of his father and of their voyage out from England to Australia, I said to myself, "But this reads true." And yet again I couldn't quite see in their life in the derelict barque *Liverno* on a deserted shore anything but a fancy; the convent orphanage did not convince me (the avarice of the sisters I could believe but not their cruelty and indifference); and most of all that Pickwickian person *Perkins*, the "Omnigerentual and Omniforacious agent" of Dursley, seemed so obviously a creation, and a very creditable one at that. Also "*Freydon*" here begins to reconstruct alleged happenings and conversations with altogether too much detail. Several times again before the end I found myself leaning towards the theory of authenticity. Authentic with obvious glosses is probably the truth; anyhow it will serve the timid critic for a compromise. The man who wrote this record had seen tragic things. One shining quality is a love of England, of the beauty and the glory of her, a love that holds her exiled sons with silken cords of loyalty and tenderness and draws them back to her as to home in the hour of their peace or of her trial. Certainly "*Freydon's*" editor (or creator) must be congratulated.

When a novel is called by some such title as *Plain Jill* (Chapman and Hall), it is the new War Loan to a gooseberry that the heroine, if not strictly beautiful, is to be mightily attractive. But *Jill*, bless her, in possessing remarkable and distinctly attractive eyes, a lovable smile, extremely fine teeth and a healthy complexion, got rather more compensations for her bluntish nose and nondescript chin than I expected. Indeed her "plainness" did not prevent her from perforating the hearts of an Earl and an American millionaire. Possibly *Jill* will be a little too successful and perfect for everyone's taste, but all the same she is a delightful creation, and if you can bear a simple love-story, with only a faint dash of psychical interest thrown in, I recommend Mrs. Pendered's book to your notice. And I will add that, in contrast to the fictional duchesses I have lately been compelled to meet, the *Duchess of Maccleugh* is quite reasonably like a human being.

"He took a First Class in Classical Moderations in 1853 and a First in Litaniores Humeræ in 1855."—*Morning Post.*

The invention of new Schools goes on apace. Only a few days ago *The Pall Mall Gazette* published an Honours List of the Tricycle Tripos at Cambridge.

CHARIVARIA.

From *The Daily Mail*:—"*The Daily Mail* suggested on Saturday that General Botha might be called in to our aid in Europe. The Government have speedily taken up the suggestion and Lord Kitchener has telegraphed to General Botha: 'We shall warmly welcome you and the South Africans who can come over to join us.'" This is interesting as showing that the Government now realises that a suggestion from certain quarters must be treated as a command.

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Dr. Sven Hedin, who was present at the fall of Lemberg, states that the Russians did not take so much as a pin before they left the city. The Germans have always declared the Russians to be ignorant of military principles, and this, they say, just proves it.

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The *Tägliche Rundschau*, which is not much given to compliments, describes our Winston as "a skilful but characterless peacock." The ex-First Lord is said to have been pleased at being likened to this beautiful bird, and has come to the conclusion that the writer must have seen him one day in his little Homburg hat.

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A young aviator, writing home in a hurry, says: "From where I am it takes about forty minuets to get to the German lines." For ourselves—not being in full War training—we always get a little tired after the thirtieth minuet.

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We hear that one result of possible further raids by Zeppelins is a boom in the fancy pyjama trade in London.

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Meanwhile, as we expected, anti-poison masks of a less terrifying pattern are making their appearance, and we hear of one which has real fur eye-brows, and another with a bewitching smile cleverly painted on it.

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The Editor of *The Outfitter* is responsible for the alarmist statement that shirts and neckties will shortly be advanced in price, and the only thing likely to remain at the old price is the linen collar. A well-known nut expresses the hope that Lord Fisher's Inventions Bureau will immediately work out a satisfactory contrivance for keeping the collar in position when there is no shirt to fix it to.

It may not be generally known that cannibals are advised by their medicine men never to touch Germans, as it has been ascertained that they nearly always contain a certain amount of Prussic acid!

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The books of the New English Art Club show, says *The Weekly Dispatch*, that people are still buying pictures in the same quantities, but they are buying smaller ones. Indeed, an artist friend of ours, who painted a canvas 14ft. X 22ft., declares that he had several offers for half-a-dozen square inches of it.

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"THE TAKING OF THE HARICOT GREAT EXPLOIT OF THE FRENCH"
Observer.

Yet our Allies are more accustomed to give beans than to take them.



The Pessimist (morbidly). "I tell yer wot it is. This 'ere War's goin' to last five years."

The Other. "Why not make it fifty, and thoroughly enjoy yerself?"

The ignorance of some persons concerning military matters is really astounding. A dear old lady who was asked the other day by her little boy what sand-bags were said she thought they were the trousers that the soldiers wore in the Dunes.

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Mr. Harry Thaw, it is announced, is about to have his tenth trial. We caution Mr. Thaw, however, that if he thinks that at such a time we are going to take any interest in this feat he will be bitterly disillusioned.

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It is only right that Cabinet Ministers should set an example in economy. On French Flag Day, *The Express* tells us, "Miss Megan Lloyd George, the younger daughter of the Minister of Munitions, was very successful in Downing Street, although she was unable to sell a flag to her father, who already had one."

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A Silly Ass writes to point out that, however hard up the Germans may be for cotton, Wolff's Agency will always be able to supply them with yarns.

Consistency.

A Press notice informs us that so marked has been the success of "The Man who Stayed at Home" that Mr. Dennis Eadie has given up his usual holiday and will continue to appear in the title rôle throughout the summer.

"Sir Albert Spicer will to-day present to Lord Haldane the address signed by about 00 Liberal members of Parliament."
Eastern Daily Press.

On this occasion Mr. Lloyd George has not issued any contradiction.

"In America it is true that our general rules of evidence and principles of law are mainly followed, and there is very little danger of an innocent defendant being acquitted."—*The Globe.*

We suppose it is by way of compensation that so many guilty defendants are allowed to escape conviction.

"The Listowel R. D. Council and Guardians have passed a resolution stating that they considered the age limit a great hindrance to enlistment, as the fighting element was not properly matured in Irishmen until their 50th year."
Limerick Chronicle.

This phenomenon is not confined to Ireland. In this country also there are thousands of young men who are only waiting until their fighting spirit is properly matured.

"Lord Nunburnholme states that the blowing of the alarm 'buzzers' is not of necessity an indication of danger, and there is no urgent need why people should leave their moses in order to seek security in the country."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

While he was about it his lordship might have told people what to do with Moses when the lights go out.

"BRITISH
ARMY
ATTACKS
OFFICIAL."
"*Evening Standard*" *Poster.*

Very likely the official deserved it, but nevertheless we doubt the statement, which is not in accordance with the traditions of the British Army.

High Expletives.

"Since June 20 the total amount of Turkish arms an dammunition collected is 516 rifles, 51 bayonets, 200 sets of equipment, 126,400 rounds of ammunition, 100 bombs."
Daily Chronicle.

"Twenty minutes later our field batteries opened up with shrapnel against the enemy's wire, which was cust most effectively."
Daily Mail.

MORE SORROWS OF THE SULTAN.

SOMETIMES, when most I realise the blunder
That fixed the Faithful in their present plight,
I put myself the question, why in thunder
I joined this rotten fight.

Why for a WILLIAM's *beaux yeux* did I sally
Forth to a quest that wasn't Turkey's show?
What am I doing in this noisome galley?—
That's what I want to know.

I saw which side my bread was moist with butter;
Noticed the obverse (which I chose) was dry;
Why then did I take on this silly flutter?
I can't imagine why.

I knew our priceless gift for double-dealing;
I knew the wisdom which was once Stamboul's;
Yet—and the sore place doesn't look like healing—
I fell between two stools.

For, if we lose—I bid good-bye to Europe,
Or win—to Liberty farewell I say;
In any case I entertain a poor hope
Of making this thing pay.

Meanwhile, when Christian Bosch meets Christian Briton,
Then is the tug of war for my poor Turks,
Who fight the latter, but would love to sit on
WILLIAM and all his works.

Slaves of that Lord, by alien drivers mastered—
Forward or backward still one fate they find,
For either by the foe in front they're plastered
Or by the Hun behind!

This comes of following ENVER (who's a heretic);
But why I did it, when I knew quite well
The moment for inaction—to the very tick—
Allah alone can tell!

O. S.

MY CONSOL.

HE came to me many years ago in my capacity as a residuary legatee, since when we have been very happy together, Clarence (my Consol) and I. I have watched over his early training and education, and have done my best to influence him for good and to guide his tastes in the right direction, as every conscientious guardian should. The days of his youth were passed in a cash-box, which reposed in my Jacobean roll-top desk, and every Saturday night I would take him out—out of his box, I mean—and talk to him like a—like a residuary legatee. But the time came when I judged it best to send him away. He was growing up, and there was his future to consider. For long I hesitated; but I finally made up my mind that he was best fitted to occupy a position in a bank, and in due course, after he had successfully passed the preliminary examination, I entered Clarence at Cox and Co.'s. Never shall I forget the day upon which I handed him over to their care. "Good-bye, Clarence," I said, with a lump in my throat; "good-bye! I've done the best I can for you. I hope you'll be industrious and grow up to be a great and good Consol, and a credit to our National Debt. I hope——" Here I burst into tears, and they led me gently out.

Clarence settled down comfortably and happily. Cox's wrote to me from time to time to say that he was still there and giving no trouble, and even to this day I regularly hear from Clarence himself four times a year—on January 5th (to wish me a prosperous New Year), on April 5th (opening of the Quarter Sessions), on July 5th (anniversary of the French occupation of Algiers, 1830), and October 5th (high water at London Bridge 10.42 A.M.).

But now I hear that there is an opportunity for him to be taken over by the Government, and I am torn between affection and duty. For, though he is no longer under my roof, he is still under my residuary legateeship, and my consent is necessary before this proposed change in his condition can be effected. Clarence himself has no particular views of his own on the matter. He leaves it entirely to me, and I confess that I scarcely feel equal to the responsibility of making this momentous decision for him. I should hate to lose Clarence. We have been in touch so long, have faced so many ups and downs together, that I feel that we should not be parted at this time of crisis in the nation's destiny.

I remember how at one period Clarence went through a dreadful time. So bad was he that *The Times* published daily bulletins about him. "Consols [and by Consols you must understand Clarence] developed a sudden weakness . . . Consols improved slightly . . . Consols dropped away throughout the day . . . Consols rallied and fell back again, closing very weak." One day Clarence even *sagged*. It was dreadful. I passed a sleepless afternoon. I pictured the Commissioners of the National Debt sitting round poor Clarence, watching with grave faces for him to sag his last. I thought of wiring to them, imploring them to administer oxygen at my expense. And then—joy! I read on an *Evening News* placard, "Sharp Recovery of Consols," and I knew then that Clarence was spared to me.

And now I am faced with the problem—shall Clarence remain the bright, happy, unsophisticated Consol he always was, or be taken over by the Government and turned into a War Loan? Personally, I feel that he will do best in the shape in which Nature designed him. As a Consol, he has an ancestry, and I, as his guardian, naturally take a fair measure of pride in the fact, for he forms part and parcel of our world-famous British Constitution. How often have I thought in the past of that glorious moment when I may some day meet the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at a Guildhall banquet, and we can fall into an intimate discussion on Clarence and his family! With what pride I shall deftly introduce Clarence into the conversation! "Talking about National finance . . . May I trouble you to pass the chutney? . . . Thanks very much . . . Talking about National finance, Mr. McKENNA, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I take an active personal interest in the welfare of a bright and promising young Consol. Tell me, as man to man, what are the prospects for next quarter's dividend? I suppose it will be declared as usual, or do you think of allocating it to the reserve?" On the other hand Cox's say that as a War Loan Clarence ought to make his mark in the world; that in ten years or, at the most, thirty, he will be able to retire at his par value paid in solid gold. But, be that as it may, I feel that I can never take the same proprietary interest in Clarence in this new guise. There will be no pleasure when I meet Mr. McKENNA in telling him that I have at heart the welfare of a promising and democratic young—— *Democratic!* That's it! Why, everybody holds War Loan. The cook, the housemaid, the scullery-maid—all are investors. I've even bought a voucher for the cat. No, no, Clarence, my first and only residuary legacy, you shall ever remain a fine old Conservative Consol.

"BARKING V.C."—*Evening Standard.*

One of the bull-dog breed.



THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

Sinbad the Kaiser. "THIS SUBMARINE BUSINESS IS GOING TO GET ME INTO TROUBLE WITH AMERICA; BUT WHAT CAN AN ALL-POWERFUL DO WITH A THING LIKE THIS ON HIS BACK?"



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

Subaltern. "DONNEZ-MOI, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT, DU PAIN, DE LA BEURRE ET DE LA FROMAGE, POUR LA MESSE."
Madame. "POUR LA MESSE! MON DIEU, QUELLE RELIGION!"

HOW TO MAKE A BOOM IN VOUCHERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As an inventor who has been shamefully neglected by this short-sighted Government (for in any time of crisis I am always full of fruitful suggestion; that is my temperament), I trust you will allow me space to offer a few notions. I have been turning my attention to the Post Office Department of the War Loan. It is just the sort of case where the Government requires shaking up by people of imagination.

One of my ideas is the institution of Penny-in-the-Slot Machines for the sale of vouchers at every street corner, where any passer-by (with sixty pennies in his pocket) would find them readily accessible. The idea might be developed by introducing Voucher-in-the-Slot Machines, from which, by the insertion of a sufficient number of vouchers, a Bond could be obtained.

Then we must have Adhesive Vouchers, for use on picture-postcards. These should be endorsed "A Present from Pitlochry" (or whatever was the place of issue), and might even be set off by small photographic views. By going a short step further we should surely be able to enlist the philatelist and make him do his bit. It is only necessary to keep on producing a rapid succession of new voucher forms, differing in colour, texture and shape, or containing ingenious printers' errors, making at the same time all old issues obsolete, and it is certain that someone will begin to collect them. With intelligent encouragement from the Treasury—in the form of special albums—it might grow into a big thing in time. If only we could get them loved for their own sake it would be a great point.

And we want to stir up rivalry. If it once became the thing, for instance, to paper the drawing-room with vouchers (as a memento of the Great War), or even to use them for newspaper wrappers, we should have made a great advance. We need more of the fine spirit of the Australian millionaires of whom one used to read, who would burn fivers against each other by way of competition.

Then we must have a Day. Every one is agreed that we do not have nearly enough Days. Even now as much as a week elapses sometimes without our being pursued by fair women with flags and collecting boxes. So let us have a Voucher Day, when no self-respecting citizen will be able to walk the streets in peace without a voucher in his button-hole and two in his hat.

It is simply a question of getting to work on the right lines.

I am, Yours faithfully,
THE INVENTOR AT LARGE.

"The distance from Constantinople to Kabul as the crow flies is a little over 500 miles."
Star.

From other estimates of the distance we gather that the crow after he had done flying would have to walk about two thousand miles more.

From a translation of a decree issued by the German Government modifying the German list of contraband:—

"The following articles and materials suitable for warlike as well as for peaceful purposes, coming under the designation of conditional contraband, shall be considered as contraband of war:—

Harness and Soldiery."
London Chamber of Commerce Journal.

We understand that the Allied Powers, in spite of this announcement, have not altered their plans for an extensive importation of soldiers into Germany.

THE OPTIMIST.

"WHAT I stand on," said Mr. Bradshaw with a smile that was too radiant to be convincing, "is the power-"

But Mrs. Bradshaw had walked into the kitchen and closed the door.

In a minute or two her head emerged, and Mr. Bradshaw snatched at it (so to speak) as his only chance of getting his remarks finished.

"You've only got to look at it the right way and it will *be* all right. That is the idea. Any dead fish can float with the current, but it takes a live fish to swim up-stream."

Mrs. Bradshaw's eyes flashed contempt. "Thank you," she said curtly. "But I'll have you to understand that I'm not a dead fish." She was trembling with an emotion on the verge of tears. "I know the bacon was overdone—it doesn't take that smile of yours to teach me how to cook bacon. The child cried all night, and I have to be on my feet all day. It's not what *you* stand on, it's what *I* stand on."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with that broad inhuman smile. "It *seems* tiring, that's all. Stand as I do," he hesitated, "as I *try* to do, on JOSHUA and CALEB. Ten of them, you know, Maria, came back with hard-luck stories, but JOSHUA and CALEB brought grapes. That's you and I in a nutshell."

"JOSHUA and CALEB, nor you neither, George, hadn't been up all night with a teething baby—that would teach you what you stood on."

"I do beg of you, Maria, to be an optimist," said Mr. Bradshaw earnestly, ignoring the personal question. "It would alter your views of life."

"It wouldn't alter my views of a screaming baby," said Mrs. Bradshaw obstinately.

"It is so simple," said her husband hurriedly, as he saw the kitchen door opening to swallow her up. "You only have to keep smiling in the face of trouble, and pass the smile along—and how can I pass it along when there's no one to get it?"

"No one wants it," said Mrs. Bradshaw with temper. "Keep it to yourself, and much good may it do you. I never saw a smile that was worth the rocker on a cradle yet; and I haven't time to argue. Go and be an optimist by yourself!"

The kitchen door closed finally and Mr. Bradshaw was left outside.

Automatically the smile faded and something older, but infinitely more human, took its place. It almost seemed as if the weight of that portentous smile was unbearable. To smile and pass it on had seemed such an easy way of eluding trouble; but what happened when you couldn't pass it on? The club offered no advice on that subject.

And under Mr. Bradshaw's thatch of stiff fair hair a thought had been slowly growing and maturing, which could not be disregarded any longer. It was there before him at the office-stool; it looked at him out of Maria's tired blue eyes; it stood between him and his weekly wages.

He had meant to speak to Maria about it, but the right moment did not seem to come. If she could not smile in the face of a sleepless night, how would she take the news of his enlistment? Mr. Bradshaw shuddered at the thought, but his sense of duty was very strong, and his wish to serve was an honest wish, and somehow it seemed as if his feet, almost without consulting him, led him to the recruiting-office and out again. It was all over in five minutes—no smiling now, no hesitation—only a very swift and sweet remembrance of Maria's tireless feet as she walked up and down, patiently soothing the fretting baby, and holding it with tired trembling arms.

Maria was a trump, and, as she said, what was there to smile at? No more false gaiety, no more pretence. With a lighter heart and an unsmiling face he ran up the steps of his house and flung the door wide open, and just inside, her hair a mass of twists and curls, with a smile only stopped by her ears, stood Maria with the baby in her arms. Before he had time to speak, her words flew out at him.

"You were quite right, George. I'm going to be an optimist too. It's the only way. Smile at trouble, and pass the smile on, even if it is a crying baby. Let it cry!"

And the baby responded eagerly, whilst George stood in the middle of the passage in a horror-struck silence.

"Any dead fish," the words rang brightly above the uproar, "can float with the current, but it takes a live one to——"

But George spoke breathlessly. "I can't bear it, Maria; do anything you like, cry or be cross, but for God's sake don't smile."

"There's no pleasing you," she said faintly. Then with a fading smile and anxious blue eyes, she came near and put her arms close round his neck.

"I know," she said. "You needn't tell me, George; I see it in your face. You've enlisted."

He did not try to swim up-stream, he only held her a little tighter, and said over and over again, "You see, Maria, it's my *duty*. It's *got* me, and I had to. All those pictures upset me, and the chaps out there, and me here. It's a bit of a wrench, Maria, but I'm an Englishman and I'd *got* to do it."

And Maria, still with her arms round his neck, and his cheek uncomfortably wet with her tears, said in a broken voice, "Well, there's some use in smiling now. It seemed so silly when there were just the usual things to worry over, and just the usual things to do, but now there's some sense in it, isn't there? *You* keep on smiling in the trenches, because—well, because there's so little to smile about there. And *I* keep on smiling at home, because—well, because there's so little to smile about here. I suppose that's what you call being an optimist. I never saw any sense in it before."



Recruiting Sergeant. "WELL, MY MAN, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SERVE THE KING?"

Milkboy. "THAT I WOULD, SIR. HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK HE'D WANT A DAY? I SUPPOSE AS MUCH AS A GALLON?"

"The war was costing £25 for every second. It was costing nearly £500 every minute of every hour, and so they could readily guess how it was that money went quickly."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Our contemporary seems to have been doing some guess-work already.

BEAUTY TRIUMPHANT.

Rosie bought a respirator
  At the local chemist's shop
That her safety might be greater
  If a gas-bomb chanced to drop.
Homeward, light of heart, she hurried
  While her eyes with triumph shone
In her bedroom, quick, she scurried,
  Locked the door, and tried it on.

Though it fitted to perfection,
  How her spirit quailed, alas!
At the horrible reflection
  Glaring at her from the glass,
Like some shocking nightmare crea-
    ture—
  When in dreams we turn and toss—
Goggle-eyed, devoid of feature;
  "This," said Rosie, "is *imposs.*!"

Rosie bought some spangled chiffon,
  Trimmed her mask with pink and
    blue;
Saucy rosebuds—not too stiff—on
  Either side she stuck with glue.
So, when Zeps come, now or later,
  When the gas is drifting thick,
Rosie in her respirator
  Will retain her well-known *chic.*



Officer (to Sentry, who has been asleep). "WHY HAVE YOU GOT YOUR BOOTS OFF?"
Sentry. "SO AS NOT TO WAKE THE 'ORSES, SIR."

ECONOMY.

I HAD just received a polite but distrustful letter from my bank, and a circular printed in red from the rate collector, and I was in a mood therefore to read in my paper a few bright hints on "How to Economise."

The references to lentils and potatoes did not interest me so much as the really practical advice that told me to ask, "Do I really need it?" before buying anything. It seemed to me only right that I should give this precept a fair trial, and I began at once.

In Long Acre alone this simple question deterred me from buying thousands of pounds worth of highly polished motor cars. In the Haymarket there was a picture—but could I honestly say that I needed it? As I passed His Majesty's Theatre a whimsical notion entered my head; but in the absence of real need, I said sternly, one must not in these times lightly indulge one's passing fancies.

In Regent Street, whom should I meet but my young cousin looking in at a florist's window? "Oh, Leonard, aren't those lovely roses? And so cheap too!" she exclaimed. Did I need any roses? "How's Aunt Alice this morning?" I asked, looking across the street.

With some difficulty I got my young cousin on to a Bayswater bus, and then moved along towards Oxford Circus, my hand in my pocket and my fingers toying with my last half-sovereign. The question of lunch was one which it would be neither right nor proper to avoid, and the time to face it was not far away. I could not altogether shake off the conviction that circumstances demanded that the meal should be taken in an inexpensive tea-shop. It was but the work of a moment to find a shop of this character, and I stood to scan the *menu* in the window. Did I really need tea, per pot 3*d.*, or per cup, 2*d.*? No, I did not; and when I came to rissoles, stewed prunes, hot milk and biscuits (various) there was no doubt whatever in my mind that the negative was the honest reply. I went through the whole unappetising list, and at the end I found myself on the brink of starvation.

Not a moment too soon I was saved from the peril.

"What you do need, my boy," said an inner voice, "is a salmon mayonnaise;" so I went and had one.

"Strictly Neutral."

"'A real American Newspaper,' which is to be 'strictly neutral' and to stand for justice to all, 'just as Mr. Bryan stands for justice,' is to be issued here by the Printers and Publishers' Association, Inc., of 150 Nassau Street, just as soon as its promoters sell $500,000 worth of stock. The promoters are Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, President; Emil Kipper, Vice-President; Henry Weiss, Secretary, and Max W. Stoehr, Treasurer."—*New York Times.*

All "real Americans," please observe, with not a hyphen among them.

An Adaptable Weapon.

"Italy's great artillery works have also provided her with a 16in. howitzer which is said to have all the qualities of the Krupp 17in. and to be much lighter and heavier."
Overseas Daily Mail.

To Slackers.

"JOINING ARMY.—Two Lounge Suits; good condition; navy and grey; 5 ft. 9½ ins.; chest, 38 ins."—*Bath Chronicle.*

Other lounge suits, please copy.

PERMANGANATE OF POTASH.

After my cousin Charles had recovered from Spy rash he acquired a commission in the army. When the authorities thought that he was ripe they sent him into the trenches in France. Charles's wife says that he got into the trenches on his merits, and that she did not use her influence to get him there. He didn't take into the trenches all the things which his wife gave him. He mislaid a crate of oranges, six bath towels, a deck chair, a portable Turkish bath and a picnic basket before he left our shores. She insisted on his taking a box of permanganate of potash; she alleged that it was a disinfectant and that you can safely drink quite impure water mixed with permanganate of potash. Charles didn't fancy drinking impure water or permanganate of potash in any form, but he knew from experience that the latter is useful for staining floors. He didn't suppose that anyone worried much about staining the floors of the trenches, but he promised to take the box as a kind of mascot.

Charles was led into the trenches at night. He found one trench before he expected it, but he got out all right. The man he fell on was quite polite when he found out that Charles was an officer; he said that his rifle was scarcely damaged at all. Although the accommodation wasn't what Charles was accustomed to, he didn't complain, as he could see that they had done their best to make him comfortable. It isn't a nice idea having your meals in your bedroom, but even an officer cannot expect a suite of dug-outs.

When Charles had been introduced to the officers in residence, he went to look for his servant who was bringing up his blankets and kit. While he was looking for his servant some Germans had nightmare and let off their rifles. The bullets went very close to Charles, and he suddenly remembered that he had important business with a brother officer in an adjacent dug-out. He just had time to instruct a sergeant to carry on the search. The sergeant reported that there was a party looking for a rifle in the moat at the rear of the trenches. He thought that the rifle might belong to Charles's servant as he had noticed some things that looked like part of an officer's kit floating about in the moat. He promised to fish for the kit and the servant after they had found the rifle. Everything was recovered, including the servant, who was quite sober but very wet, like Charles's kit.

The next morning, after Charles had shaved, he noticed that he was very sunburnt. This surprised him, as he hadn't seen any sun. On investigation he discovered that nearly all his things, including his hair, hair-brushes and shaving-brush, were sunburnt. His hair and face weren't sunburnt all over but in patches, and he began to suspect the permanganate of potash. He had noticed that his brushes were damp, and if the light had been better when he got up he might have saved his hair and face. He thought of painting in the places which the permanganate had missed, but he didn't care about the colour sufficiently; there is no scope for artistic effect in one box of permanganate of potash. He was afraid that if he was taken prisoner the Germans might mistake him for an Oriental and expect him to talk Hindustani. Charles says that if he had known that he was going to become piebald he would have taken some more pigments with him, and adopted a mixture of colours that would have made him invisible like a fort.

The most interesting pastime in the trenches is sniping. You have a steel plate to protect your head and a sergeant to mark for you. Charles was a very keen sniper until a bullet hit his protection-plate close to his ear. He got bored with sniping after that, and let the sergeant do it with a corporal as marker. When alien bullets begin to hit your protection-plate it always means that you have done enough sniping for that day at least.

The only other recognised amusement is digging up bullets which nearly hit you. Charles got a nice collection; he thinks that the Germans liked him and wanted him to take home more bullets than anyone else. His wife says that if he hadn't had the permanganate he would have been certain to be hit. Charles isn't sure about this, though he admits that it helped him to get home.

He wasn't altogether sorry when his Company was relieved; although he liked the trenches fairly well he didn't want to stay there indefinitely. The place was so noisy that he got a headache. When he got out of the trenches he went to see the battalion Medical Officer to talk about his headache. The Medical Officer was busy with some urgent cases, and recommended him to the field hospital. The field hospital had a good deal on hand and passed him on to a hospital train. Whilst he was looking for a doctor on the train someone started the thing, and it reached Boulogne before he found one disengaged. The journey did Charles's head good, and he forgot what he had wanted to talk to the doctor about. The doctor was so interested in Charles's piebald appearance that he took him on to Folkestone, and having taken him out of his way from idle curiosity he couldn't do less than recommend him for a fortnight's sick leave. That is how I came to hear about the permanganate of potash without the Censor poking his nose into the matter.

THE NEW INFERNO.

[A contemporary reminds us that Dante is "closely linked with several places now prominent in the War news," including the Trentino, etc., from which he drew many of his descriptions in the *Inferno*.]

Bard whose fame outruns the ages,
Who with fine prophetic power
Sang of sin's appropriate wages
Till it made the tyrant cower—
Dante, thou in very surety "shouldst
be living at this hour."

Here the wild Trentino's magic
Might once more commove your
pen
To depict for us the tragic
Destinies of damnéd men;
But you'd cram your hell with Teutons
if you toiled on earth again.

One by one you'd place their chosen
Leaders 'mid your circles nine
(Whether gaseous, hot or frozen
Would be your affair, not mine),
And the host of common sinners
to their fitting doom assign.

For each Hun, save him I'll mention,
Your old Underworld would do;
But you'd once more need invention
When you tackled Wilhelm Two;
You'd be forced to delve far deeper
for fresh gulfs and circles new.

FROM A BELGIAN GARDEN.

I.

Dear Monsieur X,—On behalf of the battery I am requested to write to you concerning this abode—once yours, now ours. Yet not entirely ours, for another battery at present occupies part of your garden and a portion of your cellar. Still, we came here first, and are regarded as temporary lawful owners by such stray khaki units as wander hitherwards, looking for positions or retiring with bandaged limbs to dressing stations. We discussed the matter just now over some bully and bread and jam, and the latest joined subaltern, having rather a strain of sentiment, said he thought we ought to drink your health in tea.

Besides, it occurs to me that you might like to know what state your house is in, for of course we recognise that it is still yours, and doubtless you expect to return to it some day (may it be soon!). There will not be much



"I say, Lady Rakeham, that chauffeur feller of yours—he ought to join the Army, you know."

"Oh, d'ye think so? Well, I don't know. You see, it cuts both ways. If he joined the Army I shouldn't be able to come and help here."

left of it for you to resume, but you may be pleased to know that it will probably go down with a name in history. By the way, what is its name? The British Army hereabouts calls the region between the road and the railway Hell Fire Corner; but you could not have conceived of it as that. A sergeant of ours found a board with "Sifflez" neatly painted on it, and he thought it might have come off your front gate till he discovered it had been blown from the railway line by a shell, and was merely a Government direction to engine-drivers. But it does not matter much just now.

For the first few nights we were here everything was quiet and peaceful. The Germans had evidently overlooked your house on the map and our exceedingly business-like occupation of it. Then one morning the men of subsection B went bathing in the water hole—ah, you won't know; it is a 17-inch shell hole filled by rain in the field just west of the house—when a German aeroplane suddenly appeared and signalled its discovery of them by dropping a truly beautiful white star over their heads. Nothing happened till evening, and subsection B were beginning to think the reprimand they had received was undeserved. But we got it that evening — shrapnel, high - explosive, 8-inch stink-shell --everything you can think of.

Your house miraculously escaped being hit this first evening, but your garden was ripped up mercilessly. You remember the fine row of chestnut and elm trees on the western side, between the house and the field? Several shells hurtled into them and mutilated them horribly. One of your pigs was killed —the cook finished him off with a revolver. The little hedge on the Germany side of your house — just sprouting into a fine young green too— was rent with gaps, and a noble beech on the north-eastern corner was clean felled. The rose-walk, we are all glad to say, was quite untouched. I must tell you of that, and why we are so glad about it.

Our guns are there! still there, and still whole! More than for the hospitality of your roof, or what was once a roof, we are grateful to you for that rose-walk. The man who planned it was an artist of the first order. It runs, you remember, under the other line of elms on the southern side of the house. We have the guns hidden in that glorious green arch; and at the foot of those trees when you return you will find our handsome dug-outs. The screaming shells which have scorched and scarred all else in your demesne have never yet seriously hit this special spot. Perhaps some accident in the contours between this and the German guns, 4,000 and 5,000 yards away, serves to protect it. Perhaps the little china figure, *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*, stuck up on a ledge in the stoutest of these elms, endures to shield us poor servants of the Holy Cause hiding in her blessed vicinity. Whatever it be, your gardener builded better than he knew when he laid out this southern aspect. When he is put to repose (long hence, we hope) in his last garden, may masses be sung for ever for his soul!

When you return and restore this charming spot to civilised order, we would wish you to keep *N. D. de Bon Secours* still in her little niche in the big elm-tree. Do not disturb her. Most other treasures you will find in ruins, but she, we know, will be still serenely unmoved. She and your gardener are our battery saints, Monsieur!

Yours, under the rose-walk,
Forward Observing Officer.

Asking for Trouble.

"To Let, Comfortable Bedroom, Base gent. preferred."—*Dunfermline Press.*



EXAMINE ARMS.

Officer (severely). "IS THIS RIFLE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN CLEANED?"
Private. "WELL, SIR—YES. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THESE SERVANT GALS ARE!"

THE MOUTH ORGAN.

OH, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no 'Ighland pipers
To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle an' Wipers;
So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart o' man—
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns 'ave sent 'em flyin',
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin' shells a-cryin';
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbird's 'ad to flit . . .
So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an' soary;
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' repertory,
But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is straight an' plain,
'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again!

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in the trenches;
'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's played 'em to the Frenchies;
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in slime,
But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e's at it all the time.

Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide 'im,
'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left inside 'im;
And when we march up Potsdam street an' goosestep through Berlin,
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army in!

"The base for the enemy's forces operating in this direction was the Port of Bukoba on the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, a point of considerable importance. Warlike stories of all kinds had been accumulated there."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

So now we know where the German Wireless used to get its war-news.

"Mr. Asquith announced that he hoped this part of the session would close before the end of the war."—*Evening Standard.*

We would sooner have heard that he expected the War to close (in the right way, of course) before this part of the Session.

"Scotch terrier, past all troubles, cheap."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

The advertiser should try Germany. There is no demand here for dead dogs.



A CLEAN SWEEP.

[With Mr. Punch's enthusiastic compliments to General Botha.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



Mr. Will Crooks is reported to be going to the Front for the purpose of "amusing the Tommies." It is hoped that his example may suggest possibilities of useful service for some of our more comic Statesmen.

[Mr. Outhwaite, Mr. Ginnell and Mr. Hobhouse.]

House of Commons, Monday, July 12th.—Prime Minister home from the trenches, where his snow-white locks served for a while the historic part of the plume of Henry of Navarre. Found awaiting him, carefully trained on Treasury Bench, a machine-gun loaded with Questions. A group of fourteen touched variety of delicate topics. Alleged shortcomings of War Office; demand for dismissal from public service of all persons who have proved incompetent; suggestion to appoint a Commissioner to examine into causes which made it necessary to appoint Minister of Munitions more than ten months after the beginning of the War. These varied by demand for a day to discuss question of scarcity of munitions. Another, more comprehensive, asked for early opportunity of reviewing whole conduct of the War. Finally, attempt made to induce Premier to declare himself on one side or other of the incomprehensible Lloyd George-Haldane misunderstanding.

Here was material for occupying the full limit of Question hour. Field of enquiry particularly alluring to Supplementary Questioners. Assertions, denials, qualifications, innuendoes would form many titbits for the German Press.

They had, however, reckoned without their Asquith. As soon as the first of the Questions was called on, Premier rose, enumerated the lot, and quietly said, "With respect to them there is no public information I can at the moment properly give."

Forthwith sat down, leaving the band of questioners gasping for breath.

Answer greeted with burst of general cheering. Arthur Markham, iron-clad, indomitable, tried a fall with Premier. "Are we to understand," he asked, with evident effort refraining from introducing a particular name which in his Parliamentary utterances plays the part of the head of King Charles I. in *Mr. Dick's* Memorial, "that all people who fail in the public service are to be retained in office?"

Raising his voice in unusual flash of anger Premier replied: "The hon. gentleman is to understand nothing of the kind. He is to understand what I have said."

Dalziel dismissed with equal curtness when he attempted to obtain a definite reply to question about Haldane and Lloyd George. Ex-Colonel Lynch (formerly of the Transvaal), attempting with trained military instinct to bring up reserves, was promptly cut off by flank-attack from the Chair.

"This is becoming a debate," said the Speaker in warning voice.

Whereupon the bland presence of Mr. Chaplin, Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, presented itself at the Table with customary constitutional question as to the course of business during the week.

Threatening episode did not "spread itself out," as Under-Secretary for War would say, beyond the space of six minutes. Illustrates afresh the



Young Wife (at sound of explosion). "THOMAS! THOMAS! THE ZEPPELINS ARE HERE! *DID YOU LOCK THE FRONT DOOR?*"

apophthegm, as applied to answering Questions, that while speech may be silvern its extreme curtailment is golden.

Business done.—House in Committee of Supply; passed cluster of Votes after brief consideration. Including debate introduced by DALZIEL on export of cotton for Germany, all was over by 7.15.

Tuesday.—This is ST. BOTHA's day. As its first business House set about presentation of "grateful appreciation of the distinguished skill and ability" with which our enemy of fifteen years ago conducted military operations that baffled the KAISER's carefully planned scheme and saved South Africa for the Empire. PREMIER moved Resolution which in ordinary circumstances would have been seconded by LEADER OF OPPOSITION on other side of Table. To-day the former Leader of a non-existent Opposition was seated by PREMIER's side. Thence he rose to add his tribute to that of his new chief.

That all very well as far as it went. CHAPLIN, almost sole custodian of ancient Parliamentary traditions, not the man to sit quietly by whilst one was rudely broken. Idle to say there is no Leader of Opposition whilst he sits watchful in the place from time to time occupied by DISRAELI and GLADSTONE. "Accordingly," "on behalf of right hon. gentleman sitting by me on this bench and on behalf of many friends behind me," he heartily endorsed approbation expressed by PRIME MINISTER and SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

T. P. in a few well-chosen words added the voice of Ireland to chorus of admiration—"because Ireland, like South Africa, has in generous wisdom passed an oblivion over misunderstandings and quarrels with this Empire."

On SPEAKER putting Resolution from Chair, loud shout of "Aye!" acclaimed it. "On the contrary?" There was no one on the contrary, not even Herr GINNELL.

"Carried *nemine contradicente*," said the SPEAKER, adopting a phrase used in Parliamentary procedure only upon historic occasions.

Another hearty cheer closed episode, and the House, having thus done honour to a man of alien race who has splendidly helped the Empire in hour of peril, turned to consider case of South Wales miners, who, unless they get the uttermost farthing demanded in the way of increased wages, threaten to throw down axe and shovel, so depriving our Navy on guard in the North Sea of fuel for its engines.

Business done.—PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRADE, amid cheers from all quarters, announces proclamation of application of Munitions Act to threatened strike in South Wales coalfields. Budget Bill passed through Committee.

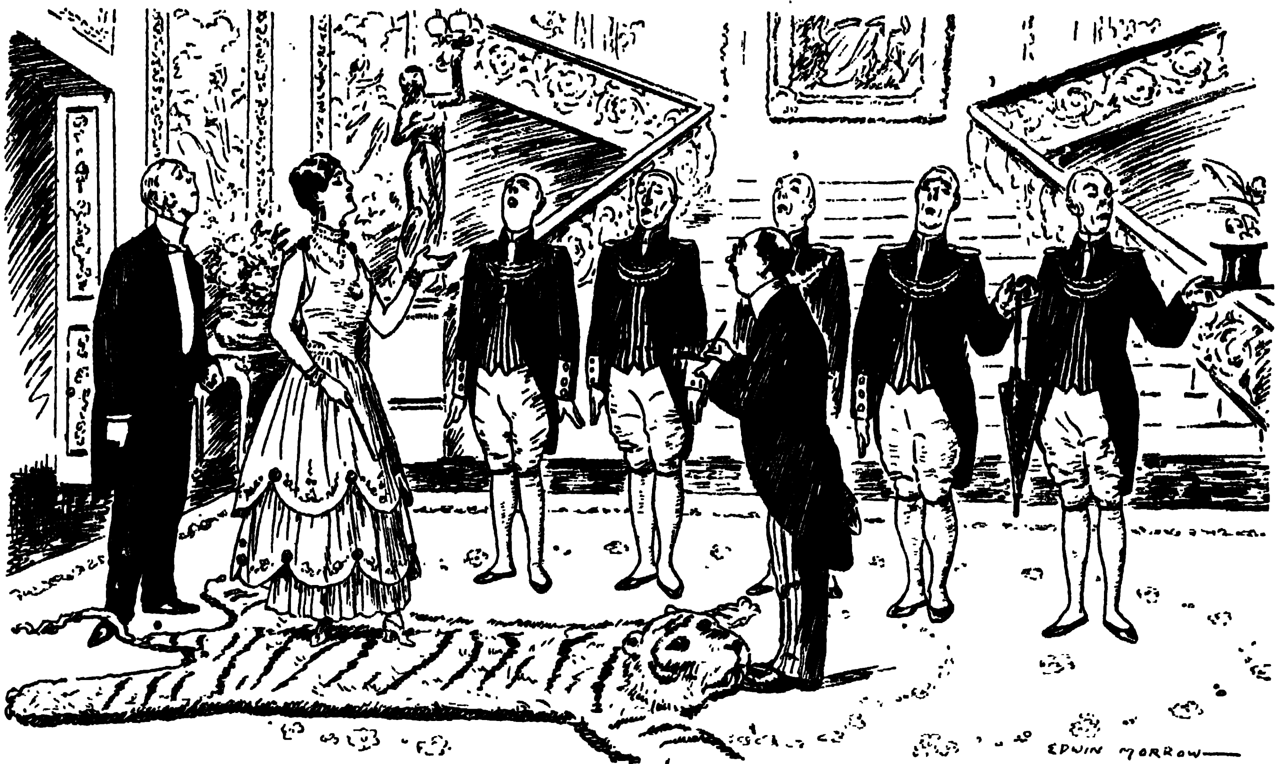
Wednesday.—Much sympathy felt with GORDON HARVEY. Interposing in debate on motion for Third Reading of Budget Bill he remarked, with suspicion of a tear in his voice, "Mr. Speaker, I am greatly disappointed with this measure. I cannot understand why it contains no new taxes."

Present Government and long line of predecessors been subjected on various grounds to severe criticism, occasionally resulting in their being turned out of office. Never before was objection raised on this particular score.

CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER profoundly touched. Pleaded in extenuation that within the current year fresh taxation to amount of sixty-eight million sterling had been imposed. Modestly thought that a pretty good beginning. Hastened to assure the mourning Member that it was not the full measure of intention. Let him wait and see. Another Budget already on the stocks. When its proposals were explained, it would appear that the honourable gentleman's apprehensions were groundless.

GORDON HARVEY visibly cheered up. Walked home with swinging step and pleased consciousness that before many months have sped he will personally benefit by what McKENNA described as "reasonable but bold measures in direction of increased taxation."

Business done.—War Pensions Bill passed Report stage. Budget Bill read a third time.



LADY X. IS INTERVIEWED AS TO HER OPINIONS ON THRIFT IN WAR-TIME.

THE TRAITOR.

IT was when I was just recovering from my spring attack of influenza that my wife broke the news to me.

"I think you are strong enough now," she said, "to be told something very serious. Mr. Appleby is a pro-German."

"Rubbish," I said. "I 've known Appleby all my life."

My wife shrugged her shoulders.

"Even before you were ill I heard distressing rumours, and now there is no doubt about it. He goes about saying dreadful things."

"Tell him to come and see me," I commanded.

"You can't really mean that."

"I am not yet strong enough to stand being contradicted," I said with a break in my voice, and she flew to the telephone.

Punctual to the moment Appleby arrived. When I saw him last he looked as though he were sickening for jaundice. The new Appleby was a rosy-faced philanthropist, bubbling over with good spirits to a degree I found positively exhausting. He greeted me warmly, and had just settled himself in the doctor's chair for a heart-to-heart talk, when the strains of "Rule, Britannia!" rose falteringly to our ears. My eldest daughter, instigated, as I shrewdly surmised, by her mother, was the culprit, and poor as was the performance the tune was quite recognisable. I glanced nervously at Appleby. To my surprise he was beating time gently, his head tilted on one side and rapture shining in his eyes.

"It 's a grand song that," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Talk of *Die Wacht am Rhein*!"

"But——," I stammered.

Appleby laughed. "I know what you are thinking of," he said happily. "Listen, and I 'll tell you a story. A short time ago I became a nervous wreck. Life held no joys for me, and I could neither sleep nor look forward to my meals——"

"I tried every specialist in London," I put in wearily, completing the formula, but he disregarded the interruption and continued in the same measured tone.

"What I spent on newspapers would have kept a Pekinese in comfort. But it was no use. There were never wanting well-informed persons to point out to me that what I took for successes were really grave errors in strategy. And they kept telling me awful stories of bombs smuggled in biscuit tins on board our Dreadnoughts, and of German agents among our army cooks." He shuddered even at the recollection.

"But the time came when I could stand it no longer. I thought out a plan. I read CARLYLE on the glorious destiny of the Hohenzollerns, and hunted up back numbers of the dailies in which we were urged to go to Germany and learn how to run Old Age Pensions and National Insurance. *And I quoted these everywhere.* The effect was immediate and gratifying. At first my friends fell away, but I could stand that; it was rest I needed. But now, *now* they seek me out to tell me that an enemy submarine has been sunk off the Scillies, or that the CROWN PRINCE is in the Tower. They cross the street, and risk losing their trains to give me pleasurable scraps of information. My day is one triumphal progress; I hear nothing but good news now; and look at me!

"It does them good, too," he went on after a pause. "The mere sight of me promotes cheerfulness; and the memory of the sorrow they have caused my traitorous heart brightens the rest of the day for them." He beamed upon me and held out his hand.

"The hand of a traitor," he said. "Will you shake?"

I shook.

"The Grouse Bill, which had been taken over by the Government, was also passed."

So now, let us hope, the grousers will be satisfied.

TO ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(On re-reading his Barsetshire Novels.)

GOOD chronicler of Barset, weaver of genial yarns,
Homely and unaffected as the verse of the Dorset BARNES,
When the outlook is depressing, when journals bleat and scare,
I turn to your kindly pages and find oblivion there.

You lead us back from the turmoil of these unhappy days
To the land in which our fathers went their untroubled ways;
When gigs were still in fashion and no one was able to scour
The countryside in motors at seventy miles an hour.

Down Time's gulf backward roaming, with you as our friendly guide,
To the age of flounces and whiskers and crinolines we glide,
When life flowed on like a brooklet with many a bicker and brawl
And many a swirl and ripple, but never a roaring fall.

You weren't concerned with problems that harass and wound and vex,
Or with the elemental eternal duel of sex;
The Feminist virago had not swum into your ken,
And you had no fads or hobbies to further with your pen.

But a wholesome love of England shone bright through all your tales—
Love of her mellow landscape and green sequestered vales,
Love of her ancient homesteads and gray ancestral towers,
Lawns and meadows and gardens bright with old-fashioned flowers.

And, though with the fires of passion your stories seldom glowed,
That virtue need not be insipid they very clearly showed;
For life in those placid regions was not all cakes and ale,
And love brought sore disquiet to your charming Lily Dale.

Yet, while discreetly checkered with sorrow and even crime,
Your stories mostly ended to the tune of the marriage chime,
For you held with good CHARLES DARWIN that a novelist worth his salt
Eschewed an unhappy ending as a quite incurable fault.

As a satirist of the clergy you served a laudable end,
For we recognise that faithful are the wounds that are dealt by a friend;
You scarified the pompous and yet delighted to paint
In the meek unselfish Warden a thoroughbred modern saint.

With you the religion of weekdays, and not the Sunday best,
Alike for cleric and layman was much the truest test;
You had no special 'doxy, but many a lance you broke
On behalf of plain God-fearing unfashionable folk.

And your *dramatis personæ* had brains of every size
For you loved the simple and stupid as well as the witty and wise;
And some of your rarest figures were moulded of common clay,
And some of your high-born ladies had the meanest parts in the play.

Then, O ye precious penmen, who furiously rage
Against the "moral serfdom" of the mid-Victorian age,
Lauding your modern idols who make their genius plain
In an infinite capacity for giving their readers pain—
Go wallow at will in your garbage, mean, sinister or smart,
And prate till your jaws are weary of Art for the sake of Art,
You cannot abate my freedom to wander far and wide
In the pleasant land of Barset by Father ANTHONY'S side.

IN KENSINGTON SQUARE.

I DON'T wish to sail under false colours, so I may as well say at once that this is going to be an appeal - an appeal both for sympathy and for money. Before, however, I proceed to make it I will enter into an agreement with the millions who read Mr. Punch. If I succeed at all in my attempt to convince them that I have a good object at heart, why then they must send along their money. If, on the other hand, I fail, they can keep their cheques in the drawer and their War Loan vouchers in the safe with a clear conscience. I am sure I shall win, not because I am confident in my skill, but because my object is so undeniably excellent. Is it a bargain? Very well, then.

It was on a bright afternoon a short time ago that I found myself in an old house of the Queen Anne period in Kensington Square. Somebody or something must, I suppose, have urged me to go. At any rate there I was, looking into a narrow little room, in which was sitting the queerest little old lady, dressed in a beautiful dress of stiff brocade, with very high heels to her buckled shoes, and wearing her hair thickly powdered. At my sudden appearance she rose, regarding me with no very amiable air.

"How now, Sir?" she said. "What means this conduct? Is a lady not to be safe from intrusion in her own room, the only one now left to her of the many she once inhabited? 'Tis but a powder-closet, I know, but even in so narrow a cell I still have liberty to choose my visitors."

It was plain she was angry, but in her anger, as in her whole aspect, there was something at once courtly and unsubstantial. It seemed as though a rough breath might blow her away. I stammered out such excuses as came into my head on the spur of the moment, and was about to withdraw when she stopped me.

"Hold, Sir," she said. "You erred in ignorance, and I pardon you, as you on your side will, I doubt not, pardon the rough words of an old woman made testy by time. The truth is that this house is by my leave consecrated to a great and beneficent work. Not a room in it but is filled with its party of busy women daily giving their time and the labour of their hands to the achievement of their tasks. Even here—she pointed to the floor of the powder-closet, which was heavily littered with heaps of tow—"even here there is an overflow from their work, but 'tis not for me to reproach them with it. Rather I rejoice."

"But what," I said, "is the use of tow?"

"'Tis to help the poor soldiers broke in the War. 'Tis not enough to make a splint for a broken limb; the splint must be padded with tow, and there are willing hands here both to make the splints and to pad them when made. Would there had been such help in the days I remember, when his Grace of MARLBOROUGH, that great captain, led the forces of the QUEEN. At Malplaquet we won a great victory, but we lost twenty thousand men, and I fear but little was done to help the wounded. We must make reparation for the past, and here we do it as best we may."

"But you," I said, "can *you* still help in this?"

"I lend the house. I confer my approval on the workers. Not much, you will say, but 'tis all I can do. A lady who danced at the Court of QUEEN ANNE could not well do less—or more. But we stand prating here too long. Go, Sir, and see for yourself what is a-doing here. Commended by me, you may pass everywhere and see everything, so that



Lady. "The Captain seems off his game."
Caddie. "Yes, lidy. He was a very good 24, but he's spoilt hisself digging trenches. This War's a terrible thing."

afterwards you may report our cause and its needs aright to those who might aid us. Nay, I cannot go with you, for my chair waits me below and my time is come to take the air." And, as she said this, she seemed to shrivel before my eyes, and in a moment she had vanished from the powder-closet.

However, I took her advice and saw everything for myself; and I now beg leave to report the result of my tour through the Queen Anne house in Kensington Square.

First, let me say that I found myself to be present at the headquarters of the Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, a hive of industry the like of which, both in respect of its output of work and its admirable organisation, I have not seen. More than one thousand ladies of Kensington have enrolled themselves as voluntary workers, and here in their turns they come together, each in her own department, to produce munitions for the various British and Allied Hospitals at home and at the Front. In one room a party rolls bandages with exquisite precision; in another they are making all sizes of swabs. In a third, as I have already said, they concentrate on the padding of splints, which are served up to them hot and hot, as it were, by a vigorous company of male amateur carpenters installed in the basement. There are about one hundred of these gentlemen in all, and, if I may judge by those I saw, they are a most enthusiastic and skilful lot. In addition to splints of all sorts they make invalid tables, crutches which one of them upholsters—in fact every kind of carpentry that a hospital can require. Then there is a needlework room for the making of dressing-gowns, bed-jackets, flannel shirts, and so forth; while in yet another room scores and scores of pairs of slippers are made of so tempting a pattern and so comfortable a design that one might almost wish for a wound in order to have the privilege of wearing at least one pair of them. Room after room I visited, and in every one of them I was struck by the air of fresh and cheerful determination which shines from the faces of those who, without ostentation and for no material reward, have pledged themselves to hard toil for the sake of their suffering fellow-mortals.

From Kensington Square the gifts of this Association are sent out like blessings. Daily they speed on their merciful errand to Malta, to Serbia, to East Africa, to Flanders, to France, to Alexandria, to the Dardanelles. And not only is the work entirely voluntary, but the workers themselves help to swell the funds. In one week they contributed no less a sum than forty pounds. The only trouble is this: the appreciation of their work has grown so fast and the appeals from hospitals have become so numerous and so urgent that, if all the demands are to be satisfied, the great and generous public must be asked to help. Those who subscribe may rely on it that every penny of their money will go straight to the purchase of materials. Nobody in this Association is paid, except the caretakers of the house. If you think I have given good reasons for my appeal, let your cheques and your postal orders not tarry. They may be sent to the joint Honorary Secretaries, Mr. Sidney H. Motion and Mr. Edward F. Slade, Kensington War Hospital Supply Depôt, 11 and 12, Kensington Square, W. And I may add that if you wish to see what is being done you are cordially invited to call at the address I have given, or at the Branch Depôt at 20, Kensington Court close by. You may even be lucky enough to find in her powder-closet my little old lady from the Court of Queen Anne.

R. C. L.

MUSKETRY INSTRUCTION.

I TOOK a dislike to Smithers from the moment he entered our Volunteer Training Corps, and when I was promoted to the command of his section I began to dislike him still more. There is that about Smithers which seems to make it impossible to give a correct order when he is present. In addition to which he is one of those men who seek to establish a reputation for diligence by asking difficult questions.

One day, when my section had got itself hopelessly mixed for the third time in succession, I began to be annoyed.

"Good heavens!" I said, glaring at Smithers, who I felt certain was responsible, "do you mean to say you've forgotten how to form fours? How many more times am I to tell you—One pace to the rear with the left foot, and one to the right with——"

"You've got the section inside out," interrupted Smithers. "And I should like to know what a man is supposed to do when——"

"That will do," I snapped. "Not so much talking in the ranks. What do you think this is, Smithers—a Literary and Debating Society?" I was working up into my best sarcastic vein when the platoon-commander came along and requested me to take my men down to the range and give them musketry instruction.

I flatter myself that there is precious little I do not know about a rifle. I felt that even Smithers would have no power to unnerve me once I got fairly started on my pet theme. The section listened respectfully, almost reverently, while I explained the difference between the foresight and the trigger-guard. Smithers seemed particularly attentive. I was determined, however, to take this opportunity of impressing him with a full sense of his inferiority.

"Before I show you how to shoot," I said, "I will give you an example of 'how not to do it.' Smithers, be so kind as to take up a firing position on the mat." Smithers obeyed.

"You will observe," I continued, "that his position is altogether wrong. His legs are too wide apart; his head is forced too far forward; his eye is too near the backsight; the butt of the rifle is too high on his shoulder; his grip is hopeless; a child's pop-gun would jump out of a grip like that. Take aim, Smithers!——Fire!"

"One ring out at two o'clock!" called the marker.

"Not so bad," I said, "though, judging by the way you held the rifle, I should say it was more luck than anything. Give me the rifle, Smithers."

"What I've tried to impress upon you all," I went on, "is the importance of sighting. You cannot pay too much attention to your sights. There is only one thing worse than too fine a sight, and that is too full a sight. Smithers took too full a sight. Also refrain from 'pulling.' Smithers pulled. Most beginners do. You see the result. Observe my position. This is how a rifle should be held. Then there is the 'letting off.' Most raw recruits—Smithers, for example—pull the trigger as though they were trying to pull a cart-horse back upon its haunches, whereas a gentle even pressure is what you want." I fired.

"You're not on the target," said the marker. "Unless," he added hastily, "it's in the black."

"We'll presume it's a bull," I said stiffly. "There is no reason why it should not be a bull. If these sights are correct——"

"You tested them yourself," put in the marker coldly.

"—it *must* be a bull." I addressed the section. "Now I'll show you how to get a good grouping. An occasional bull is all very well, but it's the good group that counts. Now if you take a correct sight, as I did, and hold your rifle properly, and *not* as Smithers held it, there is nothing to prevent your getting a good score—like this." I fired a few more shots.

"Can't see any hits," said the marker with his eye to the glass.

"Then they must all be in the black," I replied. "Better than I expected. You see, men, what can be done by paying attention to your sights and holding your rifle properly. Smithers, perhaps you will fetch me the target."

He brought it to me while the section gathered round in awed silence. There was not a single perforation.

"What does this mean?" I exclaimed.

Said Smithers in his slow, fatuous way: "I should say that it means you missed the target every time."

"Unless the bullets bounced off," suggested Hatherway.

"Or came back and filled up the holes," said Jacobs.

"That will do," I said sharply. "Not so much talking. There is something wrong with the sights."

"You tested and set them yourself, Sir," said the marker, rather more coldly. "Besides which the *other* gent hit the target all right."

The section chuckled joyously. I felt myself coming unstuck.

"I think I can explain," said Smithers, who was examining the rifle.

"Of course you can," I said sarcastically. "You always can, Smithers. Gentlemen, Mr. Smithers can explain. Ha! Silence, pray, for our new musketry instructor, Mr. Smithers!"

"The rifle is sighted for 500 yards," drawled Smithers. "This is a 25-yard range, consequently every one of your shots, presuming that you were aiming correctly, must have cleared the top of the target by about two inches."

When the fools had finished laughing I said, looking at Smithers—

"Smithers, these sights were correct when the rifle was in your hands."

Smithers' face wore the guileless oh-to-be-an-angel expression of the cathedral choir-boy. I was proceeding when the platoon-sergeant entered with orders for us to reassemble for dismissal.

"It just shows," I heard Smithers say as the section fell in, "that a fellow can't pay too much attention to his sights."

I can see myself having trouble with Smithers.



INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS.

Doctor. "THEY TELL ME YOUR BOY IS OFF TO THE FRONT TO-DAY."

Villager. "AY, POOR LAD! OI BIN A-BLUBBIN' ARF THE MORNIN'—AN' OI BE JUST A-GOIN' TO 'AVE A DROP OF ZIDER, AN' THEN OI BE A-GOIN' 'OME TO BLUB AGAIN!"

A "FIGHTING STOCK."
THE NEW WAR LOAN.



"IF THE GOVERNMENT WANTS MORE MONEY, WHY DON'T THEY PUT THE MINT ON OVERTIME?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. G. WELLS never perhaps feels quite lightly; he can't help weighting his most extravagant jests with just a little sociology and social criticism, and *Bealby* (METHUEN), which he calls "a holiday," in the sense of "a lark," has little touches of this, and also lies under the handicap of the gifted author's rather ponderous phrase-making, or phrase-making that seems ponderous in this kind of jollity. I am not sure, either, that he quite escapes being occasionally facetious . . . But of course it's absurd to be solemn about *Bealby*—a mere extempore diversion thrown off in an artless way: a kind of harlequinade, or perhaps like nothing so much as a scenario for one of those breathless kinema comedies of the people's palaces. But not fatuous, as they—rather, indeed, at times quite Pickwickian in its resourcefulness and gay movement. When I tell you that *Bealby*, the new steward's-room boy, escaping from the persecutions of *Thomas*, the second footman, butted an Hegelian Lord Chancellor of ample habit of body (no, *not* that one, as Mr. WELLS carefully explains in the preface), and that thereafter the Chancellor bit the butler and on yet another occasion blacked his eye and yet again shook him violently at his host's sideboard at *Shonts* during that fatal week-end, you won't wonder that *Sir Peter Laxton* thought his guest needed to be restricted in the matter of alcohol. And you may wonder reasonably what it was all about and what it all led to. Well, get *Bealby* and find out. You'll not be bored, and you'll laugh often. And what better things in a small way can well befall you?

What a crowd of readers will rejoice to hear that the happy coalition known as E. Œ. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS have published another of their delicious pronouncements on the Irish problem. *In Mr. Knox's Country* (LONGMANS) brings back again all those jolly people whom one has several times enjoyed meeting before—*Flurry Knox*; the fearful but fascinating old grandmother, *Philippa*, and the rest of them. No collaboration has ever been a greater puzzle to me than this of these two clever women. The matter of their stories is so slight (nothing at all, when you look back upon them, ever seems to have happened) and the laughter they raise in you is so inevitable a thing, born spontaneously from the clash of characters, that I am driven to the belief that each of the authors must manage their pet persons in the cast independently of the other, and take it in turns to set down the result. In this case I think my most grateful homage is at the feet of whoever is responsible for old *Mrs. Knox*. That aged but unquenchable lady is a joy for ever. Whether you see her heroically stifling her rheumatics, bending a rebellious family to her iron will, minding her own and everyone else's business, or relaxing in the gentler pleasures of the chase, she remains a quite unforgettable figure. As in the previous books, these stories are illustrated with drawings by Miss SOMERVILLE, but, spirited as they are, I could have wished that the artist had left *Mrs. Knox* to my unfettered imagination. No hand, even that of her creator, could improve on my mental image of this wonderful and superhuman being.

Two Who Declined (SMITH, ELDER) is what I should call

a most worrying book. It is so involved and haphazard, and so much concerned with things that used to matter a good deal, but at present are altogether outside, that I ended by mislaying my patience. I should say it was very probably a first effort in fiction; and, for all its obvious defects, there are here and there snatches of cleverness about the writing that mitigated my exasperation. So perhaps Herbert Tremaine (whom I suspect, despite this name, of being a woman) will do better next time. For one thing, the present book suffers from having been written with an object. One might indeed say with half-a-dozen objects. And the inevitable result is that as a work of art it suffers. We began with a promising thrill: a young doctor has just shot himself, leaving behind a semi-idiot child (who, we gather, used to be all right before the doctor began experimenting) and a frightened partner. Moreover, the partner, who rejoiced, or might under happier circumstances have rejoiced, in the name of *Ludovic Spim*, was a Prussian. So, of course, I saw at once that he had been up to some of his native devilments; and started with a pleasant anticipation of a mystery, ending with the just humiliation of the *Herr Doctor Spim*. But here, unfortunately, the Purposes began muddling things. *Spim* was guilty all right; but we never got much further than that. Instead, attention was taken up with a crew of Anti-Vivisectionists and Vegetarians and Woman's Righters, who were all so boring that I feel sure they must be faithfully drawn. Indeed it is partly on the treatment of them that I base my hope that Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Tremaine may yet produce an interesting story, given more agreeable matter. But honestly, unless your admiration for the Purposes is robust enough to overcome your wish for entertainment, I fear I must advise you to follow the example of the *Two Who Declined* and give the present volume a miss



New Farm Assistant (sweetly). "Would you be so kind as to turn that animal for me? I want him to go in here."

Mr. R. W. Chambers contrives a plausible atmosphere of War in *Who Goes There?* (Appleton). His gallant young American hero, *Kerryn Guild*, in reality a scion of the old Belgian nobility and reserve officer in the crack regiment of King Albert's army, *The Guides*, is first introduced as a unit in a party ranged against a wall facing a row of helmeted men in field-grey of a well-known shade; and from that awkward moment till he takes his German-Danish bride to safety through the enemy lines, has a very tough time of it and acquits himself as one has learnt to expect a Belgian officer to do. *Karen*, his heroine, is an eminently good sportsman, and makes and takes love very prettily indeed. Mr. Chambers weaves his double strand of Love and Death with a skilled hand. And, being a neutral with an immense bias on the right side, he yet sees (or at least saw at the time of correcting his proof-sheets, which was before the *Gulflight*, the *Falaba*, the *Lusitania* and other gentle frightfulnesses) the great quarrel with enough of detachment to allow himself to draw a portrait of a chivalrous Prussian officer, the rival claimant to *Karen's* hand. Even in our anger it is no bad thing to remember that the portrait is a possible one, for it takes just a little of the bitterness out of an ineffably bad business. Perhaps Mr. Chambers, like many writers in this field, is a little too obsessed with those fateful documents which are stolen, pursued, captured, left on the washing-stand and forgotten, though the fugitive's life and a country's fate hang on them. Of course it was flattering of Mr. Chambers to make his hero knit his brows so determinedly and so long over that cipher drawing, the general sense of which dawned upon clever me when I first clapped eyes upon it, as it will dawn on you, gentle reader . . . Taking it all in all, this is a sound book and not blighted with too many horrors.

As far as I can gather from contemporary fiction, the chief flaw in the German system of espionage is that there seems to be no means by which one German spy can recognise another. This makes it hard for the poor fellows. They are going along very nicely, when up comes a perfect stranger, who says, "Hist! I also am from the Wilhelmstrasse; I also am a spy, only a rather more important one than you. From now on, act entirely under my orders. Perhaps you had better begin by telling me all your professional secrets, and after that I'll be thinking up something else for you to do." Upon which, without a moment's doubt or hesitation, the guileless fellows, saluting humbly and murmuring, "*Gott strafe England!*" proceed to jump through hoops, sham dead, and do anything else he requires of them. There is something very charming about this child-like faith in one's species, and I am glad to find it flourishing in Berlin, but it must hamper the German Secret Service as regards results. To take but one instance, it enabled *Alec Deane*, in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's latest story, *The Lady Passenger* (Hodder and Stoughton), to do more deceiving and frustrating than I remember to have come across between the pages of any other six-shilling novel. The scene of *The Lady Passenger* is laid in Constantinople, shortly before the entry of Turkey into the War, and deals with the efforts of sundry German spies to hand over an English girl to the Turkish *Haska Pasha* as the price of his assistance in bringing his country into the conflict. *Deane* poses as a superior spy, orders the lesser spies about, snubs them, bullies the Pasha, and saves the girl. It is an entertaining story, but I am bound to say that the opinion I once held, that the two most dangerous things in the world were German spies and mince pies, has been sadly shaken.

"Isaac Newton, when at school, was a notorious dunce, and nearly always found himself at the bottom of the class."—*Answers.*

And that's how he discovered the theory of Gravitation.

"We hear of men who send their only sons to the front in the spirit of Isaac the Patriarch, who laid his first-born on the altar."

Morning Post.

This hitherto unrecorded incident shows that Isaac was a remarkable example of heredity.

CHARIVARIA.

"The *Daily Mail* yesterday said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ought to go to Cardiff at once. At 6.10 last night Mr. Lloyd George . . . left for Cardiff."—*Daily Mail.* Esteemed orders promptly executed.

* * *

"COAL STRIKE.
BLACK OUTLOOK."
Daily Chronicle.

It's been done before. A very moderate joke even when it first came out.

* * *

The *Giornale Sicilia* states that, during the taking of Monte Noro, a Sicilian soldier captured an Austrian general by lassoing him. We caution our Allies against doing this to any German generals. German generals are very dignified and touchy, and would probably consider it an unfriendly act.

* * *

Speaking of Lord HALDANE the *Kreuzzeitung* says:—"His success in deceiving us is due to the admirable and truly English mask of hypocrisy under which he hid his reptilian features." One would have thought, however, that the lithe and snake-like sinuosity of the EX-CHANCELLOR'S figure would have put them on their guard.

* * *

"RIGA IN DANGER."

The above headline, published last week, caused a feeling of intense depression among limerick-lovers, and the hope was freely expressed that every nerve will be strained to prevent the name of this important town being changed.

* * *

We regret to hear that Mr. Justice AVORY'S remarks, in the course of a recent action, on the wickedness of spending £500 on a Pekinese puppy, have given grave offence in China.

* * *

The engagement of Mr. EDWIN MONTAGU and the Hon. VENETIA STANLEY has been described as "a sort of War Loan affair"—Mr. MONTAGU taking his *fiancée* with the right to convert.

* * *

Herr HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN declares that there is a dearth of great men among his dear Germans. This fact would seem to be appreciated by at least one German paper, which publishes a portrait of REMBRANDT in a series of pictures entitled "Great Germans."

* * *

According to the yearly report of the Medical Officer of Health the principal cause of death in Cambridge is old age. It is thought that, now that this is known, local scientists will concentrate on the problem of abolishing old age.

* * *

The publisher of the magazine, *Blast*, announces that he still has some copies of number one. We can well believe this.



ECONOMY IN WAR-TIME. SINGING THEIR OWN WEDDING MARCH.

From *The Observer*:—"SIR,—'Observator' is wrong in saying that the bi-centenary of Queen Anne's death passed unnoticed. I laid a bunch of flowers at the base of her statue in Queen Anne's Gate.—RANDALL DAVIES, F.S.A." We are afraid that RANDALL is a bit of a flirt.

* * *

"While the cunning silence of the English," says the *Kreuzzeitung*, "has been taken for pure gold, the gold of straightforwardness and justice that is hidden beneath German talkativeness has not been discovered." The latter portion of this statement is, anyhow, a fact.

A letter from a British soldier in the Persian Gulf, quoted in *The Times*, says, "We are called the 'goggle-eyed army' owing to our wearing goggles to protect our eyes from the fierce rays of the sun. We also wear spine protectors for the same reason." We scent an Irishman here.

* * *

The German newspapers are furious with the famous Italian singer, CARUSO, for not being a pro-German, and the KAISER wants his scarf-pins back.

Œufs à la Coq.

"Egg-laying in poultry descends from sire to daughter."
The Scottish Farmer.

A Real Clerk of the Weather.

"Mr. Rufus Williams called attention to the vane on the Town Clerk, which now always pointed to the south-west—a most unfortunate quarter."—*Cambrian News.*

"Advertiser fed up with dull life wants to correspond with intelligent men. Subjects — Physic, Occult, Religion, & Ghost lore, Humour not objected to. Nom-de-plume on both sides. Address Mr. R. Crusoe, c/o Post Master, Dhurrumtollah."
Statesman.

We are sorry that Mr. R. CRUSOE, like his namesake, should suffer from *ennui*, and can only hope that he will find correspondents who can "joke wi'oot deeficulty" on the subjects he mentions.

"The fact that head wounds represent, according to a paper read at the Paris Academy of Medicine, 13·33 per cent. of all wounds is of great importance to a proper understanding of the problem of the use of helmets (*culottes metaliques*)."—*The Times.*

It would also help to simplify the problem if our contemporary would kindly explain how the wearing of metal breeches is expected to prevent head-wounds.

"Mr. ——, of Kipling Avenue, Bath, has received a commission in the 169th Battalion D.C.L.I." *Bath and Wilts Chronicle.*

The reports that recruiting in the Delectable Duchy has been slack are evidently unfounded. If you persist in them, these 169,000 "Cornishmen will know the reason why."

From a speech by the German Chancellor:—

"Germany and Austria-Hungary were fighting for their liver against a world of pigmies."
Daily Telegraph (Launceston, Tasmania).

We hope it may be inferred from this that the Central Powers have given up all hope of saving their bacon.

WEARY WILLIE, JUNIOR.

I hear that we are going strong
Out there upon the Polish front,
But somehow something's always wrong
About my own peculiar stunt;
Each single time I take a blob;
For just a solid year I've scored 'em;
And now this tedious Argonne job
Has turned me stiff with boredom.

Once more I'm told to hack my way
To Verdun by the nearest route,
This time allowing no delay
For women, wine or other loot;
Well, I have hacked and hacked and hacked
Day after day in dull succession,
And only made in point of fact
A very small impression.

I fear that Father takes it ill;
He taught me as a bud to sprout;
From him I learned the way to spill
My cannon-fodder's blood about;
He nursed my Hohenzollern brains
And showed my scabbard how to rattle,
And yet, for all his pious pains,
I *cannot* win a battle.

So now he cuts me. All this while
He's polishing up his orb and crown,
Rehearsing how to make in style
His entry into Warsaw town;
And there (with Mother, too, in tow)
He'll leave me outside in the chilly,
And never pause to care a blow
About his Little Willie. O. S.

HOW TO END THE WAR IN NO TIME.

(*By Our Aerial Expert, Mr. Bindles Dibs.*)

I return this week (as I did last week and the week before and expect to do next week) to the need for an Aerial Offensive on a grand scale. It is a most extraordinary thing that the Government can't be made to see it after all the trouble I have had in working out the details. I have consistently advocated, in this publication and elsewhere, on the platform and in the Press, the recognition of our air forces in the capacity not of an arm but of a service; also the vital difference between an Attack and an Assault, the hopeless ineffectiveness of Raids as compared with Thrusts, and the important distinction between an Offensive Act and a mere Impertinence. To-day we come back to our old ground and proceed to discuss (1) How our aerial fleet is to be obtained, and (2) How it is to be employed.

We must have an adequate force, and this force must not have any earthly connection with the forces we have already. It must not be confounded with them at all; it must be a new, special and unique departure, set aside, ear-marked, allocated, fore-ordained. You see it is meant to be a fresh element of surprise, and it is clear that the more I go on talking about it the more profoundly unprepared the enemy will be for its appearance. But one point about it must be borne in mind—that it will do the trick.

How is this force to be obtained? We must not for a moment interfere with the work that is going on in the production of aeroplanes to operate as an arm with our forces in the field. (I have nothing to do with that: I believe them to be doing well). The thing must be done on a territorial basis and spread over every part of the British Isles. I have taken a good deal of trouble to work this out and have arrived, by a process of elimination, at the only possible method. I do not ask for an unreasonable number of aeroplanes, but we must have ten thousand to start with, and the number must increase by leaps and bounds. As I calculate, it can be done, with our existing resources, in a matter of about five weeks. But the work must be minutely sub-divided.

Let every parish form a committee and undertake the local production of one machine and the training of one aviator. Local conditions must of course be considered. In some cases the man most suited to be trained for this purpose would be one of the churchwardens; in others not. But the right man could easily be found. Where a parish committee could not be formed without friction the thing might be put in the hands of the local Cricket Club, or the Horticultural Society, where such exists. Plans would be provided by a central office in London. I cannot see any difficulty that can arise. By the way, will all inventors, constructors, mechanics, local tradesmen willing to try to make parts of aeroplanes and other aerial accessories immediately communicate with me by registered post?

Let us suppose, allowing for all delays, that our new fleet is ready for mobilization by the second week in October. How then is it to be employed so as to wind up the War before the third week in November, and so obviate another winter campaign? It must operate at selected points in a *continuous stream*, night and day. The flight must be made at a certain altitude and in a certain formation, and, more than that, in a certain given direction. The best formation, to allow for windage, is a diamond lozenge shape with an oblique spear head. This ensures that if every man drops bombs for all he is worth some of them will reach their billet. For let me again impress upon my readers the fact, not yet sufficiently grasped, that an aeroplane is not simply a weapon with a range of some hundreds of miles, it is also a club which can strike at a distance; it may also almost be said to be a fist, enhanced by a trajectory.

There are many useful objectives. There are—did I ever mention it before?—the bridges over the Rhine. If they were destroyed they *could not be freely used* till they were repaired. Again, the German army in the West would be rendered helpless by the unceasing bombardment of the General Staff. Again—this is my newest idea: I always like to put in something new to encourage my readers—the crops in the Hungarian Plain (such of them as are still ungarnered in October) could be made unfit for human use by being subjected to a curtain of bombs on an extensive scale.

I have only to add that if it is decided to go forward with the scheme, exactly as here described, I shall be happy to give my services in any useful capacity.

Correspondence: Mr. H. G. Wells writes:—"My dear Dibs,—It's no good. If people of rich imagination and brilliant prophetic powers—like you and me—who foresaw every incident and development of the present War about the end of last century, cannot get a hearing and a following now, there may be, after all, some truth in the torrent of bosh about national inefficiency that issues from the Press every day. So I think you may as well give it up."

"EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT.
Krupp's Men Threaten to Strike."
Edinburgh Evening News.

Thanks, no doubt, to the Censor, the London Press has not reported the enemy's invasion of the Scottish capital.



PUTTING HIM IN HIS PLACE.

Austrian Emperor. "How well our arms are doing!"

German Emperor (*coldly*). "Quite so. By the way, I hear you've got a war on with Italy. Any news from that front?"



Patriotic Villager (discussing ages). "IF THIS WAR 'AD ONLY STARTED THIRTY YEARS AGO, SIR, I COULD JUST 'A SQUEEZED INTO THE ARMY."

FROM A BELGIAN GARDEN.

II.

DEAR MONSIEUR X,—Since I last wrote to you, we in your garden have been through some tough times. Your house has had at least a dozen shells clean through it. Doors and windows no longer exist and several walls are swept away as by a wizard's wand. In one room which remains whole we boldly eat our meals in the less turbulent days. But our sometime bedroom —and it looks as if it had once been yours—had two stink-shells in it within five minutes one evening; the gas smell, which makes you cry from eyes, nose, and throat all at once, lingered about the *débris* for a week. The kitchen is blown in and your priceless kitchen-range wrecked. The beams of the upstairs rooms wave about and groan in the wind. The little carriage house is a heap of bricks.

But the cellar is still good, and some of the men sleep there. For others we have dug two fine strong-bolstered pits, one outside your front door and one under the western bay-window. We had to take these liberties and we ask your pardon.

We are convinced it was the fault of other batteries, Monsieur, who have from time to time come to your garden and requested leave to take up a position in the hedge on the Germany side of it. The first of these neighbours stayed two days and one night. They had not the art of hiding from the aeroplane. Your hedge there was torn up, the noble north-east beech was smashed at its base, and four eight-inch shells roared down into the farm stables near by and set them on fire. The high-explosives whistled and hummed within inches of our cowering heads for a dreadful period not measurable by ordinary time. Another eight-inch shell landed within a dozen feet of our telephone dug-out, right in the face of the little china *Notre Dame* in the tree, and it failed to explode! The place shook horribly, but two of us crawled out and put the shell in a deep damp hole. Not one of our battery was hit. But the other people! What was left of them pulled their guns out as soon as dusk came in the evening of that second day. In all, three batteries have come to that north-eastern side of your house and tried to stay there. We are alone here now with your house and garden in ruins.

And yet some people will deny that miracles can happen! Ask the Q.M.S. about miracles. He rides up with the transport party—rations and ammunition—every evening, and his teams have to travel for over a mile in the shell zone before they leave the twisting road to trot across the final three-quarters of a mile of fields up to the house here. I have just told you what those fields look like. The Germans try and time their Evening Hate to coincide with the Q.M.S.'s arrival, but he has always got his transport through without disaster. Probably he could not explain how. The ride across your western fields under shell fire, Monsieur, is something to remember.

The German shells have not entirely killed the Spring which we have spent here. The chestnuts in your wind-breaks have flamed out; the gorgeous lilacs have burst forth strong and sweet and luxuriant, challenging all furies whatsoever; the great rhododendron by the shattered north-east beech is in all its old riot of colour. Not a single shell has hit any of these splendid things. Perhaps Mademoiselle your daughter who has taken you by the arm, surely, to look at this passion of Nature in former springtimes—perhaps Mademoiselle may be glad to hear this news of them. Be so good as to say, with my salutations, how heartily I agree with her taste.

Yours in gratitude,

FORWARD OBSERVING OFFICER.

THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

I.

Dear Peter,—Thank you for your magnanimous offer to lend me one-and-sevenpence till next screw-day, but you have entirely misinterpreted my letter. You forgot to read between the lines. What I intended to convey to you was that Joan and I are much too hard up this year to afford a holiday on our usual scale of princely munificence. What we are accustomed to is an "excellent *cuisine* under the immediate supervision of a professional, choice wines from our own wood, separate knives and forks for each course, separate serviettes," the type of accommodation with which the Railway Guides have doubtless made you familiar.

But I see no prospect of our being able to afford these extravagances unless we make some more money. This we could possibly do by Joan's accepting a little plain charing and by my taking pupils for fretwork and the mandoline—courses which, I need scarcely say, we are very loath to adopt, as the families of both of us date back to Queen Victoria, a fact of which we are naturally proud, though jealous young Edwardians might possibly call it swank.

Things being so, you may imagine how anxious I am to solve the problem of our annual holiday satisfactorily. A few days ago I thought I *had* done so. I came across an advertisement in one of the papers which suggested to me a method whereby we could secure, with a little adroitness and *savoir faire*, a holiday of the kind to which we have been brought up, at only half the usual price. The advertisement concluded—"Terms from 7*s.* 6*d.* a day . . . Days of arrival and departure reckoned as one day." Now can you see my idea? If we started off in the side-car one morning at about 5.30 we could reach Lumpton-super-Mare in time for the "full meat breakfast" at 8.30, and need not leave until we had had "coffee in the Lounge" after dinner on the following day. This accommodation would undoubtedly be cheap at 15*s.* for the two of us. We should then leave the Hotel at 11.55 and return at a few minutes after midnight, and ask for rooms again. And so on, day after day, until we had spent all our money, or were forcibly escorted beyond the frontier by a *posse* of Boy Scouts.

I laid the idea before Joan, but she says there must be a flaw in my argument somewhere, or else why hasn't the idea been worked before? My answer to that was that other people haven't got my brains. Nevertheless, Joan refuses to attempt the scheme unless I first consult Perkins about it. But that, I consider, would be sheer waste of money, because I shall have to pay Perkins 6*s.* 8*d.* for his opinion in any case, and then, if his opinion should coincide with my own, I shall have absolutely squandered eight-ninths of a Lumpton-super-Mare full meat breakfast, eight-ninths of a Lumpton lunch (with choice of hot and cold dishes), eight-ninths of a Lumpton afternoon tea (including cake or biscuits), eight-ninths of a Lumpton 18-hole *table d'hôte* dinner, eight-ninths of a Lumpton coffee in the lounge, to say nothing of eight-ninths of bed, free boots, lights and attendance.



[According to a publican who gave evidence the other day, the earlier closing of public-houses owing to War regulations has led to a larger jug trade.]

Workman (*grappling with the difficulty*). "Strafe the Kaiser! There goes another half-pint!"

With some reluctance, therefore, I finally abandoned the idea at 2.47 A.M. next morning, but I rejoice to say that a brand-new brain-wave arrived to-day immediately after reading your generous letter. Now, Peter, you own a country cottage, "The Yews" (or is it "The Ewes"?), at Windleton, Sussex, which you never use except as an address from which to write letters to *The Daily Mail*, possibly with the notion that the opinions of Peter Travers, of Windleton, in the County of Sussex, Gentleman, will have greater weight with the Editor than those of Peter Travers, of Thornton Heath, in the County of—*is* it in a county?—average adjuster. What do you say to letting it to me for three weeks come next Tuesday? I should be willing to pay you any sum in reason, say threepence a week, for the use of it. I would take great care of it, and always bring it in at night . . . No, no, my dear Peter, we simply *couldn't*. We may be poor, but (as I have already told you) we are proud. I insist on putting the matter on a regular business footing. Many thanks all the same, in which my wife joins me. . . .

We should, of course, expect nothing in return for airing the beds, ventilating the premises or feeding the ewes (or is it "yows"?). But I should like to know—

(*a*) What rent will you allow me to pay?
(*b*) Is the cottage on the electrophone?
(*c*) Is there a bath-room? Failing that, a ducking-stool at the village pond?
(*d*) A skating-rink?
(*e*) A presbytery?
(*f*) Do we have to take our own linen, glass, cutlery and chaplain?

Let me have a reply at once, there's a good Peter, for which I enclose—at least, I *think* I enclose, yes, I *do* enclose—a penny stamp.

What about references? My bankers will, I am sure, be pleased to certify that my overdraft is no more than usual, and our family doctor would not have any objection to testifying that I always discard from weakness. Or, let me see, isn't it *you* who ought to give *me* references? I will ask Perkins (not, if I can avoid it, in a professional way, but in the course of general conversation), and if he says Yes, I shall require references from the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Gordon Selfridge and the Spanish Ambassador.

Your loving little friend (though it sounds more like a biscuit),

Oswald.



Prisoner (on being asked, "What say you, 'Guilty' or 'Not guilty'?"). "Me lud, I leave it to the learned counsels to fight it out between 'em. I'll be neutral."

THE IMPORTUNATES.

A Fragment.

Past-master of th' inquisitorial art,
 Behold Sir Arthur Markham, blameless Bart.,
Who in his hate of prophesyings smooth
Out-Herods Herod and out-Handels Booth.
Not his the methods of his namesake mild,
Instructress of the mid-Victorian child,
But a relentless longing, fierce and fell,
To drag poor Truth at all hours from her well,
Linked with a childish jealousy of those
Who vie with him in comforting our foes.
For though, as Master of the Scapegoat Hunt,
Sir Arthur long has kept his place in front,
In sheer grotesque irrelevance Ginnell
Must be pronounced to bear away the bell.
Two of a trade; the ancient saw proves true
Of the two leaders of the curious crew.
In the long run the pupil always wins,
And then the ancient comedy begins—
Satan rebukes his own peculiar sins.

Nor must veracity refrain or flinch
From doing justice to the wondrous Lynch,
Who in his quest of needless knowledge seeks
To prove himself the very Prince of Freaks.
Yet, if his talk be tall, for this abuse
He can admittedly plead good excuse:
Nature, his countrymen are wont to tell,
Gave him an inch, and so he took an L.

And there are others who foment distrust
By stirring up recriminative dust—
Most worthy men, no doubt, but how I wish
They'd fry some other and less stinking fish—
Mason from Coventry to London sent,
Although the converse was by Nature meant,
And Dalziel, who assiduously tries
To scare the timid by his tales of spies.

In fine, though not habitually prone
To harbour homicidal thoughts, I own
To feeling them within my bosom rise
Against these Parliamentary Paul Prys.
Thank Heav'n, for some few blessèd weeks to come
The rising of the House will keep them dumb,
And, in enforced abstention from debates,
Less free to tempt the Nemesis that waits
On those who labour with unholy zeal
Lest England's wounds should be allowed to heal.

THE HONEYMOON.

Dear Chloe,—When, a year ago,
 We planned our honeymoon together,
We asked but little here below—
 A week or two of decent weather,
Hotels attuned to English ways
 (The Continent we both laid stress on),
The guiding hand of Cook or Gaze
 To teach the amateur his lesson.

My word, there's been a change since then,
 A change exceeding swift and thorough!
And now I guard, from six till ten,
 The gas-works of my native borough;
While you, by tender zeal possessed,
 Each week foregather with your neighbours,
And do your dear unskilful best
 To share in Sister Susie's labours.

But, when the Hun has met his fate,
 And we, evading rice and slippers,
Depart the parish church in state,
 The latest thing in bridal-trippers;
When War and "frightfulness" are not,
 And Krupp is impotent to scare us,
To some remote and restful spot
 A surplus Zeppelin shall bear us.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXIV.

My dear Charles,—The week's battalion *communiqué* runs:—"Thursday evening. Our Henry was vigorously attacked at 6.30 by a hostile shell of a highly explosive nature; but after a somewhat violent engagement he won. While the casualties on our side were limited to damages to a cap and waterproof coat, the enemy shell was completely annihilated." My first thought was "Poor old Charles! He will have to listen to a lot of talk about this." Even then it occurred to me that you might think I was attaching too much importance to what is, after all, one among many millions of "crumps;" at the same time I felt that sufficient importance never could be attached to that blinding, deafening monstrosity which landed at my front door at 6.30 *pipp emma* (as the signallers would say), and then and there had the one great expansive moment of its career. To think that, even if it had been a yard to the left and so eliminated me, the official *communiqué* would still have run: "*Thursday.* Nothing of importance occurred on the Western front!"

A dozen shells had already burst in our area, and we had not complained. It is the little attention which the enemy is used to paying us of an evening, and upon which we have come to look as our special perquisite, claiming that trench No. — — has the most adequate shell-service in the neighbourhood. As usual, I had withdrawn into my dug-out and was, for the tenth time, rearranging its interior, making a place for everything, putting everything in its place. When your floor, walls and ceiling are naked earth, there need be no limit to the tidiness of your home; if, for instance, there is no place to put your stud, you take your jack-knife and carve a little niche in the wall; there you have your recess for officer's stud complete.

At the passage of the twelfth shell I had housed everything, and I should have gone out, assuming the danger to be past, had it not occurred to me that I had omitted to provide accommodation for myself. I was moulding the floor to fit that peculiar thing, the human body, when black darkness, accompanied by a lot of red light, smoke, earth, stones, hot metal and pieces of waterproof, arrived; the noisiest arrival I even recollect. In the *débris* only one thing was visible, a sheet of a current journal showing the heavy-leaded legend, *What is High Explosive?*

I was extremely annoyed and anxious immediately to inform the responsible person how surprised I was at the attitude he had seen fit to adopt. In calmer contemplation, I convinced myself that what had happened was probably something after this manner:—

A long way behind the German firing line, in comfortable ease and security, there would be three people, Major von Thingummy, O.C. the howitzer battery; Lieut. Fritz, and Sub-Officer No. 9999, one of the strong silent sort with an undue sense of his own importance. The Major, fat and spectacled, would be sitting at his dug-out door, reading his evening paper and cursing himself for ever having invested his money in the Hamburg-Amerika line; the Sub-Officer would be polishing his buttons preparatory to firing his salvoes; Fritz would be fussing round the guns generally, preventing the men from doing their work. At 5.55 P.M. precisely, Fritz and the Sub-Officer would fall in, dress by the left, march some few paces to the Major's dug-out, salute, dress by the right, and stand to attention, waiting orders. The Major, having finished the last page of his paper, would turn over the leaves and start again at the beginning, a way which soldiers at the Front have with their newspapers.

After an interval, "How many rounds shall we fire to-night, Sir?" Fritz would ask deferentially. The Major would go on reading; Fritz would clear his throat; the Sub-Officer would stand to more attention than ever. "How many rounds shall we fire to-night, Sir?" Fritz would repeat in a slightly louder voice.

"No, thanks . . . yes, please," the Major would say inconsequently, not taking his eyes off his paper. There would be a tense pause; eventually the Major would put his paper across his knees and, closing his eyes, would settle himself down to his preprandial nap. Fritz and the Sub-Officer would stand it as long as they could, but when the Major began to snore their patience would give out, and, saluting very ironically, they would depart to do their firing on their own. Looking very solemn and fierce about it, they would loose off their dozen rounds, doing no more harm, if they did but know it, than to inflict a nasty gash on a not very important sand-bag.

The noise would wake the Major, who would summon Fritz and the Sub-Officer to him. "By the way," he would say, "isn't it about time for our evening splash? You'd better loose off the guns . . . not that I believe we ever hit anything, but war is war and we must be Frightful."

"The guns have been fired, Sir," Fritz would say.

"Then fire them again, my lad."

"But we have fired twelve rounds, Sir, and scored several direct hits."

"Then make it a baker's dozen and give 'em another for luck," the Major would say, smiling outwardly, but being inwardly a little tired of Fritz and the Sub-Officer and their direct hits.

"What at, Sir?" Fritz would ask.

"Any old thing," the Major would say, starting once more on the evening news, and because (and only because) orders are orders, the pair of them would go away, stuff a shell hastily into one of the guns, let it off without taking any aim at all to speak of . . . And that would be the shell about which I am making all this fuss! . . .

I should have said that my cap and waterproof coat were hanging just outside my dug-out. The cap was pierced in several places, the coat torn to ribbons. The cap I now loan (at a price) to officers going home on leave who desire to create a sensation. "My dear boy," their relatives ask, "whatever made those holes in that cap?" The officer assumes an air of indifference. "A shell," says he truly, and adds hastily, "but let us talk of something else." The coat I have returned to the makers, Messrs. Burding, with the following note:—"Sirs,—This coat having come, as you see, to a sudden end, but myself being happily still with you, I ask the sordid question, who is going to bear the expense of replacing it? Four names suggest themselves—

(1) *Henry*—a non-starter.

(2) *The British Government* might, but would take a twelvemonth making up their minds, during which time it might start raining again.

(3) *The German Government* ought to, but probably haven't the money. Anyhow I can't ask, because we are not on speaking terms.

(4) *Messrs. Burding* oughtn't to, but if they liked to try I'm sure neither (3), (2) nor (1) would stand in their way . . .

With my men, whom by the way I met coming to look for me with an entrenching tool, you will be glad to hear that all is well. They have, however, relapsed into their old vice of digging, night and day, in out-of-battle hours. Sometimes it is ten men with ten spades, sometimes a hundred men with fifty picks and fifty shovels, sometimes even more. This has inspired my platoon poet to a further effort:—

"If all the troops with all the tools
 Should dig for half-a-year,
Do you suppose," our Captain asked,
 "That then we should be clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Adjutant,
 Knowing his Brigadier.

Yours ever, Henry.



"NOW, IN THE EVENT OF A FIRE BREAKING OUT, WHAT ARE YOU TO DO?" "RUN AND FIND YOU, SIR."
"RIGHT. AND, IF I'M NOT TO BE FOUND, WHAT THEN?" "PUT OUT THE FIRE, SIR."

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

IX.

Jimmy says the War has come quite close to his house; it's the Volunteer Training Corps, and they drill in a field at the bottom of Jimmy's garden. The milkman is mixed up in it, Jimmy says, and it was through watching the way he did it that Jimmy's bloodhound, Faithful, caught another German spy.

The milkman told Jimmy that some of them found it very complicated, but to him it was a mere fleabite in the ocean, as you might say. Lots of things are like that to Faithful, Jimmy says, things which would make other bloodhounds worry themselves a lot.

Jimmy says the milkman has twenty-seven inches of his own to move in, and an extra six or seven they give him on either side, because of his activity.

The milkman takes off his jacket and waistcoat to do it because it is so hot and it helps his pores. Jimmy says that the first time the sergeant told the milkman to dress he went to put his clothes on again, and what the sergeant said made the milkman mark time like anything.

Jimmy says the milkman is very good at marking time, and it's because of his high action. The sergeant doesn't admire it much, though, and he told the milkman that when he wanted him to do a clog dance he would give the order.

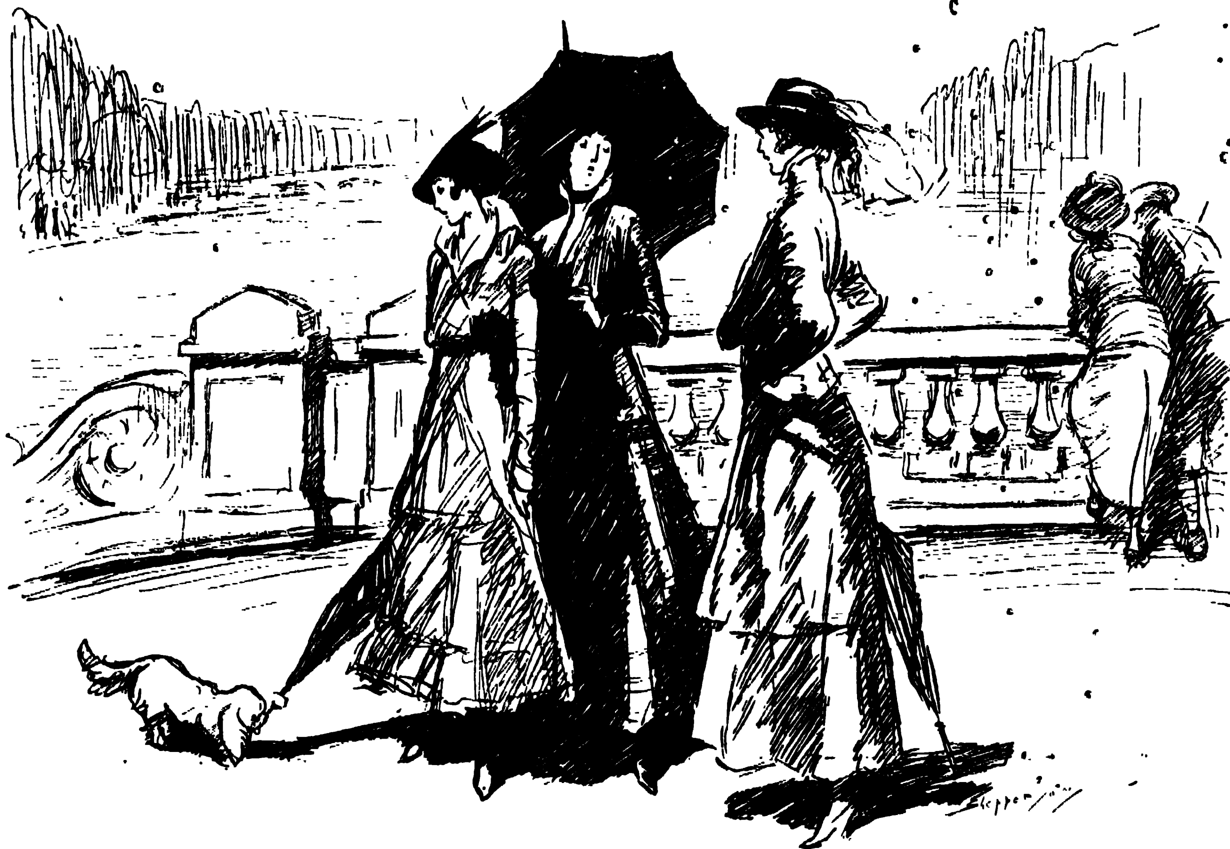
Jimmy says the milkman likes "as-you-were" best; he is a good as-you-werer, because when the sergeant gives the command he hasn't got to do anything except smile a welcome at the others as they return to him—you see the milkman *was* all the time, that's why. The milkman is very quick like that, Jimmy says.

You have to anticipate the word of command by listening to the caution, Jimmy says, and after the command the milkman always laughs and shakes his head and says, "I'm wrong, sargint," just like that; "I'm wrong, sargint," he says. He is a happy little soul, the sergeant says.

Jimmy says the sergeant hasn't known the milkman long, but he took to him the very first night after they had numbered off. The milkman had said he was "No. 114, next to the post office," and now the serjeant talks to him quite freely as if he had known him all his life. He uses the milkman to demonstrate with; he asked him to show the others which was his right hand and which his left. You see he didn't know the milkman was left-handed; the milkman told the sergeant he was born like that, and it all depended on which arm you were nursed on—he had a cousin like it, he said. Jimmy says it is very nice to sit on a fence and listen to the sergeant giving the words of command; the sergeant shouts out, "Hip! Hop!!" and ever so many of them form fours, but the milkman marks time, because he is so very good at that, and he believes in sticking to what you know.

Jimmy says the sergeant swears by the milkman; you can hear him doing it. KITCHENER said that recruits want six months at least, and Jimmy heard the sergeant tell the milkman that he deserved more and would get it if he had his way.

Jimmy says that Faithful likes to see the milkman on active service, and he helped him to stalk a sheep. You see, they had mislaid the milkman on the right and told him to take an object to



Fond Mother. "Isn't the War dreadful? And so awkward when poor dear Sylvia is just coming out."

march on. Jimmy says the milkman fixed his eye on a sheep which was standing there biting grass at him, and Faithful helped him to track it down.

Jimmy says that sometimes the sergeant gives the command, "Hip! Hop! by your right!" and off they go. Then he says, "No 3, rear rank, is out of step," and the milkman kicks the man in front of him hard on the back of the calf and gets into step in no time, and then the sergeant says, "No talking in the ranks." The milkman says war is a terrible thing.

Jimmy says they had a lovely time one evening. It was when they had formed fours and were doubling. Jimmy says the milkman was in the middle of the column; you could tell him by his high action, which made his head bob up and down. They were going hard at it, Jimmy says, when the milkman suddenly bent down to tie up his bootlace. The milkman is very quick like that, Jimmy says; he doesn't like to lose any time. Everybody who could fell over the milkman, Jimmy says, and you should have heard the sergeant Hip! Hop!

Jimmy says he could see that Faithful liked this part of the manœuvres, and he waited for the milkman to do it again; but the milkman soon afterwards put out his hand to talk to the sergeant, and when he told the sergeant, "I've burst me braces, sargint," the sergeant let him go.

Jimmy says he doesn't think they are going to loose the milkman at the Germans yet, as he is not quite ready. You see they haven't given him a rifle and bayonet yet, and the man next to the milkman says when they do he is going home.

Jimmy says you could hear old Faithful giving the words of command to himself all that night, and when he took him out on the spy trail, nearly the first thing he did was to double round a lawn and all over a kitchen garden, taking his time from a cat, which kept just a few feet ahead of him. It doesn't take Faithful long to select an object to march on, Jimmy says.

Jimmy says there was a man running to the station in a hurry to catch a train; he had a bag in his hand and didn't know there was a bloodhound going through military manœuvres, and that he was just engaged in active retreat before a heavy shower of flowerpots.

Jimmy says Faithful came skidding out and stopped right in front of the man, not to tie up his bootlace, but to scratch himself.

Jimmy says the man went an awful whack, and banged the bag hard on the ground as if he meant it. Jimmy says Faithful immediately manœuvred over a wall, and then everything began to happen. The bag burst into flames and the man danced about. The man tried to explain to the people that it was a box of fusees. They were very strong fusees, Jimmy says, because they had a flame two feet long.

"Bit windy where you come from, guv'nor," a man said. Then someone else said, "Looks like a bomb. Give her a kick, Bill, and see if she'll go off."

Jimmy says the man seemed in a hurry to catch his train, because he upset a little girl who was pushing to get to the front to see the bomb go off.

Jimmy says it was one of those things you put in a factory or a warehouse, and then you see nice photographs in the papers showing you a policeman guarding the ruins.

The milkman was very pleased when Jimmy told him how Faithful had copied some of his manœuvres. He said he found that it came to him quite natural like. All you had to remember was to keep your feet at forty-five degrees, and you could always tell by the feel of them even without a thermometer to go by.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Germany. "WHO SAID 'GOD PUNISH ENGLAND!'? GOD *BLESS* ENGLAND, WHO LETS US HAVE THE SINEWS OF WAR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Another Leek in his Cap.
(MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 19th.—In days when whist was played there was in currency a decree "When in doubt lead trumps." Adapted to-day by succession of Governments, Liberal and Coalition. "When in difficulty play LLOYD GEORGE" is the variant. It came into use early in his career, which commenced at Board of Trade. Since then it has governed Ministerial action with increasing regularity.

Difficulty of the hour is the strike in South Wales, affecting 200,000 men and dangerously limiting supply of fuel vital to the Fleet. RUNCIMAN, in official position at Board of Trade, has wrestled manfully with the difficulty. His mediation baulked by a a few men who, cleverly evading submission of case to the ballot, commanded the situation.

This watched from Germany with grateful glee. Worth the loss of a colony here and there. In some measure compensates for clearance from the seas of its cruisers, irresistible in attack upon unarmed merchantmen and undefended coast towns. German Press makes no attempt to hide exultation at discovery of this unexpected ally in inner fortress of the enemy.

Deadlock reached this morning. Prolonged, painstaking negotiations between Board of Trade and South Wales miners come to an end. Next move will be sharp tussle between the law and law-breakers. Cabinet Council met at noon, with result communicated by RUNCIMAN in an aside interpolated in speech on moving Second Reading of Bill limiting price of coal.

LLOYD GEORGE is going down to Cardiff to talk to the men, not to-morrow but this very evening.

General cheer welcomed news. PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, having made his speech, excused himself from sitting through discussion of the Bill. Off to Cardiff by 6.10 P.M. train in company with MINISTER OF MUNITIONS. House agreed that on the whole this more useful than listening to speeches. Gave him parting cheer for good luck as he hurried off to catch his train.

Business done.—Coal Prices Bill read second time. Lords' Bill advancing by a week opportunity of killing grouse in Scotland shelved.

Tuesday. — In half-empty House PRIME MINISTER moved Vote of Credit for 150 millions, third in current financial year. Instinctively adapting himself to circumstance he spoke in conversational manner. His voice so low it seemed that here and there he dropped an odd million or two. But what were they among so many?

Ominous feature in matter-of-fact story is the regularity with which expenditure outstrips Votes of Credit. Estimated that 250 millions, voted on 1st of March, would carry on the War until second week in July. By end of June every penny was gone.

Some of them wasted on the loaves of bread DALZIEL saw bobbing about on the water when, one of a Committee of Inspection, he visited big ship upon which German prisoners were interned.







REVERSION TO TYPE.

BEFORE THE WAR. FIRST WEEKS OF WAR. BACK TO THE OLD FORM.

Odd in view of almost passionate injunction to economy addressed to general public by Ministerial authorities. Explanation offered simple if not fully satisfactory. The thing, Member for Kirkcaldy was told, happens every day with regularity of rising or ebbing tide. War Office insists upon sending more bread than can possibly be used. So it is chucked overboard.

That by the way.

When, moving one of the earlier Votes of Credit, PREMIER named a daily expenditure of three millions the House gasped. Wonderful how, in imitation of the eel in disciplinary circumstance, we grow accustomed to the inevitable. This estimate, like all others (including the cost of bread), has been exceeded. PREMIER now admitted that daily expenditure "may be substantially more than three millions." A Vote of 100 millions might reasonably be expected to carry us on till end of September. As a matter of precaution 150 millions asked for.

Business done.—Fresh Vote of Credit heartily agreed to.

Wednesday.—The lead of trumps won the game. LLOYD GEORGE back from Cardiff this evening, bringing his sheaves with him in form of settlement of South Wales strike. A great achievement adding fresh renown to brilliant career. MINISTER OF MUNITIONS is the last man to overlook, or minimise, value of spade work done by RUNCIMAN during last three weeks. Telegrams from Cardiff received at House make it clear that Welsh miners not disposed in that direction. At meeting of delegates where settlement was signed and sealed, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE met with ovation second only in enthusiasm to that which greeted MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

Rather lively time with Questions. TENNANT declined on public grounds to answer one put by HIGHAM. HIGHAM persisting, SPEAKER supported Minister, and was rebuked by ARTHUR MARKHAM.

BYLES of Bradford, waking up to knowledge that the country is at war, assumed part of *Little Wilhelmine*. Invited PRIME MINISTER to state "what they killed each other for?" Old Kaspar—I beg his pardon; I mean the PREMIER—referred inquiring mind to a speech delivered by himself at Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, and to other pronouncements made since opening of the War.

Business done.—Colonial Office Vote passed after interesting review of situation by COLONIAL MINISTER.

Thursday.—In reply to Question PRIME MINISTER gives particulars of casualties in the Dardanelles. Of men and officers killed, wounded and missing the roll totals 42,434. This to end of June, and here we are two-thirds of the way through July, fighting going on by day and by night. Figures appalling. Exceed the total of casualties suffered throughout long course of the Boer War, which amounted to 38,156. And the campaign at the gate of Constantinople, illuminated on sea and land by the splendid courage of Navy and Army, is in measurement but a few fathoms' length in the far-flung battle line. And the full tale of British loss in the East and in the West forms an item comparatively small in the continuous slaughter of French, Germans, Russians, Austrians and Italians.

Never since wars began was there such a holocaust. Since he ascended the throne the KAISER'S highest ambition has been to excel NAPOLEON'S record. When he has undertaken personal direction of events in the field he has fallen infinitely short of his



Captain. "Hullo, there, Murphy! Why are you getting on so slowly with that dug-out?"
Private. "Faith, Captain, the roof in there is that low I've got to come outside and swing me pick, and then walk in and hit ut!"

great exemplar. But in the matter of wholesale slaughter and the infliction of untold misery on mankind he has the satisfaction of knowing he far exceeds the record of the earlier Scourge of Europe.

Business done.—In Committee on Price of Coal Bill.

"The *Sotsman*, in an indignant criticism of the ignorant opposition to the Grouse Bill . . ."—*Evening News.*

The Evening News, we believe, also opposed the Grouse Bill, but that does not justify it in insulting its Scottish contemporary in this way.

"There are, nevertheless, the Bulgarians, the Roumanians and the Greeks to be considered, and Balkan monarchs cannot, like William, say '*Sic volo sic jube*.'"
The Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

William of course is *capable de tout*, but we are not surprised that such language sticks in the throat of respectable monarchs.

"Time is on our side. Men, money, and munitions are ultimately on our side. Who is there to deny that we cannot win?"
Dublin Daily Express.

Well, Mr. Punch does, for one.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

(*German bakers are now producing cakes with "Gott strafe England" on them.*)

Young Heinrich at the age of ten,
An offspring of the Huns,
Joined manly hate of Englishmen
With childish love of buns;
And so it filled him with delight
When bakeries divulged
A plan whereby these passions might
Be both at once indulged.

In fervent love of Fatherland
Young Heinrich swiftly brake
The patriotic dough nut and
The loyal currant cake;
To guard his hate from growing less
Through joy at this repast
He saved—precocious thoroughness!—
The "strafe" bits till last.

Alack! his well-intentioned cram
Cost little Heinrich dear;
Disorder in the diaphragm
Concluded his career;
To find out why he passed away
They bade the doctor come,
And "strafe England," so they say,
Was printed on his tum.

"On May 9th, during a heavy bombardment, we exploded all the furnaces simultaneously, with the result that almost all the barbed wire entanglements at Chevaux Defries were destroyed."—*Ceylon Times.*

This place does not appear in our war-map, but is probably in the neighbourhood of Point d'Appui, whose capture was recently announced.

From a sale advertisement:—

"RECKLESS REDUCTIONS.
Broad Stripe Pyjama Suits, Soft Material. Sale price, 5s. 6d. per suit; 2 suits for 20s."
Glasgow Evening Times.

The advertiser must have thought the prospective buyers rather soft material too.

"A peacemaker here created a violent disturbance in the front of the hall. He was in evening dress, but a Socialist in khaki made a run at him, seized him by the waist, and begun to hustle him, kicking and struggling, towards the doors."—*Globe.*

The peacemaker in the evening dress appears to have mistaken his vocation.

"Red Setter Dog, 20 months, trained, barks perfectly."—*Irish Times.*

Just the animal to put up the young birds.

THRIFT.

"IT's a pretty word, isn't it?" said Francesca, as she emerged from her morning paper.

"What's a pretty word?" I said.

"Oh, can't you guess?" she said. "Everybody's talking about it. It's in one syllable, you know, and it goes with a regular snap."

"Yes," I said, "some words *are* like that. You just pronounce them fiercely and you get an idea that you've actually done them—I mean that you've done the thing the word means; you understand me, don't you?—and later on you wake up and remember that you've only pronounced it, and perhaps, after all, you haven't even pronounced it right, and—you take my meaning, don't you?"

"I'm struggling," she said. "Many women would have given it up, but I'm not one of that sort. I'm a born wrestler. No, don't tell me. I'm getting it. The light's beginning to dawn. What a thing it is to have a husband who can't explain himself. It keeps one's mind from rusting."

"Oh, stop it," I said. "What's this pretty word of yours, anyhow?"

"Guess," she said. "It'll be good for you."

"Munitions," I said quickly; "Economy; BOTHA; Explosives; ASQUITH; Subscriptions." I paused for breath.

"All wrong. I told you it was in one syllable."

"So you did. Shells; Coals; Trench; FRENCH; Vosges; Rheims; guns; bombs. What, no nearer? I give it up."

"You're not much of a trier," she said, "and your vocabulary is painfully limited."

"Let me know the worst; I insist on it."

"Well, then," she said, "it's 'thrift.'"

"'Thrift'?" I said. "Is that your wonderful word?"

"I never said it was wonderful."

"No, but you led me to suppose it was wonderful."

"That's because you're one of those strong brave men who must be led and can't be driven. Do you think I've lived with you for seventeen years without finding that out?"

"Francesca," I said, "is it really seventeen years? It has gone like a flash."

"Yes," she said, "it has been rather flashy. But there's Muriel, you know. She'll be sixteen before you can turn round."

"I don't want to turn round. I want to stay as I am. It's these turnings round that do all the mischief."

"Hear, hear!" she said. "But you can't prevent Muriel from being sixteen."

"No," I said, "worse luck. And after that she'll be seventeen, and then eighteen, and she'll have her hair up and she'll want to have new frocks; and then Nina will come along, and after her there'll be Alice, and after Alice there'll be Frederick, and they'll all be getting older all the time and wanting to spend more money, and not knowing anything about the income-tax and the rates, and the price of butcher's meat and all the other delightful things that I've got to think of from morning to night."

"Don't be a pessimist," she said. "They'll turn out all right. Who knows but they may help you to save money. Sometimes children are like that."

"Yes," I said, "in books, and ours are not bookish children."

"At any rate," she said, "we can teach them the meaning of thrift."

"I don't think I like thrifty children," I said. "They seem to be against nature. And, as for Frederick, he has already confided to me that when he grows up he means to spend all his income on silkworms. At present he has only two, and their names are Herbert and Robert. Herbert has already spun himself in, but Robert shows a strange apathy, and no amount of mulberry leaves and scoldings will tempt him to the great adventure. Frederick is becoming very gloomy about it."

"Bless him!" said Francesca.

"All my sympathies," I said, "are with Robert. If I were a sleek silkworm, with free rations and the range of a cardboard box, nothing would induce me to turn into a helpless chrysalis."

"But you'd want to be a moth, wouldn't you?"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said.

"You'd have to be, you know, you wouldn't be asked."

"There you go again," I said. "You always shatter my brightest visions. Why can't you let me dream I'm a perpetual silkworm?"

"Adorable dreamer," she said, "let us talk about thrift."

"Oh, bother thrift," I said.

"Well, it's a nice patriotic word, anyhow."

"Patriotic?" I said. "How do you make that out?"

"No German could pronounce it, not if he tried ever so hard."

"No, by Jove," I said, "nor he could."

"He would call it 'drift,'" she said.

"Or 'trift.'"

"Or 'srift.'"

"And that shows," I said, "that the German is not so dreadful after all. A man who wants to say 'thrift' and can't get any nearer to it than 'drift'——"

"Or 'srift.'"

"Or 'trift'—well, he's only ridiculous, after all. We shall polish him off all right, Francesca."

"Yes," she said. "But the Germans' ridiculous pronunciation won't help us. We've got to *be* thrifty."

"Or 'drifty,'" I said.

"And everybody else has got to be thrifty, too."

"Then that's all right," I said. "We shall all be in the same boat."

"Good," she said; "we'll talk it over now."

"No," I said, "we won't. Let's do it naturally and gracefully, without talking about it at all. I want a cigarette, and I'm not going to have one."

"And I," she said, "want a hat and I'll refrain from it."

"I'll wager," I said, "you don't want your hat half as much as I want my cigarette; and, now that I think of it, they're paid for and I may just as well smoke them. They're old cigarettes, and yours would be a new hat."

"If you smoke that cigarette, I'll buy that hat."

"That's most unjust," I said.

"No," she said, "it's most thrifty." R. C. L.

SUMMER AND SORROW.

BRIER rose and woodbine flaunting by the wayside,
Field afoam with ox-eyes, crowfoot's flaming gold,
Poppies in the corn-rig, broom on every braeside,
Once again 'tis summer as in years of old—
Only in my bosom lags the winter's cold.

All among the woodland hyacinths are gleaming;
O the blue of heaven glinting through the trees!
Lapped in noonday languor Nature lies a-dreaming,
Lulled to rest by droning clover-haunting bees.
(Deeper dreams my dear love, slain beyond the seas.)

Lost against the sunlight happy larks are singing,
Lowly list their loved ones nestled in the plain;
Bright about my pathway butterflies are winging,
Fair and fleet as moments mourned for now in vain—
In my eyes the shadow, at my heart the pain.



Near-sighted Old Lady (a keen Recruiter). "NOW LOOK AT THAT YOUNG FELLOW. A COUPLE OF MONTHS IN THE ARMY WOULD MAKE A NEW MAN OF HIM!"

THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

You ask me, Araminta, why my pen,
 Whose airy efforts helped me once to win you,
Has, since you made me happiest of men,
 Apparently resolved to discontinue
  Its periodic flights
And steadily avoids the Muses' heights.

I too have wondered. Are connubial cares
 Antipathetic to divine afflatus?
Yet many a bard has piped his liveliest airs
 After surrendering his single status;
  Or can it be the War
That 's been and dried me up in every pore?

Darkling I groped for light, but found no ray;
 Chill with despair, I almost ceased to seek a
Way through the fog, when suddenly to-day
 Like ARCHIMEDES I exclaimed, "Eureka!"
  I found indeed the path
This morning as I lay inside my bath.

For yesterday to rural scenes you fled
 And left me, duty's slave, to desolation;
To-day I sought my tub with measured tread
 And spent an hour immersed in contemplation,
  Just as I used to do
Ere yet in beauty side by side we grew.

No urgent call to breakfast broke my rest;
 Serene and snug I heard the quarters chiming,
And, as the brimming waters lapped my breast,
 Almost unconsciously I started rhyming;
  Then through my mind it shot
That thus were all my master-works begot.

Straight from the slopes of Helicon the stream
 Poured through the tap its music-making shower;
Each floating bubble held a precious gleam
 Which grew to glory as a lyric flower;
  Idly I laved my curls,
And from the sponge there dropped a rain of pearls.

Therefore, when back you hasten to my side,
 Place this, my love, among your resolutions—
Though eggs grow chill and bacon petrified,
 Never to hustle me in my ablutions;
  And, to redeem your fault,
Order me several tins of Attic Salt.

For our Wounded.

Will those of Mr. Punch's readers who have a gramophone to spare (or even not to spare) please send it to our wounded in hospital? Soldiers love a gramophone. Gifts of instruments, or the money to buy them, should be addressed to Mr. L. H. M. DICK, 15, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

"GABRIELLE (Norfolk).—We believe it is possible to graft eyelashes on lids which are devoid of those ornaments. The operation, however, must be very painful, as the eyelid is sensitive. Many a patient has gone to the oculist under the impression that his eyes were paining him, when all the time it was the eyelid. We should advise you to make up your mind to go through life without eyelids rather than undergo excruciating pain. After all the majority of people will never notice the defect."—*Tit Bits.*

Don't you believe it, "Gabrielle," but take Mr. Punch's advice and hold on by your eyelids.

An old song adapted to Women-Workers:—

"La donna è mobilizzata."

AT THE PLAY.

"ALL SCOTCH."

I HAVE long held the heterodox view that no people on this earth have so strong a sense of humour as the Scotch. For the humourist must be judged not only by his rapidity in seeing a joke, but by the intensity of his receptive powers when (if ever) he does see it. And it is in this latter gift that the Scotch excel. Unhappily Mr. GRATTAN, at the Apollo, would have us believe in their possession of the former faculty, of which their worst enemies would never accuse them. In a rather diverting scene between an Edinburgh man and a Glasgow man, where each in turn points out the more contemptible features of the other's city, the author must have let off as many as six crushing repartees per minute. This frank defiance of statistical records made all the other improbabilities of the play seem relatively credible.

In a private despatch (intended for publication) Mr. GRATTAN had forewarned me that his work would contain no "high - explosive topical allusions," and I will gratefully admit, to his credit, that it bore no resemblance to a *revue*. It just consisted of a few detached episodes illustrative of Scottish habits as they are, or as they might be if popular traditions corresponded with the facts.

These episodes were not uniformly flattering to Caledonia; indeed there were moments when I was well satisfied to be an Englishman. Yet, if you ask me, "Stands Scotland where it did?" I will at once reply that I have allowed nothing in this play to shift her by one inch from the place she holds in my profound esteem. Nay, I will confess that from time to time I felt how my heart would have swelled with pride if I had had the right to wear one of those seductive clan-tartans; or tread the purple heather of the admirable scenery with native foot or claim, by kinship of race, the privilege of communion with the honeyed brogue of Miss JEAN AYLWIN or of a glance from the glad eye of Miss MARIE BLANCHE (how her very name rings of the Highlands!).

In the despatch to which I have alluded I was further forewarned that *All Scotch* was "designed to cheer but not inebriate." And in truth it was not a very heady blend, yet to one who has never yet faced "a nicht wi' Burns" an evening of *All Scotch* is no light matter. And, speaking always as an Englishman, I think it might have been made more palatable by mixture with a little "allaying Thames."

O. S.

LITERARY FORECASTS.

[It is commonly predicted that the War will effect a permanent change in our literature, but the following specimen, whose publication we are permitted to anticipate, shows that we still have a literary genius who does not propose to alter his methods for this or any other war.

I.—THE WORLD WAR.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. H. G. WELLS.*)

IT was all very curious and disgusting, you know. Incredibly, even now, when I try to set down my impressions of that day, my first in the firing-line, it's all the little, incidental, unmeaning details that stick in my mind, jumbled up with the jolly things that matter enormously, in a queer, tangled sort of way, it's true, but quite disconcertingly and preposterously vivid for all that.

I want to give you the idea of those main, basic things, but if I tried to unravel it all I don't think I should get it right; so I shall just jot everything down inconsequently in the confused order in which it comes, and trust that it will clear itself up in the process, that the image I want to produce will emerge more distinctly out of the haze . . . .

Outstandingly, in the first place, there was mud—mud and smells and empty tins, and a queer, pungent, wholly unsuitable and astonishingly natural atmosphere of rough jesting—topping, honest, garlicky stuff that people like archdeacons affect to consider coarse; but very, very good for us. Incidentally there was the noise—sporadic, aimless little splutters of rifle fire from the opposite trenches, the melancholy whine of bullets and shrapnel overhead, and an occasional shell bursting near the ramparts and splattering round muck—at intervals someone quite close to you crumpled up pathetically—and, drowning it all, the perpetual booming of our artillery preparing for the attack . . . And then there was Perkins—Perkins with his red, oily face, and little waxed hairdressery moustache, ostentatiously concealing a greasy letter, and muttering to himself in pure Cockney when he thought anybody was listening, ludicrously sentimental and quite genuinely affected by his own sentimentality. One of his puttees had slipped down. I caught that her name was Bertha.

I suppose I was horribly frightened. One doesn't like admitting it in any particular instance, though no reasonable man would hesitate to own that he probably would be in like circumstances, so long as they remained hypothetical; just as the class of people we call respectable revel in going to church and assuring the Almighty, with or without musical accompaniment, according to sect, that they are the most despicable of reptiles defacing the earth, but are apt to get stuffy if on the way home you accuse them of snoring during the sermon. But I was too busy watching myself in a queerly detached way for it to matter much—watching to see how frightened I was going to be, and wondering whether I was any worse than the others. And over it all, you know, there was a curious unreality, a sort of glamour . . . One realised that behind the muddling and shuffling of the people who hide their incompetence under officialdom and call it diplomacy, in spite of the stupidity and grooviness of the authorities, and the quite intolerable waste of the whole business, there was something extraordinarily fine in it all . . .

And then, quite suddenly, the intervening space was dotted with funny little khaki splotches, running wildly and falling and jumping up and shooting and jabbing—I mechanically with the rest; at least I suppose I was. I certainly no longer had time to be frightened. I think I just lost my head; at home I should have broken crockery; there I did my best to break heads. Ridiculously, I chiefly remember trying not to squash some bluebells—there was a little glade shimmering with them in our path—and wondering at Perkins. Perkins was having the time of his life; he won the V.C. And we gained 123 yards . . . .

TACTLESS QUESTIONS.

Court Dentist (to Kaiser). "WILL THE MOST OMNIPOTENT TAKE G."



Artist (to model he has just picked up in the street). "A MAN I HAD UP HERE THE OTHER DAY STOLE TWO POUNDS WHEN MY BACK WAS TURNED. WOULD YOU DO A THING LIKE THAT?"

Model. "OH NO, SIR; YOU SEE, I 'AVEN'T THE SPEED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

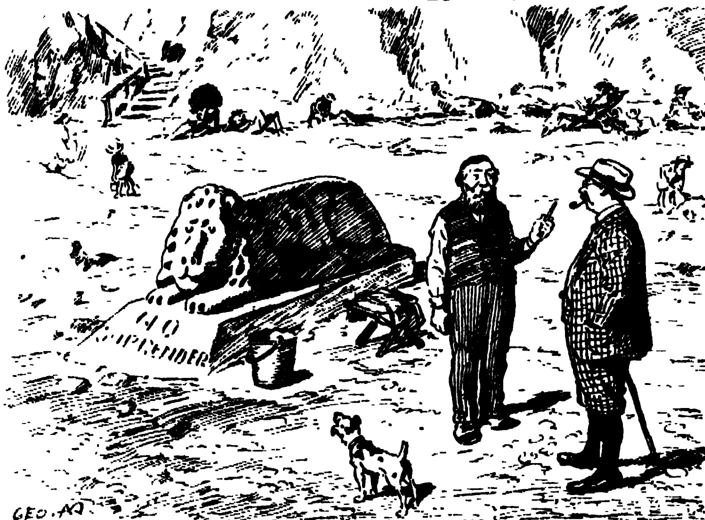
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MY private impression is that when Miss S. MACNAUGHTAN had finished her latest book she found herself at something of a loss for a title. And at last she may have fixed upon *Some Elderly People and Their Young Friends* (SMITH, ELDER) as the only one that described a story in which character is everything and incidents never occur. Indeed I foresee difficulties in the future, when, for example, one neighbour at dinner asks, "Have you read *Some Elderly People, etc.?*" And the other, being uncertain, replies, "Is that the book where they . . .?" and can't go on, because, as a fact, they do nothing whatever, any one of them, except sit about and be charming. There are two groups of characters: *Miss Crawley,* who was forty and could remember crinolines in Scotland (this statement drew a passionate protest from me till I was overcome by evidence); her married sister, *Mrs. Darling,* and their two admirers, *Tom Beamish* and *Professor Macpherson.* These are the elders. The young friends are *Mrs. Darling's* daughters, *Mr. Beamish's* niece, and their respective swains. There is also a younger generation still, represented by *Master Tony Darling,* who is seven and passes a pre-occupied existence in the sampling of patent foods and systems of diet. And, as I say, there they all sit, prosperous, happy, and very agreeable society—if you like South Kensington. The greatest event in the book is supplied by *Miss Crawley's* renting of a desirable country house (with beams and a jolly garden and glazed chintz furnishings), whither the entire *coterie* remove themselves and are politely bored till a really alarming indisposition of poor *Tony* stirs the placid lovers to an emotional crisis in which they engage themselves each to each. As was to be done. A pleasant book, but, I am bound to add, somewhat soporific in its placidity.

No doubt you remember *Maria,* that so successful creation of Mrs. JOHN LANE. If so, you will be glad to learn that in *Maria Again* (LANE) she bobs up as serene, self-satisfied and suburbanly sophisticated as ever. Age cannot wither her, though, to be quite honest, I did fancy that custom had somewhat staled the effect of some of her charm. Only some; for the most part she is all and more than all her old self. As before, it needs copious quotation to do justice to her conversation, her comments and her general attitude towards life. "I know it's Wagner if the orchestra makes an awful noise and the lights are put out, though sometimes I wish they weren't, for there are bits in Wagner when it's a real rest to read the advertisements in the programme." This comes in what I personally thought the best chapter, a wholly delightful account of a performance at Covent Garden, which I defy anyone to read unmoved. Of course in real life one would detest *Maria* for the very qualities that here make her such entertaining company. Perhaps this is why Mrs. LANE thought fit to pen a graceful little apology for her revival under present conditions, in which she quotes a true saying about the "duty of cheerfulness." *Maria,* as recorded here—and especially as depicted in a delicious drawing by Mr. LEWIS BAUMER—certainly makes that duty considerably easier. And one can always console

oneself with the half-hearted belief that there are no *Marias* left now; and the sanguine hope that, if there are any such, there may always be a satirist as shrewd and witty as Mrs. Lane to deal faithfully with them.

"*Punch* is the main thing in life, without which I will not even try to exist. If I were very poor, I would go short of three pennyworth of food weekly rather than miss *Punch*." Thus, and more, Miss Beatrice Chase, in her new book, *Through a Dartmoor Window* (Longmans), and after it what can Mr. Punch, that most gallant of gentlemen, do but bow, hand on heart, and return the compliment? As a matter of fact, no one of those who were delighted with this writer's former book, *The Heart of the Moor*, will need any introduction to another moorland volume from the same pen. Miss Chase writes with the fervour of a true devotee. Every real lover is worth hearing about the beloved (though I am aware that there exists a prejudice to the contrary), and it is the same with Miss Chase when she writes about Dartmoor. She has an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of her subject which enables her to transfer its charm to paper with unusual success, though her attitude of mind may demand some slight allowances on the reader's part. Miss Chase's Dartmoor geese are swans to the last bird; and when, for example, she depicts herself and her mother (whom I somehow wish she would not call *The Rainbow Maker*) as weeping at the departure of the workmen who had been rebuilding their house, I could not but feel that her experience had been not so much unusual as unique. But one must take these lovers as one finds them; the good qualities of the book more than counterbalance a little amiable exaggeration. It is so full of the clean, heather-scented air of the moor, of wind and sunshine and wide spaces, that to lose oneself in it is a holiday for the heart. Personally, reading it over tea, I wondered discontentedly at the absence of Devonshire cream. That shows you what atmosphere can do.



The Sand Sculptor (to enquiring Visitor). "I'm mostly self-taught, Sir. But I must admit I go to London now and again and spend a day in Trafalgar Square for inspiration. I owe a great deal to Sir Edwin Landseer."

Miss Evelyn Sharp, whose work I have admired ever since the days of the old *Yellow Book*, has collected sundry of her later sketches into a volume, and called it *The War of All the Ages* (Sidgwick and Jackson). There is, I fancy, something more in that title than meets the eye. I should be astonished to hear that it refers chiefly to the battlefields of Europe, though there are soldiers in plenty throughout the book. As for the sketches themselves, you perhaps know already the skill and the caustic, almost brutal, frankness that may be expected in the telling of them. Perhaps, though, as a friendly warning, I might call your attention to the acknowledgment of leave to reprint, from which you will learn that the contents of the volume have previously appeared in such diverse publications as *The Manchester Guardian, Pall Mall Gazette, Herald, Votes for Women* and *Morning Leader*. This warning is the more needed since Miss Sharp here as ever uses her art frankly as a weapon, and it is quite possible that if (for example) you delight in her *Pall Mall* mood, the atmosphere of the *Herald* may find you indignant, not to say outraged, and the other way about. Personally, I own that I enjoyed the author best when she is least controversial. "The Wounded Tommy," which is simply a record of soldier character as seen in a French hospital, haunts one by its direct and unmanipulated truth. It is, I may add, among the few studies in which the Vote and the Female Problem are successfully avoided.

Perhaps you know Mr. Horace Hutchinson's pleasant formula. A very slender plot, a sense of fresh air and comradeship with bird and beast, characterisation not too laboured or precise, the frankest tangents and parentheses (an argument here, a lecture there), a faint, judicious flavour of the classics—rather a naïve and easy-going sort of scheme, escaping on the one hand any too rigid severity of artistic discipline, and on the other avoiding fatuity. And, as I say, quite pleasant. In *The Faun and the Philosopher* (Hutchinson) the *Faun* is a camper-out of colonial extraction, and with deformed ears so pronounced that they are likely, he thinks, to present a difficulty in courtship, a difficulty, by the way, which is shirked by the author. I think myself that had I been the beautiful and sensible *Mary* I shouldn't have minded his pointed ears, covered as they were with serviceable wavy curls, half so much as his deplorable habit of handing you out a copy of verses on all possible and some impossible occasions. It is a habit that would not have tended to endear itself by constant repetition.

If your appetite for War-matter is unsated by facts and you feel inclined to take it in the supplementary form of fiction, I can vouch that Mr. Douglas Sladen in *His German Wife* (Hutchinson) has catered for you up to, and possibly beyond, your powers of absorption. Granted the mood to enjoy a novel based upon the War, this ought to be your book; but if you are in no such mood—as I am not—I advise you to pass it by on the other side. Mr. Sladen has indeed worked the War for all it is worth, but however violently some people, with or without reason, have suffered from the spy mania, I protest that the treatment here accorded to *Captain Isherwood's* German bride is too paltry for belief. In a note "To the Reader" Mr. Sladen states that, "though its action is chiefly after the outbreak of the war, and though it has its tragedies, *His German Wife* is in the main a love story, enlivened with ironies." My trouble was that the ironies entered into my soul, and left me far from lively.

"Here we are Again."

"Clowns in Stock. Low prices for quantities.—Clown Works, Byre-lane, Gateshead-on-Tyne."—*North Wales Weekly News.*

CHARIVARIA.

"Subsequent to the publication of the Note to Germany," says a contemporary, "it became known that President Wilson had asked for reports on the subject of national defence to be made to him personally by the deads of the War and Navy Departments." This type of official seems somehow familiar to us.

* * *

The Yaqui Indians in the Mexican province of Sonora, a cable informs us, have declared war on Mexico, the United States, and Germany. Austria and Turkey, it is said, have informed Germany that she can rely on their help should it be required.

* * *

Patents have been granted in Washington for an aerial torpedo boat which is designed to swoop down on war-ships in land-locked harbours and fire a torpedo at a distance of five miles. We understand that the first of these boats which is constructed is to be called "The Gee-Whizz."

* * *

Lord Fisher's new department is evidently making good progress. From an Admiralty announcement we learn that the Board of Inventions and Research has felt justified in removing to Victory House, Cockspur Street, S.W.

* * *

We are in a position to deny the report that, when the Prince of Wales, the other day, attended a concert given by the non-commissioned officers of the Guards' Brigade at the Front and joined in singing the *Marseillaise* and the *National Anthem*, the rest of the audience, out of respect for His Royal Highness, followed on a bar behind him. Snob-Press, please copy.

* * *

The latest theory—and a very credible one—about the Angels who are said to have been seen at Mons is that they were Hospital Nurses.

* * *

The Austrian Government, the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* tells us, has refused to accept the German proposal of a Customs Union. Frankly, we are not surprised at this. Some of the German customs are so beastly that we do not mind how old a joke we make about them.

* * *

"Germany must be true to herself," says the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*. We suppose this is better than being true to no one.

* * *

According to a message from Amsterdam, some Allied airmen recently dropped a bomb on the house in the neighbourhood of Brussels where German astronomers work out the meteorological conditions for the Zeppelins. Not only were a number of costly instruments entirely destroyed, but some of the dear old astronomers had their spectacles broken.

* * *

"One of the most arresting details in connection with the season's wrap coats," we read, "is the prevalence of pockets." It is characteristic of the unpractical nature of the mystics who are responsible for women's fashions that this reform should be introduced at a time when people have nothing to put into their pockets.

* * *

A telegram from Philadelphia states that Mr. J. Wanamaker has proposed that the United States should raise £200,000,000 wherewith to purchase the freedom of Belgium. The German Crown Prince is said to favour the proposal, suggesting that he and Papa should share the sum, Papa taking only one-third, as he has made so much already out of Krupp's.



THE TERROR OF THE DEEP.

Worthy British Matron. "Young man, how is it you haven't enlisted?"

Extract from Southern Command Orders:—

"All mules on joining units will in future be malleined."

The last word relates, we believe, to inoculation against glanders, but the correspondent who sends us the extract is evidently better acquainted with mules than with veterinary terminology, for he writes, "Personally I do not believe that it is possible to malign a mule."

Our Greatest War Lord.

From *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"Von Mackensen Held Up.
Enemy checked in attempt to advance from the Narew.
Thanks to Lord Haldane."

Grand Duke Nicholas (to his Chief of Staff). Is our little father Haldane present?

Chief of Staff. Yes, Excellency.

Grand Duke Nicholas. Then let the battle begin.

From an article on Thrift:—

"What we want most as a people is to get a fresh grip of the old homely adage: 'Take care of the fence, and the hounds will take care of themselves.'"—*Daily Sketch.*

This excellent advice must have emanated from the Treasury Whip.

"An advertisement in a German newspaper for a governess who speaks fluent German is the basis of a violent attack by the *Cologne Gazette* on the lack of patriotism among German women. 'Whoever has lived long enough and looked round enough,' says the semi-official newspaper, 'will never wonder at anything German women do.'"—*Sunday Paper.*

Most of the Germans we have met looked round enough, but we never heard even the least corpulent express surprise at a woman speaking her own language with fluency.

"The discipline of the young German recruits is not very good, and many mild punishments are inflicted. It is reported that some twenty soldiers have been executed at St. Peter's Barracks."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

Really severe steps will be taken, we understand, if the insubordination continues.

"A poultry expert who has been giving his thoughts to the problem of how to reduce expenditure has conceived the idea of a hun-run in every back yard in our far-flung city."
Scottish Evening Paper.

A Hun-run in every yard of the far-flung battle-line would be even better.

"Sir Robert Roe, senior M.P. for Derby, was knocked down by a horse in Wardour Street, London, on Tuesday. He was recovered from a somewhat alarming position, and though somewhat dazed and bruised he was little the worse for the mishap. Sir Thomas is now almost in his usual health again."
Irish Independent.

Congratulations to Sir Robert (or Sir Thomas) on having escaped with a merely nominal injury.

"Yarns for Soldiers' Comforts will be greatly wanted in the Autumn."
Morning Paper.

Perhaps Mr. Kipling will oblige.

THE WAYSIDE CALVARY.

August 4th, 1915.

Now with the full year Memory holds her tryst,
Heavy with such a tale of bitter loss
As never Earth has suffered since the Christ
Hung for us on the Cross.

If God, O Kaiser, makes the vision plain;
Gives you on some lone Calvary to see
The Man of Sorrows Who endured the pain
And died to set us free—

How will you face beneath its crown of thorn
That figure stark against the smoking skies,
The arms outstretched, the sacred head forlorn,
And those reproachful eyes?

How dare confront the false quest with the true?
Or think what gulfs between the ideals lie
Of Him Who died that men might live—and you
Who live that men may die?

Ah, turn your eyes away; He reads your heart;
Pass on and, having done your work abhorred,
Join hands with Judas in his place apart,
You who betrayed your Lord. O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXV.

(From King Peter of Serbia).

Sir,—Between you and me there cannot, I suppose, be any comparison. You have great possessions; I am but a poor man. You are vigorous and age has not yet set its mark upon you; I am broken by sickness and am bowed down by years. You command the allegiance and the resources of a great and mighty Empire; I am the chief of a race of peasant folk living a life of toil and hardship in a corner of Europe. In every point of wealth, power and comfort you seem to have the advantage so manifestly on your side that your superiority over me cannot be brought into controversy or doubt. Yet, when I reflect, I feel bound to tell you that, old and poor and broken as I am, I would not for all your riches and all your power and all the adulation of the parasites who surround you and acclaim your Olympian magnificence, change years and stations with you and be even as you are now.

You will not understand this. Whether you sit at home in state or parade abroad amid the pomp and glitter of arms, wherever, in fact, you are and in whatever character you choose to appear, you seem to yourself so gloriously and so indisputably the centre of the universe that you cannot imagine how those who behold you or hear of your deeds can refrain from praise and envy. "Here," you say to yourself, "is a being selected by the Almighty for the happiness of mankind. Let mankind realise his splendour and his virtues and submit themselves humbly to him, lest they be shattered against the iron wall of his might. Unquestioning obedience is the highest merit when there is a man fitted to receive it. Can any man be fitter than he who reigns under Divine authority as German Emperor?" Thus you address and persuade yourself, now posing as the stern father of your country, now as the ruthless and immitigable autocrat prepared to trample down his own and other people and to hack his way through justice and civilisation to the enforcement of his will on those who have rashly presumed to withstand him.

When Austria sent her legions against us and overran our country, leaving a track of fire and devastation behind her to mark the stages of her progress, we were steeled to resist her by the knowledge that we were also fighting against you; and when, by a marvellous achievement of Serbian discipline and valour, we had hurled her forces back and scoured Serbia clean of them, we rejoiced all the more because our efforts had struck a deadly blow at your arrogance as well. Had it not been for you Austria would have paused on the brink of war and might have recoiled from it altogether, but your policy would thus, you thought, have suffered a rebuff, and therefore you cast your vote for bloodshed and plunged the nations into the horrors in which they are still struggling. Some day history will record her verdict —not certainly by the pens of German professors—and you among the rest will receive the allotment of responsibility that belongs to you. Nothing you now do can affect this, for when the verdict is uttered your unquiet spirit will long have ceased to trouble the world, and those who gave you the incense of their flattery will also have submitted to silence. How will your memory stand then? Is it not possible, nay, is it not certain that in that great day of revelation and judgment *you* will be recognised as the one man who might have saved the world from blood and tears, and refused so to save it because his vanity had suffered a hurt?

So far Serbia has been able to defend herself with success. She is determined to do her utmost in the future, because, poor as she is and small as are her resources, she has a burning love for freedom and a bitter hatred of oppression. Germany and Austria may do their worst. They will find our people ready both to fight and to endure. Great material forces are against us, but we shall oppose them in proud reliance on the justice of our cause and on those great spiritual forces which have more than once turned weakness to strength and have beaten tyranny down into the dust. Receive, Sir, this my salutation,

Peter of Serbia.

OUR WILLING WORKERS.

Thanks to the intelligent anticipation of a clairvoyant member of his staff, Mr. Punch is enabled to forestall the answers which, under the new system of National Registration, certain prominent public men are about to return to the question: What work they are prepared to undertake in addition to their present occupations?—

Mr. Winston Churchill.—Would willingly undertake the work of any State Department, Admiralty preferred. In that case would prefer to go to the Peers with the title of Lord Dardanelson.

Lord X.—Ready to attack all Ministers in the Coalition Government in rotation.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.—Would undertake to serve as *shikari* for tiger-shooting parties at the Zoo.

Lord Dunraven.—Would act as literary agent for the supply of additional verses to the "National Anthem."

Sir Henry Dalziel.—Prepared to stay on and talk in the House during the vacation if he can get the charwoman to listen to him.

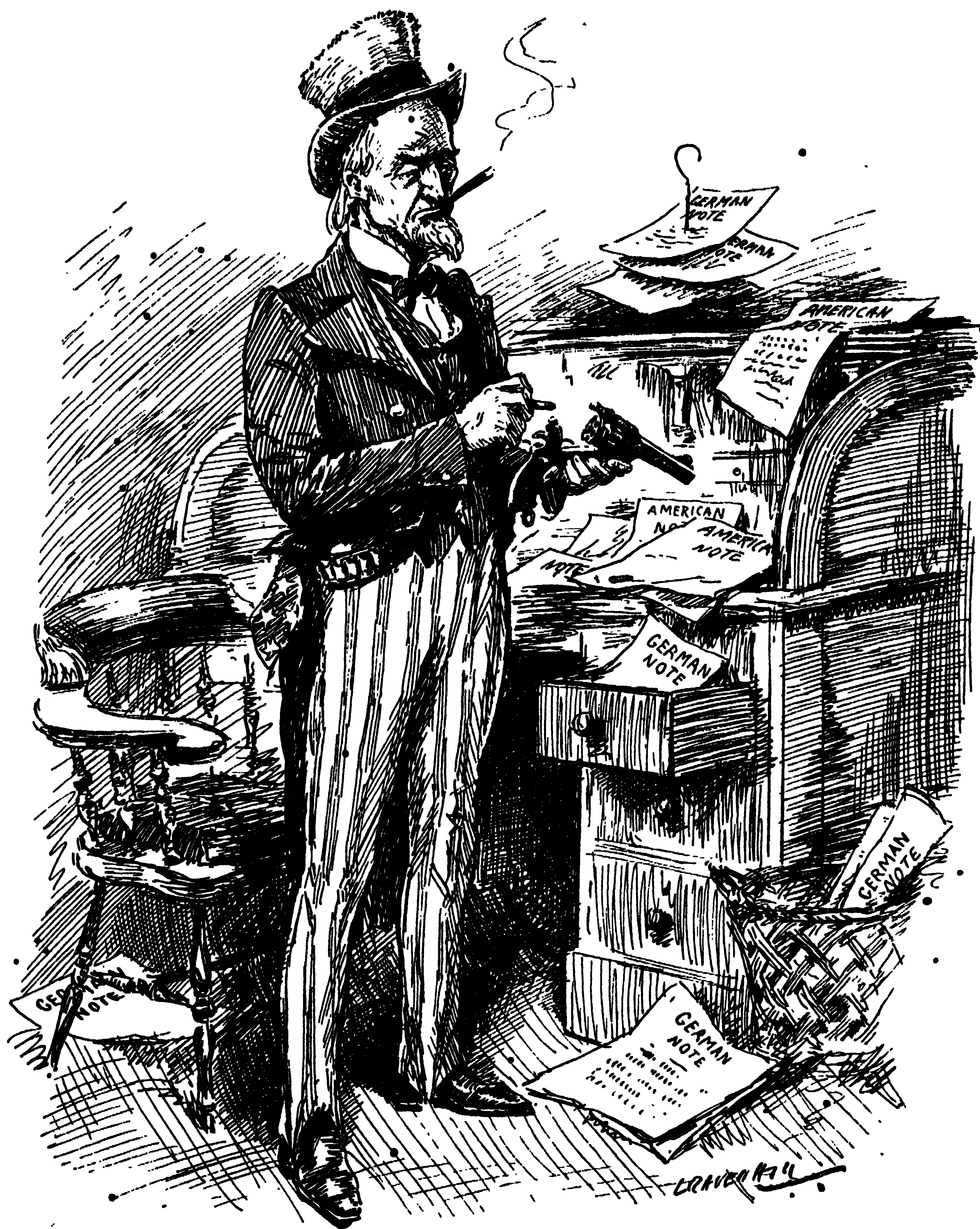
No Use for Mounted Infantry.

"Woman Caretaker. Mother and daughter preferred. No young children on animals."—*The Bath Herald.*

Another Impending Apology.

Underneath a photograph in *Sunday Pictorial:*—

"The Countess of ——, one of the most charming women in the social world, sets no limit to the amount of her work for war charities. She is sometimes to be seen lunching with friends at the Carlton."



BY WAY OF A CHANGE.

Uncle Sam. "GUESS I'M ABOUT THROUGH WITH LETTER-WRITING."

LITERARY FORECASTS.

[It is commonly predicted that the War will effect a permanent change in our literature, but the following specimen, whose publication we are permitted to anticipate, shows that we still have a literary genius who does not propose to alter his methods for this or any other war.]

THE MOAN OF THE HILLS.

(*A Play in One Act, composed for the Irish Players.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR):—

Bridget O'Farrell (Herself);
Seumas O'Farrell (Himself);
Michael O'Farrell (Himself's Father);
A Stranger. A Goat. A Policeman.

Scene—The O'Farrells' cottage near Ballysmuttan, Co. Wicklow. They are at tea.

Herself (rising and leaning out of the door). There's rain in the sky and there's rain on the hills, and there does be rain in my heart this night, Seumas O'Farrell.

Himself (absent-mindedly). Do ye mind that? Is it four spoons of sugar or five ye're afther putting in my tea?

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Herself (petulantly). I said, there does be rain in my heart this night, Seumas O'Farrell.

Himself. What makes ye think that same at all? (Herself *makes no answer but gazes again out on the moor.*) Mebbe (*he bites*) ye'd betther (*he drinks*) dhraw close in to the fire if that's the way ye are. (*She does not stir.*) Is it no sinse ye have in ye at all, woman? Sure wasn't there Patsy Mulligan up the glen, him with the two eyes crooked on him, the way the wan would be looking at your head, and the other wan would be looking at your feet, and you not knowing which the divil ye'd be minding—wasn't there Patsy Mulligan, I tell ye, who died and the docthor from Blessington said he had wather on the—(*scratches his head.*) I misrimimber now rightly where the wather was, but it might aisy have been the heart. I nearly did be saying on the brain, but sure Patsy niver had wan, and even a docthor'd know that, wanst he clapped the eyes on him. He died anyway, I'm telling ye, and him letting the queer talk out of him and screeching something dreadful, with the sthrange curses that'd shear a flock of sheep; and, be the same token, if it wasn't himself stole the ewe on me come Michaelmas twelvemonth it's no bad scran to him I'm wishing.

Herself (dreamily). I mind Patsy.

Himself (growling). Ye may say that. It's too well ye minded him at all, and if it wasn't for that blessed wather he might have been stealing more than the ewe on me.

Herself. Will ye hold your whisht?

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

[Herself *comes in and kneels by the fire, leaving the top half of the door open. The* Stranger *appears outside.*

Stranger. The holy Saints be with ye, lady and master of the house!

Herself and Himself (together, now in their element). Welcome kindly, Sthranger. [*He enters.*

Himself. Will ye sit ye down by the fire, Sthranger, and Herself will give you a cup o' tea.

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Stranger. That's a thrue word ye're saying. Thank ye kindly, master of the house. (*He sits, takes the tea and looks at it thoughtfully*). It's a far way I do be afther coming, and it's a hard road, so it is.

Herself. Would ye not be taking a dhrop of the stuff, Mr. Honey?

Stranger. It's yourself has the good heart, lady of the house. (*He puts away the tea with alacrity and gulps the whisky she gives him.*) May the holy Saints preserve ye from the things I'm afther seeing!

Herself. It's the terrible wild day it is surely. Is it from Lacken ye are?

Stranger (hurt). Wasn't I telling ye it was a far way I did be coming, lady of the house?

Herself (awed). Was it iver from the Churches ye came, and the wind and the rain moaning through the heather, and the hills crying out like hurt things, the way they minded me of our sheep that got the staggers last Midsummer?

Himself (spitting contemptuously). It's the fine talk ye have!

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Stranger (complacently). It's a farther way than that same, lady of the house.

Himself. Where is it ye're from?

Stranger (impressively). It's from the War I am.

Herself. Which way's that at all?

Stranger. In Flanders.

Himself. There's no place that name in County Wicklow. Is it Rathdrum ye're thinking of? Tom Shaughnessy was telling me at the Fair at Lacken there was throuble there with the agent when the boys had the dhrink taken on them. It's the wide-thravelled man Tom Shaughnessy is!

Stranger. It is not, then. It's the big War I'm talking of, over the seas, where there do be more men than at all the fairs in County Wicklow, and they all fighting and firing their guns with the big shells, ploughing up hills that ye wouldn't hardly cross in a day's march, and rivers of blood where all the great ships in Dublin harbour might be sailing abreast.

Herself. It's the beautiful talk ye have entirely, Sthranger. I suppose now (*looking at him with reverence*) ye'd have killed a man?

Stranger (with relish). Ye may say that! Sure, wasn't I shooting them be the thousand and making mighty tosses with them on me wetted baynit, like ye'd toss hay on a fork, and the German KAISER amongst them? And the KING he came up to me, and I was nearly tossing him up too, I was that in the way of it, and he says, "Put it there, Tim my boy," says he. "It's the fine lad intirely ye are," says he, "and it's the Victoria Cross I'd be giving ye," says he, "if it were good enough."

[*Stage darkens. Enter* Goat *in limelight, jumping over the lower half of the door; it advances to centre.*

Herself. Will ye shoo out of that, ye ould divil, and not be intherrupting the beautiful talk. (*Exit* Goat.) It's the terrible dhrought ye must have on ye afther all that, Mr. Honey.

Stranger. Thank ye kindly, lady of the house. (*Drinks.*) (*Rising*) It's on the way I'll be going, and a far way it is, and a lonely wan.

Herself. It'll not be a lonely wan, Sthranger, for it's meself 'll be going with you.

Stranger (visibly alarmed). What way would ye be doing that at all, lady of the house? It's the fine man ye have, and the hard time I'd be giving ye, what with cursing and beating and——

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

Herself. It's coming with you anyway I am, Sthranger, and seeing you do the fine things and hearing you say the beautiful words.

[*A knock, and a* Policeman *enters without waiting for an answer. The* Stranger *huddles up by the fire with his back to him.*

Policeman. Good day to ye, Seumas O'Farrell. Was there e'er a man, wan Tim Murphy be name, passed this way? (*Seeing the* Stranger, *goes over and turns him round.*) Himself, by the Holy! Tim Murphy, I arrest you in the King's name, and it's me duty to——

Herself. What are ye saying at all? Isn't it himself's the great friend of the KING's, and him making mighty tosses with his wetted baynit of the Germans?

Policeman. Is it Germans? Sure it's two days only he's out of Kilmainham jail, and it's the day he robbed



Energetic Huckstress. "Have a flag, Sir? Buy a flag, Sir?"
Niggardly Old Gentleman. "Season!"

Martha Cassidy's till in Blessington, and her with the cold that bad on her she couldn't shout for sneezing; and it's back to the station with me he's going now.

Herself. It's with him I'll be going all the same for the beautiful talk out of him.

[*Exeunt all but* Himself *and* Michael O'Farrell.

Michael O'Farrell. It's a hard thing surely to be poor.

GOVERTISEMENT.

(Being the art of Government by Advertisement).

It seems, from the hoardings and the sides of public buildings, not to mention P.O. vans, that there is to be a plague of posters imploring us to lend 5*s.* to the Government. In order that the epidemic may run a rapid course we suggest that the limit be proceeded to at once after the following fashion, as already exploited for another end:—

The Appeal Imperative.— Oleographic portrait of Mr. McKenna, looking stern. Index finger prominent. "It's YOUR Money I Want!"

The Appeal Romantic.—"*To the Young Women of England:* Don't you think that your best boy ought to put five bob in the War Loan? If he hasn't done so, is he worthy of your love?"

The Appeal to Shame.—"Forty Years Hence, what will your grandchildren say to you as they clamber on your knee? 'Grandpapa,' they will say, 'how much did you give to the Great Loan?' Will you hang your head in shame, or will you be able to answer with head erect, 'I gave fifteen shillings'?"

"You're proud of your pals in the War Loan, of course; but what do your pals think of you?"

"Be a real sport and shell out a crown!"

The Appeal to Conscience.—"Is Your Conscience Clear? When you take up the weekly pay envelope, when you enter the saloon bar, when you stand in a queue at the picture palace waiting for a fourpenny seat, does not Conscience tell you where the money ought to go?"

The Appeal to Duty.—"*To Housewives:* Has your maid put 5*s.* in the War Loan? Is it not your duty to urge her to do so? And if she will not be, urged ought you not to dock 5*s.* off her wages?"

"*To Country Gentlemen:* Your butlers and gamekeepers are in the habit of receiving tips. It is your duty to intervene and invest those tips in the War Loan. Your country will thank you, and your servants will thank you."

"*To Business Men:* Have you considered your duty towards your office-boy? Should you not stimulate thrift by paying him in War Loan vouchers? Make this a condition of employment."

The Appeal to Maternal Pride.—White-haired mother and twenty-year-old son. "My lad, the way of duty is hard. But I would not have it said that *my* son hung back with five shillings while the sons of other mothers gave their tens and twenties."

The Appeal Facetious.—"Plank your five bob on the favourite for the Grand International Final!"

"Have a five-shilling shy at Kaiser Bill!"

"Line up for the scrap, boys! Every bob a bullet! Every quid a bomb!"

But possibly the Government may feel that they have already illustrated the method sufficiently before the eyes of an astonished world.

THE ZEPPELIN BAG.

AT the coming of the Zeppelins, mother announced that it was our duty to "take steps," and her cautionary zeal burns with ever-increasing flame. Every time that she takes her walks abroad she meets different friends, and comes home to recount fresh "steps" which it is our duty to imitate.

Mrs. A. has taken down a tea-basket to the cellar.

Mrs. B. has placed buckets of water all along the hall.

Mrs. C. goes to bed in her - -

"Rings!" concluded Emily hastily, twirling the diamond cluster on her third finger. "So do I, and I've sewn new pink ribbons on my dressing-gown and bought the duckiest cap to match. No one can say I am unprepared!"

The Zeppelin bag is the patent institution of Mrs. D. It is a bag or portmanteau, packed and strapped, and placed in such a position that it can be seized without delay, in the course of a frenzied rush to the front door. There is no difficulty about the bag; the trouble comes in when you begin to consider what to put inside. The Mater's first motherly idea was a comb, a tooth-brush and a set of warm underclothing for each member of the family, but the suggestion fell flat. It was felt that the Zeppelin bag ought to be reserved for personal treasures, representing, as it were, the inmost sanctity of family life.

"What about a few bottles of the old port?" said Father.

"When one comes to the elemental moments of life, one's sense of values is altered," said Frederick, with a sententiousness bred of the Oxford Union and not yet dissipated by a life in camp. "When I ask myself which of my belongings I should most grieve to leave behind, my thoughts instinctively fly to my bath sponge! He's such a fine big fellow; I've just succeeded in knocking the grit out of him and licking him into shape. Please book a place for my bath sponge."

"And the Japanese plant," added Florence with a gush. "The poor lamb has only lived a hundred years. Give him a chance to see the new map."

"Before I enter into the subject of my best blouse," said Emily seriously, "let me clearly understand where the Zeppelin bag is to live. If it is to be the receptacle for our nearest and dearest, we must shield it from danger by day as well as by night."

"I had fixed on the corner between the oak chest and the Normandy cupboard," Mother said. "Papa's crocodile bag will just fit in, and it is in the direct route for the front door. No one could fail to see it."

"Suppose I wanted to go away for a week?" objected Father, who is attached to his crocodile bag.

"Suppose," said Frederick darkly, "the bomb fell *at* the front door?"

But Mother had taken up the captive pencil and was busily engaged in jotting notes on the back of an old envelope.

"Two bottles of port—Frederick's bath sponge—the Japanese plant—my cookery book—Papa's smoking coat—Query—Emily's best blouse? . . . There will still be a good deal of room!"



Seaside Landlady (to visitors who have just taken her apartments). "AND IF THERE SHOULD BE AN AIR RAID I'VE A BEAUTIFUL CELLAR. BUT OF COURSE IT WOULD BE AN EXTRA."

At this moment the postman delivered a missive from Septimus enclosing a half-yearly report of a depressing nature, and concluding with a scribbled postscript. "By the by," he wrote, "if a Zep comes along, you might just rescue my trouser-press."

The Zeppelin bag was placed in the hall, with the trouser-press strapped on its back, and enjoyed a peaceful backwater sort of existence for several weeks. Mother fed it regularly at nights with knuckles of cold ham and sandwiches of Gentleman's Relish (left over from tea), which were destined to restore our energies on the first halt of our flight. Father contributed a box of cigars, and on particularly Zeppeliny nights Emily stole along the hall in her dressing-gown and found a niche for her best blouse. It seemed an ominous coincidence that Frederick's regiment should be transferred to Aldershot on the very day that a Zeppelin passed within two counties of our front lawn, and Mother's agitation found vent in a dark and stealthy plot. With the connivance of the garden boy she planned a false alarm, which should test the agility of the household, in preparation for the worst.

It was all meant for the best, but when a rain of brick-bats comes clattering in through a bedroom window at 1 A.M. the startled sleeper is not answerable for the consequences. Emily fled, white-robed, into the night, accompanied by such a tornado of shrieks as brought the whole family hurrying in her wake, to say nothing of our neighbours at Highmead and Mon Répos, and a tramp who had happened to be sleeping under the hedge. We propped Emily against the pergola and scanned the heavens for the flying monster, and the tramp leapt on his clue with the sharpness of genius.

"You can't see 'im," he said; "'e's too high. The nise of his ingines woke me up. Didn't 'arf buzz! . . . I was running to warn you . . ."

Father waved him away, and we turned to cross-question Emily.

"Was the bomb round like an apple? If it was round, we ought to go down to the cellar and shut all the windows and doors. If it was like a pear, we ought to fly for our lives. At any moment the house may blow up."

"Did you feel a strange, irritating smell?"

Emily sobbed and sniffed sweet briar, and said she didn't know. She was greatly upset.

Mrs. Legh suggested that we should adjourn to Mon Répos and partake of a service of coffee and cake. "A little Zeppelin party!" she called it, with an attempt at lightness; but Mother said firmly, "Not this evening; some other evening," and shooed us towards the front door.

What precisely were her own feelings in respect to the necessity of confession we shall never know, for on the threshold retribution overtook her.

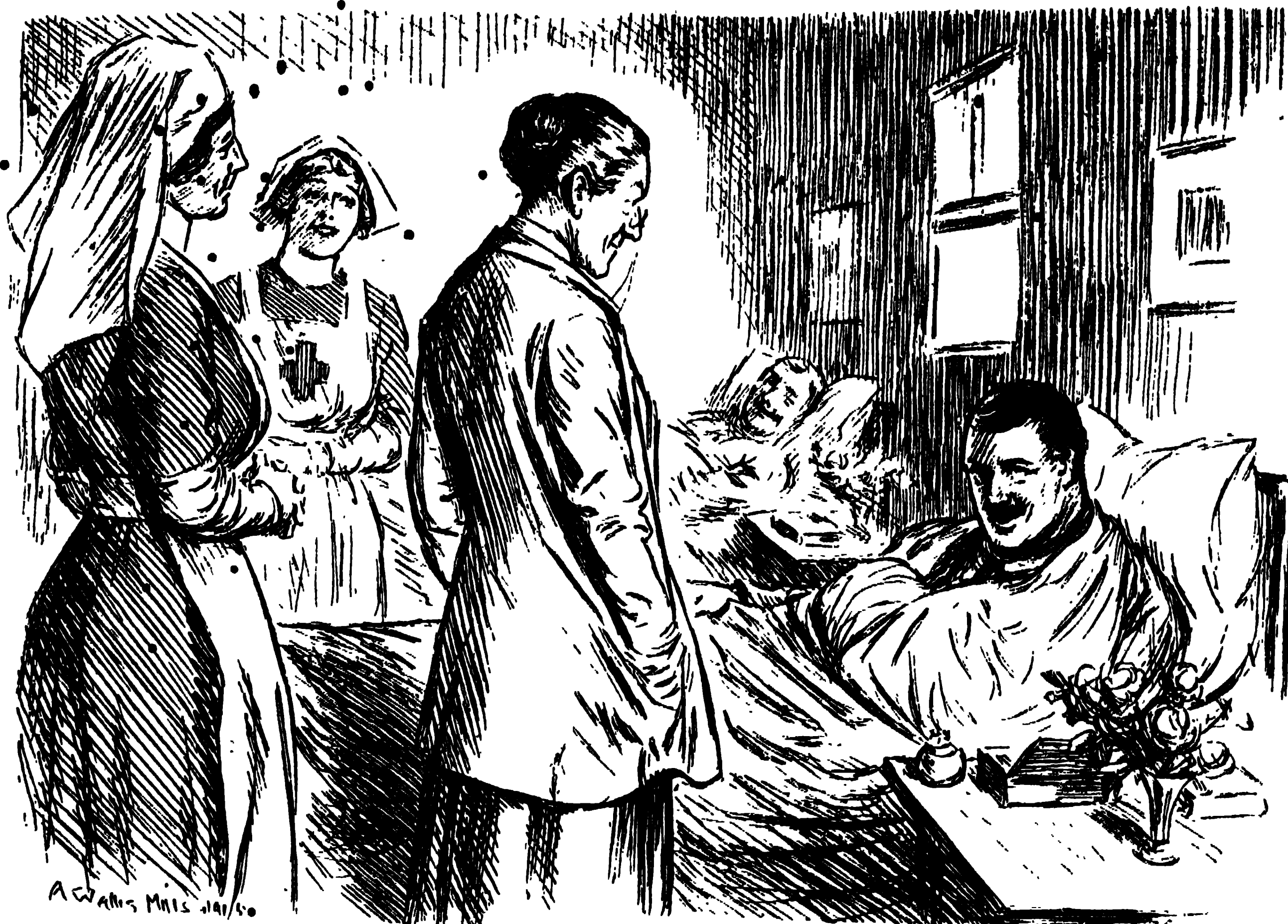
As compensation for problematical services the tramp had helped himself to his reward.

The Zeppelin bag had disappeared!

"TO BAKERS.—Wanted Deliverer. Wages 28s. per week; used to diving.—Apply Box M34, Bath Office of this paper."

Bath and Wilts Chronicle.

The Bath office certainly seems the place for him.



Eminent Woman Surgeon, who is also an ardent Suffragist (to wounded Guardsman). "Do you know, your face is singularly familiar to me. I've been trying to remember where we've met before."
Guardsman. "Well, Mum, bygones be bygones. I was a police constable."

OUR NEIGHBOUR'S DUTY.

["We have thought out such a splendid way of national economy; we are going to give our maids less meat."]

Some further opinions gathered by our Special Correspondent confirm the impression that national economy is now uppermost in people's minds:—

Samuel Stoges, Esq. (M.P. for West Soapshire).—"You may state that I have the matter of national economy deeply at heart, and shall urge with all the eloquence at my command that wasteful expenditure by local councils be summarily forbidden. Unfortunately it is impracticable that the emoluments of Members of Parliament should be curtailed."

A Member of the L.C.C.—"There are reasons, which in the public interest it is undesirable to divulge, why we should continue to employ what you term 'a battalion of able-bodied men' on the building of our new Council Hall; but we are strenuously discouraging building enterprises on the part of private individuals."

An Official of the L.C.C. Tramways Department.—"We set a public example of national economy early in the War by withdrawing free passes from soldiers, nurses, special constables, and the like."

A Park Superintendent.—"It is impossible to keep our flower-beds looking nice under £10,000 a year; but people's window-boxes, that's a different matter. Why don't they grow vegetables?"

Monsieur Dindonneau, chef-en-chef at the Blitzley.—"You will be so good as to mention the little brochure I prepare for the English people. She is called, 'One Hundred Ways to Use Potato Parings.'"

An Official of the Jockey Club.—"Stop those lap-dog shows!"

An Official of the Kennel Club.—"It is, in my view, a disgrace to waste money over mere cat shows at a time of national crisis."

A Brewer.—"The movement is an excellent one, and has my thorough approval. In these critical days, heavy spirits should be replaced by an inexpensive light British lager."

A Member of the Bachelors' Club.—"The home should be the sphere of economy. Let every husband reduce the housekeeping allowance by (say) 25 per cent."

At the W.S.P.U.—"What about the spendthrifts who smoke cigars?"

In Mayfair.—"I did think of parting with my darling Pom, 'Tootsey,' but the dear pet saves waste of superfluous *entrées*. He simply loves sweetbreads. This should be an example to the popular restaurants, where, I am told, there is a shocking waste of salt and mustard."

Another Impending Apology.

Headlines from a morning paper:—

"God Save our Men
From the Earl of Dunraven"

How the War affects Prices.

"Remarkable Value in good Longeth, smart collar, trimmed Swiss Embroidery and Insertion. Usually 8/6. Sale Price 57/11."



Badly-wounded Tommy. "I never remember such a quiet Bank Holiday, Mum. Somehow nothing's brought the War home to me more."

THE GENTLE SLACKER.

With idle rod
And head a-nod,
I sit beside the river;
Flows like a dream
The placid stream,
With surface all a-quiver.
Though war's alarms
May call to arms
The summons finds me wary,
For *I* refrain
From causing pain (*a nibble*)
Except when necessary.

Of despot kings
And Huns and things
Some men you hear conversing;
I give such talk
A miss in baulk,
No unkind thoughts rehearsing.
The tented field
Delights may yield
To natures sanguinary;
But *I* refrain
From causing pain (*a bite*)
Except when necessary.

The throb of drum
May have for some
A charm there's no resisting;
It only serves
To rack my nerves
And keep me from enlisting.
Let others go
And smite the foe
With tunes of Tipperary,
But *I'll* refrain
From causing pain (*extracts hook*)
Except when necessary.

SAVING GRACES.

In Peace time, when to tea-shops forth I fared
And haughty maidens served my Lenten platter,
How coldly on the needy bard they stared,
But now their kindlier glances soothe and flatter,
And say, "Poor boy, in England's hour of need
He *won't* allow himself a decent feed!"

My Maud, again, how flatly she refused,
Excepting after dark, to walk beside me!
No more abusing, as she then abused,
My tramp-like garb, nor wishing night to hide me;
"That's it," she says, in tender tones that thrill,
"Buy War Loan, dear, and dock your tailor's bill!"

No more, as once they did, do passers-by
Describe my dwelling as "The Blasted Ruin;"
But "Lo, here lives a patriot," they cry;
"While Britain needs her every mite to do in
The Kaiser's war-hordes and the guns of Krupp,
He simply *will not* have his house done up!"

Cedant arma togae.

"The Mayor bore testimony to the unfailing courtesy of the military authorities, who are most anxious not to incommode the public more than is absolutely possible."
Hampshire Advertiser.

"Far away out, 30 miles from Rouen, at the Horse Hospital he met a Beckenham postman who spotted him the minute he put his head on the platform."
Beckenham Journal.

Personally we never get out of a train that way.



THE TWO IDEALS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)



The Mother of Parliaments. "And do you really think, Doctor, I ought to take as much as six weeks' holiday?"
Dr. Punch. "Every bit of it, Madam; every bit of it."

House of Commons, Monday, July 26th.—Rag, Tag and Bobtail, M.P.'s all (widely advertised place of business below Gangway), deeply hurt. Premier proposes that, after term of attendance at Westminster extending with brief intervals over two years, House, having put itself in order, shall adjourn till mid-September.

That will never do. What is to become of Rag, Tag and Bobtail, deprived of cheap effective means of emerging from native obscurity and looming large in Parliamentary Reports?

With artful aid from epoch-making newspapers, storm got up in Parliamentary teacup. R., T. and B. have no concern for themselves. What they view with alarm is prospect of a Coalition Government free from restraint of mentors below Gangway leading country into irremediable disaster. Fact that in case of emergency Parliament may be summoned within a week—to be precise in three days—immaterial.

At Question Time they went straight for Premier. On what date did he propose to ask House to reassemble?

Answer awaited with intense interest. If Prime Minister yielded to organized clamour inside and outside House, it would save time to hand straight over to Rag, Tag and Bobtail direction of public affairs.

Premier's answer did not stray beyond two brief sentences.

"The date on which I propose to ask the House to reassemble," he said, "is the one I indicated last week."

When burst of general cheering subsided, he added, "I see no reason whatsoever for altering it." Whereat House cheered again.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time. Lords postpone consideration of War Pensions Bill.

Tuesday. — Busy and brief sitting winding up business before setting forth on well-earned holiday. The ably-led, well-disciplined, ever-present Independent Party of One who bears the name of Arthur Markham exceptionally active. Varied ordinary militant attitude by bestowing with pontifical authority its blessing upon President of the Board of Trade.

Talking about Price of Coal Bill it remarked, "I called it a sham and a fraud when it was introduced. Now it has been amended I believe it will, through the coming winter, benefit the small consumer." Runciman blushed.

Business done.—Price of Coal Bill read a third time. Other measures advanced a stage.

Thursday. — Parliament adjourned for exceptionally brief Autumn Recess.

TO A WEEPING WILLOW.

Dear Willow that I love with all my heart,
Oh, it is sad to see you weeping so!
To watch the oil of mourning earthward flow
In glistening drops that from your fibres start!
I feel the cruel pang, the painful smart
Of separation. For a year ago
Together we opposed a common foe;
To-day the tide of War keeps us apart.

Weep not for me, sad Willow; I can bear
The altered circumstance the Fates ordain.
There'll come a season when my pulse shall throb
Exultant, as with tender loving care
I draw you from your oil-bath once again,
And face with you the yorker and the lob.



CARRYING ON.

"I say, if you think you ought to enlist, or make shells or something, my sister and I are quite ready to take over your net for the next six weeks. Of course we would give you the shrimps, you know."

OUT OF THE PAST.

Both as a churchman and as a human being the Vicar is very popular with us all. Out of his cassock he is a sportsman; in it he preaches the most restful sermons of any cleric I know. His attitude on questions of ritual and the like may perhaps be in advance of a portion of his flock, but to my mind, though a little high, it is not unpleasantly so; indeed, I have always considered it to be in perfect keeping with our fourteenth-century Gothic chancel windows. Besides, we have two very steadying churchwardens.

From Monday to Saturday, however, there is one period of the day during which, since the War started, I have never voluntarily encountered the Vicar, much as I like him; and that is between 9.30 A.M. and 1 o'clock. This is what may be called his Collecting period. We have in the parish seven separate funds connected with the War, administered by seven separate committees. I myself am president of one committee, my wife of another. The Vicar has a hand in them all, and insists on everybody contributing not only to the fund in which he (or she) is particularly interested, but also to each of the other six. This simple plan, he claims, in addition to furthering the general cause, has the advantage of minimising rivalry between the various bodies and so of preserving alive among us the spirit of brotherly and sisterly love that should characterise every Christian community.

When, sitting by my open window the other morning at about 11 o'clock, I saw the Vicar open the gate and come up the drive, I confess I winced. He walked slowly, and his face wore the thoughtful, half-guinea expression that I knew so well. I wondered which of the Committees he was representing to-day. Probably Mrs. Jones's, which had been recently formed to provide our Indian troops with embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs. Neither my wife nor I had ever had any sympathy with the Joneses. Yielding to the Vicar's entreaties, we had called upon them on their arrival in the neighbourhood, but our subsequent intercourse with them had been purely formal and conducted on the strictest fortnightly terms, first Tuesdays on their part and third Fridays on ours; and even so we often gave them a miss. With a sigh I got up, took a sovereign and three half-crowns out of my trouser pockets and locked them away in my desk by the fireplace. It was, I realised, a futile precaution to take, but there are times when a man will clutch at any straw. A moment or two later the Vicar entered the room.

"I'm so glad to have caught you," he said warmly.

"Don't mention it," I murmured.

"I hope the waterproof sheets are going well." The Waterproof Sheets Fund is mine.

"Oh, yes, there is no trouble about their going; our chief difficulty seems to lie in the other direction."

"Dear me!" he said thoughtfully. "Now I was talking to Mrs. Jones about half-an-hour ago, and curiously enough she——"

"Have a cigarette," I exclaimed hastily.

He took one from the box, tapped it on his palm and lit it. "I was on the point of saying——"

"After you with the match, Vicar," I said, seizing a cigarette. He handed

it to me with a slight frown. The Vicar is a man who likes to get to the end of a sentence.

"Do you care for these?" I asked.

"They are excellent," he replied. "I never really enjoy a cigarette except in the morning. But to return to our subject. Mrs. Jones, when I met her half-an-hour ago, was saying——"

"One moment," I interrupted. "Don't you think we should be more comfortable under the trees on the lawn? It's frightfully hot indoors this weather."

"I'm afraid I must be going directly," he answered. "I have five other people to see this morning, and I promised faithfully to be home again by one o'clock."

I rose from my chair. "So sorry you can't stay longer. But of course we all know that your time is never your own."

He looked at me a little sadly, yet with an eye that seemed to read my very soul. "Before I go," he said, "I must tell you why I have come."

I sat down again. "Do," I said weakly.

"It is to ask you for a contribution,' he continued.

"I knew it," I muttered.

"To the Organ Fund," he concluded.

"The what?" I exclaimed, hardly able to believe my ears.

"The Organ Fund. It has been necessarily pushed into the background of late, but I feel that we must not let it go. The organ is badly in need of repair."

I sat in silence for nearly a minute, while memories of the old days before the War flooded across my brain, days when the world was at peace and household coal at twenty-seven shillings a ton, days when the issues of life seemed simpler and the Organ Fund a subject for really serious consideration. Then I walked to my desk, unlocked it and presented to the Vicar—no, not the three half-crowns, not the sovereign, but a five-pound note.

He left almost directly afterwards, and I walked down the drive with him. As we shook hands at the gate I fancy the eyes of both of us were a little dim.



Mistress. "Mrs. Jenkins, would you like some of your salary advanced, so that you can invest in the War Loan?"

Housekeeper. "Thank you, my lady. But—er—do you think it is *quite* safe? We never speculate in my family."

The Human Concertina.

"Wanted, Lady Instrumentalist, who can double up with piano."—*The Stage.*

From a Sunday paper:—

"But I suppose the most superb example of *le mot jus* which the Courts ever afforded came from the lips of Mr. Justice Hawkins."

We refrain from repeating the story, but can assure our readers that it was not nearly so saucy as they would suppose from the description.

From the National Registration *questionnaire*, as published by a London paper:—

"Are you skilled in any work upon which you are employed, and, if so, what?"

A very nasty question.

Answer to Correspondent:—

"To tempt a hedgehog to eat an Altrincham Enquirer might try the experiment of placing a broken egg in a saucer."

But suppose the hedgehog found the egg more tempting than an Altrincham?

"A wireless warning Captain Claret to take every precaution against an ovation was received by the operator on the Minnehaha at 12 noon on the day of the explosion. . . . Immediately upon receipt of the message Captain Claret prepared for the worst."

Montreal Evening News.

He evidently knew the penalties of popularity.

"Green's Short History of the English People. Complete French ed. 2 vols. 16 ft. (Plon-Nourrit & Cie)."—*Publishers' Circular.*

A yard or two shorter would suit our book-shelves better.

THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

II.

Dear Peter,—Taking it all round we like your country cottage immensely. The Crystal Palace is, perhaps, a trifle roomier, airier and better lighted, but then of course we could not have got the Crystal Palace for a pound—or did you say a shilling?—a week; and, besides, the Crystal Palace has no wild roses climbing up the porch and no pump in the scullery. True, your ceilings are a bit low; but then one always stoops when one is shaving, and one usually sits down at meal-times, and one has to lie down in bed, and one never wants to dawdle about on a staircase, anyhow. At the same time I wonder if you would have any objection to my sawing a small piece out of the Jacobean rafter in the sitting-room—just sufficient to admit of my rising from the breakfast-table without incurring daily concussion of the brain? I got up from the table this morning quite forgetting about the Jacobean rafter, with the result that the knob which I now wear on the top of my head makes the sitting-room fit me worse than ever.

Then there's the pump in the scullery. Now don't misunderstand me and imagine that I am wilfully finding fault. Pumps, spinning-wheels, sundials, Jacobean rafters, inaccessibility of doctor and post-office, bats, oldest inhabitant (if any), children biting the hems of their pinafores—all these, my dear Peter, combine to bring the scent of the hay over the footlights, as it were. I love them all. But I do expect a pump to have a sense of duty and convey water. What actually happened the first day we arrived, with our tongues lolling out for a cup of tea, was this. After Joan and I had in turn worked the pump-handle some five thousand times each, we merely succeeded in pumping out a spider, followed a quarter of an hour later by about an egg-cupful of a dark and sinister-looking fluid strongly impregnated with rust. This would have been acceptable if we had brought the canary with us. It has recently moulted rather severely, and has used up our entire stock of rusty nails. But as a basis for tea it was impossible, and Joan went away to find a quiet corner in which to die. I wasn't surprised. A day at your pump, Peter, would make even the health of emperors ridiculous.

However, your handy man, Wrighton, of whom you told me, opportunely looked in to see if he were wanted. He was. I explained our trouble to him, and he at once examined the pump with the eye of an expert—I suppose there *are* pump experts? He said the leather of the plunger had perished, and he would fit another piece. Meanwhile he would fetch us some water from his private well.

Now, Peter, why don't you get a well? It would be quite in keeping with the rest of life in a country cottage, and oughtn't to cost very much. After all, a well is only a hole, and goodness knows holes are cheap enough. Get an estimate from a well-sinker, anyway.

While Wrighton had gone for the water I went to look for Joan. I found her lying down on the sofa in the sitting-room in a state of utter collapse. The poor girl had had to break into the emergency-ration of chocolate-cream which she had fortunately brought with her, and was endeavouring to restore her shattered faculties by reading a copy of *Country Life* for December, 1911. (Your library is sadly out of date). I said, "The leather of the plunger has perished." To which Joan merely remarked: "But the silk stockings of the liftman's little neighbour (*feminine*) have been saved. To-morrow we will conjugate *savoir* and *connaître*." This will show you the state to which your pump has reduced us. But we are getting slowly better. The oxygen cylinder has gone back to town and we no longer need to take nourishment during the night.

You will be flattered to learn that we followed your advice and took a cold chicken down with us in the side-car. It was thoughtful of you to mention that Tuesday was early closing day in Windleton, and that we should have difficulty in getting in provisions. As a matter of fact we did. The cold chicken left us without giving notice somewhere between Horley and Horsham. If you should happen to know anyone who lives between these two places you might ask him to keep an eye open (or, if he's not very busy, both eyes open) for a cold—— No, never mind. It's no good counting on spilt chickens. Besides, it's probably curdled by now.

When I can spare the time I'm going to devote a little attention to taming your wild roses. One scratched me this morning as I was going into the garden; not spitefully, mind you, but (I believe) playfully. Or perhaps you wilfully keep them in this fierce condition to scare away tramps, just as other people keep a watch-dog? If so, watch-roses are indeed a novelty, and I feel it incumbent upon me to stick up a notice—"Beware of the wild roses."

Talking of wild things, Joan wants to start a goat. Wrighton, it appears, has a spare one which he can't use. It is too young to go as a regimental mascot, and he has offered it to her for the sake of getting it a comfortable home. Joan has already commenced to babble about growing our own gorgonzola for the mouse-trap, but a goat in the Sussex jungle and a goat in a suburban garden are two totally different propositions, Peter. Supposing it went mad and tossed the postman? Besides, I happen to know it's a buck, and no good for anything except to draw a goat-chaise or to be converted into pemmican, for neither of which we have any pressing need. I therefore propose, before the plot thickens any farther, to offer Wrighton half-a-crown *not* to give us the animal, but to do as he originally intended and send it to the next village rummage sale to be raffled.

Windleton is very charitably disposed just now, and we have lately had a perfect orgy of frivolities in the shape of sales and *fêtes* on behalf of the various War funds. Last Saturday there was *An Evening with Keats* in the village schoolroom, given by Miss Mullens, one of the teachers. A numerous and costly audience, I understand, stayed at home. Then on Tuesday a Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Show was held, to which we should certainly have sent a very fine growth which we discovered in your paddock if we had been conscientiously able to enter it as a mushroom. But unfortunately our joint botany broke down at the test, and there was no class for mushstools. To-morrow there is a Lawn Tennis Tournament in the Vicarage garden, for which Joan and I have entered, as we find that your effects here do not include either electro-plated asparagus-servers or cut-glass scent-bottles.

By-the-by, the Vicar has called twice (we were out on each occasion), and we are filled with trepidation, as we are not *au courant* with the customs of country clergymen. Will he ask us what we are? (Please wire reply). If he does, I shall say we are Bi-metallists, but that we hold very conservative views with regard to contributing to funds for restoring the old Norman weather-cock or for adding a *vox populi* stop to the organ.

Your affectionate tenant, Oswald.

An extract from a recent article by Colonel Maude:—

"This is speaking of Germans and Russians only, not of the Russians and Austrians, between whom there is, in fact, no comparison possible in this war, because the latter have beaten the former uniformly ever since the first shots were fired."

If the gallant Colonel has joined the pessimists things must indeed be in a bad way.

HOLIDAY TRENCHES.



Brown. "Now then, Jones, you and I will work this bit together."



Brown. "Here! I say—we ought to work back to back, you know."



Jones. "How's that?"

THE SUPER-SALESWOMAN.

When Irene understood that I had put my services at the disposal of the nearest Belgian refugee organisation between the hours of eight and eleven each evening she was not wholly pleased. In fact she "murmured."

"And what do you suppose that I am to do with myself every night from eight to eleven?" she demanded.

I explained that there were many little things to which the deft fingers of a really clever woman could turn. Or, especially in these troublous times, the inestimable boon of a period set apart daily for quiet undisturbed thinking. . . .

"Oh, all right," interrupted Irene.

Shortly after this she volunteered to take duty each evening for an insignificant and quite unofficial rival effort calling itself Ons Huis.

You will at once understand the inconvenience of this plan. If I got through at the Maison Belge (*our* establishment) in an hour or two, I return to a depressingly deserted flat. There is, I discover, no more unadaptable hour than that which lies between 9.30 and 10.30. It is too early to go to bed and too late to begin doing anything else. Things creak suddenly, too . . .

The other afternoon I got back from the office a little later than usual and found Irene on the point of setting out.

"In another five minutes we should have missed," she remarked, with the cheerful "take it or leave it" air of the confirmed follower of duty. "What kept you?"

I explained that I had looked in at an emporium for a collar stud.

"Oh, come," expostulated Irene, "that ought not to have taken half-an-hour."

"It did not. It only took half a minute. The remainder was spent in finding someone to receive the money."

"But you need not have stayed," she suggested.

"I need not," I conceded, "but I did. If I had not, the whole fabric of commercial enterprise, as conducted on the most modern principles, would have fallen to the ground."

Irene for once in a way was really listening.

"Peter," she exclaimed gratefully, "I shouldn't wonder— —"

Irene is an adept at what may be called the suppressed climax.

"Wonder what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing; just an idea. I must bolt now. I am taking charge of our sale of Belgian work to-night."

"Good girl," I said; "we must all put our shoulder to the plough these times." I had heard something of their little parlour effort. "Going strong?"

"I'm afraid not," she confessed. "The secretary marked the things at bazaar prices. Gladys Limpstone had charge last night, and, although she can be *most* persuasive, everyone got off by buying a picture-postcard."

Life flowed placidly at the Maison Belge that evening. By 9.30 I was on my way back when a beautiful idea occurred to me. Why should I not go down to Ons Huis, slip in, and from a quiet corner view the proceedings unperceived? Then at the psychological moment I would appear before her as a customer. A modest trifle would be well spent in providing that encouragement. I pictured her gratitude quite touchingly.

There is nothing formal about Ons Huis. I pushed open a few doors, murmured "Het spijt mij!" when I found a family at home, and finally discovered the right room. I had not expected it to be exactly crowded, but the sight of one aldermanly person and one embarrassed youth almost put me to flight. Fortunately Irene was absorbed in a copy of *L'Echo*. I reached a strategic screen without being observed.

In a very few minutes I had grasped the fact that Irene was not enterprising. Both the customers tried occasional glances and throat noises in her direction in the vain hope of provoking an advance on her part that would enable them to cover a dignified retirement under the purchase of a postcard group. Finally the portly one approached her.

"I've just been looking round," he remarked.

Irene inclined her head in gracious acknowledgment of the honour.

"Interesting stuff, but everything is pretty dear, you know," he continued. "Very dear, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I don't," agreed Irene. "Everything is ridiculously dear."

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, "you don't say so?"

The strange young woman shrugged indifference.

"If I don't I express myself rather badly," she added.

"But"—he continued to stand there in a fascinated helpless way—"but this is most unbusinesslike."

"That is because attendants cannot always afford to be strictly truthful. You see, I don't do this as a business."

"So I judge." There was nothing subtle about the man. "Well, my wife had a look round yesterday, and the young lady who was then in your place tried to make out that there never were such bargains."

Irene smiled bravely, but you couldn't help seeing the pathos of it.

"Miss Limpstone?" she remarked. "Oh, well, I suppose she has always had to do with very wealthy people . . . or unusually generous . . ."

"That isn't a bad little box over there, you know," observed the vic—I mean the visitor, suddenly.

"I suppose it isn't," agreed Irene dutifully. "It has been greatly admired, but I think that is because the Duchess of Doubleyou praised it so much when she opened the sale the other day."

"She—her Grace didn't purchase it, though?" There was positively an anxious tremor in his voice.

"No, she said that she could not afford it—that the Duke would be annoyed at the bill. It is so very dear."

"How much?" gasped the large man.

"Twenty-seven shillings and sixpence," whispered Irene hopelessly.

He mopped his face with a silk handkerchief of many colours and began to cross the room.

"I'll have a look at it," he muttered.

"Do," replied Irene. "But it is nothing but wood—just wood sawn and polished and fastened together."

"It's very good wood, though," he retorted quite sharply, "and the workmanship is excellent. Yes, I'll

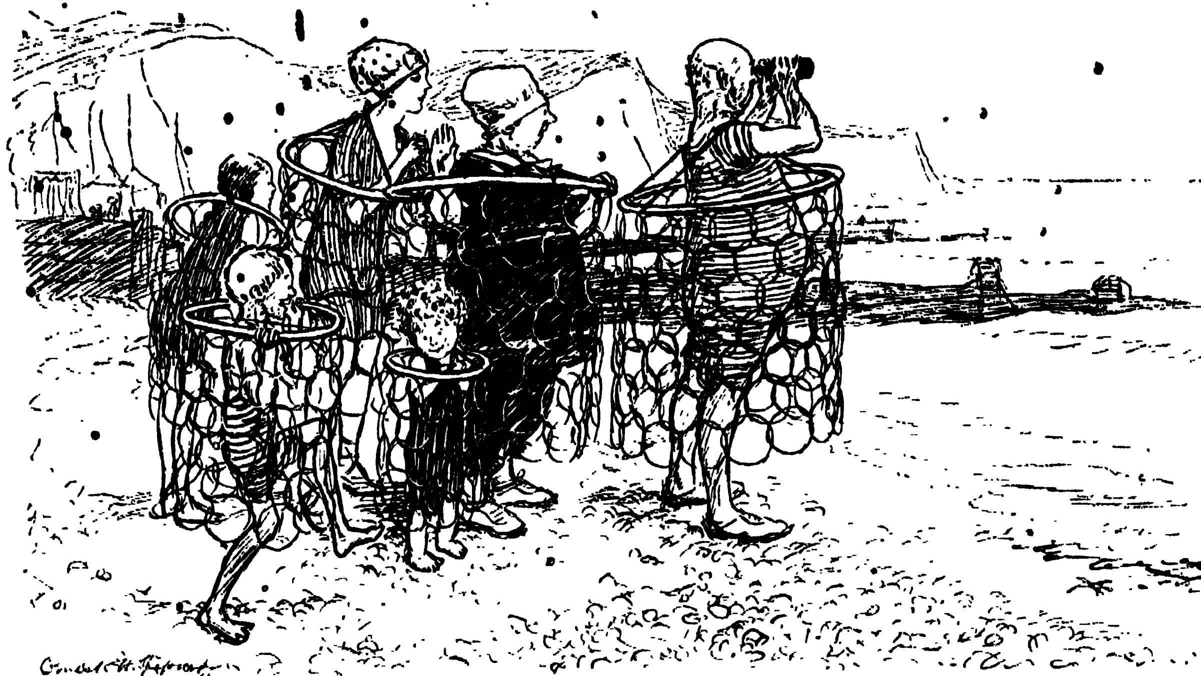
"Twenty-seven shillings and sixpence," breathed Irene. "It seems terrible—to me."

"Pooh!" said the devil-may-care fellow boldly. "Er—her Grace of Doubleyou, you said?"

I pass over the air of extreme reluctance with which Irene appeared to take the misguided man's money. I was on the point of effecting my retreat (for it no longer appeared to me that Irene stood in need of encouragement) when the young man approached the desk. In his hand he carried a picture-postcard of the refugees, which it was his obvious intention to purchase.

It would serve no good purpose, and might possibly lead to harm, if I detailed the exact process by which Irene sought to dissuade this innocent young creature from buying an elaborate piece of Brussels lace (three guineas). While she was booking the order I fled. To tell the truth, I was *afraid* to be left alone with Irene and her stock.

I have since learned that Irene took £27 15*s.* 9*d.* that night. But perhaps the saddest part of the whole business was the treatment of Gladys Limpstone, for the Committee deputed the most tactful of their number to wait upon her and ask her if she could not be a *little* more pushing and seductive in her methods the next time she took charge.



THE ANTI-TORPEDO BATHING OUTFIT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE a title like *Subjects of the Day* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) points one inevitably to a certain unrestful theme, it was with a shock almost of happiness that I was reminded that such matters as Home Rule and Woman Suffrage, for instance, are still extant. True, gratitude on no better foundation might not have kept me good-tempered long; but fortunately throughout the speeches and occasional memorial notices of Lord CURZON, here collected, there is in the lofty sincerity which is their note an abundant ground for more permanent thanksgiving. From the first speech of the series, the one in which, as ex-Viceroy, he is proposing the toast of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, a single persuasion seems to dominate his thought. From a purely literary point of view the volume may suffer a little—I dare say it does suffer—from the lack of continuity unavoidable in a reproduction of spoken addresses, but beyond question the book is welded into a whole by the patriotic spirit that inspires it. To be sure, in many of these utterances of the last ten stormy years—the period here covered—the partisan attitude obtrudes itself. But the broad truth about these speeches, no less apparent in Lord CROMER's introduction, is that they are an expression of that unfearing and responsible imperialism, justified beyond all words to-day, which even the most determined Little Englander—if such a creature still exist—at the bottom of his heart loves and understands. It is the negation of jingoism, the antithesis of Prussian militarism. And in the reading of this book the staunchest advocate of Radicalism may well consent to forgive Lord CURZON's occasional distrust of Democracy, and be glad that in this time of crisis he has been called to a place in the councils of the nation.

I am a little baffled as to what to say about *The Driving Force* (LONG). There are good ideas in it, and Mr. GEORGE ACORN is a writer who has been deservedly praised for qualities of sincere and acute observation; yet it is precisely in these that his latest book seems to miss the mark. Perhaps you read *One of the Multitude*, that exceedingly human document, in which the early struggle of a slum-child towards self-respecting manhood was described with simple and therefore very moving sincerity by a writer who had himself experienced the conditions about which he wrote. In *The Driving Force* you get again the same sense—unmistakable and not to be counterfeited—of the life of the mean streets seen from within; but, though I am pretty sure that the characters themselves are true, it seems to me that Mr. ACORN has yielded to the temptation to manipulate them into "situations." The result is a disappointing impression of artificiality. The chief theme of the story, the counteracting effects of heredity and environment, is lost sight of in a maze of rather irrelevant happenings; while the long-lost-child motive is handled in a way that imposes an unfair strain upon the reader's credulity. It is in little pictures and incidents by the way that the best of the book is found. The first chapter, for example, with its account of the slum children starting for their country fortnight, is excellently done, with truth in every touch of it. This makes me confident that, if Mr. ACORN will avoid elaborate plots and confine himself to the simple record of things seen and remembered, he has an equipment that will yet place him in the front rank of our realists.

My enthusiasm for those fine soldiers of the resilient Russian line, that bends and breaks not, gives me no clue to the higher qualities of the strange tales in *The Old House* (SECKER), by FEODOR SOLOGUB. I just don't know quite what to make of them, and I hope such ineffectual candour amounts to a criticism not a prejudice. They seem—sometimes at least—to go beyond the point of extravagant fantasy towards incoherence and morbidity. Mr. JOHN COURNOS, the translator, urges me in a sympathetic preface always to look for the underlying "intense symbol of reality," and instances particularly the powerful story,

"The Invoker of the Beast," a nightmare of treachery and terror. I can only say that what Mr. COURNOS finds is hidden from me, but that he is the more likely to have the right kind of eye and seems an honest soul. I did indeed find a kind of epitome of national strategy in the long story of "The Old House" (which deals with the tragedy of a son hanged for conspiracy), a marching forward towards the attack and a skilful retirement renewed again and again, and certainly also a brooding atmosphere cleverly created of poignant tragedy, and some exquisitely outlined portraits. Am I wrong in thinking that the magic of the long-drawn-out preparation and comment resided in the felicitous and delicate choice of the precise word, and that a little of it has evaporated in the intolerably difficult exercise of translation?

A Far Country (MACMILLAN) is one of those stories of modern American life which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (U.S.A.) can handle better perhaps than any other living author. It is not altogether a happy story. In a sense it might be called, up to the last pages, a tragedy—the more poignant for being only suggested. Unfulfilment is the keynote of it. Mr. CHURCHILL has done a very hard thing remarkably well. In the central character, *Hugh Paret*, his task was to analyse deterioration from within, and with apparent unconsciousness. *Hugh* is the symbolic figure of American young manhood, starting life full of generous impulses and ideals, and gradually mastered by the all-pervading worship of prosperity and financial success. From a dreaming and romantic student he becomes, by inevitable degrees of mental hardening, a pushing and conspicuous part of the system of graft that runs a city, a state or a country for the sole benefit of the inside wirepullers. Incidentally (though I know Mr. CHURCHILL did not intend that effect) the description of how a very rich and unscrupulous Trust lawyer can spend money is by no means unpleasant reading. Throughout *Hugh's* career there are two men representing the diverse forces at work within him—*Watling*, the man of affairs, and *Krebs*, the idealist. It is when the system that supports *Watling* and his associates totters before the attacks of *Krebs*; when *Hugh's* wife has practically left him, and he finds that the other woman whom he loved better can never belong to him, that he awakes to the truth of his position. That is the end of a story that is, I think, the most powerful, though not the most pleasant, that Mr. CHURCHILL has yet written; certainly one of the outstanding novels of the year, which you must not fail to read for yourself.

Merry Andrew (JOHN LANE) is Mr. KEBLE HOWARD'S nickname for his latest hero, a cheerful and promising young man who nobly resolved to find a footing in Fleet Street, make a fortune, and marry the charming girl of his undergraduate choice. All this he finally achieved, but found his Oxford training a sad handicap, and was forced to eke out a livelihood as an usher in third-rate private schools until Fortune kindly handed him the opportunity which he very capably turned to good advantage. Whether or not the story contains autobiographical passages I will not pretend to guess, but the author has certainly been beguiled into inserting various events and conversations of little intrinsic interest and with no particular bearing on the plot; also into dwelling at disproportionate length on the failure of the examination system and the worthless soul of the Oxford don. But there is real life in *Andrew Dick*, and the comedy of his experiences (especially as a schoolmaster) is well worth reading. As for the letters *Sylvia* wrote to him, they made me positively envious. I could have welcomed quite a lot more of the correspondence between *Andrew* and his *fiancée*. The end of the book leaves him assistant-editor of *The Studio*, and without a doubt he deserved it.

It needs a stout heart to face the heroic jig-saw puzzle of Balkan problems past and present and tackle the sorting and the fitting of the pieces. Of such an organ, fortified by a well-filled head, is Dr. SETON-WATSON possessed. In *Roumania and the Great War* (CONSTABLE) he makes out a fair case, not ignoring facts of contrary implication, in particular certain obstinate blunders of British diplomacy, for our considering this hazardously placed State as allied with us of the Great League of Freedom in sentiment and aspiration; and a slenderer but still substantial case for our hopes of her intervention on the right side. But how on earth the worthy doctor imagines that any other than an expert of the fourth degree can read his pages without map or chart and preserve his sanity I don't quite know. Nor can I pretend that the marshalling of his knowledge is as orderly as it might be. But there stands clear one fact, whereof in our preoccupation with German power-fever and brutality we tend to underestimate the significance, which fact is that the Magyar domination in Hungary is of a reactionary character to a point hardly conceivable in a modern state, checking at no device of chicanery or violence. To say "mediæval" is to insult a much abused era. Not for nothing does the blood of the Turk flow in Magyar veins . . . My advice is get a wet towel and a good map and read this memorandum.



THRILLS FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

THE PERISCOPE ATTACHMENT. VERY POPULAR.

SONNET OF STRANGE SOUNDS.

DREAD is the fierce gorilla's warlike roar,
And dread the Banshee's long-drawn boding cry,
Dread, too, the note a table-leg lets fly
When moved abruptly on a lino'd floor;
Feline roof-serenaders grieve me sore,
And amateur performers on the flute;
And most uncanny is the siren's hoot
When fog-bound liners feel their way to shore.

These sounds and others in a lifetime long
Have jarred my nerves and chilled me to the bone,
But nought on earth that better suits the throng
Of Pandemonium have I ever known
Than just a simple, modern comic song
Played swiftly *backwards* on the gramophone.

OUR SCHOOL.

By Poppett minimus.

Our school is top-hole this year. It has always been the best school, but this year everybody admits that it is hole. So now you know which school it is. *Verbo sapo sat*; this is Latin, and I've put it in for swank.

We've just had our Speech Day, which wasn't like any ordinary rubbishy Speech Day. Nearly everybody was in khaki, even some of the Governors, and some fellows' sisters and relations were in nurses' uniforms. My people weren't half bad this year and I introduced them to Dawes. He was cock of the school last half, and he has now got a commission as private, but he didn't mind their being introduced because my father is in the same regiment.

A real top-hole bishop gave away the prizes this year. Not an ordinary bishop, like we had last year, but a suffragette bishop. Parker, who is going in for the Church, says they are so called because they wear a larger apron than other bishops. But this bishop was top-hole anyway, and some of the things he said about patriotism were simply spiffing. I am glad my people came.

Last year we had a lot of beastly books which no decent person would read. I got *Darwin's Dutch Republic* in three volumes, and swapped it with Venables for two white rabbits. I'm sorry I did so now, as the rabbits died, and Venables' grandmother was so pleased that she made her will in his favour because he was a progeny, the first they had ever had in the family, or some such rot. This year the Head said the prizes would all be the same: the school roll of honour framed. You should have just heard the fellows cheer.

Our roll of honour is a pretty hefty one. It has got Poppett major's name and the names of all the fellows who are doing anything for their country. And a jolly sight better prize than *Motley's Earth Worms*. As if a chap would spend his holidays reading up worms! Only one fellow ever got a book worth reading, and that was *Boswell's Life of Jack Johnson*. There seemed to be no pictures in it, though. Still for a fellow who wanted to learn boxing it ought to be pretty hefty.

Last year we ragged Mossoo; this year you should have heard the cheer when he came in. He's not a bad sort, after all. As soon as I heard what those beasts were doing in the North of France I learnt a lot of irregular verbs to show my sympathy. The Upper Fifth said it was a point of honour to learn all the French we could. There was terrific competition for the French prizes. Mossoo made a fine speech in French, and we cheered every sentence. I understood *honneur*, *cœur*, *entente*, *patrie*, and cheered like mad when they came in. I didn't understand the rest, as his accent is different and he speaks very quick.

Nobody got the prize for German amid great cheers. Only two fellows went in for it, and they were hooted by some of the Fifth. This encouraged us, and also when they interned the German master. Pocock says they ought to have done it earlier, as anybody could see he was a spy by the way he wrote his own language. He could not get out of the trick of hiding the principal word in a corner of the sentence.

Pocock says he wishes Italy had not joined in till the holidays, because the Head at once added Italian to the curriculum to encourage those, he said, who were giving up German less from patriotism than for slackness. He had Pocock there. He said in his public speech that henceforward in this school the language of Danty and of Honour will take the place of the language of Dishonour, even though it had been the tongue of Gertie Shiller." Pocock says that Gertie was a German lady the Head met when he was young.

All the fellows are doing something for their country this vacation except me, and it's a beastly shame. Poppett major is in training, minor is scouting. And I hate the Germans more than any of them. It's just my beastly luck; I went and caught German measles.

Parker, who is going in for the Church, came to see me yesterday and said perhaps I am serving my country as well as anybody else. He says that he is sure the German master, before he left, scattered germs everywhere, and that I got the lot of them (I was simply covered) and saved the whole school. I expect he is right. He put on his most professional air, and said anyhow they were part of the unscrupulous decrees of Providence. I must have had about ten thousand.

In Memoriam.

We have to record with great regret the death, after an operation, of Mr. Walter Emanuel, at the age of forty-six—a loss both to ourselves and our readers, for, a valued contributor, it was he who for many years, with very rare interruptions, provided *"The London Charivari"* with the "Charivaria" that usually filled this page. His alert and caustic wit, his sense of nonsense and his peculiar gift of whimsical inversion perhaps found in the paragraph their best expression, but Mr. Emanuel was known also to the book-reading public by several humorous works, of which *"A Dog Day,"* that diverting and convincing humanization of an animal always prominent in Mr. Emanuel's sympathies, was the most popular.

THINGS THAT MATTER.

(*In the letterpress beneath the portrait of one of our generals an evening paper urges us to "note the creases in his trousers."*)

When it happens that we read
(And we can do so daily)
The details of some gallant deed,
Of peril fronted gaily,
The story brings its wonted thrill,
But yet we can't help feeling
That matters more exciting still
The writer is concealing.

He tells us how the pluck was high,
The strategy was tricky,
But what about the hero's tie?
And did he wear a dicky?
When mufti cloaks the burly form
That scattered (like the chaff) foes
Would critics call his waistcoat "warm"?
And what about his half-hose?

These are the things for which we yearn,
On these our thoughts are centred,
And when at last the tide shall turn
And Germany be entered,
Our heartfelt joy at coming peace
Will know dull Care's invasion,
In doubt if French's trouser crease
Was worthy the occasion.

"STRICT GERMAN CENSORSHIP."

Paris, Monday.—According to Berne despatches, no German cruisers have arrived at Berne or other Swiss towns for the past three days."—*Irish Paper.*

From the heading we gather that their non-arrival was due to a collision with the Censorship.

Extract from a soldier's letter:—

"The trenches are really quite comfortable except for the mud, and the people who live opposite."

THE MAKING OF A SOUL.

The Witches were making a soul.

Once in every hundred years it is permitted to them, for services they have rendered, to make a soul and to choose a human being whose body that soul shall inhabit.

Of course there were three Witches; it is well known that they always work in threes, finding this number convenient for their business.

Now it is a mistake to suppose that Witches are always ill-disposed and wicked. They are often as good as other people; but they have their moods, and sometimes they are both capricious and mischievous.

Thus they acquire a bad reputation among staid folk and have often been punished for faults which they have not committed and for vices which, at the moment, they do not possess. At other times, however, they have committed faults which have escaped without notice, and have been full of wickedness which has been attributed to others. On the whole, therefore, no great injustice has been done, although the rules of evidence have been strained against them in Old England and New England and elsewhere.

Now on this particular occasion they were, as I have said, busy with the making of a soul; and I am sorry to say that two of them were in their most mischievous and disgraceful mood. They had been chasing wild cats up and down craggy precipices and had had only poor sport. The third was in a better humour, but she had been riding a thousand miles on a new but well-broken broom, and she was now tired and was hardly capable of opposing her two disreputably-minded sisters.

All this, I ought to mention, took place more than fifty years ago.

The third Witch, the benevolent one, was the first to speak after they had come together.

"Do not," she said, "let us spend a long time over this soul-making. I have by me quite a nice soul which I made in my summer holidays last year. Why shouldn't we use that and get the business over?"

"Nonsense," said the first Witch.

"Quite a nice soul, indeed!" said the second. "Do you mean that you put *good* things into it?"

"Well," said the third Witch rather shamefacedly, "perhaps I did. I put in loyalty——"

"Pooh!" said the first Witch.

"And generosity," said the third.

"Pish!" said the second.

"And modesty," added the third.

"Good gracious!" said the other two together, "our sister is wandering in her mind."

"Oh, have it your own way then," said the third; and she threw away the soul she had made and went to sleep on a rock.

"Here's a handful of cruelty," said the first Witch.

"And here's a peck of faithlessness," said the second. "Let's put them in before she wakes up."

So they put them in.

"Here's a whole heap of vanity," said the first Witch.

"In it goes," said the second; "and here's a wagon-load of braggadocio."

"Splendid!" said the first Witch; "but we mustn't forget envy and malice——"

"Excellent! And all uncharitableness," said the second.

"That'll about do," said the first. "Now who's to have it?"

"We can't do better than send it to Berlin," said the second. "There will be a new princeling there in two shakes of a cat's whisker."

"Right," said the first; and together they blew the soul away on its voyage through the air.

"We shall have some fun some day," they said.

But the third Witch continued to sleep. She isn't really responsible for the things that have happened.

THE BUSY B'S.

Buchan and Belloc are wonderful men,
Equally nimble with brain and with pen,
Swiftly eclipsing their college compeers,
Destined for fame from their earliest years.

Buchan at Oxford—I quote from *Who's Who*—
Mopped up the Stanhope and Newdigate too;
Published three books, shone at Union debates,
Romped through his schools, with a First Class in
Greats.

Owing allegiance awhile to the law,
Wider horizons in action he saw,
Joining Lord Milner away at the Cape,
Helping South Africa out of her scrape.

Hardly less wondrous achievements were those
Wrought by brave Belloc in life, verse, and prose,
Writer of anti-Semitic lampoons,
Pilgrim-apostle of all picaroons.

Member of Parliament, champion of beer;
Viewed by his party with feelings of fear;
Gunner of old in the army of France,
Publicist, orator, mystic, free-lance.

So, when the War-cloud exploded in flame,
Even more bellocose Belloc became;
While to his feat in appeasing the Dutch
Buchan has added the new "Nelson" touch.

Each wrote war chronicles, vast and unique—
One came out monthly, and one once a week—
Each took to lecturing night after night,
Filling their hearers with awe and delight.

Belloc excelled in the diagram dodge;
Buchan in breezy avoidance of stodge;
Multitudes hung on the lips of Hilaire;
Buchan led off with E. Grey in the chair!

Buchan, whose brain works abnormally fast,
Gives us an output stupendously vast,
Vying in manner with Napier and Poe,
Stevenson, Archibald Forbes and Defoe.

Belloc finds time to complete or rewrite
Lingard by day and Macaulay by night.
Serious staff-officers sit at his feet;
Wireless distributes his screeds to the Fleet.

Here then's a health to you, marvellous pair,
Prester John Buchan, volcanic Hilaire,
Drinking the cup of life down to the lees,
Bang in the front of our busiest B's!

"We have repeatedly urged the imperative necessity of closer co-ordination between the operations in both main theatres, as well as on the Italian front; but, so far as we are aware, our appeals and our warnings have not yet taken effect."—*The Times.*

An arrangement by which the Grand Duke Nicholas, General Joffre and General Cadorna should report direct to Printing House Square would seem to be desirable.



A SEA CHANGE.

Kaiser (*to Von Tirpitz*). "BRITISH SUBMARINES IN THE BALTIC! WHAT AN INFAMOUS DEVELOPMENT OF NAVAL STRATEGY! HERE'S MY CHANCE FOR ANOTHER NOTE TO WILSON."



Friend. "Well, how's the War affecting you?"
Post-Cubist-Impressionist Sculptor. "Not a bit, old chap. I never sold anything before it started—and I haven't since!"

THE USES OF THE FUND.

"A very awkward thing has happened," said my wife, coming into the breakfast-room in some agitation. "Lieutenant Marshall has left a cheque behind him, marked 'Billeting Account,' for £1 7*s.* 9*d.*"

"Where did you find it?" I asked.

"It was rather cleverly hidden inside the drawing-room clock. I think he knew I wouldn't wind it up till Saturday; but it seems so sordid, considering the charming note he wrote to thank us for our hospitality. I wonder what in the world we ought to do about it."

"Stick to it," said Sinclair briefly; "after all, you did feed him."

"No, I can't do that. It's too horribly mercenary. Besides, I asked him to come back again if they pass this way."

"It is an excellent case for the National Fund," said the Reverend Henry. "It is really difficult to see how in the world we ever got on without that fund. I hope they will make it a permanent institution after the War. It solves all sorts of problems."

"What sorts of problems?"

"Well, problems like this billeting cheque. And then there's the question of postal orders—postal orders for 4*s.* 6*d.* We are all being continually stuck with postal orders for 4*s.* 6*d.* They come back as discount or in payment of a year's rent for the telegraph pole in the garden or as a dividend on a rubber share. Sinclair gets lots of 'em in return for little second-rate lawyer's jobs. You get 'em, Harvey, in the form of a year's royalty on your latest book. Of course we all save them up—or rather we used to save them up—on the off-chance that we should have to pay a bill of the same amount. But it wasn't any good. The bills we had to pay were always for 3*s.* 2*d.* or for 5*s.* 9*d.* And at last we got so sick of them that we longed to chuck them in the fire, but we are none of us rich enough to begin doing that sort of thing. We were sometimes reduced to cashing them in the end. But now! For my part I keep a permanent envelope, addressed to the National Fund, and stick them in there and send it off at the end of the month. Did you notice that it had passed the five million mark?"

"I'll try that," said Sinclair. "I have several drawers full of them at home."

"Then there's treasure," Henry went on. "Suppose you find a fiver in the street or happen to dig up a purse of sovereigns in the garden. It puts you (if you have a conscience) in a confoundedly awkward position. At least it used to do. But now we know where to send them."

"I shall have to go by the early train to-morrow, Mrs. Harvey," said the Reverend Henry abruptly, "and I have never yet confessed that I have broken that Sèvres vase in my room. I am really very sorry, but it will be all right. You will find my cheque (made payable to the National Fund) in an envelope under my tooth glass."

"By 5.30 o'clock p.m. Mrs. ——'s spacious drawing room was already filled by the guests. There was the usual tea-drinking with its accompaniment of pleasant talks and laughter, which were only interrupted by the songs of musical ladies and gentlemen."
Nigerian Pioneer.

Africa has furnished nothing new on this occasion.

WINDING UP OUR WATCH.

(*A Little Lecture on the War after the style of "The Spectator."*)

It is our national habit to wind up our watches before we go to bed. So deeply is this custom rooted in the British character that it is safe to assert that on any given evening, in the majority of the better-class bedrooms in the Metropolis, this rite is being performed at the close of the day. A man will take his watch from his pocket and the key from the dressing-table drawer, unless his watch is "keyless," and with an absent-minded air will—well, wind it up. Even in quite unfamiliar surroundings—in the state-room of a steamer or the sleeping-car of a Continental express—an Englishman seldom forgets to wind his watch. The thing is so well established that it is held in certain cases to be a test of sobriety; it is only when a man has lost control over himself that the rite is omitted.

It is quite a distinctive national habit. A Frenchman or a Swede will often usefully employ his spare moments with his watch-key. Who has not seen passengers waiting, for instance, at the Gare de Lyons for their train, taking out their watches and winding them up? If, and when, the foreigner finds himself in a theatre queue or is kept waiting on a door-step or has to fill in an interval between courses at *table d'hôte*, he winds his watch. But John Bull waits till *the last moment* of the day. It is one of our most striking manifestations of insularity, like catching a train at a run, like spare bedrooms, like the hat-rack in the hall. (We hope some day soon to do one of our Little Lectures on the Hat-rack in the Hall.)

In the supreme moments of his fate a man will not act with any fresh extraneous impulse or display an unwonted trend of behaviour. His actions are rather on the lines of intensified habit (as we observed three years ago in dealing with the coal strike. Our readers are certain to remember the phrase and we cannot do better than repeat it). It is the same with a nation. In our present predicament we cannot hope to show the stolid fatalism of the Japanese or the sunny insouciance of the Spaniard. We can only rep[...] our peace-time qualities on a grander scale. What we are doing now, as a nation, is to wind up our watch at the last moment.

It is painfully true that it is the last moment, the very latest, ultimate, final, terminal minute of the eleventh hour. But all the same we may rest assured that we are winding it up. We might—and of course we should—have wound it up after the fall of Antwerp. We might assuredly have begun to wind it up after the bombardment of Dunkirk. We might at least have got out the key after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. But that is not John Bull's way. There is no need to repine. We must get things done as best we can, however much better it would have been to do them otherwise. Let us rather record the fact with humble satisfaction that the watch is being wound at last.

It is a terribly close shave. It is now an open secret that we are at this moment escaping by the skin of our teeth from a series of hideous calamities. We cannot specify them here. Above all it is our duty to be nebulous and vague. But all the world knows that if we had not bestirred ourselves exactly as we have bestirred ourselves in the very nick of time our prospects now would be black indeed. As far as we can estimate (and you may rely as usual upon our estimates), if a certain threatened new offensive against our lines had begun as early as 10 A.M. on the morning of last Tuesday week we should have been in desperate straits. It is not yet ready to begin. After a very careful survey of the progress of the Eastern campaign and a considered appreciation of the German offensive there, we are able to state with some confidence that this Western offensive will not be launched sooner than the afternoon or evening of Monday, August 16th, and if all goes on as we expect we shall be in a safe position to meet it by midday (Greenwich time) on the 13th. It is very fortunate. We do not, of course, deserve to do any good, but British luck and British reliance upon domestic habit in the individual is just going to pull us through yet again. We hate to prophesy—although we are always at it—but we are inclined to hazard the forecast that any dispassionate and well-informed observer who surveys the exact position on, let us say, the last Tuesday in August, or better still perhaps the following day, will recognise that we have rightly diagnosed a rather obscure development and that (with very little to spare) the nation has rounded the corner.

We shall have wound up our watch; and when it is wound up (unless it is allowed to fall on the floor or is thrown out of the window or meets with any other incidental calamity) we may be certain that the watch will go, and will not cease to go till we have reached a victorious issue. But one last word of warning. Our metaphor—for the first time, as far as we can remember—is not quite perfect. For when the watch is finally wound up it would indeed be fatal if the nation got into bed and went to sleep.



"BORTER, SIR?"

From a War-lecture programme:—

"Colonel Frederic Natusch Maude, C.B., the eminent military critic, was born in 1874, and educated at Wellington College and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, on the staff of which he afterwards served. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1873."

Some of the other experts consider that the gallant Colonel took an unfair advantage of them in starting his military education before he was born.

CHATTO AND THE PESSIMIST.

[*Pessimist:* "One who has something wrong with his feet."—*Unknown School Genius.*]

His mouth was like twenty-five past seven on a long-faced clock. He was at his usual game spreading dumps over the widest area he could reach. The rain was falling pitilessly; the hotel verandah was full; spirits were low; the Pessimist alone seemed cheerful. He had the company held by his glittering eye.

"Just the weather for the Germans," he croaked; "it helps them with their poison gas."

This bright thought appeared to cheer him, but the little yellow optimist in the cage above his head stopped abruptly his tune of hope and brighter skies to come. His wooden brother in the Swiss clock seemed to be making frantic efforts to burst forth and say something, but subsided with a rusty brrrr of disgust. The stream of poison gas went flowing on—

Warsaw having now fallen, the turn of Petrograd would come. General von Schtuffenheim, the grandest strategist in the world, was planning a swift raid upon Odessa. The British working-man was in German pay, as were Bulgaria and Roumania. All three would soon throw off their mask, and so would President Wilson. The Germans were fitting up every ship in their Navy with a gun which could drop shells from Antwerp into the harbour of Gibraltar, and where should we be then?

We gave it up, and one old lady began to cry quietly into her handkerchief. We should then have been entertained with the incompetence of everything British and the never-to-be-sufficiently-admired foresight of everything German, had not Chatto burst in upon the gloom like a respirator.

"Hallo, Gargoyle," cried he, "at it again; cheering up the young and making merry the hearts of the aged! How's the gout?"

The Pessimist replied with a sigh that it had partly left his toe, but that he was feeling twinges in the knee.

"A very bad sign," said Chatto in his most sepulchral voice. "It is striking upward to the brain. That's the way my poor Uncle George went, or at least would have gone, had he not taken it in time and stayed in bed. That's where you ought to be this blessed minute, instead of rattling away, the life and soul of a merry company, on a damp draughty verandah. You are looking frightfully bad, old fellow. Isn't he?" he appealed to us all.

We all hastened to assure Mr. Gargoyle that he was looking ghastly.

The Pessimist was frightened. "I have never seen such a fellow as you, Chatto," he grumbled. "In you come and scare the lot of us out of our lives with your confounded pessimism. I shan't go to bed."

But Chatto knew his man and stuck to him. He was soon able to lead a cowed Pessimist gently inside, encouraging him with murmurs of, "A week in bed will pass like a dream. Plenty of hot mustard!"

Before parting, Chatto winked upon the assembled company and said, "You mustn't mind anything he's been saying to you. He's a dear old chap—I've known him for years. He's all right, but"—and here he tapped his forehead significantly—"he thinks he's the editor of *The Daily Mail*."

Here the sun came from behind a cloud; the old lady put down her handkerchief and smiled again; the canary resumed grand opera, and the cuckoo burst forth from his chalet and crowed defiantly thirteen times.



Grocer's Wife. "You'll excuse me servin' you to-day, Miss. Me 'usband's joined the *National Preserves*."

From Company Orders:—

"Any man wishing to make any alteration in their next-of-kin must send in a notification to Orderly Room by 5 p.m."

Suggestion for a recruiting-poster: "If you don't get on with your relations join the Army and change them."

"Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., still harping on the old pun, as was said of Mrs. Gummidge."—*Mansfield Reporter.*

Mrs. Ramsbotham protests at this infringement of her ancient prerogative.

THE COUNTRY COTTERS.

III.

You Silly Idiot,—Why on earth didn't you tell me you kept wasps down here? I had no idea you went in for such a hobby. But why is your vespiary at the bole of the apple-tree, immediately outside the sitting-room window? Have you any specific objection to my drugging it and removing it to a nice empty hole at the back of the wood-shed? I will then revive it with *sal-volatile*, and inform the neighbours that the change of premises does not mean any suspension of the regular business, and that they may be stung from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. as heretofore.

I am emboldened to suggest this alteration because yesterday morning at breakfast, the window being open to admit a balmy Sussex draught, one of your wasps wanted the honey at the same moment that I did. Joan, who is no vespiphile, flicked her table-napkin and said, "Shoo!" The wasp must have misunderstood her, for it immediately settled on the back of my hand and sat down on its pointed end. The result was that I said "Help!" though Joan makes out that I muted the final letter.

Unfortunately we had brought no ammonia with us. The nearest approach to that useful alkali that we possessed was a bottle of ammoniated quinine, some of which I applied *faute de mieux*. I can't tell whether it did any good or not, because I don't know what would have happened if I had not applied it. Joan thinks the wound would have "gathered," but I imagine she is confusing a needlework term.

Now you know why I want to move your wasps, Peter. The alternative is to eat our honey elsewhere. But bread and honey is so essentially a parlour dish (has it not as such long since received the *cachet* of royal example?) that to eat it in the scullery, say, or in one of the bedrooms, seems to me seriously *malapropos*.

You may be interested to know that our honey was a local industry. None of your New Zealand frozen honey for us, my boy! We bought it in the village, at a most unpretentious little shop. Its one window contained a cucumber, the butt-end of which was immersed in a jam-pot of water, and four round glass jars containing respectively bulls'-eyes, Pontefract cakes (which badly needed repolishing), nothing, and "Windleton Mixture." There was also a card displayed bearing the legend—

HONEY FROM OUR OWN BEES
RUN OR COMB.

should like some of that honey," I remarked to Joan one day as we were passing the shop. "But what does 'run or comb' mean? Is there a distinction in honey, as there is in butter—fresh or smoked?" Joan explained "Anyhow, we'll have it in the comb," she said; "then if we find we don't like it in that form we can run it. Whereas if we buy run honey, and we find that, after all, we want it in the comb——"

Now, Peter, an idea has occurred to me. Do wasps make anything? I can't recall any mention of it in Lord Avebury, but I have a sort of notion that they make frumenty. (Joan says that frumenty is a disinfectant.) At any rate there is the idea in my mind, and what possible object should I have in imagining that wasps make frumenty if they don't? What I wish to do, then, is to have a card printed to hang in the sitting-room window:—

FRUMENTY FROM OUR OWN WASPS
THICK OR CLEAR.

Meanwhile, let me know if I can send you some, at the same time not forgetting to cut hole in card in order to indicate size of mouth.

I much regret to say we were unsuccessful in our attempt to procure you the asparagus-servers and the scent-bottles offered in the Lawn Tennis Tournament. Joan attributes our failure to the fact that whenever it was my service I played the Ruy Lopez gambit (six balls in the net and two in the Vicar's orchard); while I put it down chiefly to Joan's persistently playing the "nullo" game. Even so, this is hardly sufficient to account for our being defeated six-love in two consecutive sets by a brace of sheer rabbits. The truth is that our opponents' strong point was their appalling feebleness, and I tell you without shame, Peter, that to be served soft under-hand lobs without a *soupçon* of 'googly' about them by a left-handed auctioneer clad in a pink shirt, grey flannel trousers, plimsolls, and a straw hat with a hat-guard, absolutely demoralised *us*, who have spoken to Gore and Ritchie ("Oh, good return, Sir!" from the covered stand). The auctioneer's partner was of that neophytic type that "also serve," but chiefly "stand and wait"; but I am told that she does a great amount of good amongst the poor in the village.

And now I regret (yet also rejoice) to say something else: I am obliged to bring my tenancy of "The Yews" to a premature close to-morrow, Friday. I quite forgot to tell you, when I entered into treaty with you for the occupation of these premises, that I had previously offered to give Lloyd George a hand with the munitions, and attend the Arsenal over the week-ends—just to keep an eye on the other fellows, and see that they only went out to lunch a reasonable number of times. Well, while I have been writing this letter to you an urgent message has come inviting me to present myself at the Arsenal on Saturday afternoon next. Joan is certain that if I fail to appear I shall be shot at daybreak, and my funeral, she says, would just now cause great deal of unnecessary inconvenience; and I am inclined to agree with her. Under these circumstances, Peter, I am sure you will not insist on my completing my sentence, and I have therefore calculated that I owe you for ten days' accommodation (reckoning day of arrival and day of departure as one day), which, at the rate of a pound a week, works out at £1 8*s*. 6⁴⁄₇*d*. I accordingly enclose my cheque for £1 8*s*. 6*d*. together with a bun (we bought seven for sixpence this morning), which is the only way I can think of to settle this vulgar and objectionable fraction.

Trusting that my cheque will be honoured with all that old-world courtesy for which the Bank of England is noted,

I am, Ever your grateful ex-tenant,
Oswald.

A SHELL-TURNER TO A SHELL.

Listen, you that's done for me!
Here's one whose heart's with French's
Khaki lads, and mad to see
The fireworks in the trenches,
Stuck at home along o' you—
You'll have to go and fight for two.

I was for the Front at first;
But, since the Bosches voted
You was what they needed worst,
To please 'em I'm promoted
Where I drill and turn recruits—
The sort an eighteen-pounder shoots.

Well, good-bye. I'll bid you luck.
And wish 'twas me was started;
Tell the boys the way I'm stuck
And not to be down-hearted;
When you're in the firing line
Remember that your share is mine.

In the breech and tucked up tight—
Then bang! and off you're humming;
Guess I've done my bit all right
And now there's your turn coming;
Burst for England, good and hot,
And show the dirty beggars what!

"GERMAN SUBMARINE SAID TO SING IN NORTH SEA."
Nelson Daily News.

The Hymn of Hate, we presume.



SCENE.—*Youthful 2nd Lieutenant trying on his new uniform, which has just arrived.*

Mother. "I DON'T LIKE ALL THAT DECORATION ON THE SLEEVE, DEAR. COULDN'T YOU HAVE IT TAKEN OFF?"

GABRIELLE.

THEY are over now, those evenings when I sat by my open window and Gabrielle sang to me in the gloaming. But sometimes still, when the sun has sunk below the western edge and the daylight slips into dusk, I lie back in my chair and close my eyes and conjure up the memory of her voice.

It was always the same song that Gabrielle sang—a song without words, sweeter, subtler far than anything that MENDELSSOHN ever wrote. Hers was a voice to hear once and dream of for ever, a voice of little volume, at its strongest just a fragile ecstasy of melody, yet ringing clear and pure, like the echo of a rim of fairy glass smitten with a thread of silver. But it was in its softer notes that it was most wonderful. Even now I can hear their sustained sweetness as they fell faintly and more faintly still on the ear, till at length they soared and died on the last frail gossamer stair between sound and silence. So sang Gabrielle, invisible always. Yes, I never saw her, though I could well picture her as I knew she must be, slender and *petite* in form, her eyes and face aglow with the rapture of the music that was her life.

And then very simply, very sadly, the end came. There seemed no sound in all the world that night, that rose-fragrant night in June, save the voice of Gabrielle singing to me in the shadows. For awhile I sat and listened motionless, fearing to break the spell, but at last in a moment of forgetfulness I raised my hand to the cushion behind my head. Heaven knows I never meant it as a gesture of invitation, yet as such must my singer have interpreted it. She came. Swift as a wave to the shore, straight as a swallow to its nest, Gabrielle came to me. It was a brief meeting. Stung with a stab of pain, I dashed my hand wildly down, and all that was left of her was a small brown smudge upon the window-sill. She had gone, my Gabrielle—gone, I trust, where all the good gnats go.

THE GERMAN HIGH SEA FLEET.

THEY call me "Fleet," you understand,
For being rather slow;
"Sea" for manœuvring overland,
And "High" for lying low.

I hope to keep ten keels for one
Some Day—no matter when.
Meanwhile there's nothing to be done
But keep one Kiel for ten.

"Miss —— graceful in black over white, with a collier of wide white tulle fastened with a diamond clasp round her long slim neck."
The Lady.

No wonder he did not want to go back to work.

An extract from Battalion Orders:

"6. EQUIPMENT.—Mr. ——, Accoutrement Maker, from Woolwich Arsenal, has arrived here to instruct the Battalion in the Repairing & Fitting of the 1914 Pattern Equipment, which will last about 2½ days."

It seems about time to issue the more durable 1915 pattern.



HOW TO END THE WAR.

Gertrude. "What a pity the Germans can't see Auntie! They'd be tickled to death."

"THEY ALSO SERVE."

To the Officers and Men of the Grand Fleet.

["Week by week they are waiting for a chance which never comes. Some of them, to the envy of their comrades, have had their day in the Dogger Bank, the Heligoland Bight, the Falkland Islands, the Dardanelles. But for most of them 'the day' is still to come. It is impossible to describe the strain of waiting for it."
The Archbishop of York in "The Times."]

The saucy *Arethusa* met the warships of the foe,
And the *Lion* and *Undaunted* helped to send them down below,
But remember, oh, remember, while we make their praises ring,
That the men who do the waiting also serve our Lord the King.

The *Emden* kept things lively from Seychelles to Singapore,
Till the *Sydney* found her at the game and settled up the score;
But don't forget the others, when you cheer the victors' pluck,
For the men who do the waiting haven't had the *Sydney's* luck.

Von Spee was smiling broadly when he neared the Falkland Isles,
But he hadn't made allowance for our gallant Sturdee's wiles,
So he and his went under—and we cheered to hear the news,
Yet the men who do the waiting are as stout as Sturdee's crews.

The British *Tiger* ramped and roared. Their cruisers wouldn't wait;
They scuttled hard for port and left the *Bluecher* to her fate.
Here's to our tars who braved the foe amid the bursting shell—
But the men who do the waiting, they deserve our thanks as well.

They are ready, yes, and longing for the signal to advance,
But they haven't yet been given all the other fellows' chance.
They fret to join the *mêlée*, they are eager for the call;
And the men who do the waiting have the hardest job of all.

But the "Day" is not far distant when the thunder-roll shall peal,
And the German fleet to meet their foe shall follow out of Kiel;
The guns shall lift their voices in irrevocable blast—
Then the men who do the waiting will have got their chance at last.

"Belgium is for the moment a nation without a fatherland; but the soul of the nation is living still, is living in her brave soldiers, is living in King Albert, who has shown to the modern world what can be done by a Nero-King."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph.*

Our contemporary is in error; it is another monarch who has shown the world that.

"At the inquest on the mate of the steamer Torquoise, which has been sunk, three men were hit by shells."—*Greenock Telegraph.*

The Coroner ought not to have allowed it.



AFTER ONE YEAR.



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPOT.

Officer (to lately joined Recruit). "Just bring out that mule, will you? And don't get hurt."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXV.

My dear Charles,—We have moved along again and have struck a new joy in life. It was one of those quiet and ostentatiously peaceful afternoons in the trenches, upon which anything may happen anywhere, at any time, and it is just as well to stay in your dug-out lest it happen on or about you. I was lying "at home," but, no callers arriving and the harmonious drone of a thousand local blue-bottles producing its inevitable effect, I was just about to enjoy an hour or two of the best when I was aroused by a knocking on the floor. I am not used to being approached in this indirect manner, so rather than invite the knocker to come in, I myself went out. Being unable to obtain redress from our own people, I sought out an R.E. officer, whom I knew to reside in our alley for no honest purpose. Most of the worst machinations of the Devil are worked, in warfare, through the R.E., and I had no hesitation in accusing him of having either instigated his own men or provoked the enemy's into this rude and unscrupulous disturbance of my peace of mind and body from underneath. The R.E. officer, a genial villain, told me all about it, but was not, as far as I could see, ashamed of himself.

It appears there is a class of Englishmen to whom even the present methods of trench warfare are not satisfying. Whereas the average infantry-man is content to fell hostile individuals, and the average artilleryman doesn't particularly care whether he kills or not provided he removes landscape, these men have conceived such a dislike for the enemy *en masse* that they must needs remove them *en masse*. Unhappily there is a class of Germans of the same morbid disposition, but the two lots have not yet come to any understanding of "live and let live" as amongst themselves or concluded any business arrangement to that effect. To pop a head over the parapet, have a shot and, if there is any head remaining, to pop it down again is merely risky, and therefore, as it is lacking in true frightfulness, these engineers will have none of it. They prefer to burrow in an ominous silence and get at their antagonists from underneath with a thousand tons or so of blasting powder; but their chief delight is to discover the other lot burrowing towards us, with intent; and, approaching them with a smaller charge, to have underground what they are pleased to call a "blow," as opposed to the above-board method known as a "show." When an R.E. officer, using what to you or me would seem a mild and inadequate expletive, says, "Blow that German!" it is all up (literally) with the German in question.

It is always possible, of course, for one of our galleries to join up accidentally with one of theirs, although these passages are but four feet by two. In this connection my R.E. man told me of an experience of his, occurring upon one of his subterranean tours of inspection; but he did not tell me this, God bless him, until I had got back from my own tour. What happened was this: turning a corner, he met a German . . . That's all; is it not enough?

I was having tea in his dug-out when my informant told me all this. He spent most of his time sitting on a large tin case, smoking contentedly. Common politeness demanded that I should enquire as to the contents of the tin; the sound of the scientific name of the stuff

would convey nothing to you, but the sound of the stuff itself (when ignited) would explain everything. I was about to rebuke him sharply for daring to smoke in the presence of so vulnerable an explosive when he went on to tell me that the two little buttons at his side had only to be depressed to bring to a climax arrangements which had been made to elevate the very trenches I occupy myself, when and if occasion should demand. With me it was the work of an instant to decide that I would do or deny myself anything to keep in his best books.

The knocking I had heard was apparently some way off and had already been noted. The R.E. were reserving the knocker's fate and leaving to him at least the pleasure of doing the bulk of the burrowing. As events turned out, the noises ceased altogether while they were waiting, from which they concluded that the work was complete and the charge laid. This they proved by some burrowing of their own, conducted, no doubt, very gingerly. Having discovered the actual charge and for all their professional knowledge of the touchiness and temper of the creature, they proceeded (in my absence) to remove it. Conceive the delightful sequel! Some evening every available man over the way would be assembled in the first line trenches, craning his neck to witness our departure at schedule time. At the appointed hour the German Engineer-General, whose part in the business would be confined to this ceremony, would arrive with his minions, of whom one would carry the handsomely-engraved switch-board, and the rest would quarrel for the honour of joining up the connection. He would make a short speech, modestly referring to the efficiency of his preparations and the completeness of the approaching crisis, insisting finally on the need for hate and more hate and yet more hate. The local Army, Army Corps, Divisional and Brigade Commanders would have sent "Pass Memos" supporting the resolution and anticipating the most beneficial results from coming events. Finally, amidst the deadest and tensest silence possible, would take place the tremendously impressive and significant ceremony of the Pressing of the Button, the whole affair concluding in an overwhelming *nil*.

The men deal with this new phenomenon, as with all others, by song. To do this needs but a slight adaptation of old words, and so, when the rumour goes round that sounds have been heard and we may ascend skywards at any moment, the company clusters round its Sergeant-Major and sings, with pathetic insistence, "Don't go *up* in the mine to-night, Daddy!"

Having indented for every conceivable thing a soldier can possibly want or wear, all forms of uniform and equipment, arms and tools, we had the bright idea of indenting in an entirely new line. We indented for men, and in due course these arrived from our base companies, their faces reminding us of those good old days in England when our military operations were confined to dealing with an enemy who either did not retaliate at all or, at the worst, did so with blank ammunition. Upon their arrival they were inspected by our old friend Smithson, in the absence of senior officers. He expressed himself (and obviously was) delighted with their appearance, but his pleasure was mostly due to the discovery of one Private Trotter in their ranks. Imagine the feelings of that unhappy man, already sufficiently depressed by his first realisation of the dangers and discomforts of war, to find himself being inspected closely inspected—and recollected by an officer from whom he had, five months ago, borrowed ten shillings and never repaid same. Of a hard world, Charles, Flanders is not the softest part.

Yours ever, Henry.



INVASION.

Mr. Wagford (*whose son has sent him home a souvenir from the field of battle*) will have his joke.

UNFIT.

The conversation turned inevitably to the subject of the War. We had not been introduced for many minutes before I found myself telling her—I am afraid I have a habit of telling people—that my three sons were at the Front and that one of them had been mentioned in despatches.

"How proud you must be of them!" she said, with real feeling. I am, and I said so.

"You will always be able to think of what they did for their country all your life," she said, and then, after a pause, she continued almost to herself, "And what shall I have to think of my son!"

I had not known her to be mother of a son at all, but I felt sure she could never be the mother of a slacker. I looked up at her inquiringly.

"Oh, it isn't his fault that he's doing nothing but eat and drink and amuse himself during this great crisis. He'd be no good in the field," she said sadly.

I didn't like to be too curious—we were comparative strangers—so I suggested munitions rather feebly.

"Oh, that would be no good. He knows nothing of engineering or things of that sort. He has never applied himself consistently to anything for any length of time."

I began to feel sorry for her.

"But why can't he enlist?" I asked. "Is he medically unfit?"

"The fact is," she said, "he could never stand the marches. He'd never walk a yard in Army boots."

"But has he tried, has he done his best?" I asked warmly.

"Oh, it would be no use his trying," she said. "Besides, Army food would kill him."

I knew the type of young man now and despised him heartily. I felt sorry for his mother, but wondered if she were not a little to blame; after all, his upbringing—still I could not suggest that to her. But I persisted.

"Have Army doctors disqualified him?" I asked.

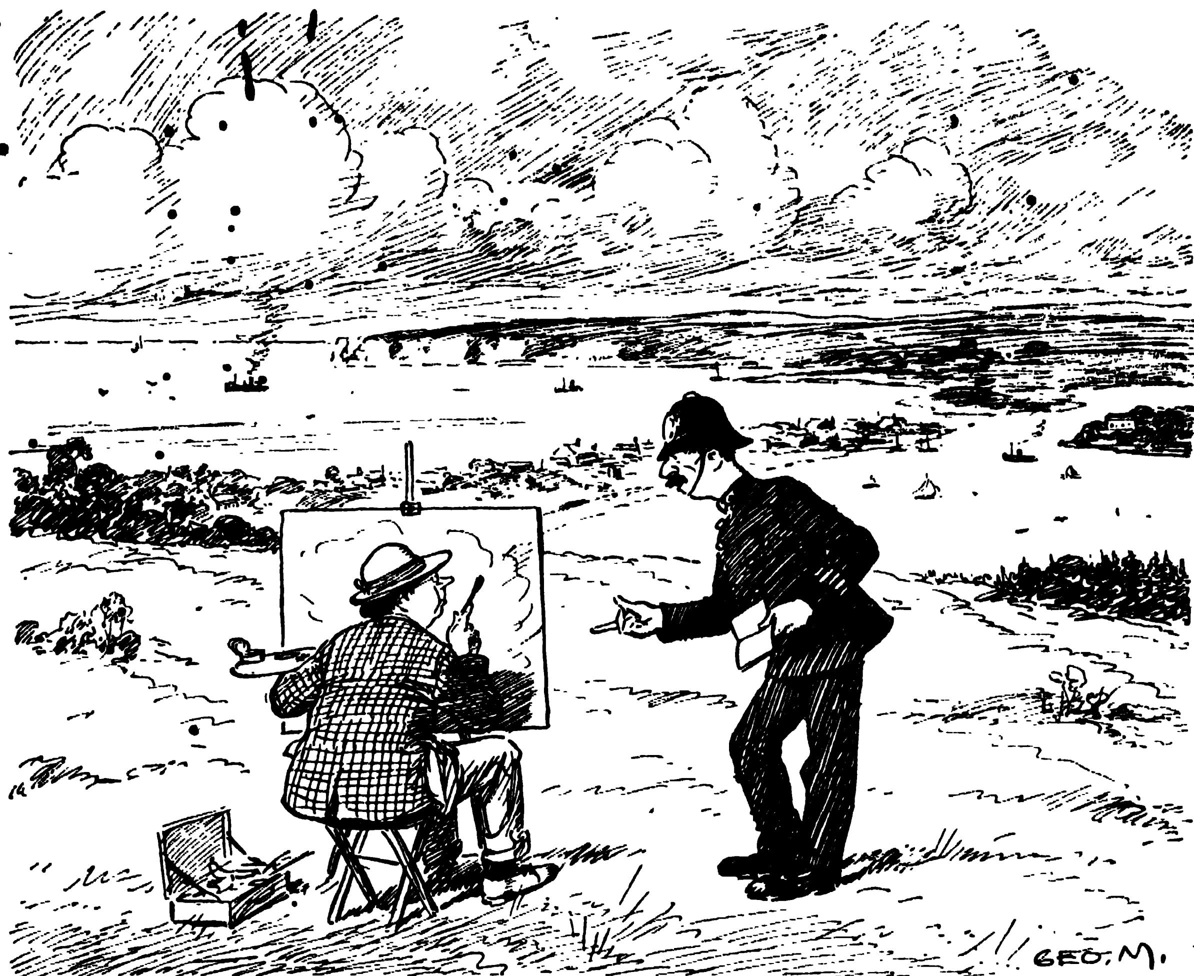
"No," she said, "but our own medical man says his chest measurement is insufficient—and then he's below the regulation height too."

"The Bantams," I began.

"It's all no use," she said sadly and as if to dismiss the subject. But it was one on which I, the father of three soldiers, felt strongly.

"I suppose he would do his bit if he could?" I asked.

"He would indeed," she said enthusiastically, "but he's so helpless. All he can do is to bang a drum, and that he does most thoroughly and conscientiously. You see," she ended, smiling, "he's only two years old."



Rural Constable. "Sketching the harbour is forbidden, Sir."
Artist. "Oh, that's all right. I'm making a study of clouds."
R. C. (impressively). "Ah! But supposin' your picture got into the hands of the enemy's aircraft department, see the use they could make of it!"

DEFAULTERS.

For an extra drink
Defaulters we,
We cuts the lawn in front of the Mess;
We're shoved in clink,
Ten days C.B.,
And rolls the lawn in front of the Mess.

We picks up weeds
And 'umps the coal;
We trims the lawn in front of the Mess;
We're plantin' seeds,
The roads we roll,
Likewise the lawn in front of the Mess.

The Officers they
Are sloshin' balls
On the lawn we've marked in front of the Mess;
And every day
Our names they call
To rake the lawn in front of the Mess.

And once a while
They 'as a "do"
On the lawn in front of the Officers' Mess.
Ain't 'arf some style,
Band playin' too,
On *our* bloomin' lawn in front of the Mess.

They dances about
And digs their 'eels
In our lawn in front of the Officers' Mess;
There ain't no doubt
As 'ow we feels
For the lawn in front of the Officers' Mess.

The turf 's gone west,
And so you see
There ain't much lawn in front of the Mess.
We does our best,
Gets more C.B.,
And mends the lawn in front of the Mess.

The C.O., who
Sez 'e can see
We loves the lawn in front of the Mess,
'E knows this too—
Without C.B.
There 'd be no lawn in front of the Mess.

For our Soldiers and Sailors.

At the personal request of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Punch reminds his readers that books and magazines may be presented at any Post Office for distribution among our Soldiers and Sailors. They should not have any address or wrapping, but simply be handed over the counter, and the Post Office will do the rest.

In the circumstances no acknowledgment will be expected by those who make these offerings; but they may be sure that their gifts will be put to the best use, and will be appreciated by those on whom the long hours of waiting would else hang very heavily.

THE SKIPPER.

(A Sketch from the Front.)

THERE never was such a one as our Skipper (the name by which we always call the Captain of our Company—"B" Company, if you please). A more unmilitary figure probably never was seen, and many have been the wagers that his circumferential exceeded his longitudinal measure, whilst he himself has been heard to deplore his contours. An old campaigner, he trod the veldty wastes of the Transvaal during the South African campaign, but, like a true soldier, he never dwells on the subject. His age might be anything from thirty-five to forty-two. He swears like a Colonial—on occasions—but represses any disposition to emulate his example on the part of his subalterns, maintaining that it is the prerogative of the O/C. Company. His own extenuation is forthcoming in the cryptic utterance that it is necessary for him to "Speak a language understanded of the people."

He came to us in the fall of 1914 from another regiment, after waiting—as he has repeatedly told us—a matter of fourteen weeks for a "call," although packed with qualifications, having letters before his name in the *Army List* and a bewildering maze of others to follow it. When he was posted to our Company we tried to size him up. Without any hesitation we voted him a horseman of parts (and weighty at that, as his certified avoirdupois is 14 st. 10 lb.), for his legs were unmistakably parabolic, and we wondered if we were going to lead him the dance we had certainly led his predecessor. But our wonder was short-lived and we gave him an early best.

Like all great men he has characteristics peculiar to himself, but does not affect the monocle for which we were devoutly thankful. His principal hall-mark was a riding crop, from which he never parted. It was indeed *the* feature of the countryside where we were billeted. But we had to get to the trenches, and in front of them, for the Skipper to come into his own. None of us could understand why, but he seemed to regard the ground between our trenches and those of the Germans as peculiarly and exclusively his. He knows German like a native, and in season and out of season, in wet weather or fine, with the falling of the shades of night came the call of adventure to him, and off he would go, sometimes—plastered with an escort for some of the distance, and often without, and we would lose sight and knowledge of him, till possibly startled by the sounds of exploding bombs and hurried firing of rifles; at which happening our senior Subaltern (whose love for the Skipper exceeds the love of women) would proceed to a sap head to await tidings, and later welcome him and breathe a heavy sigh of relief as the rotund and muddied figure of the Captain loomed into sight.

It would require a book to detail all the adventures of the Skipper in Tom Tiddler's Ground—as we called it. His lonely scrap with a big German patrol he dismissed quite briefly. The bombing of enemy listening posts was too common a feat to deserve mention. What was, however, more to his taste was a visit to the enemy trench, where he bombed a complete section and brought back as trophies the contents of an enemy's pockets, the enemy's rifle, several hair-brush bombs, and, what was of greater import, valuable documents and correspondence. His very first day in the trenches was signalized by a visit to the front to fetch in a shell that had just fallen and failed to explode. Laughter tempered anxiety at this essay, because, when he had secured the shell, he found it almost impossible to mount the parapet to bring it in. Really, he looked very funny. Perhaps the Bosches laughed, too, for their shots at him were wide of the mark—which is saying something. The Skipper was subsequently heard to remark that one enemy shell was certainly equal to one Turkish bath, but we never could fathom this utterance.



Imaginative Sister. "BOBBY, DO COME AND LOOK. HERE'S SUCH A GOOD LIKENESS OF THE KAISER IN THE FIRE."

Practical Brother. "WAIT A MINUTE, SIS, WHILE I GO AND FETCH MY SQUIRT!"

There came on a day a severe ordeal. The trenches on our left were fairly plastered with shell, and many brave fellows laid out. A call came to the Skipper—who is a medico among his other accomplishments—and off he went to tend the wounded. Had you been there, you would have screamed with laughter to have seen him dashing across an open space in full view of the enemy, and accompanied by another officer. They had not got half-way when the other officer was "pinked" in the leg. Quick as thought, the wound was dressed in full view of the enemy, and under heavy and continuous fire, the wounded was placed in a position of concealment, and the Skipper rolled on his way puffing like a grampus and red as a lobster. The last part of the journey ended with a road which had to be negotiated and which was swept by machine guns. He hesitated here a second. His subsequent explanation was that he thought of his wife and boy at the time, but we are collectively of the opinion that he was out of breath. Anyway, with a flying plunge and by a miracle he reached the further side of the road, pouring with perspiration and trembling like a leaf, and at once set to work to fight with death in another form. Ah! the tenderness of those hands when ministering to the lacerated wounds of the poor brave fellows who had "caught out."

For months past we have said to ourselves, "What of the Skipper?" And now, lo and behold, we have it in black and white. He has been awarded the Military Cross. What deeds, we are wondering, must be done that shall merit the D.S.O.? What must man attain to merit a Victoria Cross?

He is, of course, glad. He says it will give him a day or two home with his wife and boy, to whom he has never failed to write daily since old England's shores were left.

Some of us believe the Skipper will be a General some day. Some think he ought to be one now—but then, he swears at times, and eschews tobacco, and—we are sorry to say it—he would be none too comfortable to get on with, and, best argument of all, we don't want to lose him.

The Skipper's wife has just sent us ninety-nine pounds of acid drops. God bless the Skipper!

Testimonial quoted in a florist's catalogue:—

> "I am very pleased with the lot of seeds I got from you recently. Everyone nearly came up."

We wonder what he would have said if they had quite come up.

THE TYRANNY OF EALING.

(*By an Inner Circler.*)

WHEN, as Evensong is pealing,
Campden Hill-wards bound,
I desire to reach my shieling
By the Underground;
As I humbly stand, appealing
To the indicator, "Ealing"
Only can be found.

Endless trains stream past me, dealing
Disappointment dire,
Bringing neither balm nor healing
To assuage my ire;
For they're packed from floor to ceiling,
And the eternal cry of "Ealing"
Sets my brain on fire.

So I stand, my senses reeling,
Anguish in my soul,
As the trains with jolt and squealing
Ever onward roll,
Most conclusively revealing
That the whole world finds in Ealing
Its appointed goal.

To the isle of Cocos-Keeling
Were I forced to fly,
Or the hills of far Darjeeling
Tow'ring to the sky,
Whether walking, standing, kneeling,
They will haunt me, trains to Ealing,
Haunt me till I die.



THE SPIRIT OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Visitor. "IT'S A TERRIBLE WAR, THIS, YOUNG MAN—A TERRIBLE WAR."

Mike. "'TIS THAT, SOR—A TIRRIBLE WARR. BUT 'TIS BETTER THAN NO WARR AT ALL!"

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

"EXCUSE me," I said to the man standing by the big motor-car, "but I must ask you to reduce the power of your head-lights. They're brighter than the regulations permit."

"Indeed," he said rather severely. Do you know who I am?"

His tone rather vexed me. "No," I said, "and I don't care. You may rent a box at Covent Garden or a stall in the Caledonian Market, but those lights have got to come down."

"Have they?" he said. "Who says so?"

"I do," I said. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," he said, "and I—— Who are you, I mean?"

"One of the Special Constables for this Division," I said, drawing myself up to the full extent of my new braces. "I'm a person to be reckoned with. I could even run you in. But come, what about these lights?"

"Well, what do you want to do about them?"

"It isn't," I said, "what I want to do about them; it's what I've been instructed to do."

"But what are your instructions?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I'm not quite clear what I have to do if you decline to lower the lights yourself. I take it you do decline?"

"Well," he said, "I admit I don't want to do it."

"I ought," I said, "to have some written instructions on how to act, but I haven't. I have a whistle, and might call assistance, it's true, but we don't want a crowd round if we can help it, do we?"

"No," he said.

"I have it," I said. "If you wouldn't mind staying here while I go to the nearest police-station, the Inspector will tell me what I ought to do next."

"Oh, I shan't run away," he said.

"And you won't drive away in the car?" I asked.

"No," he said.

"Look here," I said, "you seem a decent chap for a motorist, and I don't want to be severe. Couldn't you bring yourself to lower them just the weeniest? They're only about twenty over-proof."

"No," he said, "not the teeny-weeniest."

"Then," I said, "there's no help for it. I'm off to the station. I have your word?"

"Certainly," he said.

I turned to go. "I say!" he called.

"Ah," I said, turning back with relief; "you relent?"

"No," he said, "it isn't that. I was only going to say that here's the owner of the car coming back, I think."

"The owner," I gasped. "Then who are you?"

"Nobody in particular," he said, smiling. "I've just been waiting here all the evening for a friend who hasn't turned up."

SOMMEVERE-EN-FRANCE.

Only Guillaumism, I felt, could have got me to reside for more than one night in the little town of Sommevere-en-France; but I am glad of the experience, for the Sommeverians are a pleasant placid folk with a pretty taste in open fruit tarts, and for the cool of the evening they can offer the stranger both a river and a canal. Not an ordinary canal, but a canal which runs right away into the Detestable Land and, a mile from Sommevere, is so adventurous as to leap across the river by a gleaming white bridge. Upon the canal are many barges, whose main function as carriers being for the time suspended now lie moored to the trees by the bank, and shelter huge families of refugees together with dogs of a thousand-and-one strains.

Sommevere-en-France itself must be one of the neatest provincial towns in the world. Built by a monarch of orderly mind though somewhat irregular habits (as one Diane de Poictiers could relate) it fulfils a rectangular plan. In the middle of it is a square; within that is a smaller square of lime trees, whose branches have been severely cut into cubes; and in the middle of that is a fountain. From this fountain radiate the four principal streets. The fountain itself, rather daringly in such close proximity to the real article, represents the great and beautiful and very green and now poignantly historic river on which Sommevere-en-France is situated as a bronze lady: a feat of imagery which, since the stream can be seen only a few yards away, has the effect of turning the youth of the town into either poets or, by way of protest, realists, and suggests that some limit of distance should perhaps be set upon symbolic sculpture.

There, however, she stands, this bronze lady, not much more motionless than—especially on Sundays and in the evening—stand the multitude of anglers on her river's actual banks. For Sommevere-en-France fishes with a unanimity and application such as I never saw before. Every one fishes: old women fish; young women; mothers with their children; girls; boys; elderly men; the barber with the strabismus who is so anxious to learn English; the tall man with one leg who manages his bicycle so cleverly: all fish. After five o'clock they are as sure to be by the river as the bronze lady is sure to be in the centre of the square. But, most of all, the soldiers fish. Sommevere-en-France is packed with soldiers, and every one has a rod. When work is done they hold their rods over river with a pacific content that for the moment reduces Guillaumism to a dream, a myth. But for that dread menace they would not be there in such numbers, it is true, yet how can one fear the worst so long as they angle, these warriors, with such calm and intensity? It is not a sight to hearten the War Lord and send him to the telegraph-office with a new message of confidence to his sister of Greece and a new postscript of affection for Tino.

No one, so far as I know, ever catches anything; but what of that? It is notorious that fishing and catching fish can be totally opposed pursuits. Nothing ever discourages or depresses the Sommevere enthusiasts. They fish on; smoke on; exchange jests and hopes. The barber, with his white jacket and his ragged beard, who for the most part has one eye on his float and the other on the street whence would come running the boy who lathers the customers, may now and then examine his hook with a gesture of surprise, but he is not really concerned to find no fish squirming there. Similarly, at intervals, every soldier withdraws his line to replenish his bait or move his float; but they too are not downhearted. I say float, for it is all that kind of fishing. No flies, no reels even; nothing but a rod, a piece of string, a float, two split shots, a hook, and some quite superfluous lure. A few more imaginative minds add a landing-net. I have sometimes wondered what would happen if a fish with a sense of fun did once permit itself to be drawn from the river. Would they run as from a sea serpent? I imagine them, *en masse*, soldiers and civilians, old and young, stampeding to their cellars in terror. A fish! A fish

Sommevere has two hotels and several cafés, one of which, by the canal towpath, where the weary horses plod, bravely calls itself the "Café de Navigation." As for the others, they are of the regular pattern—"de Commerce," "de Paris," and so forth. It also has many shops, for it is a centre of an agricultural district, and farmers and farmers' wives—chiefly farmers' wives nowadays, for the farmers and their men are away fighting Guillaume—rely upon it for the necessities of life. And mention of the shops reminds me of one of my experiences in Sommevere which I shall ever cherish, for I too, finding myself one day also in want of a necessity of life, entered the chief ironmonger's and laid my need before the assistant: a corkscrew. He displayed first one and then another, remarking that the second was "*plus sérieux*." It was, of course, the more serious corkscrew that I bought. "Great sensible land of France," I said to myself as I bore away this precious purchase, "where the words 'serious' and 'corkscrew' can be so naturally allied, and soldiers can catch nothing hour after hour in perfect contentment!" For the rest of my life corkscrews will fall into the two divisions—serious and the reverse.

THE ADVENTURER.

In Childhood's land of make-believe
  I wandered long ago,
Content and keen to plan and weave
  A constant shadow-show.

We prowled about like angry bears
  Within the fire-guard den,
And stole doll-children unawares
  And rescued them again.

We'd blaze each chair-leg forest-tree
  To balk an Indian plot,
Or sail into an oil-cloth sea
  Upon the sofa-yacht;

We made our captives walk the plank
  Across the nursery tray,
And wrecked the bath-ship on the bank
  Of bricks in Carpet Bay;

But now, where City fetters cramp
  My wayward feet, I slave;
Electric is Aladdin's lamp,
  The office is the cave.

Yet here, as in dear nursery days,
  I roam adventuring,
And travel through uncharted ways
  On Fancy's restless wing.

The marvels of the mystic East
  I view in countless bales,
While cunning merchants hourly feast
  My ears on fairy tales.

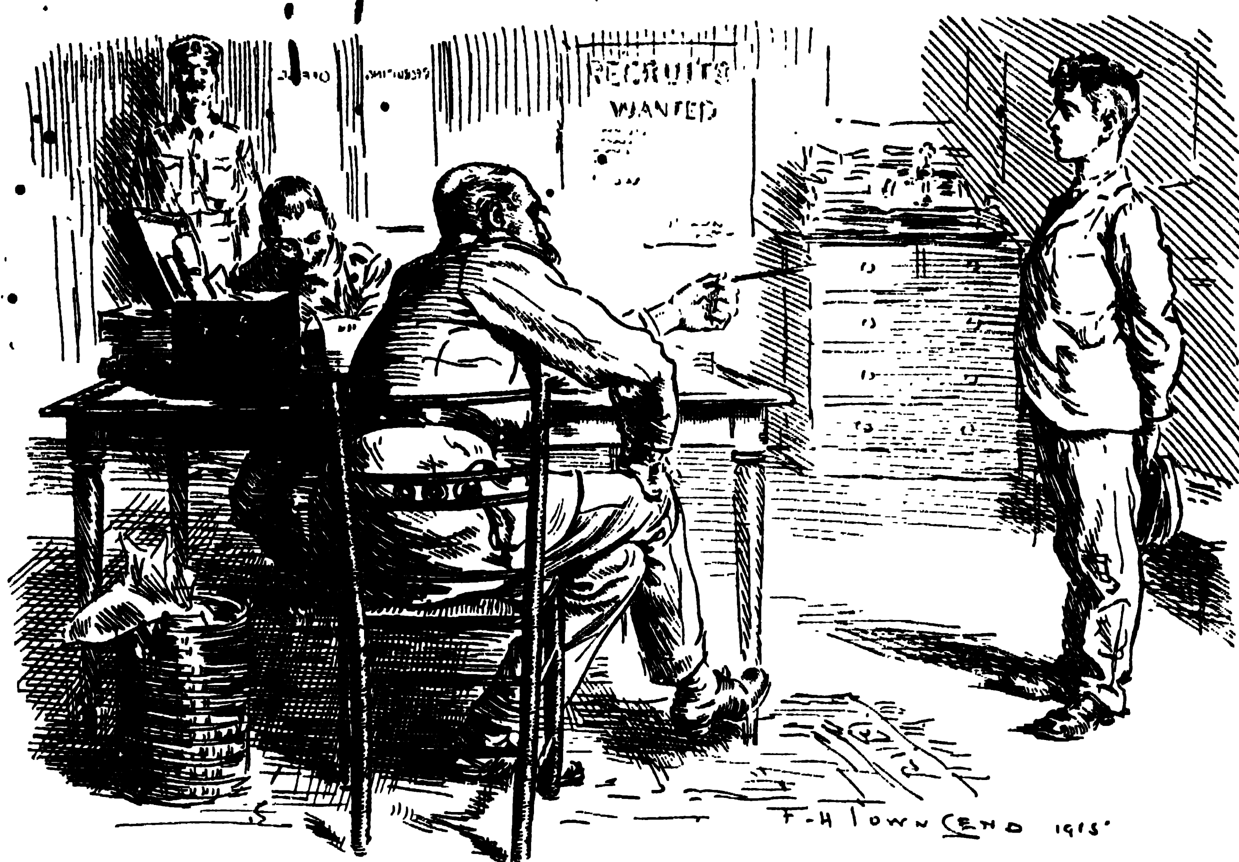
The ledgers tell a wild romance
  Of galleons strangely lost,
Of traders that have met mischance
  When coral-reefs were crossed.

The wisdom of a thousand climes,
  The witchcraft of a few,
The glamour of the "good old times,"
  The vigour of the new—

All these combine to weave for me,
  Out of the rush and din,
Fair dreams of gallant days to be
  And wonderlands to win.

Apartments.—Wanted, One Bedroom and Kitchen Board, three meals, five days; four meals, Sabbath; breakfast and supper on Friday (hot supper with potatoes); hot dinners each day, and chop and steak for breakfast preferable; all home comforts essential. Terms 10s. 1d."—*Shields Daily Gazette.*

The advertiser must be a generous fellow. Some people would have wanted it all for 10s. net.



Officer (to boy of thirteen who, in his effort to get taken on as a bugler, has given his age as sixteen). "Do you know where boys go who tell lies?"

Applicant. "To the Front, Sir."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Of the many books that have been already written about the War and its causes, and of that greater number, at which the imagination boggles, that will be written in the future, I doubt whether any will have a greater significance for the student than *J'Accuse* (Hodder and Stoughton). The peculiar value of it, rightly emphasised by the publishers, is that this doubly damnatory indictment of the central Empires is written by one of their own citizens—one, in short, who, despite what must be increasing temptations to belong to other nations, remains a German. Further identification is not given, doubtless for reasons of common prudence. One can well imagine that there are certain quarters where no price would be thought excessive to silence the too candid tongue of this critic. His accusation, based indisputably upon facts and documents beyond question, proves the blood-guiltiness of the German and Austrian criminals with a logic that no impartial mind can dispute. He shows, from their own actions as given even in their official reports, that it was the Governments of Berlin and Vienna which, after long secret preparation, deliberately unchained the present horror upon the world at what they regarded as their most propitious moment. In particular no one can fail to be impressed by the measures they took to avert what at several moments must have appeared to them the *danger* of a pacific solution to the difficulties they had so sedulously fostered. *J'Accuse* is not only an absorbingly interesting volume, but one of great permanent value; and its anonymous author deserves the gratitude of all right-thinking men for the high moral courage that has inspired his work.

One of the small grains of comfort which it is possible to extract from the War is the fact that it must have acted as a high explosive, blowing a great deal of nonsense out of the heads of a particularly irritating class of the community—the class which, before August, 1914, was wont to gather together in little coteries and talk Art and admire itself and behave generally as if it were the centre of an otherwise uninteresting world. As one of the characters in Mr. Douglas Goldring's *It's an Ill Wind*—— (George Allen and Unwin) puts it: "There will be a European war in a fortnight. The importance of the small emotions of neurotic young men and women will then be dwarfed." *Adrian Corbet* was one of this class till the realities awoke him and caused him to become a soldier instead of editing *The Monocle*, a monthly magazine devoted to Literature and the Arts, price 2*s.* 6*d.* net. War enabled him not only to find himself spiritually, but to escape from the clutches of *Rose Harford*, who was going to marry him, but, as soon as hostilities began and the price of food started to go up, elected to play for safety and become the mistress of a rich man instead of the wife of a poor one. This is, I think, Mr. Goldring's first novel, and it is so well written that I hope he will stick to fiction as his medium of expression. None with his gift for characterization should limit himself to verse and the essay. Even the smallest characters in *It's an Ill Wind*—— are alive, and there are very few writers

who could have handled the development of *Rose Harford* with greater skill. I hope that the book will not come under the head of the ninety-nine per cent. of fiction which in the present troublous times "will automatically cease to matter," for it deserves a better fate.

If it requires courage in a novelist—and I think it does—to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable and to build a firm love-story on no visible foundation, coupling together what must seem to be utterly incompatible natures in a completely happy ever-after, without ever losing heart or showing any doubt as to the issue, then OLIVE WADSLEY has proved her right to be serving in the trenches. Nor does the miracle stop at her own belief in the event, for if I am an average reader (which I suspect to be the case) there will be very few persons inclined to find fault with the romance of *Alera Castlemayne* and her gutter-bred, poetry-loving *Bill*, the boxing champion. Although a patrician of patricians, she allowed the boy to sweep her off her feet and marry her regardless; and it is all so satisfactory that, some temporary disparities notwithstanding, one closes the book with no fears for the final welfare of these two nice people. Really *Conquest* (CASSELL) is a most compelling story, despite the fact that the War has inevitably dwarfed one's interest (supposing it ever existed) in such things as boxing contests and world championships. I could wish indeed that the authoress had got her effect of contrast by some device less harsh than the setting of her perfect lover in the prize-ring, yet, seeing that her method has been successful, she may well uphold it; and beyond a doubt she has achieved something. Her style of writing, too, apart from some occasional unevenness, is of the pleasantest, and possesses the further and rare merit that it improves with the occasion. In short, this is a book my friends shall be told to read.



"GOSH, BILL! MY OLD WOMAN WOULDN'T 'ALF COP IT IF I CAUGHT 'ER COMIN' OUT LIKE THAT!"

When you begin a book with the expectation of being bored to the snoring point and find yourself thoroughly interested and wideawake, it is well, I think, to admit the fact. That was the effect that Mr. HAMIL GRANT'S *Spies and Secret Service* (GRANT RICHARDS) had upon me, and the reason was that he does not devote himself excessively to affairs of the moment, but gives up a considerable portion of his book to what I may call the history of his subject. The psychology of the spy is a complex business, and I should imagine that many of us have wondered how men can be found to take part in what Mr. GRANT says is "among the most disreputable of all trades." That recruits can easily be found for this hazardous service is due, he states, to a kind of megalomania which induces people at whatever cost "to be engaged, in no matter how lowly a capacity, with men who direct important affairs, to associate in more or less familiar fashion with celebrities." The spy is then—in simple terms—a snob. Somehow or other I had never thought he was so bad as that. Mr. GRANT gives careful sketches of the lives of such men as LE CARON, ANDRÉ and SCHULMEISTER, but the best chapter in this part of his book is "Mack and the Molly Maguires," which is as exciting as any detective tale I have ever read. In discussing the secret services of various nations Mr. GRANT is still entertaining, but when he states that the German-Americans of to-day are "Americans first and Germans last of all" he strains my credulity. On the whole, however, his matter, though full of information, makes no great demands on one's powers of belief.

When pretty *Pauline Coutt*, newly an orphan, came to take up her abode at her grandpapa's house she did not get much of a welcome, I am sorry to say; said grandpapa being too old to endure worries more serious than beef-tea and Benger, or indeed to play any but a merely nominal part in Mrs. MARY E. MANN'S latest story, *Grandpapa's Grand-daughter* (MILLS AND BOON), notwithstanding a place of honour in the title that surely demanded a reasonable degree of exertion. *Pauline's* cousin *Vivia* too, the only other surviving member of the family, was not exactly cordial, being at the moment of arrival too busy dancing with the footman. And the authoress does not stop even there, but proceeds with considerable animation to join *Miss Vivia* in a series of rat hunts, otter hunts and private interviews with the estate agent, so that *Pauline*, who poised her head proudly and meant to keep folk in order, looked like having a busy time. Things did not improve either when it came out that the estate was so impoverished that someone simply had to marry a wealthy neighbour—fat, jolly and fifty odd he was—to save the situation. *Vivia* naturally would not; *Grandpapa* naturally could not; so who was there left? *Pauline*, as you might expect, was much too conscientious not to make the attempt; and, strangely enough, it works out quite all right in the end. How it does it of course you must read to discover, but your guesses will be getting very shrewd some little time before the finish, which indeed comes desirably soon. The book is not without its dramatic moments, but is too slight and unreal to count for much in these days. Frankly, Mrs. MANN spills a good deal too much water in the milk.

"At Christchurch Cathedral this morning the clergy of the Diocese assembled to make a presentation to Bishop Julius, on the occasion of the completion of his twenty-fifth year as Bishop of Christchurch. The gift, a light pastoral stag, was brought in in state."—*Auckland Star.*

Has the craze for "mascots" spread from the Services to the Church?

"The Gunaandal came in on Saturday afternoon with 25 baskets of fish, averaging about 65lb. each, and only about 5 per cent. were not edible. These were distributed among the hospitals."

Sydney Evening News.

On the theory that, as the patients are ill, they may as well be very ill.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a Swiss telegram 150 swans belonging to the KAISER have just been killed at Potsdam because there was no longer any barley to give them. HIS MAJESTY is expected to repair the loss by drafts from his abundant stock of geese.

* * *

The *Kölnische Zeitung*, in recording Lieut.-Col. FRANCKE'S admission that the Germans poisoned wells in South Africa, translates "arsenical sheep-dip" by the word *Viersalz*—"rock-salt." A good many of the statements of the *Kölnische Zeitung* require qualification with a grain of this material.

* * *

An American journal states that baby shows are being held in connection with agricultural fairs and that "blue ribbons are being awarded to babies as well as to cabbages and pigs." Only to those babies, we suppose, who have given up the bottle.

* * *

Bread tickets issued by the Concordia spinning mills at Bunzlau (Prussia) bear an inscription inculcating economy in the use of bread, and stating that every slice saved shortens the duration of the War. If this advice is acted upon with sufficient thoroughness it will certainly shorten the duration of the Germans.

* * *

A *Daily News* correspondent asked a wounded soldier whether Lord KITCHENER, who had spoken to him when visiting the hospital, had told him when the War would end. "No," replied the young private; "he asked if I could tell him." Humour Stakes, result:—KITCHENER, 1; Soldier, 2; Correspondent, disqualified for boring.

* * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to be devoting his leisure to landscape-painting. The particular artistic school that he favours is not publicly stated, but we have reason to believe that he intends to be a LEADER.

* * *

What the shade of NAPOLEON remarked when he heard of the capture of Warsaw:—"Mind the Steppe."

* * *

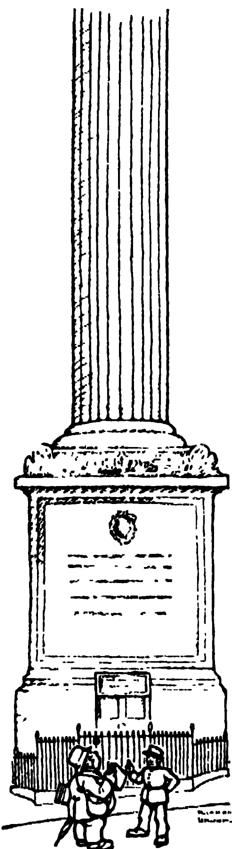
A Canadian officer, describing General JOFFRE, says "he looked to me exactly like an American politician." He omits, however, to mention the occasion on which the French generalissimo said he was too proud to fight.

* * *

Some surprise has been expressed that the KAISER should have selected Prince JOACHIM as the ruler of the new Kingdom of Lithuania, and not one of his elder sons. Possibly he thought it hopeless for them to acquire the necessary Polish.

* * *

The Archbishop of COLOGNE says that, on being congratulated upon his Eastern successes, the KAISER "turned his eyes to heaven with the most indescribable expression of intense gratitude and religious fervour." His latest portraits show, however, that his moustachios now point in quite a different direction.



REGISTRATION DAY AT THE MONUMENT.

Enumerator (anxiously). "NO ONE LIVING ON TOP FLOOR HERE, I HOPE?"

* * *

Many dear old ladies have been greatly relieved by the news that a regiment of Russians is to be raised in Canada. "So that's where they went."

* * *

"Just as charity begins at home," says Count REVENTLOW, "German overseas policy begins on the Continent." And, like a good deal of charity, it seems likely to end where it begins.

* * *

From a recent discussion at the Royal Botanic Society it appears that this institution, intended to teach botany, has of late years been kept alive by dog-shows. In fact, if the dogs had not come to the Society, the Society would have gone to the dogs.

* * *

Red hair is notoriously unlucky, so when the Turks renamed the *Kurfurst Friedrich Wilhelm*, purchased from the Germans, the *Hairreddin Barbarossa* they were asking for trouble twice over.

* * *

The German Admiralty has publicly complained that neutral merchantmen often paint the coloured signs indicating their nationality so small as to be unrecognisable at a distance. They should remember that the Germans as a nation are notoriously short-sighted.

* * *

"Because it has imagination this little piece," says the *Chronicle*, "thrills in a more real and authentic way than any other Guignol playlet we remember. It should be seen if only for Gouget's amazing performance as a shambling cut-throat." The physician who told us that a visit to the theatre was the best cure for the depression caused by the war must have been a homœopath.

* * *

In a recent article on the grievances of midshipmen *The Times* mentioned their "cherry enthusiasm." When discussing their treatment by the Admiralty it is said to be even ruddier.

* * *

A man was recently fined at Marylebone for assaulting his employer by pelting him with bags containing a mixture of red ochre, black-lead and flour. The unfortunate outcome of this ingenious effort to extend the display of the Belgian colours will not, we trust, be misinterpreted by our gallant Allies

* * *

The German CROWN PRINCE retains his taste for curios. A recent snapshot depicts him shaking hands with a German soldier who does not possess the Iron Cross.

* * *

Even under the stress of war Shakespearean research still occupies some of the brightest intellects. The Rev. LACHLAN MACLACHLAN, of Strathlachlan U.F. Church, Nether Achnaharachle, N.B., the eminent author of *Ethnological Data in Imaginative Literature*, has just announced his discovery that the *First Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* was a Scot. Only a Scot could have affirmed with conviction, while addressing a complete stranger, that "a tanner will last you nine year."

The Latest Extinguisher.

"The Fire Brigade were soon on the scene, and once they commenced to turn their noses on to the flames the conflagration was soon under control."—*Egyptian Mail.*

THE LOWER THIRD.

The Lower Third is twenty small boys whose average, as I have just informed forty anxious parents, is 13·2 and whose Latin is generally "Fair, but needs care," but sometimes simply "Bad." Minor characters in the story are the Headmaster—whom Crockford describes as *P.* 1890, if that conveys anything to you—and I. I am one of those people whom austere elderly ladies in trains and 'buses now stare so coldly at, although I travelled extensively and not without damage—as they say of "Our Mr. So-and-So"—in France and Belgium in the Autumn of 1914; since when the Lower Third has considered me competent to answer such palpitating questions as, "You *don't* think the War 'll be over before I'm eighteen, do you, Sir? simply scrums for the honour of doing odd jobs for me—so I don't mind the old ladies.

At odd times, when Junior House matches call greater men away, the Lower Third plays "The Dregs": such that is, of higher forms as are not wanted by Houses. These are great days, not without their ritual either. Directly after first school, Bendall *mi*, who leads our host, comes up to my desk.

"Please, Sir," he says—the formula never varies—"we're playing 'The Dregs' this afternoon."

"Yes, Bendall."

"Please, Sir, I s'pose you wouldn't care to play for us, would you, Sir?

"I should like to very much, if you can get somebody to run for me."

"Oh, please, Sir," this not only from Bendall but also from ten other young scamps who have edged up during the conversation—"oh, please, Sir, I 'll run for you."

So by second school a large sheet of paper has been pinned on the form board, inscribed:—

"Notice.

"On the 6th inst."—"That's to-day," as Bendall loftily explains to the less literate members of the form—"Shenstone School, Lower Third Form, will play 'The Dregs' on the Shenstone School Ground. Commencing"—altered when Bendall thinks of it to 'Beginning," in deference to an absurd prejudice of mine—"at 2.30 P.M. sharp.

Shenstone School Lower Third Form."

Then a column of ten names, and always at the end:—

"B. J. Bendall (Capt.)"

Then after a respectful interval:

"T. K. F. Merton, Esq., late of the W—— Regiment"—I shall never live this down if the Lower Third can help it—"has kindly consented to assist the form."

And then this subtle compliment:—

"'The Dregs' will be allowed two extra men."

But they rarely get them, for, when we are struggling with the account of another war in which the Belgæ took a part, there generally comes a little note: 'The Headmaster wishes to know if the Lower Third minds his playing for 'The Dregs' this afternoon." The form solemnly answers in the negative. So we do these things in style at Shenstone, you see.

The Head, I ought to explain, was a rowing man and is sometimes to be seen even now wearing, unbuttoned, a faded Leander blazer; moreover, he will come near to ranking as one of the great Headmasters, but he is no bat. Yet even such critics as the Lower Third admire the way he stops hot ones at cover and takes, without flinching, fast full-pitches on his thighs—a not uncommon ball with us.

On this particular 6th ult.—as Bendall would have it—his wife and daughter came to watch us, a very special favour for such a humble game as ours, but rather a "fearful joy," for, to tell the honest truth, I am not a little frightened of the Headmaster's lady, who is a very *grande dame.*

Of all dull things, about the dullest is a detailed account of small cricket: how Harrison made them go with his arm, and Smith snicked three fours in succession, and Reynolds missed a sitter at point. The bare fact is that we made 66, Bendall and I hitting up a merry 25 for the last wicket before I dragged a laggard foot over the crease, and was stumped in the excitement of the moment by Haddon of "The Dregs." Poor kid, he nearly wept when realised what he'd done, and couldn't say anything either, because, you see, it's a very great secret that I'm not to be stumped now, and we never so much as hint at it.

Now I hope you haven't been bracing yourselves for a dramatic ending—to see, for instance, Thomson, who has been reported twice and will be swished next time, bowl the Head amidst the cheers of his class-mates, or the small pale-faced new boy save the game by hitting the bully for six. As a matter of fact it was rather an anti-climax, though it had all the makings of a good finish, too. The Head joined the last Dreg when their score was 63. Bendall bowled. One day Bendall will be good, and even now he can be trusted to get the Headmaster's wicket twice an over; but luckily for authority his first ball was a bad one, short, a nice height and just outside the off-stump—such stuff as dreams are made of. It is the ball the Head can play; he cuffed it sharply past cover into the few yards of longish grass that fringe the boundary wall and started to run; it was an easy two. And here Knox comes into the story.

Knox is blessed with a sense of humour, and is, I believe, a boy with a future. He certainly has a past, the essential point of which just then concerned a broken window, as yet unreported. At that moment he was umpiring at square leg. As the ball with a final hop settled down just inside the fringe, he waved his hand to the scorer, walked gravely to his wicket, pocketed the bails, and turned again towards the pavilion. We always stop when a side has won. The Lower Third opened its mouth. "I say," it began. But such presence of mind as this should not go unrewarded; besides, Knox is rather a pal of mine, and I knew that for once in a way the window wasn't really his fault. "Oh, good shot, Head," I said; "that gives you the odd, I think." The Head, who learned long ago to keep his eyes in the boat, beamed with genuine and unsuspecting pleasure.

"Not often I get a four off you, Bendall," he said.

A few minutes later, as he was tucking his pads into his bag, Knox, chancing to pass by, made casual mention of a window. It was a neat piece of work; but he wasn't through yet. One of the spectators was piqued at having to watch mere Dregs at play; besides, I shrewdly suspect that Miss-in-her-teens had wanted to see a Senior House Match that day.

"You know, father," she said innocently, "that last ball wasn't touching the wall." She shot a glance at Knox, so did the Head. "They do bounce back a bit sometimes, Sir," said that warrior blandly.

The very ghost of a smile flickered on the Head's lips.

"My dear," he said, "the umpire's decision is final. Er, you might come and see me after tea about that window, Knox."

But I don't think it was so very bad.

"The directors now recommend that a dividend of 10.2754 per cent., free of tax, be declared, leaving £1,452 to be carried forward."—*Morning Paper.*

It is a nice dividend, but the income-tax will take some calculating.

"'To go anywhere and do nothing' is the spirit that to-day inspires our British forces."

Times of India.

We fear our contemporary must have been reading the other *Times.*



WORDS—AND DEEDS.

THE CIVILIAN.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The Territorial soldier shook his bandaged head sadly as he threw the evening special away in disgust. I stopped my promenade in the Park and sat down beside him on the seat. "No news this evening," I said, by way of starting the conversation. "Nothing official," he replied, "and it's only official news that I care for now. My head? Oh, that's nearly all right now, thanks; but it was a bad scalp wound when I first got it, and I had a most remarkable escape. It was not the actual wound but the mental shock that made the first three days so dangerous. The first night I had the most terribly realistic dream. I dreamt I was the Commander-in-Chief. The whole night long I was kept frantically busy, consulting my staff, making out new plans for the advance next day, receiving innumerable telegrams and telephone messages, moving brigades up on one flank, withdrawing divisions from the other. Never in my life before did I realise the immense strain and responsibility of being a field-marshal on active service. Next morning when I awoke, mentally exhausted from the labours of the night, my temperature had risen to 102 degrees, and the doctor looked very grave. 'You must get a good night's rest to-night,' he said. That night I went to sleep, and again I had a dream of horrible intensity. I dreamt I was the Admiral in command of the Grand Fleet. All night long I was poring over charts with my staff, receiving wireless reports from my cruiser squadrons, arranging the coaling and supply of my many ships, sending out patrol flotillas and issuing orders to my submarine squadrons. That night I realised the meaning of the word admiral in war-time.

"Next morning I could barely speak from exhaustion; my temperature had risen to 104, and my condition caused the doctor to look very grave. I explained the situation to him. 'If you must dream,' he said, 'dream more modestly. Dream that you are someone who has neither responsibility nor danger to face. I warn you that unless you get a good night's rest to-night you will have brain fever and your case will be hopeless.'

"That night I was given a heavy sleeping draught, bags of ice were packed round my head, and I was left to face what I realised was the crisis of my life. I tried to imagine a person who had neither responsibility nor danger to face in these stirring times. Believe me, it is a most difficult problem. I thought of every profession from a bishop to a burglar, but I found that the War had complicated the lives of every one, and to dream of any of them would be fatal to my repose. At last in despair I fell asleep.

"Next morning I awoke feeling greatly refreshed; my temperature was normal; in fact I was saved——"

"What did you dream you were that night?" I interrupted anxiously.

"A Special Correspondent at the Front," said the soldier.

"The Socialist Deputy, Compere Morel, points out that the party truce was brought about by force of circumstances, and no FrFeFnFchman could refuse to join the union of national forces in resisting the criminal aggressor."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

The Deputy may stammer a bit, but his heart's all right.

"Strayed to Aylcford Farm, Blakeney, a Welsh Ewe and Plain Sewing; knowledge of Dressmaking."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

Wool-work a speciality.

MY FRIEND'S CRUTCHES.

No sooner did the train pull up at the station at noon than I hurried down to the sea front, feeling certain of finding the Captain either sitting or strolling there before lunch. For otherwise why select this famous health-resort to recover in? But I sought him and his crutches in vain. Giving him up, I made for the secluded house which the energetic little Mrs. Captain (who could not but look on his misfortune as a blessing since it kept him longer in England) had discovered for him, and there, sure enough, he was, in the tiny back garden, slowly plodding round and round an infinitesimal lawn.

"And that's all he'll do," said little Mrs. Captain in some indignation. "Here we are in an expensive house, at an expensive watering-place, for no other purpose than that he may get the sea air and be amused by the people, and he won't leave this poky back garden."

"But, my dear old idiot," said the Captain, "you know the reason why well enough. You know I can't go out."

"I know you're a ridiculous super-sensitive egotistical person," she retorted, "and you ought to live on a planet of your own."

"Do tell me," I said.

"Well," she began.

"No," said the Captain, "let me. She'll put me in a false light, this hateful woman."

After a brief skirmish little Mrs. Captain gave way.

"To begin with," said her husband, "you will admit that my position is about as foolish as any man's can be. To be in the trenches for four months without a scratch, and then, the day after reaching home on leave, to break one's leg fooling about with a pack of children—you'll agree that absurdity couldn't go much farther than that. Undignified, too. It's like being run over by a donkey-cart—as A. J. WEBBE said when SHERWIN took off the wicket-keeping gloves and bowled him with a lob. My hat!" he sighed in parenthesis, "to think that once upon a time cricket used to be played!"

"The back garden is still waiting for the explanation," the practical little Mrs. Captain broke in. "Never mind about cricket."

"Hear her," groaned the warrior. Never mind about cricket! Rather, never mind about my grotesque leg. Let's forget the leg and talk about cricket. To think that TRUMPER's dead. I saw it in a paper in Belgium—'Death of VICTOR TRUMPER'—and it put the sun clean out for a while. That beautiful style! Do you remember him making all the bowling look like tosh at the Oval that day?"

"Do I remember? Shall I ever forget it?"

"And what a name," he went on—"VICTOR TRUMPER! Yes, yes, old thing," he broke off under a fusillade of rebukes from my hostess, "I'll come back to the point. Well, as soon as I could get about we came down here, and on the first day I took my crutches and hobbled down to the parade. That's what we'd come for, and I never had a second thought about it. But this place, as perhaps you have noticed, is full of wounded men—really wounded men, decently injured by bullets and shrapnel and the other honourable apparatus of war—and before I realised the situation, there I was all among them—I, the only fraud there."

"Fraud!" I interjected. "What rubbish you talk! After four months in the trenches, too."

"That's nothing," he said. "The trenches are not the point. The point is that I was on crutches from a leg broken in the silliest possible way at home, and these fellows were on crutches with legs properly crocked up at the Front. I tell you the realisation gave me a shock. Talk about wolves in sheep's clothing: I was the very limit. I was quickly made to feel it, for before I could get out of it up comes an old lady to insist on the privilege of shaking the hand of one who had so suffered for his country; and then a blazing old lunatic took his hat off right at me and said it was an honour to salute one of England's heroes."

"So you are," said little Mrs. Captain stoutly.

"Oh, do stop talking balderdash!" said her husband. "I put it to you," he added to me, "what could any ordinary decent man do but get back here, away from the genuine lot of wounded as soon as possible, and lie low?"

"Isn't he absurd—isn't he too ridiculous?" little Mrs. Captain exclaimed. "Fancy carrying a conscience like that about in a world like this!"

"I need hardly say," the Captain continued, "that I came in for some pointed domestic criticism, and under its influence—and it's fairly potent, you know," he remarked in parenthesis, throwing his wife a kiss—"under its influence I consented to go out again, but only on condition that I might put myself right with the public."

"Do listen to this," said Mrs. Captain—"the dear old snob!"

"Not at all," said her husband. "It isn't snobbish to wish not to deceive. Anyway, snobbish or not—and we shall never agree about this—I had to be straight with myself, so I prepared a placard to the effect that my broken leg had nothing to do with the War, and hung it on one of my crutches where everyone could read; and would you believe it?" he went on bitterly, "within a few minutes I was bombarded by a new set of old gentlemen and old ladies who wished to shake the hand of so candid a man. 'Such a brave teller of the truth,' they said. So there you are. And now you understand why I prefer our back garden to all the waves of the English Channel. Here, at any rate, I am not a fraud, nor am I offered compliments on being merely commonly honest."

"Did you ever hear of such nonsense?" little Mrs. Captain inquired, as she slipped her arm into his. "Bless his absurd old heart!"



NOT TO BE BAULKED.

Volunteer. "I SAY, YOU BOYS, I CAN'T FIND THE BATTLE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN. DO YOU THINK I MIGHT JOIN YOURS?"

How to Become a Nut.

An article in *Healthward Ho!* Mr. EUSTACE MILES' magazine, is entitled, "Man *is* What He Eats."



Kind-hearted Old Lady (who simply cannot stand seeing nice-looking young subaltern getting wet through). "LET ME HOLD MY UMBRELLA OVER YOU."

THE TOO COMPLEAT ANGLER.

"WE will take Bruce," said Wilhelmina yesterday afternoon. Bruce is our retriever. At least he began by being a retriever and tried to change into a spaniel afterwards, but it was too late. He loves mud, water and sofa-cushions in the order named. "Faithful and willing" the advertisement said when we bought him, so of course, as Wilhelmina insisted, he had to come, though George kept on saying it was very risky.

I love dogs myself; there is something so spontaneous about them: but we know now that it is better not to take them out fishing on the lake.

When we were all in the boat, Wilhelmina announced that she was going to fish with a small submarine barbed all over with horrible hooks; she said the trout in the lake always mistook it for a minnow at first.

"And afterwards?" I asked.

"There never is any afterwards for them, poor things; you can always land them—even the biggest. It's such a tempting bait. Just look at it now, twirling in the air . . ."

Bruce snapped vigorously.

The sky suddenly fell upwards and I found myself on my back staring up at the heavens. Bruce planted his feet on my chest and scrabbled with his hind legs. Wilhelmina asked with a calm detachment if anybody had got a pair of scissors. George said he had a presentiment all along.

At that moment Adolphus put his head out of the water to see what the trouble was about. Adolphus is our tame pike; he lived in the time of OLIVER CROMWELL to begin with, and he simply hates anything indecorous. When he saw us he frowned severely. Bruce tried to bark, but failed in the upward swing of the jaw, and closed his mouth very hurriedly.

"You had better row home," I said, "I can see the clouds very well from here, and it looks like rain; and don't let Bruce bleed over my waistcoat like that. Do get him off my chest."

"How horrid you are to mind a little blood," said Wilhelmina; "haven't you any sympathy for a poor dumb animal?"

"Poor what animal?"

"Poor dumb animal was what I said. You'd grumble if you had two fish-hooks in your nose, and got your tongue caught in a third in trying to lick them off."

"Well, of course I shouldn't try to lick them off. What an idea! And, anyhow, it's entirely the dog's own fault; he should have looked down his nose before licking."

By this time George had found a knife and cut the minnow off after a severe struggle; the hooks, however, still remained, and Bruce was not so grateful as he might have been. When we got ashore the suffering creature was led into the garage and anæsthetics were administered; but this is not a medical treatise.

Bruce wagged his tail when I went fishing this morning, but it was no good and I went out alone. After lunch I am going out with a revolver to stalk Adolphus. Would you believe it, that reprobate old pike spent all last night warning the trout about our submarine, and I never got a bite the whole morning?

Kultur.

"Governess Wanted, English, French, or Belgian, for unruly and headstrong girl of 16. (Sole charge). Usual subjects (no German or music or drawing). Strict disciplinarian and prepared to use corporal punishment."

Daily Telegraph.

In the circumstances the exclusion of German is most inappropriate.

MEALS AND THE MAN.

(A correspondent of a contemporary declares that our moods of depression and optimism in regard to the War vary according to the quality of our meals.)

When you would save the casual sov.,
Though hard the task should prove and harder,
Believe me, 'twere not wise, my love,
To squeeze it from the local larder;
Not that I make you this appeal
Through a desire to put more flesh on;
No, but I find a tasty meal
Restrains a leaning towards depression.

You must yourself be well aware
That when you dish me up a diet
Composed of all the coarsest fare,
I suffer from a sore disquiet;
Whereas when you lay out a spread
Which might appease the nicest "party,"
I mount on wings of hope instead,
An optimist pronounced and hearty.

Since, then, 'tis up to each and all,
Even when things look none too rosy,
Bravely to face whate'er befall
And see a future safe and cosy;
When your expectant spouse you feed
Entirely to his satisfaction,
'Tis patent you perform indeed
A highly patriotic action.

But when the clash of war is hushed
And Wilhelm mourns his bloody malice;
When he and all his Huns are crushed
And Peace re-occupies her palace;
At ease for ever and a day,
Dear mistress of my home, why then you
With my most willing sanction may
Resume my ordinary menu.

"M. OR N."

The trouble began at breakfast yesterday.

"I've almost decided on Myfanwy," Millicent remarked, without preface.

"Heavens," I said, "what is it? A junction on the Cambrian Railway?"

"No, it isn't," said Millicent. "It's the name I've practically chosen for baby—and a very pretty one, too."

"All change for Criccieth,' I said. Pass the marmalade, please."

"Don't you like 'Myfanwy'?" Millicent asked. "I think it's so uncommon."

"So," I said, "is Iphigenia or Sophonisba or Beetroota. Can't you think of something better?"

Well, I thought," said Millicent, "of Ælfreda first, but someone suggested Myfanwy and I was awfully taken with it. Still I'm not sure, after all, that I don't prefer Ælfreda. Yes," she added, after a few moments' reflection, "it shall be Ælfreda."

"Oh, any old thing you like," I said, "I don't see that it makes much difference to me. I shall probably call her 'Billy' anyway."

The fact is I am fond of homely names for general use. Our elder daughter, whose Christian names are Diana Vansittart—the latter a family name—is invariably called 'Jim,' while Ralph Hugo Vansittart, our only son, has been known as 'Thomas' from birth.

"'Wilhelmina, said Millicent, "would the most appropriate name for her if you insist on calling her 'Billy.'"

"Much too Prussian," I said. "And now I think of it, Ælfreda's Saxon, which is nearly as bad."

"Then it's simply got to be Myfanwy."

"*Che sara, sara*," I said.

"No, thank you," said Millicent. "No Bible names. You must make up your mind to Myfanwy unless you can think of some other name even more beautiful. I've given myself several headaches over this job already."

. . . . .

"Well," said Millicent as we met at tea, "has anything struck you?"

"Not even a 'Black Maria.' By the way," I said, "there's a name for you. Short—and appropriate to the martial times we live in."

"Very horrid," said Millicent.

"I felt you'd say that. But it's all right. I've decided on—what do you think?"

"How on earth should I know?" said Millicent.

"Myfanwy," I said. "Uncommon, pretty and all that."

Why, that's the very name I suggested at breakfast," she said indignantly.

"By Jove! so it is," I sai 'Well, all the better. You see, the fact is we had a good many callers at the office to-day, and among them a very pretty girl, who came to consult us about a will. When she sent her card in I said 'Eureka.'"

"I thought you said 'Myfanwy,'" said Millicent.

"I said that too. I read it off the card, 'Myfanwy Blake'! She's coming again for a further consultation on Wednesday."

Millicent sniffed. "You're makin it up," she said sternly.

"I'm not," I said. "Here's her card. I brought it so that you could see how nice Myfanwy really looks when you see it in black and white. And now of course the name will always have a charming association for me."

* * * * *

Nora Vansittart is howling in her cradle as I write.

"QUAT' SOUS LAIT."

Marie Thérèse is passing fair,
Marie Thérèse has red gold hair,
Marie Thérèse is passing shy,
And Marie Thérèse is passing by;
Soldiers lounging along the street
Smile as they rise to their aching feet,
And with aching hearts they make their way
After the maiden for *quat' sous lait*.

Beer in the mug is amber brown,
Beer in the mug is the stuff to drown
Dust and drought and a parching thirst;
Beer in the mug comes an easy first,
Except when Marie Thérèse is near,
With the sun in her tresses so amber clear;
Then quickly we leave our estaminets
For Marie Thérèse's *quat' sous lait*.

Yvonne Pol of *La Belle Française*
Cannot compare with Marie Thérèse;
Berthe of the "Coq" looks old and staid
When one but thinks of our dairymaid;
Beer in the mug is good to quench
Thirsts of men who can speak no French;
Heaven is ours who can smile and say,
"Marie Thérèse, give me *quat' sous lait*."

The "Entente" Letter Writer.

Bread-and-butter letter to the lady of the last billet:—

"Cher Mademoisel Marie,—Je juste envoyer ce carte espérance il trouvers vous tout puits comme il permissions me à cadeau."

"Lost, July 3rd, a pink and grey pet talking Parrot; says 'Want to come out.'"

Unlike most orators, he seems to have got what he wanted.

Extract from a Madrasi's letter:—

"Further I beg to state that I am not in possession to explain the calamity and the critical juncture in which I put much difficulties in the practical life of eating, drinking, sleeping and thinking of the material things that surround us; and I am rolling up and down in this false world merely for want of food for this tremendous belly, so I humbly beg to request your honour as any appointment in your honour's control."

From an answer to an examination paper:—

"Vergil's view of Purgatory is both novel and fascinating, and it seems to be more likely to be true than other forms, such as Pluto's, &c."

Of course Pluto was not likely to understand his own department so well as a clever outsider like Virgil.

THE STANDARD DRESS COMES HOME.

[It has been suggested, in connection with the Thrift campaign, that all ladies should adopt one form of evening dress, as men do, and one only.]



"Well, I'm——" "Let's get rid of the sleeves" "And half the bodice."



"Cut away, my good girl." "Now we'll use up the bits you've cut off." "Not so bad, after all!"



Mother. "Come along, Tony; come downstairs—it's time for dinner."

Tony (who has closely studied the troops drilling in the Park, likewise the words of command given to the men). "Why the blazes don't you say ''alt'?"

"LIGHT CRUISERS (OLD)."

(Vide Naval Expert's Classification.)

When you've marshalled your navies and gloried your fill
In the latest they show of invention and skill,
The lion in strength and the lizard in speed,
The watchful in waiting, the present in need,
The great Super-Dreadnoughts gigantic and grim,
The thirty-knot cruisers both subtle and slim,
The weight and the range of each wonderful gun—
Remember the cruisers, the out-of-date cruisers,
The creaky old cruisers whose day is not done,
Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

You may look to the South, you may seek in the North,
You may search from the Falklands as far as the Forth—
From Pole unto Pole all the oceans between,
Patrolling, protecting, unwearied, unseen,
By night or by noonday the Navy is there,
And the out-of-date cruisers are doing their share!
Yes, anywhere, everywhere, under the sun,
You will find an old cruiser, an off-the-map cruiser,
An out-of-date cruiser whose work's never done,
Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

It may be you'll meet with her lending a hand
In clearing a way for the soldiers to land—
Escorting an army, and feeding it too,
Or sinking a raider (and saving her crew),
Blockading by sea or attacking by dry land,
Bombarding a coast or annexing an island;
Where there's death to be daring or risk to be run
You may look for the cruiser, the out-of-date cruiser,
The creaky old cruiser that harries the Hun
(Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one).

In wild nights of Winter, when warmly you sleep,
She is plugging her way through the dark and the deep,
With death in the billows which endless do roll,
And the wind blowing cold with the kiss of the Pole,
While seas slopping over both frequent and green
Call forth on occasion expressions of spleen.
Of all the old kettles award we the bun
To the out-of-date cruiser, the obsolete cruiser,
The creaky old cruiser whose work's never done,
Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

And when the Day breaks for whose smoke-trail afar
We scan the grey waters by sunlight and star,
The day of great glory—the splendour, the gloom,
The lightning, the thunder, the judgment, the doom,
The breaking of navies, the shaking of kings,
When the Angel of Battle makes night with his wings . . .
Oh, somewhere, be sure, in the thick o' the fun
You will find an old cruiser, a gallant old cruiser,
A creaky old cruiser whose day is not done,
Built some time before Nineteen-hundred-and-one.



THE ANSWER.

"WHEN DUTY WHISPERS LOW, 'THOU MUST,'
THEY ALL REPLY, 'I CAN.'"

Emerson (*adapted*).



Chatty Stranger (*to manager of Cinema Palace*). "HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOU THESE DAYS?"

Manager. "OH, SO-SO. BUT WE'RE GETTING *FRIGHTFULLY* SHORT-HANDED HERE, YOU KNOW. *WE'VE LOST THREE OF OUR DOORMEN ALREADY.*"

TWO HEROES.

IF ever I'm asked to mention the bravest possible act,
Or the most sublime example of cautiousness and tact;
I haven't the least compunction, the slightest mental qualm
In answering the question or distributing the palm.

The man of the most discretion that ever I chanced to meet
Was neither a sleek *attaché* nor a magnate of Lombard Street;
He was merely a country brewer, who went for a tour to Rome,
With a party who gained an audience from the POPE in his stately home.

The HOLY FATHER was gracious, and greeted him with a smile;
"He asked me several questions in French, but my French is vile,
So I never attempted to answer, for I honestly declare
I couldn't be sure if his title was *Saint* or *Sacré Père*."

And the man who, in my opinion, as the bravest stands revealed
Has never been decorated for valour in the field;
He was simply a clerk in the City, whose humble weekly screw
Amounted, and still amounts, to the total of two pounds two.

Yet, unarmed and single-handed, with a nerve no shock could scare,
He called on the only QUARITCH, in his formidable lair,
And asked the chief assistant, a terrible man to attack,
Had he got a second-hand copy of Whitaker's Almanack.

"Absent yet Present."

"If a person leaves home after receiving a form, but before August 15th, he should take it with him and hand it when filled up to the enumerator who calls at the address where he is temporarily absent."—*Cambridge Daily News.*

A correspondent of *The Globe* on Lord HALDANE:—

"He weighed himself in the balance and shows himself wanting."

Surely not the HALDANE we know!

"Prince Poachim's share of the loot included a Troika team."
Freeman's Journal.

We tender our congratulations to the printer on his happy effort.

IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

[*A kind of a Fable with a sort of a Moral.*]

I had only one German to look after. No, it is not true that I disliked him. He was the most musical of the lot. A great eater, of course, perhaps the most voracious of them all; I don't know how many meals a day he wanted. But still the beggar could sing, and he paid for everything in notes, in a manner of speaking.

Gave himself airs? Well, no, not at first, in that sense of the word. Yet when he puffed out his chest and looked at you pityingly with those small eyes of his, you could see that a spiked helmet was all he needed.

Oh, we were kind enough to him, and I don't think he was unhappy at first. He could not have got away if he wanted; I saw to the fastening of the doors myself, and there's nothing in the way of bolts and bars that I have to learn. Sounds as if I was preparing my defence? I am. Oh, yes, there'll be an inquest right enough. Next Friday.

It's not true I didn't like him. Nothing could be more untrue. He had himself to blame for what occurred, he and perhaps Wilkins. It was Joffre who killed him.

Wilkins? Yes, an old soldier and fitted for jobs like these! Mind you, I don't blame Wilkins, a good man and a brave man, quite uneducated, one of the old school, with deplorable tastes in literature. That is what began it.

You don't think I shall be believed? Oh, it's quite simple No, I am not casting about for any loophole of escape. [illegible] who would read that class of paper? I have too much self-respect, I hope. I did not know till afterwards that the *Daily Northcliffe* came into the house.

Wilkins possibly read it. No, Wilkins is an old soldier. He must have bought it to put at the bottom of the birds' cages. My wife was strict about that before she left. After all, there may be sense in what Wilkins did; I begin to see I may have wronged Wilkins. Yes, I quite see your point.

But you know what women are. She adored that Harz Roller the best of them all. It is true I thought m[illegible] of the bullfinch. Insular? Well, we were both born on the same island. Possibly, but Northcliffe *fit non nascitur*.

I had no trouble with him till that paper was put at the bottom of his cage. He didn't seem the same bird after that. He would puff out his chest and look at me with those beady eyes, and his chirp seemed to say, "Pig of a Britisher, not even Northcliffe can save you from me!"

I am not embroidering. You have heard of the Elberfeld horses? You have heard of Northcliffe? You know where the Harz Mountains are? A German canary must be a super-bird. Everything there is super. Northcliffe and the Kaiser will both be supers soon? Yes; but I am in no mood for jesting; my wife returns this Friday.



Bluejacket to his shipmate (both fresh from a fierce action). "Oh, come [illegible], Dick. 'Ave one, and don't be so bloomin' unpatriotic."

What happened? I saw him trying to prise open the door with his beak. I felt cold to the bird, but I warned him about Joffre. I said there was pacifist nonsense about the new black mouser. The old cat was too proud to do anything but lap milk. You have guessed its name, though we used to call it Mary Anne. I advised Wilson to show a manifest toe, in a manner of speaking, to Wilhelm. Perhaps she did, though she seemed to us to be asleep.

Well, if chirps have any meaning, that poor bird seemed to shout, "I *will* burst my way through! I *will* be the only canary in the planet! I am an eagle, a super-eagle, a peri-hyper-super-double-headed eagle!

And Joffre ate him.

"Wanted, to hire, for month (preferably with hood), comfortable Bath Chair for donkey."—*Exeter Express.*

Is this a case of humanity or humility?

"THE DAY."

(In fact, Two Days.)

Economy in "week-ends" is a proposal of *The Daily News* which presents points of interest to the statistician. If we abolish Saturday and Sunday (as we assume is suggested) we should steal two days' march on the Germans—an important matter when time is vital—unless, of course, they attempt reprisals by cutting out, say, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The War is costing us three millions a day, we should save six millions a week. We should advance the cause of temperance (unless the munition worker should compress into Monday the refreshment normally consumed in three days), and hasten the payment of dividends on War Loans.

The innovation would bear hardly on Sunday papers, Church collections and seaside boarding houses. By synchronising yesterday morning with to-morrow astronomical calculations would be disturbed and ships' captains confused (although a day or two might be telegraphed out wirelessly to sailors occasionally to correct the error), and grasping employers would no doubt in some cases seize the opportunity to omit the Saturday pay-day.

But this movement might be extended. A proposal to abolish quarter days would meet with the whole-hearted support of the nation, and Summer afternoons might be doubled in length under the Daylight Saving Act. A strong Minister of Chronology might be appointed with powers to baffle the enemy by some masterstroke such as that of leaving out Winter.

WARSAW.

(*Naturam expellas furca: tamen usque recurret.*)

The Kaiser may crow over Russia
 to-day,
 Forgetting to-morrow's attack;
Like Nature he pitchforks her out of
 the way,
 Like Nature she's *sure to come back.*

"The war will be won, not by noisy jubilation nor by hysterical panic, but by steady, relentless prosecution of our talk."
"*Sun,*" *Vancouver.*

There are people nearer home who seem to be under the same impression.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

THE General commanding the British Expeditionary Force crossed one brown leg over the other and leaned back against the wiry grass in luxurious abandon. It had been a thoroughly satisfactory morning. Nine times had the German lines of entrenchment been carried at the point of the bayonet and the inevitable counter-attack repulsed with prodigious slaughter. Finally, vanquished in Homeric single combat, the opposing General had surrendered unconditionally, disdaining with a chivalry worthy of a better cause to plead the handicap he had suffered through acting as stretcher-bearer and field hospital to his victor when the latter, in the heat of conflict, had incautiously placed a bare foot on the First Black Watch, a battalion which the uninitiated might excusably have mistaken for the disused shell of a particularly corpulent limpet.

Outwardly, it must be confessed, the General failed to conform to the popular standard of the illustrated press. In the matter of sex she could only quote the somewhat rusty precedent of JOAN OF ARC, and her height, some three-feet-six, would scarcely have satisfied the least exigent of military requirements. The webbed bathing drawers, too, which encased her nether limbs and what she was pleased to term her petties, gave her at the moment something of the appearance of a recumbent peg-top.

For a time she let her thoughts wander in lazy contentment over the prospects of the midday meal, watching with half-closed eyes the August sun blazing upon the ripples of the bay and on the opposing headland where the gorse ran in golden riot to the water's edge. Presently the sight of the sand-castle, which had served in turn for every important fortress from Liége to Berlin, fast crumbling before the incoming tide recalled her to the all-engrossing topic.

"Will it be long before the Germans are really truly beaten, Daddy?"

Her late foe stirred stiffly.

"I'm afraid so, dear."

"Is that because you can't go and fight them again?"

It was scarcely a question; the thing was self-evident. Her world of men was divided with satisfying simplicity: the lean brown six feet of humanity against which she propped her bare feet; and the rest. Of course there were sub-divisions. For instance, she had a penchant for the senior service and an entire absence of maidenly reserve in declaring it.

But her words had started in the man's mind a train of thought that was far from happy. Almost bitterly he reviewed the events of the past year. A promising career abandoned; months of strenuous training, months spent apart from the child whom he had never left before for a single day; and then, before he had even caught the longed-for sight of the enemy, an unlucky shell and a shattered knee; weary months in hospital, and lastly the parting words of the kindly grey-haired surgeon:—

"I'm afraid you'll have to take it very easy. . . . Golf, I daresay. Tennis? Well, some day perhaps."

It all seemed so useless.

Presently instinct warned her that all was not well. Cautiously she moved so as to get a better view of his face. No, she was right; something was the matter. The cause was beyond her, but clearly it was a case for womanly comfort. Suddenly he felt her arms about his neck.

"Daddy," she whispered, "to-morrow I'll be Germans, an' the next day, an'"—breathlessly, lest her resolution should fail—"an' every day. You shall never be beaten again."



Darkie (to lady after a wordy war). "IS YO' DONE FINISHED? FOR IF YO' IS, LET ME TELL YO', ALL THAT YO' SAYS I AM, YO' IS."

Ceremonial Ablutions.

"At a meeting of the Privy Council yesterday Mr. Lloyd George was sworn in as Minister of Munitions. The new privy councillors whose names appeared in the list of birthday honours also took the bath."

"The Englishman," Calcutta.

"£12 12 0. Very handsome Sheraton bedroom suite, beautifully inland."

Yorkshire Telegraph.

Thus furnished, purchaser can sleep quietly through a Zeppelin raid.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVI.

My dear Charles,—We do not spend all our days in the trenches. I cannot tell you exactly where we do spend them, but some days find us artfully concealed not far away ready to dash forward and add to the confusion in any emergency. Near this spot is a little pool amongst the trees surrounded by rushes. The other night, about the hour of last post, a disturbance was created in the trenches and we had the alarm. In less time than it takes to tell all were alert and standing to; dispositions were made, extra ammunition and emergency rations were issued, cigarette-cases had been filled and companies were ready to move off. And so we waited, prepared for anything and everything, all agog, until the sounds died down and it became clear that the matter in hand was some private affair of the people on duty in the trenches. In dismissing my little lot I thought fit to have the roll called; our old friend, the sanitary man, was missing. Excitement at once became intense again; the sanitary man, with or without his apparatus, is usually so particularly present. Had he gone forth alone to tackle the enemy single-handed, as he tackles the flies, with his cresol and his chloride of lime? We called him, we whistled him, we searched for him high and low, but all in vain. We were just giving up hope and beginning to speak kindly of him as of a thing of the past when I thought fit to search the pool. And there, among the rushes, he was—fishing.

I have been informed of two important events, outside our unit but in the area. The first concerns three dastardly privates who were caught red-handed at the prohibited gambling. The whole lot, cards and all, were apprehended and placed in the custody of the guard-room, pending their appearance at orderly-room next morning. It transpired, but not during the proceedings, that in the interval between arrest and trial they compensated themselves and, so to speak, consolidated their position by teaching the guard their method of play and mulcting every member of it of every penny he possessed. The other incident concerns the artillery. Nobody who has been in the trenches will contradict me when I say that our field batteries, whatever other faults they may have, do love being really busy. Give them a job and they will concentrate their whole selves on it, thinking of nothing else by night or day. I shall not be giving anything away if I say that this is a spot at which many of the smaller batteries, each having its private beat, converge. Opposite, behind the enemy lines, a tall chimney-stack had too long remained intact. "It is an observation post," said the Field Batteries assembled in secret conclave; "it is a menace. To-morrow morning shortly after dawn we shall remove it." The hour was fixed, the very second was agreed upon. At the scheduled moment every gun in every battery was to be laid upon it and, at the sending up of a signal, battery fire was to be opened, continuing till the chimney discontinued. You may imagine what sleepless nights were spent, with what a concentrated fever of expectation and anticipation all concerned fixed their glasses on the target at dawn and waited ....

Meanwhile one of those large and imperturbable monsters known as "Mother" had arrived by night, unbeknownst, some miles in the rear. As soon as it was light she looked about her for some convenient object on which to try her strength, any old target suitable for a preliminary canter with a singleton shell. And on the horizon she saw a chimney stack which, she thought, would do as well as anything else.

I hope, Charles, that you have mixed with field gunners, so that you may realize the true inwardness of the final tableau. I don't suppose there was a single man, from the Chaplain to the Officers' mess cook, who was not standing there waiting for that signal and the to-do which should follow it. The affair was so beautifully timed that the signal actually did go up, just about three-fifths of a second after the chimney had come down. . . . I confess that, on hearing the story, I instinctively gave all my sympathies to the German infantry in the trenches thereabouts.

In our own trenches we have a listening post so close to the enemy that all conversation in it is conducted in a whisper. The Brigadier, with his retinue, inspected it the other day. "I 've 'eard summut," whispered the listener with a grave air. A smile of pride in the efficiency of his men spread over the Company Commander's face; the C.O. prepared himself to accept, with becoming modesty, any praise that was going; the Brigade Major produced his Field Service Pocket Book; the Adjutant sharpened his pencil and the Brigadier officially demanded the details. "Indeed, Sir," whispered the listener, "I 'eard summut as it might be bacon frizzlin' over a brazier."

I have not told you much of that element, too prominent, alas! in our daily life, the stretcher; but one very vivid case I think I may mention. A soldier, I take it, is none the less a hero simply because he has a touch of the actor about him, and Private X is no less a man because he has always, apparently, looked forward to the moment when the stage should be his and himself in the centre of it. As we were proceeding from the trenches to the rear, in a small party for a temporary purpose, his opportunity came in the shape of a spent bullet. The hit was anything but serious, yet was such as to compel him to assume any position but the sitting one; but, even lying on his face at the bottom of the trench, he did justice to the scene and wouldn't have it spoilt by the well-meant efforts of a comrade who saw herein the chance of practising bandage work. "'Ere, kid," said Casualty, abandoning his semi-unconsciousness for the purpose, "stand clear and leave it to the stretcher-bearers." The latter, arriving, played up well and the affair concluded with an effective curtain. As the stretcher party moved off, "Good-bye, chaps," said Casualty, "and cheer-oh!" and from his pocket he produced, with an obvious effort, a jaded cigarette and lit it. I'll warrant that very cigarette had stood by in that very pocket from the beginning of things and for this very purpose.

It is the sequel, told me by the S.B. Corporal, which makes me take this view. The bearers had endeavoured to humour Casualty with the promise of a quick recovery, but Casualty had made it quite plain to them that he didn't want humouring and wasn't going to recover, and the party were proceeding in a pathetic silence when those confounded German gunners must needs intervene and spoil everything. Stretcher-bearers are used to being harassed in their work by occasional shrapnel falling round and about, but to Casualty it was a new and unwelcome thing to lie inert in the open in such circumstances. A chance shell bursting nearer than the others, he gave all his theatrical ambitions the go-by, leapt in a flash from the stretcher and legged it, just about as fast as humanity can move, back to the trenches, where, after some small local treatment, he continues at duty to this day.

I write to you from the trenches, Charles, where life rolls on as usual and consists almost entirely of large shells and little flies. We get into the habit of not asking for much, but it would be something if only some of the big shells would kill some of the little flies. Yours ever, Henry.



"Well, madam, we sell a good many of both. The solid rubber is perhaps the more serviceable article, but the other is generally considered the more becoming."

LETTERS—PATENT OR OTHERWISE.

It is a well-known fact that the War Office is the victim of a large number of correspondents, but a selection has not perhaps previously been made public. The following specimens, however, will perhaps show the wide field covered by these letters:—

Kind Sirs,—As I was passing a parade ground the other day, I thought I would just stop and listen and see how drill-people perform. Imagine my pain and surprise when I had been listening for some moments to discover that the persons in charge did not show even common politeness in addressing their men. I do not mean that I heard much actual abuse, but I am sure, though I listened with painful alertness, that I did not hear the use of a single "please." People were told to "form fours" (or fives—I forget which), but without any word of politeness added, and even when they had complied with the request of the officer (and I am sure they tried to oblige him at once) there was no attempt whatever to thank them.

I do not suppose for a moment that this conduct is typical of the officers of our army as a whole, but even if it is unusual I do not think it should go uncriticised.

Yours faithfully, Jemima Knitt.

To the Secretary of State.

Dear Sir,—I have several suggestions which, if carried out, would, I think, be of service to the country. I expect to be in London in the course of a few days and should be prepared to give you an appointment.

Yours, J. Bigge Headley.

Dear Sir,—I have a new invention which I am sure will have a tremendous effect upon the campaign. My contrivance takes the form of a huge crane supplied with a large number of chains with hooks at the end. Immediately it is desired to take a German trench the crane is driven forward until it is over the particular trench, when the hooks descend and catch the enemy troops. The crane is then again set in motion and the enemy are lifted high up into the air—where they are powerless until the moment comes for lowering them to the ground and making them prisoners.

Yours obediently,
W. Krankington.

How History is Written.

"In the Church of the Holy Cross, Krakovski-street, reposed in a vault Chopin's heart. The vault was opened and the precious relic removed to Moscow."—*Daily News*, Aug. 9.

"It is reported that the vault of the Church of the Holy Cross in Kravoski-street was opened by chopping, and that the sacred heart preserved there was removed to Moscow."
Times, Aug. 9.

"His humour is as paniky as ever, and, indeed, in a word, he is still Harry Lauder."
Harrogate Advertiser.

But if this description is correct, he cannot be the Harry Lauder who is going out to Flanders to cheer up the troops.

THE EXCEPTION.

He was no doubt the happiest member of the household, although his immunity from the common burthen of care and anxiety threatened, perhaps, to cause a little estrangement. Hitherto he had seemed so essentially one of ourselves that it jarred to see him living his life precisely as he had done since he arrived in a basket (a little woolly black toy of a dog in those days) three years ago.

He stood apart from the rest, inasmuch as his creature comforts had known no curtailment. Not only is he still allowed the same quantity of biscuits and bones as in the piping times of peace, but, more enviable than all, his appetite remains as excellent as ever. Nor is he one of those who cannot sleep o' nights, and when he takes his walks abroad he is never accosted by patriotic ladies with an absorbing desire to know why he is not wearing a coat of another colour; he is not required to dwell deprecatingly on his age, his infirmities or the nature of his daily occupation.

The arrival of the less frequent postman, or even of the telegraph boy with his more aggressive rat-tat-tat, causes no more than the customary, quite pleasurable, if noisy, excitement, though it may be that he marvels sometimes to see us stand round while the letter with the French postmark is opened with a shaky hand and read aloud in an equally shaky voice. He is blissfully ignorant of the existence of such things as trenches, firing-lines, shrapnel, high explosive shells and bombs.

It is true that disappointment still lies in wait for him at one hour of the twenty-four. Even after all these bare months have passed, as 7 o'clock draws near, he will make his way hopefully to the hall and lie down with his muzzle as close as possible to the mat, his ears pricked as he listens for the well-remembered footsteps which tread the earth Somewhere in France. Presently he will rise, with a yawn, shake himself and trot slowly away with his tail between his legs, clambering on to a chair by the open window, looking out eagerly to the right, in which direction lies the railway station. And his mistress will lean forward with a sigh to stroke his head before she bends a little lower over the sock she 's knitting.

But with this exception he certainly seemed to be less in sympathy than usual with us all. One evening, however, he was barking so furiously that the wildest hopes were awakened. Could it be possible that the dreamed-of visit had materialised at last? But there was no peaked cap or khaki cape on the hatstand, no boyish voice, no odour of cigarettes, but within the room a little golden-haired girl was kneeling on the hearthrug holding up a portrait of the Kaiser, and a foot away lay the dog, barking at it as he had never barked before.

It was obvious that he had become one of us again. The community of the household was restored.

OUR ALLY.

(Being notes from the diary of a combatant in the Fly Campaign.)

6.30 a.m.—Hostilities have begun. My nose has just been invaded—not by a battalion, but by a single spy. Having been caught napping, was unfortunately unarmed; but succeeded in driving off enemy with my bare hands. He has retired to window-pane.

7 a.m.—Enemy showing signs of great activity. He has left window and is air-skirmishing. Though invisible, I can distinctly hear the hum of his motor.

7.15 a.m.—Enemy has presumably entrenched himself. No sign of the offensive being renewed at the moment.

7.30 a.m.—Left ear violently attacked from rear, but enemy again retired in great disorder on my commencing a turning movement.

7.45 a.m.—Observe much activity in enemy's camp. Taking up strong position upon shaving-mirror. Consider time is ripe to make my advance. Shall mobilise.

7.50 a.m.—Enemy still occupying shaving-mirror. Think he has dug himself in. Shall attack him on the flank, and enfilade him with a high-velocity towel.

7.51 a.m.—Regret to have to report attack failed. Enemy escaped through loop in fringe of towel. Casualties, one shaving-mirror.

7.55 a.m.—Shortage of food apparent in enemy's lines. Is eating curtain. Shall seize opportunity to have bath.

8.5 a.m.—Enemy still occupying curtain. Have decided to bombard him with heavy artillery, for which purpose am bringing up 22-inch pillow.

8.6 a.m.—Unaccountably misjudged trajectory, but caused enemy to evacuate position and retire to window-pane again. Casualties, one electric-lamp shade (slightly chipped). Am following up attack with vigour and a handkerchief. Hope with co-operation of latter to bring off enveloping movement.

8.10 a.m.—Enveloping movement only partially successful. Succeeded in approaching within easy range, but unfortunately sneezed at crucial moment. Suspect enemy of employing snuff against me.

8.15 a.m.—Territory free of enemy. Searching scrutiny of every available ambush failed to reveal any trace of him. Shall complete equipment and proceed at once to the new Front—if I can find it.

8.30 a.m.—Enemy once more located occupying heights on wall of breakfast room. Position practically unassailable without pea-shooter, but am wondering whether could manage to strike effective blow with *Daily Express*.

8.32 a.m.—No, I can't. Losses heavy; one Tanagra figure (mortally wounded), one vase cut flowers (not expected to live), one eight-day clock (totally disabled).

8.40 a.m.—Temporary cessation of hostilities. Enemy's whereabouts unknown. Don't care. Am hungry.

8.41 a.m.—Found him in milk-jug. Had decided to build pontoon and attack him in mid-stream, when he managed to scramble out, and again disappeared.

8.42 a.m.—Enemy located in marmalade entanglement. Hope to announce decisive victory when have found sugar-tongs.

8.45 a.m.—Enemy succeeded in eluding capture by feigning submission. Had him in the hollow of my hand (literally) and was about to intern him in slop-basin when he flew away in the most cowardly and unsportsmanlike manner possible. Is at present on window-pane buzzing an opinikion and cleaning his arms and legs. Shall renew attack by strategy when have finished examining contents of two shells (dead, and both hard-boiled as usual).

8.55 a.m.—Have just sent despatch-rider for glazier, but am happy to be able to record engagement ended in my favour. Enemy escaped through hole in pane, but reckoned without a valuable ally that made his presence known in the nick of time, and secured the fugitive while in full flight. Shall certainly submit his name to headquarters for suitable recognition.

9.3 a.m.—Thinking the matter over, have decided for the future to abandon ordinary methods of campaign, and enlist further allies. What I want to know is, do the Stores keep a reserve of spiders?



Helper at canteen. "A TOOTHBRUSH? CERTAINLY. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HARD OR SOFT?"
Jock. "BLESS YOU, MA'AM, I'M NOT GOING TO USE IT. IT'S ONLY FOR KIT INSPECTION."

"REQUISITIONAL,"

OR HINTS TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

["We are still struggling with the final bits of red tape. A regiment now in training at a seaside place sent a requisition for 30 pickaxes. The official reply was that the proper way to requisition pickaxes was to call them 'Axes (Pick).'"—*Daily Chronicle.*]

WHEN sending requisitions it is well to have a care
That you 're absolutely right in your appeal;
"Wheelbarrows" must be written—if you only want a pair—
"Barrows (Wheel)."

It 's a simple little process and, though puzzling for a bit,
It doesn't take so *very* long to think
That an "inkstand" should be designated when you order it—
"Stand (Ink)."

Suppose you want some paper and that "foolscap" is the word
Which you want to write, remember that the rule 's
To reverse the whole expression and you 'll put—it sounds absurd—
"Cap (Fools')."

To rag the War Department you will not attempt, I hope,
Though I quite admit it *would* be tempting (very)
To ask for and to call that soldiers' friend, the periscope,
"Scope (Peri)."

"Found, young Goat; if not claimed immediately will be old."
Dublin Daily Express.

Well, if not immediately, at any rate eventually.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Diary of a French Army Chaplain, by ABBÉ FÉLIX KLEIN, translated by M. HARRIET M. CAPES (MELROSE), is in its simplicity, its vividness and its directness one of the most remarkable books that the War has so far produced. The writer is evidently a man of strong character and admirable human sympathy, and his account of what he saw and did as Chaplain of the American Hospital at Neuilly-sur-Seine is of the most poignant interest. I can vouch for one reader, at any rate, who, having taken it up, could not lay it down until he had read the last word on the last page. To Neuilly came day by day the torn and shattered bodies of those who had once been brave and vigorous fighters. It was the Abbé's duty to speak to them words of hope and consolation, to strengthen their souls and to enable them—alas! in how many cases—to face in resignation the great change that was to sweep them from the ranks of the living. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Arabs, Moroccans, nearly all the nationalities, in fact, that make up the armies of the Allies, were brought to this hospital, and to all of them the good Abbé ministered with a single-hearted devotion which is as much beyond praise as it was far removed from obtrusion. His presence and his words must have been like sunshine to these poor wrecks of humanity. He is a keen patriot, but his charity knows no limits of race or creed, and he is careful to set

down any facts showing kindness on the part of the Germans. "In this letting loose of horror and hatred," he says, "we must dwell on the few features capable of softening hearts." He finds the gaiety of the English remarkable. He speaks of "three Englishmen singing merrily to the applause of a Tunisian and four Frenchmen," and adds that "knitting is not taken to enough yet; up to now there are not more than twenty who go in for it, almost all English. Quite contrary to the idea the French had of them before seeing them close, the English are remarkable for their animation. Perhaps because of the ills we endure nearer at hand we can hardly, as is natural, go further than resignation and deliberate courage; but they go as far as gaiety"—and the Abbé gives instance upon instance to prove his statement. Altogether this is—I use the word advisedly—a beautiful book, and I cannot commend it too earnestly to my readers. I ought to add that the translation is skilfully done and preserves the flavour of the original.

In the eleven stories that make up *Pastorals of Dorset* (Longmans) Miss M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell) is at her very best; there is not a single "rabbit" in the whole eleven. It is not easy to describe the qualities that combine to make these tales peculiarly attractive, but I can say without reservation that Mrs. Blundell is supreme among novelists of the present day in her sympathetic understanding of the lives of humble country-folk. Humour is another of her gifts, but she does not use it to make her characters ridiculous; one laughs very often with them but hardly ever at them. Here, for instance, one smiles at *Granfer Sampson* trying to re-enlist when he is nearly seventy, but the lasting impression is of pride in the old granfer's spirit. And so it is with all of these sketches; the author sees the narrowness of her characters' outlook and makes good-natured fun of it, but throughout she is never without the power of describing country-life so that a glamour falls gently over it. Mrs. Blundell's gifts are precious to all country-lovers, and we may well be grateful whenever she uses them.

Among the historic moments in literary history that I sometimes please myself by imagining is that in which Mr. Grant Richards, the author, timidly submitted his first manuscript to his own consideration as publisher. "But, my dear Sir," I fancy him exclaiming in soliloquy, "this is absolutely IT!" And often since he must have had occasion to rejoice, both of him, over a partnership so happily begun. The latest achievement of—I speak with all respect—this publishing *Pooh-Bah* is in every way worthy of those that have gone before. *Bittersweet* (Grant Richards) is briefly one of those books in which some touch of charm and genius in the writing transforms a theme that might be merely sordid into a thing of beauty. The plot of it is simple. *Gerard Blundell*, a middle-ageing, well-educated man of business, after some years of blameless boredom with a wife and family at Wimbledon, is suddenly thrown, by the accident of a lonely cure at Aix, into the society of a woman, a dancer, at once considerably more fascinating and less respectable than the ladies of his previous experience. The result is a "guilty passion," and an intrigue which circumstances later conspire to renew. This is when *Gerard's* wife and children have been established for the summer at a distant villa, and he himself is thus enabled to alternate between their society and that of *Illona*. That is the whole matter. As I say, on the face of it the thing should be repellent. That it is not is due, I suppose, to the humanity with which Mr. Grant Richards has managed to invest the only two characters that matter. This gives the book a fascination that, in my own case, made it impossible to put down till the last page had been turned. The story is poignantly alive; it compels your sympathy by its own. In short, a very genuine success which, if you don't mind being forced to share emotions of which you may disapprove, you should certainly read.



"We should miss you, Mary, but your undoubted talent should be offered to the Nation if there is a Woman's Bomb-Dropping Corps."

In these days a really cheerful novel is a sound asset, even if it cannot be proclaimed as a perfect work of art, so I can recommend *The Rose Garden Husband* (Hodder and Stoughton) because it is fragrant and fresh, and forget that Mrs. Widdemer handicaps herself by relying a little too often upon sentimentality. Cynics, it is true, might say that crippled young men do not, outside the pages of fiction, rise from their beds with the speed that *Allan Harrington* displayed. They might even say more than this, but I am not going to argue with them; for Mrs. Widdemer has a way with her, and I am victim to it. If, however, she writes another novel it would be well to warn her that sugar and spice must be used with caution, if they are not to promote a sense of surfeit.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

("*Mutato nomine de* ——, ——, *et* —— *fabula narratur.*")

The "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" lot,
They come as a boon and a blessing to—what?
Have "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" read
The tale of our wounded and missing and dead?
Does their fantasy aid them to picture the sights
Round La Bassée and Ypres? Do they sleep well o' nights?
When our chemists the truth about cotton declare,
Do "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" care?
Nay, at risk of offending those eminent men,
We are driven to asking again and again,
Have "Pish-pish" and "Pooh" and "No consequence" been
A boon and a blessing to us or Berleen?

CHARIVARIA.

There are said to be only 450,000 cats in the German Empire, as compared with 4,000,000 in France and 7,850,000 in the United Kingdom. A German newspaper which recently published an article pleading for "the rehabilitation of the cat" was at once denounced as unpatriotic by a rival journal, which pointed out that during a portion of every twenty-four hours all cats are Grey.

* * *

According to a high Greek personage King Constantine now receives a letter from the Kaiser almost every day. It is said that he looks back regretfully to the period of "P.S. Kind regards to 'Tino," and is beginning to think the daily mail an over-rated luxury.

* * *

Hearing that certain German Generals now in Russia—Prince Leopold of Bavaria, von Hindenburg, and von Mackensen—are seriously embarrassed by the number of love-letters they receive from their admiring country-women, the Crown Prince, it is understood, has intimated his willingness to exchange commands with any of them.

* * *

In connection with the excellent scheme for sending literature to the troops through the agency of the Post Office, a list has been published of the sort of books they do *not* want. We agree that telephone directories, tradesmen's catalogues, and a Guide to Harrogate (nineteen years old) would be found dull reading even in the trenches, but we respectfully protest against the inclusion in the Index Expurgatorius of *Modern Woman—How to Manage Her.* A really competent treatise on this subject would be invaluable to any man, soldier or not.

* * *

One of the first things the Germans did in Warsaw was to set all the clocks to Central European time in place of Russian. Here at least they can honestly claim that time is on their side.

* * *

Fine language is all very well in its place, but the restaurant-keepers of Southend consider that the author of an otherwise laudatory notice cast an unmerited slur upon the freshness of their principal commodity when he wrote of the town's "immemorial shrimps."

* * *

The *Deutsche Kurier* says, "It cannot be reiterated too often that it is no Utopia in the Dark Continent that we are chasing; it is not in those regions that our future beckons us." We believe this to be very near the truth.

There is no pleasing the German Press. "England's shamelessness," according to the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "is not only abominable; it drives the blood to our heads." This helps to explain that swollen feeling.

* * *

A contemporary recently published a picture of the Danube, and drew special attention to the precipitous rocks on the southern or Serbian bank. Curiously enough no mention was made of a prominent bluff on the other side.

* * *

"In Carniola, during the night of the 15th, the enemy delivered a violent attack against Pal Piccolo." We are glad to add that our gallant little friend repulsed him with serious losses.

* * *

One of the strange effects of the War, an evening newspaper informs us, is that



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

Count Reventlow having proved that British supremacy is at an end, his Imperial Master poses for new design for German coinage.

"Grimsby, of all places, has been obliged to import fish." Are we to infer from this that before the War Grimsby grew its fish on shore?

* * *

In a recent article the *Frankfurter Zeitung* remarked: "We should be fools if, in a war where our enemies work against us with all means in their power, we were to go to ruin through modesty." Up to the present we have traced no signs of any such danger.

* * *

Describing a forthcoming production Mr. Alfred Butt is reported to have said: "We have a lovely chorus and its complement of men; but all of them beyond military age, or for some reason incapable of service." Some members of the "lovely chorus" consider that Mr. Butt might have expressed himself more tactfully.

* * *

In an article on the looting proclivities of German officers, we read that their favourite spoils are underclothing and time-pieces. As the National Anthem of the Fatherland, "The Watch on the Rhine" is now bracketed with "Does this shop stock shot socks with clocks?"

* * *

Mr. Norman Angell considers that the papers are making a great deal too much fuss about the other angels (of Mons), and maintains that the War has produced no Great Illusion to compare with his own.

* * *

An Algerian soldier was much pleased when Lord Kitchener, during his recent visit to the French Army, addressed a few words to him in Arabic. The Kaiser is reported to be greatly annoyed that his own *Arabic* effort should have received so little appreciation.

* * *

A German scientist claims to have discovered a new kind of rays, the gases of which, he says, "are very long and variously shaped, and at their end seem to dissolve in forms like clouds or cascades." He calls them "bottle rays," and from the description we are inclined to think that he is probably right.

* * *

A correspondent encloses the following paragraph taken from "Charivaria," November 1st, 1911:—

> "Lord Haldane, in defending the Territorials, declared that he expects to be dead before any political party seriously suggests compulsory military service. We understand that, since making this statement, our War Minister has received a number of telegrams from Germany wishing him long life."

But we suspect that when he said dead he meant "politically dead."

> "It is reported via Dedeagatch that Galata Bridge has been blown up by submarines.
> [The Galata Bridge spans the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Pera, and this connects the Asiatic with the European side.]"
>
> *Birmingham Daily Post.*

So the poor old wooden bridge which for so long spanned the Golden Horn has been removed and thrown across the Bosphorus. Pera has been transported bodily to the Asiatic coast, and we hope that the contents of Stamboul will follow in a few weeks.

From a description in an Italian paper of Sir R. Borden's reception at the London Opera House:—

> "Poi tutti i presenti, con una sola grande e possente voce, hanno cantato una canzone popolare: *For he is a jolly good fellow.*"

The correspondent who sends us this extract thinks that a compliment to another Ally was intended, and that the first epithet should have been "Joffrey."

AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS.

[As the following military incident is based upon recent facts, the author has thought well to anticipate the intervention of the Press Bureau and censor it himself.]

The summer dusk was deepening into night. It had been a day of deluge, and from the lower ground by —— Wood rose a white and sinister vapour. An awful silence held the lines, broken only by the furtive rustling of paper-bags that had held the sandwiches and bananas which were to hearten us for the coming battle.

Our main army, according to the best reports, lay a mile or so in our rear, and we were its outposts. For the last hour of daylight I had been arranging the dispositions of the company under my temporary command, conformably with those of B company on my right. The three platoons that furnished our pickets had thrown forward their sentry-groups with doubled sentries into the hedge which the enemy had given an undertaking to attack. Precisely at —— o'clock, the hour fixed for the commencement of operations, I took up a recumbent position with the supports in a disused bunker of the —— links, and gave a final adjustment to my brassard.

During the strained pause that followed, some of the lighter spirits among us took advantage of our position in the rear, out of earshot of the enemy, to indulge from time to time in the reckless badinage proper to a licentious soldiery; but, for myself, being in civil life a professional humourist, I spent the interval in reviewing the errors of my past and regretting that I had never made a will.

Suddenly my attention was called to an approaching apparition. Our sentry growled a low challenge and out of the gloom emerged a single enemy under escort. At first, for his eyes were bandaged with a white handkerchief, I took him for a flag of truce come to say that, owing to the saturated condition of the terrain, the enemy had decided to postpone the battle. But as he wore no other sign of white (save the pallor of his face) I began to suspect a ruse, though the fact that he was in the full uniform of the enemy militated against the theory of espionage. Rising, I advanced in his direction with the idea of inviting him to show reason why he should not be shot out of hand. (I could not have postponed the execution till dawn as the necessary firing party would then be working off their night's labour in bed.) As I came closer I suffered a painful shock on recognising in him an old friend of my comparative youth—a Regius Professor of —— University.

"What do you here, Septimus, and in this guise?" I demanded sternly.

He quailed perceptibly, but recovered himself and replied with an affectation of bravado.

"I've only come as a spectator," he said.

I saw at once that the situation was unusual. I could recall no precedent for it in the King's Regulations or other standard works on military etiquette. I was almost certain that permission for attachés and war-correspondents to attend operations in the field is invariably required beforehand, and that there existed a strong prejudice against extending this privilege to representatives of the enemy.

"Your position, Septimus," I said, "is extremely irregular. Remove your bandage that I may look into your eyes." And I drew closer.

He gave a rather sickly smile and withdrew the handkerchief, but kept his lids lowered.

"I only came," he repeated, "as a spectator. I am taking no part in these operations."

I was not satisfied, but, after all, I said to myself, he is my friend and a Regius Professor of —— University.

"If," I told him, "you will give me your parole not to attempt to escape and give information to the enemy about our dispositions, you may lie on half my mackintosh in this bunker."

He accepted with an indifferent grace and settled down for the night. I offered him my last unripe apple, but he thought he would see better without it.

There, then, we lay—such strange bedfellows as adversity is apt to bring together. And indeed we both seemed to wear the badge of a common grief, for the darkness had turned the pillar-box scarlet of our brassards into mourning sable. . . . All of a sudden a dreadful thought occurred to me. Till now it had escaped me that my prisoner, besides being a Regius Professor, was a notorious writer of light verse. I had mixed a good deal in my time with writers of light verse and was well acquainted with the crafty cunning of their methods. Now, it would be my duty presently to visit my pickets and sentry-groups. Would it be wise, I asked myself, to go off and leave a writer of light verse under the guard of innocent men—barristers, solicitors, and so forth—who were probably unfamiliar with the habits of this elusive type? On the other hand, if I took him with me on my rounds, I could not guarantee his safety, for the —— Reserve Corps, when on outpost duty, is known to be very prompt, and, even if he escaped the worst, his Muse might be permanently disfigured.

"Septimus," I said, "on second thoughts I will relieve myself of further responsibility in respect to your person. I will hand you over to the Commander of the outpost company. He stands yonder with the telephone section in the hedge to our right rear. I will do you the courtesy to conduct you thither myself. Be good enough to rise. About—turn! Left in-cline! Quick—march!"

On the way I treated his conversational advances (made in light prose) with some reserve, merely expressing my regret that I was unable to dine with him at —— College on the following day. Arrived at the Commandant's post, "I have the honour, Sir," I said, "to deliver to you the accompanying prisoner, who has been captured by my sentries. I am dissatisfied with the account of himself which he has given me."

My Commandant, who has too large a heart to believe ill of any man and has never in his life written a line of verse, light or heavy, received the suspect with great geniality. I ought perhaps to have notified to him the ground of my suspicions; but, rightly or wrongly, I decided that the matter was no longer my affair, and I returned to my post.

* * * * *

The "Cease-fire" had rung out on our left flank. For a long time it was ignored on the right of B Company, where the battle proceeded with great fury. At last, the "Assembly" being sounded, the —— Reserve Corps extricated itself from the —— Volunteers (whose dead had continued to fight with the extreme of valour), and the two forces, including all casualties, re-formed at a safe distance from one another.

After the pow-wow was over I got a word with my Commandant.

"What did you do with my prisoner, Sir?" I asked.

"Let him go, of course. I had to take his word that he was just a spectator. You see, he's a gentleman and Commandant of their regiment."

"He may be all that, Sir," I replied, "but he writes light verse. A man who does that sort of thing is *capable de tout*."

O. S.

"Lost, from 18, Hampton-street, Cross Persian Cat, scarred leg. If detained will be prosecuted."—*Plymouth Paper.*

This should make it crosser than ever.

"An extraordinary plague of winged ants caused great excitement in Cardiff yesterday. Bats, in broad daylight, led on the pest."

Irish Times.

Can it be that the bats, having been disowned by the Beasts and the Birds, now aspire to the kingship of the Insects?



THE ACHIEVEMENT.

Count Zeppelin. "STANDS LONDON WHERE IT DID, MY CHILD?"
The Child. "YES, FATHER; MISSED IT AGAIN."
Count Zeppelin. "THEN YOU HAD NO SUCCESS?"
The Child. "OH, YES, FATHER; I'VE GOT HOME AGAIN."

JOAN.

(A Study of the Rising Generation.)

Though I'm older than her father
There are times, I own,
When I find it really rather
Hard to fathom Joan:
Not that she pursues malicious
Aims by methods surreptitious,
But resembles the capricious
Cat that Walked Alone.

Joan appreciates hilarious
Comrades, girls or men,
But her mood is non-gregarious
Ev'ry now and then;
And it's just when most endearing,
Most inspiriting and cheering,
That she's giv'n to disappearing
In her private den.

Joan, though studying modern
fashions,
Modern books and plays,
Can exist on simple rations,
Live laborious days;
Rising with the lark and turning
All her energies to churning
And contemptuously spurning
Soft luxurious ways.

Joan delights in dogs and horses,
Owns a mighty Dane,
Whom, once launched on devious
courses,
Nothing can restrain;
"Esau" very fine and large is,
But when down the road he barges
Nursemaids and their trembling
charges
Wish he had a chain.

Once to sate her thirst for dancing
Joan would travel far,
In the two-step gaily prancing,
Quite the tango star;
Now of motoring craft a master,
Always driving faster, faster,
Day by day she courts disaster
In her racing car.

Fogies find her too new-fangled;
Sentimentalists
Liken her to sweet bells jangled,
Moonlight in the mists;
Those who read her heart most clearly,
Though she treats them cavalierly,
Like her all the more sincerely
For her kinks and twists.

They admit that she is "spiky,"
But at length divine
Stirrings of a nobler *psyché*
Neath the porcupine:
For the War has made her serious,
Cured her of her moods imperious,
Self-absorbed, detached, mysterious,
Brought her into line.

"The hops have certainly improved since last report. Hot nights with sunshine is what is now required."—*Kentish Observer.*

They should try Norway.



Sergeant (out of patience with awkward Recruit). "NEVER APPROACH THE 'OSSES FROM BE'IND WITHOUT SPEAKING TO 'EM. IF YOU DO, THAT THICK 'EAD OF YOURS 'LL GET SO KICKED WE SHAN'T 'AVE NOTHING BUT LAME 'OSSES IN THE STABLE."

THE HEAD OF THE FIRM.

Mr. Swansdown's confidence in his knowledge of charladies was very much shaken when Mrs. Bloggins tendered one week's notice of her intention to leave him for ever, and he wisely deputed the choice of her successor to his typist, Miss Myrtle. Miss Myrtle was a nice girl with soft hair and the kind of eyes which make a man decide to be better in future. In the perusal of this distressing story her niceness should be borne in mind.

Thus it came about that one May morning Miss Myrtle held her court at ten-thirty by the clock. Thither came, in reply to an advertisement, six sad but virtuous females willing to fill the shoes of Mrs. Bloggins. They were not a prepossessing lot, but then the innate goodness of their kind is of the heart. With one accord they sat very upright, stiffened by their respectability.

The office-boy, a cheerful and lovable youth with a devastating squint, undertook to usher the applicants one after the other into the presence of Miss Myrtle. He opened the door, thrust his head in, and squinting at the assembled ladies asked for the first comer.

"Which of yer got 'ere first?" was what he actually said. He spoke affably as was his wont.

A lady near the door with a red bonnet perched jauntily on a portion of her head answered this invitation and,

preceded by the office boy, passed with silent dignity into the inner room where Miss Myrtle sat in state. The typist's nose was a little red that morning, and as the applicant entered she saw her put her powder puff away, and thereby summed her up.

"Be seated!" said Miss Myrtle in the tone she had heard her previous employer (an editor) use to authors.

The charlady coughed in protest before she did so, and then sat, obedient to the custom of her caste, with back as straight as a ramrod, knees close together and hands tightly clasped on her lap.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Myrtle, taking up her pen in a firm and businesslike way.

"Missus Jones," the applicant said with a short sharp emphatic emphasis on the word which denoted her married state. She clearly resented something.

"And where were you last employed, Mrs. Jones?" asked Miss Myrtle, unconscious of the existence of this resentment.

"Hi was employed in a sliziter's hortice," said Mrs. Jones shortly. "May I arst in return if I am dealing with a principal?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Myrtle; "I am Mr. Swansdown's confidential secretary."

"Ho!" said Mrs. Jones comprehensively and significantly. "Ho, indeed!" "Confidential" had a most unpleasant ring in her ears and her back perceptibly stiffened.

At this juncture the office-boy tittered.

"Leave us," said the mystified Miss Myrtle, and with a dreadful grin he withdrew.

"I don't think this place will suit me," said Mrs. Jones. "Being a respectable married woman," she added.

Without another word she left the room and the amazed Miss Myrtle was alone. As the dignified charlady shook the dust of Swansdown and Co. from off her elastic-sided boots she met another lady entering, who took her place among the remaining applicants.

One after another the charladies were ushered into the presence of Miss Myrtle by the joyous office-boy, and one after another they discovered, possibly by instinct, that she was the typist; whereupon, bristling with indignation, they decided that the place did not suit them. Why a typist must not engage a charlady is beyond me, but it is so. If you doubt it ask *your* charlady.

At last there was but one left, a thin vinegary lady in black, whose face suggested that she had spent her life in a desert place apart. Gradually Miss Myrtle's new-found dignity was evaporating and the hilarity of the remainder of Mr. Swansdown's staff (the office-boy, to be exact) increased. The typist determined to alter her methods with the one remaining applicant, for she was frightened lest she should fail to obtain a charlady at all. Her dignity went altogether and she was just a jolly little typist again.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully; "I'm glad the others did not suit. Mr. Swansdown asked me to choose the most genteel of those who applied, and I hope you will take the job on."

There was silence for a moment.

"That depends on the job, you know," said the candidate in an accent vaguely reminiscent of the suburbs.

"Oh, there are just the ordinary duties, you know—keeping the office clean and so on."

"And the wages?" asked the derelict.

"Ten shillings."

"That is satisfactory—*quite* satisfactory," and Miss Myrtle knew from the way in which she added "*quite* satisfactory" that she was a superior person.

"But what about the boss?" asked the prospective charlady.

"Oh," said Miss Myrtle, anxious to clinch the matter, "he's an old *dear*; he's awfully good to the staff. He gave me this the other day;" and she held out the bangle on her wrist. The charlady looked at it with critical interest, because, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, charladies are not only human but feminine. Miss Myrtle thought her new method was much more successful.

"I should like to do most of the cleaning at night after he had gone home," suggested the applicant. "What time does he go?"

"Nearly always about five," Miss Myrtle replied. "You could commence cleaning by half-past every evening if you wished."

"But sometimes he's later surely. It might be very awkward if I came to clean up and found him still here."

"Oh no! He's always away by five. Why, just lately things have been a bit quiet and he has got away by the middle of the afternoon."



A SUGGESTION TO THE WAR OFFICE.

THE SEASIDE FLOATING MERRY-GO-ROUND, WITH SPECIAL BUCKING MUSTANGS, FOR TRAINING CAVALRY RECRUITS. THE ADVANTAGES ARE TWOFOLD: HEALTHY SURROUNDINGS AND THE ABSENCE OF ALL DANGER FROM FALLS.

There was a silence again for a moment.

"And what is your name, please?" asked Miss Myrtle.

"Mrs. Swansdown," the charlady replied quietly, but with a slight smile which temporarily thawed her face.

"Mrs. Swansdown? . . . But that's the boss's name!"

"Naturally; I'm his wife. And I have to thank you, Miss Myrtle, for some very interesting information about him."

The silence was thick and ominous, and Miss Myrtle paled. She had that sinking feeling which comes when one is well in it.

"But you came as a char . . ." she began.

"Pardon me. *You* assumed I was a charwoman, Miss Myrtle, and I did not disillusionise you. You might tell Mr. Swansdown that I am here, please."

And slowly and thoughtfully Miss Myrtle did so.

It is not quite certain what happened at the ensuing interview between husband and wife, because there is only one keyhole to the office-door and the office-boy was using that. His reports are very vague. One thing is certain; it was Mrs. Swansdown who chose the new typist.

"Young person desires another share Home, herself and father; moderate terms."

Bournemouth Daily Echo.

What she wants is a half-sister.

AT THE FRONT.

There is a deservedly popular military song which states, with perhaps unnecessary iteration, that the singers are there because they 're there, because they 're there, because they 're there. That is exactly how we find ourselves placed at the moment. Here is a dusty lane with eligible greensward adjacent. We have been here since 9 A.M. and it is now 6 P.M. We have long since given up discussing why we should be here, where we are going when we leave here, and, indeed, whether we are ever going to leave here.

Last night all was peace, except that I was told to sleep in my boots. I can only assume that they must inadvertently have slipped off; for when the morning broke I appeared to be devoid of foot-fittings of any kind. While I was thinking over this mystery the Company fell in. Fortunately they were very sleepy and by the time my platoon-sergeant had persuaded them to form something other than threes and fives, I was on the spot explaining small but important technicalities, such as the advisability of taking ammunition when you 're going to a battle, and the difficulty of getting a really satisfactory drink out of an empty water-bottle.

Eventually we set out and walked along some roads till we came to this one, where no doubt the following conversation took place:—

C.O. Have you the least idea where we are going to, or why?

Adj. No, Sir.

C.O. Do you see any possible point in our going any further?

Adj. No, Sir.

C.O. Then don't let 's.

Adj. Very good, Sir. I will make it my business to see that the process is discontinued.

So we all sat down by the roadside and took off our equipment and almost everything else and went to sleep in the sun. . . .

It is now considerably later — two days later, in fact. We still inhabit the dusty lane and eligible greensward. A fear has gone abroad that it has been assigned to us as a billet. This is all very fine in its way, but when you have received a message reading (more or less): "Attack on in ten minutes' time; bring a sandbag and a bayonet," and you then find you have to live an indefinite time with a sandbag for furniture and bedding, and a bayonet to shave and brush your teeth with, you come to realise that the greenwood tree business isn't half what it 's cracked up to be. Besides, when you have found your place on the map—if you have one—and inspected your rifles and sandbags and bayonets, there really isn't much to do here unless you have a geometrical turn of mind and care for plotting the angles between the buttercups. If you are a keen soldier you can of course go on inspecting your platoon's rifles and sandbags and bayonets, because, by the time you have criticized the last bayonet, going round conscientiously, there 's no knowing what may have happened to the first rifle or sandbag. This will keep the men interested too, and save them from getting into mischief, surrounded as they are by all manner of temptations.

Before we ceased speculating on our prospects, our strategists advanced all possible views. The best supported theory was that we were being held in reserve to create a diversion through Switzerland which was to come in on the spur of the moment. The most obvious and horrible prospect—that of remaining here till the end of the War —no one has dared to put forward.

Yet ours cannot be a totally inglorious oblivion. Before we settled here we won fame. A very large if slightly bleary photograph, representing two of our sections on the march, had been published in a certain notorious daily journal which is fully prepared to finish the War in a month if it only gets the chance. It is true that the legend subjoined was "Belgian Artillery Resting," but you cannot expect glory *and* accuracy for a halfpenny, can you?



Youthful Commissionaire (who has taken place of older one, gone to the Front). "These 'ere wet days is wot exhausts me."

MR. PUNCH'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret very much to learn that Mr. Alec Johnston, 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion, Shropshire Light Infantry, has been wounded. Mr. Johnston, who originally went out with the Artists' Corps, has for a long time contributed to Mr. Punch's pages, and is the author of the series "At the Back of the Front" and "At the Front." We heartily wish him a speedy recovery from his wounds, which we are glad to hear are not of a serious nature.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

When is an historic ship not an historic ship? That is the question. The answer is—— but I will explain.

Having been to Portsmouth I know not how many times, but always in the wrong company for investigation, I found myself there once again last week, with a keen though youthful—perhaps keen because youthful, for the old take so much for granted—student of England's past and England's heroes, whose very obvious desire to fall in with the blandishments of an ancient mariner and visit the *Victory* in his venerable boat was not to be thwarted: and so for the first time, after judicious bargaining, I was rowed to that notable vessel.

I will not dwell upon the incidents of the voyage in a craft which was called for some odd reason the *Why Not;* how we were bobbed up and down by the wash of this steamer and that, but managed to retain our lunch; how the Gosport Floating-bridge's efforts to run the *Why Not* down were frustrated by her chains, how the ancient mariner, although he had us at his mercy, refrained from marooning us until his original exorbitant figure was conceded. Let me merely record the fact that in due course we reached the great little Admiral's Trafalgar flagship, and by ascending the steps that were not there in his time, and obeying a notice to take care of one's head that also had come in since his day, obtained our first insight into the accretions which have accumulated like barnacles on this most illustrious of ships.

An elderly man having been summoned to take us in hand, we began the tour of enlightenment—and disillusion. Mounting to the main deck he drew our attention to a brass plate raised an inch or so above it, close to the head of the companion. "This," he said, "is where Nelson fell. But of course," he added—and the "of course" sent a chill down my back—"it was not on this deck. This deck is new." New! Who had braved the rollers and combers of Portsmouth Harbour to see new decks?

He then drew our attention to the wheel; but it was not, he said, the wheel used in Nelson's day. Oh, no. A shot destroyed that; but a new wheel had been set up in the same place, and in the centre was the famous signal. Similarly, he said, the masts having been shot away, the present masts not only were not the original ones, but were made of iron, whereas Nelson's masts were of wood; and again we sought comfort and consolation in each other's eyes.

Right aft, he said, was Captain Hardy's cabin; but it was not a cabin any more; just the receptacle of two boats, one of which bore Nelson's body from Greenwich to London. It is a beautiful boat, but it is repainted every year. Descending, we were shown the exterior of Nelson's cabin, but, "as it is now used for court-martials and we never know when a court-martial is to be held, it is kept locked." Here was a rebuff indeed. It was the one spot I longed to be in, and to look through the windows at its stern and see how the ocean appeared to the greatest fighting sailor of all time, and the least able of all the heroes of the sea to control *mal de mer*. But no. Nor are the windows as they were in Nelson's day, for then they were of transparent horn, and now they are of glass. All this was very disappointing, and my spirits fell still lower when I read the date 1846 or 1847 on one of the guns; but at last we found one, the firing of which Nelson might have controlled, and were in the midst of our first authentic flush when the guide led us to the cockpit where the dying Nelson surely enough was carried, but which has since had its compartments removed to facilitate its show purposes. But was that really the true table on which all the surgical operations had to be performed, and was that really the lantern by whose dim light the surgeon had to work? The aged man would not swear to either.

But any superiority that I may have felt over the old fellow disappeared when, before one of the engravings of the Battle of the Baltic, in the little museum, he related the glorious incident of the spy-glass and the blind eye. "Now I dare say," he began with charming *naïveté*, "that you won't believe what I'm going to tell you, and I'm sure it will make you split your sides with laughing when you hear it. At the Battle of the Baltic, you must know, Nelson was only second in command. Well, at a certain critical moment in the fight he had his attention drawn to a signal ordering him to retire. And what did Nelson do? You know he was blind by one eye? Well, he put the telescope to his blind eye and said he couldn't see it, and then went on and won the battle."

Some of the saddest moments of life are those in which a simple humorist is deprived of his reward of laughter. I did what I could to supply the desired mirth, but made so poor a show that the guide, who clearly is accustomed to less sophisticated audiences, looking at me narrowly and in pain, accused me of having read history and therefore of having heard it before.

"If Nelson hadn't won," he added with a return of good spirits, "he'd have been disgraced for ever and drummed out of the Service. That's an odd thought, isn't it?"

"Nothing succeeds like success," I remarked pleasantly.

But I had better have held my tongue, or been less observant, for humiliation was instant. "Funny you should have said that," he replied. "Nine out of every ten ladies and gentlemen that comes aboard this ship says that, but somehow I thought you wouldn't."

What could I do after that? There was nothing to do but pay up and go.

A PERMISSIBLE EXTRAVAGANCE.

Dear Goddess at whose shrine I fall,
  And worship that sweet will
Which holds my heart in gentlest thrall
  With all a woman's skill,
Heed not, I pray, the cry to-day
  That luxury's a vice,
For you, I swear, shall never share
  The nation's sacrifice.

But you shall walk in silk attire
  And dreamy satin hues;
Your feet that fairies might desire
  Shall wear the costliest shoes;
And you shall eat the choicest meat
  Upon a dainty dish—
Shall dress and feed as well, indeed,
  As any girl could wish.

Sooner, in fine, my soul I'd pinch
  Than see you poorly gowned,
Or stunt your stature half-an-inch
  Or weight by half-a-pound;
Yes, though for thrift I'll prove my gift
  It shall not come nigh you,
But you shall be our luxury,
  My tiny maid of two.

"The Germans are taking vengeance by not allowing their railway trucks to enter Roumania any longer, and by urging on the Australians to close their frontier to the import of Roumanian cereals."—*Evening Paper.*

All in good time, William. The Australians will attend to your business as soon as they have got through the Dardanelles.

"How to make a sovereign do the ordinary work of 15s. is the problem the war-time housekeeper has to solve."—*Morning Paper.*

If that is really the problem the solution is simple. Buy a War-Loan voucher with the surplus.

"On the Ballogie moor the shooting tenant, with two guns, had 39½ brace of grouse."
Glasgow Herald.

It looks as if one at least of the birds had been rather badly shot.



Voice in distance. "Aren't you two ready?" *Small girl.* "In a minute. Auntie's just putting her puttees on."

PHASES OF A YEAR OF WAR.

(*From a Patriot's Note-Book.*)

August, 1914.—War declared. Rather startling. Imagine that it will be a tremendous business, involving great changes even in my obscure life. Am, however, at once agreeably surprised by the reassuring battle-cry, "Business as Usual." The War is to be won, apparently, by our taking no notice of it, thus causing an immense feeling of depression among the enemy. Suppose that in the circumstances we may as well spend our annual fortnight at Ostend as usual? Ask Chapwing, my neighbour, if he cares to join us. Chapwing declines. Seems to be a poltroon.

October.—Second battle-cry: "Do your bit." Enemy not having been brought to his knees by sublime spectacle of national composure, it has become necessary to try something different. Eager to accommodate, but how? Much too old for active service, and then there is the matter of my left eye. Happily, it is pointed out that those who cannot enlist can at least enable others to do so by giving up all expenditure that encourages superfluous labour. At once dismiss occasional gardener and countermand orders for winter overcoat and bagatelle set. Stop library subscription. Also reduce wife's housekeeping allowance and dock children's pocket-money, amidst great demonstration of domestic patriotism. Chapwing alone unmoved. Appears in a new suit and announces his intention of building a conservatory. The man is a pro-German!

December.—Latest battle-cry: "Spend and pay and keep things going." Unfortunate miscalculation in last policy. Air full of forebodings of unemployed jobbing gardeners, tailors, bagatelle-board makers and destitute authors, who also happen to be ineligible for military service. Now appears that in order to provide every kind of work during unavoidable dislocation, and thereby materially help to win War, it is my plain duty to spend not only all I can but even more. Order two of everything and double housekeeping allowance and children's pocket-money. Indescribable scene of domestic patriotism. Chapwing, attracted by the outburst, wants to know if we have all gone mad. Hun!

January, 1915.—"Men and men and yet more men." Both economy and lavishness rather in abeyance at the moment. Now stated on authority that the War will be won by soldiers. Recruiting slack. See a sphere of usefulness in spite of my disadvantages and join the Teddingham and Twickenton Fencibles. Somewhat short of loose cash just now, but spend £20 or so on entrance fee and subscription, uniform, rifle, marching boots and so forth, and support of concerts and bazaars in aid of the corps. Have to work rather closely at professional duties in order to retrench my position, but manage to put in eighteen hours a week of drill and marches, manual and other exercises. Confident of doing the right thing this time, but admittedly taken aback by the continuous spectacle of stalwart young men in civilian attire, who, supported by their lady friends, laugh heartily as we march by. Ask Chapwing what he thinks about joining. Replies, "I don't think." Chapwing is a confessed shirker.

April.—A new phase. Yesterday saw Chapwing approaching in a state of greater excitement than I thought him capable of. As he waved an evening paper I imagined for the moment that we must be through the Dardanelles. "Another——" he gasps. "Fort destroyed?" I interpose eagerly. He looks at me with cold disapproval. "No, no; another clue—pretty important too." I now notice that the entire front page of his journal is headed, "Brides in the Bath Case," in arresting type. Can the War mysteriously be



THE PESSIMIST.

"Yes, she's off to the cinema again, and I don't blame 'er. Make the most of it, I say. Who knows? We may be 'aving peace upon us any moment!"

over, or have I dreamt the War? It appears that a hitherto obscure gentleman living in Shepherd's Bush claims to have raised coincidence to its highest power. Nation holds its breath. War still going on apparently, however, for I discover from a column reserved for matter of secondary interest that 1,150 British casualties recently occurred during the taking of a single trench in Flanders. Deeds of heroism and other details crowded out.

May.—"Join the Industrial Reserve." It is officially explained at last that there are plenty of men available, but nothing like enough material with which to win the War. Letters in the Press suggest that the Volunteers would find better employment for the superfluous time with which they seem to be burdened if they devoted themselves to work in the factories rather than to playing at soldiers in the parks. Somewhat of a facer, but better to know the truth in time. Get taken on by the Willoughby Spare Parts Company, at 6*d*. an hour. As they only want fulltimers felt it incumbent on me to give up my profession and income during the War. This having involved a removal into a tenement dwelling, see nothing of Chapwing nowadays.

June.—Great War Loan floated. Chapwing unexpectedly drops in to ask me what I am going to do about it. Declares emphatically that, as the War is to be won by money, it is the part of every loyal man to throw in his uttermost farthing — especially as it is a full 4½ per cent. and gilt-edged security. He himself is applying for £300, made up of £200 which he happens to have lying idle at the bank on deposit at 2 per cent., and £100 which Mrs. Chapwing and the children have hitherto been lending to the Government at 2½ per cent. through the medium of the Post Office Savings Bank. Very distant when he hears that I propose doing nothing. As a matter of fact, although I did not care to mention it, I happen unfortunately to be rather heavily in debt just now.

August.—At last! The Loyal and Patriotic Order of Semi-skilled Workers having declared that they alone are competent to do unskilled work, Willoughbys reluctantly discharge me to avert threatened strike. Decide that I have now done about enough for my country and had better look after myself in future. Shave off my whiskers and transplant them to an unappropriated spot above, get well coached up on the sight tests, lie brazenly about my age, and enlist. Excellent pay and prospects, and my wife and family securely provided for. Rather rough on my country perhaps, but that is — or will be — its own trouble. It also appears to be Chapwing's, to whom I have just broken the entertaining news. Thoroughly aroused at last, he demands, as the Indignant Tax Payer, to know what sort of a bill I think that he will ultimately be called upon to pay if the Army is to be composed of elderly married men of questionable physique and debilitated stamina? Chapwing be hanged! I'm off! Left, right; left, right; left—left—left——

"The Russian government expressed sincere regret to the Swedish government for the dropping of shells in territorial waters, explaining that the incident was due to a dense dog at the scene of battle hindering accurate firing."—*Morning Paper*.

Stupid creature! But why didn't they clear the course?



PEACE TALK.

Kaiser. "AT THE PRESENT RATE OF PROGRESS OF MY DESTRUCTIVE SWORD THERE WILL BE PEACE BEFORE THE YEAR IS OUT."

Sultan of Turkey. "AND SUPPOSING I CAN'T WAIT TILL THEN?"



Sergeant (to Tommy, who has fallen out for the fourth time). "WHAT! AT IT AGAIN? YOU KNOW YOU OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE JOINED THIS 'ERE REGIMENT, ME LAD. *YOU* OUGHT TO 'AVE JOINED THE FLYING CORPS. THEY ONLY LETS YOU FALL OUT ONCE THERE!"

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

IX.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—"A fortnight in the Himalayas for three pounds" sounds like a more than ordinarily catchy advertisement of a touring company. Nevertheless, thanks to cheap railway "concession" tickets, it has been the experience of some of the Territorials in India during the last few months. You will rejoice to learn that, by the exercise of a desperate and prolonged economy, I contrived to join a party of eight from our battalion who made the excursion. The painful memories of that period of self-denial (consider, if you can, the plight of a hungry and thirsty soldier saying "No" to the *cake wallah* and the *pop wallah* day after day to the point of exhaustion) have been more than effaced by blissful recollections of the ensuing fortnight's furlough in a well-known hill station.

There were unforeseen results of this sudden transference of eight rather washed-out and emaciated Terriers from the dull routine of existence in a stifling fort on the blistering and dust-swept plains to the delights of a health-resort seven thousand feet in the air. The drop in temperature, for example, gave us all violent colds in the head. The revolution in diet produced the most lamentable internal disturbances. And, most striking of all, the unaccustomed proximity of numbers of white girls promoted an unparalleled outburst of amorous emotion among several of our party.

The worst case was that of Private Milo. I will not weary you with a catalogue of his philanderings, but if you will believe me he returned to the Plains (none too soon) engaged to no fewer than seventeen attractive and trustful English girls. It seemed an impossible position. We could see no conceivable way out for him.

But nature has her own method of solving these problems. The strain of writing seventeen affectionate letters a day in this climate proved too much for him, and he is now in hospital.

Before entering he left instructions that all letters from the betrayed ones should be returned unopened, marked in the top left-hand corner in red ink, "Deceased," which, after all, he explained, is only another way of spelling diseased," which in turn is only another way of saying "ill."

Well, much may be forgiven a man suddenly translated into such society after an ascetic existence of eight months on the high seas and in military cantonments.

The return to the Plains and the unending miseries of prickly heat was a sad business. The mere change from a maximum shade temperature of 70 degrees to one of 119 induced a profound depression of spirit. And we have grave doubts with regard to that official maximum of 119. According to our own calculations there must be an error of at least 100 degrees. I put it to you that when an entrenching tool exposed to the rays of the sun for three minutes becomes hot enough to fry eggs on with ease, it is absurd to talk of a shade maximum of 119 degrees. Every man you meet here has heard of another man who has done this egg trick.

We have now more or less settled down again to the dreary monotony of Fort life, for ever making ready for something which never happens. Of course it is necessary to be prepared for emergencies, but this constant training for hypothetical situations is very wearisome. Sometimes, it is true, it leads to strange results. One of the strangest was related to me by an N.C.O. of the Regulars a few days ago. A movable column had been organised in his battalion and frequent

parades were held. A very fine state of efficiency was attained, and at the given order the column would be ready in an almost inconceivably short time to move off, equipped to the last detail. Only it never moved.

Included in the supplies carried by the movable column was a fresh meat ration consisting of two live sheep. They were intelligent sheep, and after a few practices they learned to leave their grazing on their own initiative, and spontaneously take up their proper positions in the column. Soon this procedure came to be taken as a matter of course, and the fresh meat ration was trusted implicitly to do its duty.

But on a day, to the dismay of those in authority, one of the sheep was missing. Great was the consternation, for this was the first lapse in the splendid efficiency of the column. Search was made, and the errant animal was discovered peacefully feeding in its accustomed haunts. Then occurred a remarkable incident, which I should hesitate to believe if it had not been related to me by an old soldier.

Anticipating censure, the delinquent, who, it seems, had been observant enough to acquire a knowledge of army language as well as of army routine, turned to its pursuers and said wearily, "I know what you're going to say, but straight, I can't see the —— use of —— well falling in, time after time, when no —— thing ever happens. It's a —— farce, that's what I call it!"

As I have said, our life here is a deadly dull affair, and the smallest humorous incident comes as a welcome break in the monotony. We are sincerely grateful to our Detachment Quartermaster-Sergeant for an adventure which befell him a few days ago. He was taking a solitary ramble outside the Fort in the early morning and wished to cross a certain bridge, at the head of which was mounted a native guard. The sentry, however, refused to allow him to pass; but, knowing no English, could not explain his action in words, till, after a dubious search, he pointed earnestly to one of a large number of prohibitory notices affixed to the wall. It read: "*Elephants and traction engines are not allowed to cross this bridge.*"

There is no doubt that the hearts of very few of the Territorials now garrisoning India are in their work, though of course we know that actually it is an essential duty we are performing. In our dreams we slay Germans by the thousand and earn countless decorations. In our waking hours we collect cigarette coupons and spend days debating whether it would be better to obtain a set of ninepins with the 750 coupons we now possess, or to collect a further 500 and get a concertina.

The increased ration allowance of three annas a day recently granted will (when it comes) brighten our lot considerably. I foresee marked changes in our little social amenities. Up till now the highest possible expression of reckless generosity towards a friend has been to say, "Come and have penny custard at the Soldiers' Home." In future there will doubtless be substituted some princely offer, such as "Come and have a mutton pie and a bottle of pop."

Yours ever,
One of the *Punch* Brigade.



Officer. "Why, what's the matter with this? That's excellent soup."
Private. "Yes, Sir—that's what we sez, Sir."
Officer. "Very well, then. What's the complaint?"
Private. "It ain't the soup, Sir; it's the cook. 'E calls it stew."

An Irish paper's contents bill:—

"Rout of Turks
In Caucasus."

The old Turks never took kindly to the new politics.

"A hotel-keeper in Prussia possessed a jackdaw which had considerable proficiency as a talker. An official of some sort provoked this bird into a display of his linguistic attainments. The jackdaw said no more than might be expected—its tuition had been most comprehensive—but its owner was heavily fined for disrespect to the Kaiser."—*Star.*

The bird must have said something about Rheims.

WARNING TO VOLUNTEERS.

[A member of the National Guard was recently requested to leave a Theatre on the ground that he was wearing an "unauthorised uniform."]

We are favoured with an advance copy of the following notice to the Piptown Battalion of the Humpshire National Defence Force:—

Private and Confidential.

It is rumoured that the Military Authorities are organising a raid, which may take the form of a house-to-house search for incriminating evidence against persons suspected of connection with Home Defence Organisations. Uniforms and accoutrements should be deposited in cisterns or buried.

Members who possess lofts or cellars suitable for Company drill are requested to leave particulars in cuneiform characters under the roots of the old elm-tree in the sports field.

Pyjama parades will be held during the coming month. Upon pronouncement of the password, code orders will be handed to members by the Commanding Officer, who will attend, suitably disguised, at the municipal dust-shoot nightly at 11.45 p.m.

Owing to strong pressure brought to bear upon the Army Council the platoon recently captured while route-marching by the police will be accorded the honour of a military execution at the Tower. The condemned men are indebted to the wife of our Quartermaster for this concession.

This unfortunate incident will result in the creation of a limited number of vacancies in the Piptown Battalion, but intending members are warned that they are liable to be hanged at dawn if discovered in any act bearing a colourable resemblance to military operations.

"The Countess of —— who is offering free grouse shooting near Guildford to wounded officers."—*Morning Paper.*

Very sporting of the grouse to come down South for this patriotic purpose.

Who dares to say that the Irish Volunteers are not to be taken seriously? At a recent meeting of the Brian Boru corps the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

"That in the opinion of this corps Mr. ——, one of our most staunch members, is fully qualified for the position of Baker at the Clare Asylum."

A DEAD SECRET.

Last Thursday morning I met the latest subaltern looking more like Major-General than usual.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what are you up to?"

"Just had my hair cut," he replied "come and have some lunch. Aunt Sims and Joan are staying with us and Jimmy Battersby is turning up."

On the way conversation was intermittent; Archibald had something on his mind.

"It's the barber," I said to myself; "too much off the matting."

Suddenly, on his very doorstep, Archibald unburdened himself.

"I say," he jerked out, "we're going out—next week, I think."

I shook his hand and gave him my blessing.

"Of course," he added with significant inflection, "this is a deadly secret, so don't breathe a word to anybody."

I placed a hand upon the centre of my knitted waistcoat and promised upon my honour as a ratepayer.

But it wasn't so easy as all that.

I sat next to Joan at lunch. After the preliminaries were over I remarked casually, "I wonder what Archibald will——" and stopped suddenly and began to find something in my soup.

"Aha!" I exclaimed in an undertone, "there he is—a peppercorn."

"Yes," said Joan expectantly, "what were you going to say about Archie?"

"Oh yes!" I smiled bravely; "how stupid of me! It's his hair. He's had it cut, you know."

Joan gave me a diffident glance and continued her soup, and I pulled myself together and chased a piece of carrot.

I turned to Archie's mother. Anyhow she would know all about it, so there would be absolutely no temptation to say anything.

We talked very nicely about (1) cooking, (2) steam-laundries, (3) the price of coal, until I remarked reflectively and *à propos* of nothing, "Yes, it's hard luck on you—very."

"How do you mean?" she asked. And there I was again.

"Well," I explained, "I don't mean the cooking and it isn't exactly the price of coal. It must be the steam-laundries. Yes, of course, that's it. It's the steam-laundries."

"Oh!" exclaimed Archie's mother—just "Oh!" So I escaped again; but not for long. Jimmy Battersby had me in difficulties with the pineapple jelly, and I just saved myself from Aunt Sims by dropping the salted almonds on the floor—a last effort of a rapidly degenerating intelligence.

For just about this time I began to realise that I was beaten. I simply couldn't stand it any longer. I would fill my glass, rise gracefully, and, bowing to Archibald, say, "Permit me to take wine with you and wish you well as I understand you are going to the Front next week."

I pictured the sensation and wondered vaguely whether the subsequent court-martial would shoot me like a gentleman or hang me as a journalist.

Then Archie's mother rose and lunch came to an end.

In the ensuing movement I side-slipped into the bow-window to look at the view, and whispered very quietly to an acacia, "Archie is going to the Front next week."

I said it twice. It did me a lot of good.

On the way to the library I hung behind and had a little conversation with the dumb waiter—perfectly safe. Then there was Venus of the Medici (in marble) discreetly concealed in a corner of the hall. I confided in her.

The worst was over. I entered the library full of confidence in my powers of secrecy.

Everybody was collected round the latest subaltern. There was a perfect buzz of conversation, and above it I heard the voice of Archibald:—

"Next week, I think; but don't breathe a word to anyone. It's a deadly secret."



First Young Lady. "Look at 'er. Ackshally tiken on wiv a civilian. Disgrice-ful, I calls it."

"The Dardanelles.

Troops Straightening the Front."

Rhodesia Herald.

In this instance they don't seem to have been conspicuously successful.

TONSORIAL FINANCE.

Yesterday morning I overslept myself, a thing I very rarely do unintentionally. I was much annoyed, as I had an important appointment in the City at mid-day; and a glance at my watch showed me that I had barely twenty minutes in which to make my toilet and reach the station. Breakfast was entirely out of the question, and most likely out of the breakfast room, too.

I calculated that—even forgoing my bath—I had not sufficient time to shave, wash and dress, but that I had just time enough to wash and dress, or shave and dress, or wash and shave. The last combination, though undoubtedly the most hygienic of the three, would not have been thoroughly understood in my neighbourhood, and consequently I had to reject it in favour of one of the oth The middle one seemed to offer alluring possibilities so far as the shave implied a partial washing of my face, but unfortunately it required concentration. The first, therefore, appeared to be the most reasonable course to pursue; indeed, when I again looked at my watch I found that I had been so long deciding that there was no practicable alternative available.

I eventually caught the guard's van just as it was disappearing through the exit. A close scrutiny of the guard's features revealed the fact that he too was unshaven. In fact he could not have used a razor for at least fifteen years, for his beard practically ended where his whistle began. He was otherwise an intelligent fellow, and repeated the names of the stations quite prettily.

On arrival at the terminus I found that I had a quarter-of-an-hour to spare, so I determined to sample a hitherto unexplored luxury. I would have a professional shave. Close to the station I saw the sign of a barber who professed to perform the operation for threepence; so I entered, and a brigand of doubtful nationality at once took my hat away from me. Another invited me into a chair and recited the bill of fare from memory.

"Shave," I said briefly, and the revels commenced.

"Ever shave yourself, Sir?" asked the man as he paused to put more desiccated soap on the brush.

Now, I thought to myself, this is where he is trying to have me. If I say "Yes" he'll want me to buy a patent non-skid razor or a safety shaving-brush. If I say "No," he'll try to sell me a ticket for the establishment's Toilet Club. So then and there I engaged a purely hypothetical valet.

"My man usually shaves me," I answered.

"Then, Sir," persisted the fellow, "I am sure he could not get a better result than with one of our celebrated——"

"Ah, I'm afraid that is his department entirely," I interposed. "I never interfere with my servants—not now. I remember how annoyed my cook once was when I brought home an automatic rolling-pin."

Then the barber began to relather me, and while my mouth was still incapable of self-defence he did his utmost to sell me, successively, a bottle of hair-wash, a face-lotion, a sanitary hair-brush and a shampoo-powder.

"Look here," I said at length, "I have an important appointment in exactly five minutes. Will it facilitate matters if I buy something?"

The man assured me that it would do all that and make him happy for the whole day besides.

"Then," said I, "you may sell me a half crown bottle of moustache-pomade."

"Certainly, Sir," he said, mollified; "but I thought you shaved the upper lip?"

"It's not for myself," I explained, "it's for a friend who has never experienced the boon of a shave by an expert. To be exact he's a railway-guard endowed by nature with luxuriant vegetation. Shall we get on?"

We got on.

"Brush your hair, Sir?"

I surveyed it.

"Since you've rumpled it," I replied, "I think it is the least you can do."

He proceeded to do the least he could do.

"Pay at the desk, please. Next gentleman! Take three shillings, Miss."

"Er two-and-nine, surely?" I demurred, lifting my eyebrows a notch higher.

"Hair-brush, threepence," was his answer.

The lady, an adept at high finance, successfully negotiated the two half-crowns I gave her. Then I turned and handed my man a penny and a bright smile. He said nothing to either. There flashed across my mind the thought that, like a waiter, he only expected ten per cent. of the threepence. (The hair-brushing he had himself incurred, and of course he received commission on the sale of the pomade; therefore he was only entitled to expect a tip for actual work done on my behalf.) I concluded that he was in doubt as to whether I expected seven centimes change.

"That's for you—to keep," I said.

He controlled his emotion so well that I increased the bonus to twopence. Then at last he said, "Thank you, Sir."

The hatter next approached and, to avoid any unpleasantness, I gave him twopence straight off.

"Much obliged, Sir," he said. "Take fourpence, please, Miss."

This was unexpected.

"I never told you to iron my hat," I burst out. "You never asked me if you might. I consider it a great impertinence for anyone—I don't care who it is—to play fast and loose with my hat without permission. I will overlook it this time, but-

As he was no longer listening I considered it futile to go on. I gave the lady at the desk the additional fourpence and was making my way to the door when a third assistant rushed at me with a brush and swept me all over. When he had finished he was panting with satisfaction.

"Well?" I said.

"Yessir."

"Don't you call out 'Take fourpence, please, Miss,' like that other man?"

"Oh, no, Sir. I do the brushing quite on my own."

"Tell me," I continued, "what you expect for the unnecessary and unsolicited brushing of an entirely new suit of clothes?"

Under pressure he admitted that most gents gave him twopence. So I gave him what he suggested and mentally calculated that he earned, on the average, a penny a minute, or, in an eight hours' day, a matter of two pounds. In other words, some £600 a year.

Then, as nobody else seemed to want anything, I walked out.

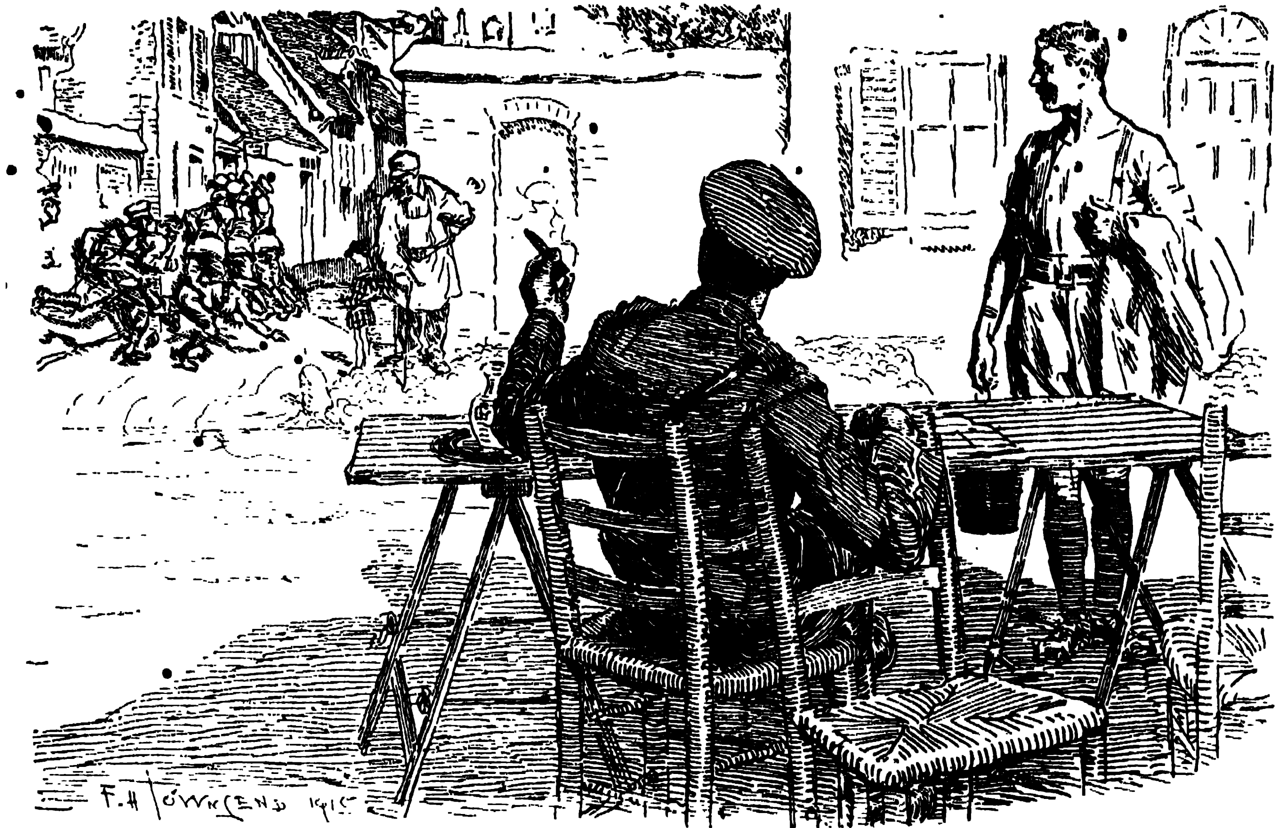
I was late for my appointment, and my friend, I was informed, had waited a quarter-of-an-hour and then gone off. The consequence was that I had to play dominoes with an almost entire stranger.

When I arrived home in the afternoon I made out the following account:

	s.	d.
1 Premeditated shave		3
1 Diplomatic pommade hongroise		6
1 Compulsory hair-brush . . .		3
1 Tip to barber		2
1 Unsolicited hat-iron		4
1 Gratuity to hatter		2
1 Largesse to brush-brandisher .		2
Loss at dominoes (due to delay at barber's)		7
		5

"SOUTH AFRICA.
German Intrigue.
Hat the Union Troops found."
Cork Constitution.

This is believed to be the one the Kaiser talked through.



POMMES-DE-TERRE FRITES.

Officer (somewhere in France). "I say, Simpson, why are all those men rushing into that place? What are they after?"
Simpson. "They're after Bombardier Fritz, Sir."
Officer. "Who's Bombardier Fritz? Is he in the Battery?"
Simpson. "He ain't a man, Sir; he's fried potatoes."

A TONIC.

"I feel horribly depressed," Sybil said, "horribly."

"This War," I said, "is enough to depress anyone."

"Yes," she said, "I think it's partly the War, and, oh, partly everything."

"You want a pick-me-up," I said.

"You know I never drink liqueurs at any time."

"Who said anything about drinking? I didn't."

"I never heard of anyone eating a pick-me-up, and, anyhow, I don't feel like eating."

"Look here, Sybil," I said, "you're in a bad way. I'll tell you what we're going to do. I've heard of a woman's doctor who's considered very good at this kind of thing, and charges nothing for advice."

"Man or woman?"

"Well," I said, "it's a woman's name on the plate and a woman prescribes, but, from what I've heard, the real doctor, who makes up the medicines, is a man."

"I suppose you've consulted her?" said Sybil with a searching look.

"Never," I said; "Heaven forbid! She's entirely a woman's doctor. She'd laugh at me, I expect."

"If she charges nothing," said Sybil, "what does she do it for?"

"Oh, it's only the advice that's free. It's the medicine she makes it on; and she does well, I'm told. Come along; I've got a cheque for royalties to-day, so I don't care if it's two guineas a time."

We took a taxi and got down at a well-groomed door.

"There's the doctor's plate," I said; "first floor for the consulting-room."

"Ah," said Sybil, reading the name, "I've heard of her. She'll do."

"Yes," I said, "but don't forget it's Céleste's husband who really trims the hats. Choose a nice one. I'll wait down here and have a smoke."

"Thanks," said Sybil, mounting the stairs; "I feel a little better already."

TO MY POSTMAID.

Since that great moment when, my heart's enslaver,
 You donned the brassard of the P.M.G.
And first began—no ordinary favour—
 To call upon a simple bard like me,
I've often thought, to make your visits more,
Of sending dummy screeds to my own door.

Each morn, with bashful qualms made wan and quivery,
 I lurk behind my windows and await
The hour (8.22) of your delivery,
 And when you foot it through my garden gate,
However vile the missive that you bring,
You'd hardly credit how I bless the thing.

My correspondence, as perhaps you've noted,
 Contains no message that a maid has penned,
So please infer from this that I'm devoted
 To you alone, and if you'd care to send
A gleam of hope and comfort to a chap
My letter-box is always there. *Verb. sap!*

SEA-SOCKS.

"Well," said Francesca, "we're at the seaside again."

"Francesca," I said, "your remark is not merely profoundly original, but it's absolutely true. We left our happy home, we took tickets, we entered a railway carriage, we lunched out of a basket on sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs——"

"Did you want them soft-boiled?" she asked.

"How you put me off," I said. "You can't deny my statements, so you try to confuse me with flippant interruptions. But I will *not* be confused. I insist on saying that we lunched on sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs."

"It's always done," she said, "by those who go to the seaside. You couldn't get there without it."

"You forget," I said, "the bottle of milk. I'm not much of a drinker of milk neat myself, but I always look upon it as essential to a family journey."

"We had that and all the other essentials," she said. "Nothing was forgotten, not even the salt for the hard-boiled eggs," she added.

"Oh, bother the hard-boiled eggs," I said; "I was beginning to forget them."

"*I* didn't drag them into this discussion," she said.

"No," I said, "it was I who mentioned them first, but I meant that to be the last of them. Let us stop this conversation before we are carried too far. I agree that we're at the seaside again."

"Come," she said, "that's really handsome of you. When a man's in the wrong he can't do more than admit it. I believe it's the proof of a generous and manly mind."

"But," I said, "I've admitted nothing. I wasn't in the wrong."

"Then," she said, "I take back the generous and manly mind."

"You can't," I said. "I've got it and I mean to keep it."

"All right," she said, "you can; and I'll keep my seaside. You shall consider yourself in the Midlands if you like."

"Anyhow," I said, "they make plenty of munitions in the Midlands. Birmingham, where I am, is a tremendous producer of shells. You can't say that for Totland Bay, where *you* are."

"No," she said, "but I've got the sea, and I'm going to bathe in it. What are you going to do?"

"I suppose I shall have to bathe too. The children seem to expect it of me."

"You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about it."

"Won't it be rather cold?" I said.

"*Cold!*" she said. "If I don't mind, and the children don't mind, who are *you* that you should find it too cold?"

"But you'll all be cold, too," I said, "only you won't admit it. As you emerge from your cabin in your bathing costume and indiarubber cap complete, you'll ask the children if it's cold, and they'll all answer, 'No-no-not a bub-bub-bub-bit'; and when I come in you'll shout across the modest tract of water which separates the sexes that it's pup-pup-pup-perfectly dud-dud-dud-delightful, and when I reply that it's chilly you'll all lul-lul-lul-laugh as if you wanted to be taken for natives of Greenland's icy mountains. I know you."

"Ha-ha," she said, "he knows us, does this father-of-a-family, and he isn't going to bathe in the sea, isn't he, and all because he's afraid of a little cold water?"

"Francesca," I said, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," she said, "as well as most men."

"Then I'll tell you one," I said. "I'm not a bit afraid of ice-cold salt water—indeed I revel in it. No porpoise could revel more than I do when once I've taken the plunge. What I'm really afraid of is my socks."

"Your *socks!* How can socks make a man afraid?"

"I don't know about other men. I only know they're too much for me. It's this way. You know how sticky salt water is—that's why you wear that hideous thing over your head."

"It looks very well in the pictures," she said.

"Yes, but it doesn't look well at the seaside. Well, my hair doesn't matter, you know, and as for the rest of me I can manage all right after I've come out of the water. I can dry myself as well as anyone—at least I think I can, though I've never had a regular drying competition with other men——"

"My poor dear," said Francesca anxiously, "what *are* you driving at?"

"I'm driving at my socks. All the salt-water stickiness gets into my feet, and when I come to put my socks on, why, I simply can't do it. They won't go on. First I tug and then I coax, and then I work my toes about, and then I pull away the socks and rub my feet raw with a rough towel, but it's all useless. The socks will *not* go on. The strain is something terrible. Think of it, Francesca, you who wear stockings, if I may say so, to be defied by two little dumb socks. It thoroughly unmans me, this eternal struggle. I'm getting too old to face it any more. I shall never come to the seaside again."

"It's dreadful," she agreed. "But, since you are here, you'd better have another go at it. I've noticed you generally get them on in the end."

"But the end is so hard to attain."

"Never mind," she said; "the bathe will be pup-pup-perfectly dud-dud-delightful." R. C. L.



Doctor. "How do you feel, Colonel, when you have actually killed a man?"

Colonel. "Oh, not so bad. *How do you?*"

Legal Fiction.

"*Notes and Decisions under the Representation of the People Acts and the Registration Acts*, 1914. By Wm. Lawson, LL.D., B.L., Revising Barrister for the County of Dublin. (Dublin: A. Thom and Co. 6s. net.)

[A story bringing us back to the spacious days of Queen Bess, when piracy on the high seas was almost quite fashionable. The adventures of the mysterious 'Captain' Adam and the Spanish Don will be followed with interest.]"—*Irish Independent.*



Orderly Officer. "TURN OUT THE GUARD!" *Sentry (formerly in commerce).* "SHOP!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. HENRY DUDENEY is one of the few women writers to-day who possess what could be called the large manner. Her new book, *The Secret Son* (METHUEN), is a good example of this—a homely tale of rustic happenings touched with a real sense of tragedy. A Sussex down-land farm is the scene of it, and something of this country of wide spaces seems to have got into the treatment, so that while the story is for the most part unhappy it is never morbid. It must be confessed that some antiseptic influence of the kind is needed. Of the four women who make any considerable appearance in the action, one is half-witted, and the other three have all, as the melodramas say, taken the wrong turning. Which seems "above the average that statistics have laid down for our guidance"; at least, one would prefer to think so. The virtue of the book lies partly in the character of *Nancy* and in the handling of her love for *Morris*, who was the son, not of her proper husband, but of the consumptive squire, *Chinnery*. Then, when in his turn *Morris* falls in love, the woman whom he is about to marry has to make to him a confession of the same flaw; and *Nancy*, who has never dared tell the truth of his own origin to the son whom she adores, must look on and see him suffer. Nor is this all; in yet a third generation the same misery comes, till, as *Morris* says to his mother, it all threatens to "happen over again like a giddy go round." MRS. DUDENEY'S picture of country life is not exactly a pretty one; but she deserves the more credit for having brought out the beauty and humanity of it, as well as the horror. There is plenty of the last in the scene where *Chinnery's* half-lunatic wife and the peasant-woman whom he really loved meet over his death-bed. In short, a moving and in many ways a beautiful story, but one to be prescribed with caution.

Why have so many of our novelists taken to producing enormous volumes marked by a pre-Raphaelite fidelity to detail? The latest convert is Mr. W. S. MAUGHAM, whose usual manner I seem to recall as rather impressionistic. But in his new novel, *Of Human Bondage* (HEINEMANN), he is, so to speak, as *Jean Christophy* as the best of them. This is the kind of book that tells you in six hundred and fifty pages all you want to know about a group of characters, and a great deal more. It is a method that resembles the historic little girl: when it is good it is very, very good, and when it is not it is horridly boring. Mr. MAUGHAM'S case is is not quite so bad as that; but though his book manages to be quite wonderfully good in parts, it yet leaves a general impression of boredom. The trouble is that the central character, whose career as school-boy, art-student, doctor, shop-walker, and the rest of it, we are compelled to follow so closely, never inspires enough personal interest to make the labour one of love. Indeed, it seems hardly in order to speak of the two protagonists as hero and heroine; *Philip* remains to the last nebulous and uninteresting, while *Mildred* is real enough certainly, but so entirely detestable that we are impatient to be rid of her society. Fortunately there are other characters in a crowded canvas that make up for these. *Miss Price*, for example, the bitter-souled little student, starving in Paris on a faith in her own utterly imaginary genius, is one of the most haunting and tragic figures that I have met with in recent

fiction. To balance her we have another and very different portrait in *Philip's* aunt, small, tremulous *Mrs. Carey*, with her pathetic love for a boorish husband and an unresponsive nephew. For these two women alone the book was worth writing. If only there was not quite so much of it!

The eponymous hero of *Edwards*, by Mr. Barry Pain (Werner Laurie), is a gentleman who, having drawn the suburbs blank, settles in London as a jobbing gardener and proceeds to defraud humanity—or rather such portions of humanity as are ill-advised enough to employ his time, of which he cheats them, and his energies, which he reserves for the beer-bottle and the tap-room. *Edwards* in his jobbing way is as great a rogue as *Barry Lyndon*, and what Thackeray did for *Lyndon* Mr. Barry Pain here does for *Edwards*. He allows him to describe himself and his rogueries with the most perfect frankness and in the regretful spirit of one who, in spite of occasional successes, has on the whole come off second best in his struggles against the harshness and cruelty of a censorious world. *Edwards* is a shrewd commentator on his own foibles, which he admires, and the foibles of others, which he despises even while he profits by them. He describes the stages of the gardening fever to which ladies are liable. "There was one garden I used to look after up Hampstead way. At first it was all peace and quietness there. Nobody ever came into the garden except me and the cats . . . If you managed to mow a lawn which were about six yards square in an eight hours' day that was all that was expected, and the lady would ask you if you weren't tired when you left, and not mean it in a nasty way either." Then came the fever, and the lady wanted daffodils and told *Edwards* to get a packet of the seed and sow it at once. Finally, "she give me a shilling and I got a nice sixpenny pot of daffodils with it for the trade price of fourpence." Then the lady bartered her husband's new suit of clothes for fuchsias, and so on till she ordered *Edwards* to take up the lawn, put in proper drainage and relay it. Of course he couldn't stand this, so he left, and his employer lost a treasure of drink and incompetence. Everybody will be glad to learn that the marriage of *Edwards* did not make him happy. Too much seemed to be expected of him. Mr. Barry Pain knows a great deal about gardeners. Can he tell me why a gardener, though he always goes about his duties without a coat, invariably retains his waistcoat, even in the hottest weather. Is the waistcoat a gardening fetish?



Customer (with impediment). "I want a c-c-clock."
Shopkeeper. "Sorry, Sir; we don't stock cuckoo clocks."
Customer. "But I don't want a c-c-cuc-k-k-oo c-c-clock. I only want a c-c-clock."

In *The German Peril* (Unwin), Mr. Frederic Harrison reprints, with comments to date, his chief utterances on the German menace from 1863 onwards, and they make an instructive if somewhat too obviously self-regarding document. As Mr. Harrison has a short sharp way of dealing with those who venture to differ from him, labelling them "sanctimonious purists," "snivelling journalists," or babblers of "idiotic drivel," a reviewer is fairly warned beforehand. Perhaps one's chief feeling is that our author was so substantially right in his pleadings and prophecies (he knew his history and he knew his Hun) that he might deal a little less vehemently with his opponents; might perhaps have remembered that to be right on main issues is not equivalent to a patent of infallibility on all detail. In the controversy of the submarine crews, for instance, in which he was the chief advocate of the reprisals-for-piracy theory, he certainly forgot that it was little use attempting to deal with such matters till we were in a position to deal effectively. And anyway how were these feats of the submarine, even the crowning infamy of the *Lusitania*, a whit worse than several of the more devilish outrages in Belgium and France? Meanwhile Mr. Harrison's eloquence helps us to remember—no useless function, for the mind has so surfeited on the recital of horrors that the spirit has become a little insensitive to their significance. If we must recruit by advertisement, I'd sooner see real extracts, not polite summaries, from the Belgian and French Reports than the ingenious sophistries of the War Office experts. We certainly ought to have listened to Mr. Harrison, who was no filibustering jingo. But we believed what we wished to believe, and our blindness is only just a little excused because we trusted certain of our leaders and our pundits.

The hero of *Betty Wayside* (Hodder and Stoughton) was a composer of genius; the heroine played the piano like an angel; the major villain was a baritone; and another man, who had the makings of a scamp, played the flute. So it was music, music all the way. But fresh evidence is given here that to be in love with a musical genius is not exactly to lie on a bed of roses. When, however, I remember that *Walter Chippendale* walked sometimes as if he was "possessed of devils," I am bound to admit that he was not anything like so uncomfortable a lover as he sounds. Indeed, I found his courtship of *Betty* far more tolerable than the intrigues of a bevy of youths and maidens whose many affairs of the heart strained my patience to breaking point. The scenes of this book are laid in Sydney, and when the author—whose name, Louis Stone, is unknown to me—has learned not to overcrowd her stage all should be easy sailing for her. She has a real love of music, and more than a little knowledge of those wonderful (but slightly disturbing) people to whom music is an absorbing passion.

The Sea Lion's Whelp.

"The Turkish battleship Hair-ed-Din was sunk by a British cubmarine."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

"His rendering of 'The Little Grey Home in the West' is charming, and many people are really raving about it. be luilodar ad ah trah ar th art htr."—*South Pacific Mail.*

Even the printer, you will observe, was affected.

CHARIVARIA.

A VOLUME of war speeches by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is shortly to be published under the title, *Through Terror to Triumph*. It would be wrong, however, to assume that this is intended to represent the gradual evolution of the Right Honourable gentleman from Bogey to Idol.

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Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE's forthcoming book about the Angels at Mons is *On the side of the Angels*. So the Angels are all right.

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An article on a dealer in wild beasts mentions his "jolly little colony of American skunks," and tells us that "twenty of these interesting creatures arrived direct from New York in first-class condition. . . . They make great pets and are quite harmless." They must not be confused with the hyphenated species still to be met with in America, which are extremely offensive.

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Marshal VON HINDENBURG's sister has issued a series of "commands" for German citizens. As one of them is "About turn! Face God and the Fatherland; turn your backs on frivolity and on mistrust of your leaders," we may gather that her opinion of the present attitude of Germany is unfavourable.

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As milkmaids in Essex are scarce, milking is to be taught experimentally in the elementary schools with the aid of dummy cows. We rather deprecate this innovation; the last thing we want to encourage is the use of "the cow with the iron tail."

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The promotion of Captain (temporary Major) the Right Honourable Sir F. E. SMITH, Knt., Oxfordshire Yeomanry, to be a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel has attracted much attention. Some confusion has been caused by the fact that a gentleman of the same name had already been appointed a temporary Solicitor-General.

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Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD recently informed an audience in the Oddfellows' Hall, Edinburgh, that if the Independent Labour Party had criticised in such a way that our country was weakened, they had not done it consciously or deliberately. We gather his contention to be that he is not a knave, but the other thing.

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We read that when the KAISER tastes the soup prepared for his soldiers' dinners "he gulps down the stuff so condescendingly that even the Generals' eyes fill with tears." In order that this touching effect may be assured the army cooks are instructed, whenever the War-Lord is expected, to double the usual quantity of onion.



"I WISH I COULD GO OUT WITH YOU, TOM. I DON'T TRUST THEM GERMANS."

"DON'T YOU WORRY, MOTHER. *YOU LEAVE 'EM TO ME!*"

A cynical correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, describing the ravages of bookworms in his library, remarks that "with terrible discrimination they leave modern books alone." It is supposed that some of them are too unwholesome even for a bookworm, while the others do their own boring.

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It is quite a mistake to suppose that the recent visit of the German air-ships created no impression in England. A soldier writes from the Front:—"The Zepps have been to our place, and Mother was frightened, but, as you know, the least thing upsets her."

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Shortly after receiving the news of the sinking of the *Arabic*, President WILSON went to Philadelphia to see an oculist. His object was, no doubt, to get rid of the dust that Count BERNSTORFF had thrown into his eyes. Some of his best friends hope, however, that he has retained a little grit.

A list of offenders, including a town councillor, a special constable, a member of the Salvation Army, and a military officer, who have been fined at Southend for showing lights in houses on the front, has been published under the heading of "Blind Leaders." Do we trace here a humorous intention?

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A hundred thousand citizens of Sofia are stated to have assembled before the Italian Legation and demanded the intervention of Bulgaria against Turkey. The total population of the Bulgarian capital at the last census was 102,812, and it is felt that the other 2,812 owe an explanation of their non-attendance.

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A proclamation has been issued saying that all persons who refuse to accept or continue work which is in the public interest will be severely punished. Persons who by threats of force or other means prevent others from working will likewise be punished. Perhaps we ought to add that the proclamation has been issued by the German Governor-General in Brussels, and does not apply to South Wales.

The German CROWN PRINCE is reported to have recently informed his army that "as a volcano of untamable force shakes and quivers, so we wait with unbroken vigour for the day when the Kaiser once more orders us from the trenches." Since the receipt of this information the troops under his command have been shaking and quivering more vigorously than ever.

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We also hear that the aspens of the Argonne are saying some very bitter things about the untamable volcano for having pinched their simile.

"The marriage was of the 'quiet' order, there being no bridesmaids or bridegroom."
Cleckheaton Guardian.

But the presents were numerous and handsome, so we dare say he was not seriously missed.

A DEAR OLD FETISH.

[The author of these lines has no great quarrel with those writers (if any) who honestly believe that the adoption of National Service would bring in only a negligible addition to the country's military strength, though even so it would finally prove to our Allies that we are in earnest. But a very brief study of the facts would show that among those who follow callings which contribute nothing to the making of munitions or to our export trade or to any other national need there must still be between two or three million men of fighting age, a number probably not less than the total of those who have enlisted for active service since the War began.]

SOME for their fathers' ancient faith will fight,
For land and liberty their lives will give,
But we of England, if I read aright,
Have something dearer yet for which to live;
"Take from us any joys you like," we cry;
"We'd bear the loss, however much we missed 'em;
Let truth and justice, fame and honour die,
But spare, O spare, our Voluntary System!

"'Tis true that other service owed the State
Lays on the general head its common due;
One sticks it willy-nilly—tax or rate—
Nor leaves the man next door to pay for two;
But, should the Nation call for soldier's work,
Saying, 'I want more men; I *must* enlist 'em;'
Two million odd shall claim the right to shirk
By virtue of the Voluntary System."

Splendid! For, if our strength is overtasked
For lack of larger service, man and gun,
And by compulsion (no one's leave being asked)
We are reduced to helots of the Hun;
How fine, from our address "Somewhere in Hell,"
When we have bowed to WILLIAM's boots and kissed 'em,
To boast—"Though England's fallen, yet she fell
True to her hallowed Voluntary System."

O. S.

OUR REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

WE held them in camp, and they passed off with less than usual of the friction commonly associated with such events. It is true that the regulars who shared our neighbourhood elected, in a spirit of friendly emulation, to hold their sports on the same day, but we came to an amicable agreement as to the division of the available wounded soldiers and other spectators. We didn't invite the Provost-Marshal, partly because we thought that a number of volunteers in uniform, complete with brassard, whilst not engaged in strict military duties, might bring on an attack of dyspepsia, and partly because we knew that he was busy using his free pass to the music-halls.

In the tug-of-war, the Motor Squadron ought to have been handicapped, as the practice which they had had in hauling their cars out of ditches gave them an unfair advantage. An attempt by A Company to make up for their want of skill by trickery proved abortive. They concealed entrenching tools about their persons and promptly fell down and started digging themselves in. There is a slight difference of opinion as to whether their Company Commander was justified in blowing the "Cease fire" on his whistle in order to encourage them at the moment when they were on the verge of defeat.

The obstacle race was a great disappointment to the Ambulance section, as there were scarcely any casualties worth mentioning. The two men who were nearly suffocated under the tarpaulin both "came to" while the stretchers were being fetched, and the way in which Holroyd's collar-bone refused to break was declared by the Ambulance to be contrary to all the rules of anatomy and could only have been brought about by a malicious desire to deprive them of a well-merited case. Holroyd says that he always "takes off" from his collar-bone when going over an obstacle and that he would have won the race but for the officious interference of the Ambulance. In the end the Ambulance section had to content themselves with one sprained ankle, two barked shins, and Bailey's contused eye. Bailey's eye got like that through the success of my scheme in substituting a painted over-ripe egg for the apple in his basin of water. The apple has to be got out of the basin of water by the competitor with his mouth, without the use of his hands. I explained to Bailey before the race that the correct procedure was to get the apple against the side of the basin and then give it a sharp bite. If Bailey's apple hadn't been an egg he would have been very successful, but he was so surprised when he found half an unpalatable egg in his mouth that he dropped his glasses in the basin. The Judge, who hadn't thoroughly grasped the situation, refused to allow Bailey to fish for his glasses and insisted on his proceeding with the race. Bailey, who doesn't see very well with glasses and is practically blind without them, set off in the wrong direction, trod on the man next to him, and contused his eye on the basin next but one. The man on whom Bailey trod was very cross because, after two abortive attempts to eat his own beard, he had just secured the apple and, owing to Bailey's clumsiness, he had to start all over again.

If we had told the people who loaned us the forms that we were going to use them for a land boat race I expect that they would have supplied us with a more durable make or else not loaned any at all. Higgs lost the race for our Company by falling off in front of our boat. By the time that we had discovered that he was lying on the missing leg of our form the Motor Squadron, whose mechanical experience had enabled them to adjust the dislocated parts of their form quicker than anyone else, had won the race.

In the Staff race the hired Cook's Mate, who doesn't understand military discipline, tactlessly beat our Commandant by about two ribs of beef. Our Commandant was, as usual, closely followed by the Adjutant, with the rest of the Staff at a respectful distance. The Camp Quartermaster got a bad start owing to an ill-timed enquiry by the cook as to whether any provision had been made for the next morning's breakfast.

In spite of the misapplied energy of Bailey, Higgs and Holroyd our Company scored the greatest number of points and won the Company Challenge Cup. The only trouble about that cup is that we don't know what to do with it now that we have got it. Our Company Commander seems condemned to carry it about with him for the rest of his life. Whenever he puts it down someone picks it up and gives it back to him. The last time that I saw him he was starting on a seven-mile march from the camp to the nearest railway station carrying the cup, which had just been handed to him for the fifteenth time.

"The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces at the Dardanelles in room of Liman von Sanders."—*Evening Times (Glasgow).*

VON SANDERS is said to be much annoyed at being superseded by another old lady.

"DUCK SHOOTING AT CLOONFINLOUGH.

A good many lovers of the rifle have visited the above lake and brought down some fine birds, including Mr. Patrick Regan, Mr. Kerr and Paddy Covahey, all of Strokestown."—*Longford Leader.*

Little accidents of this kind are almost unavoidable when people use rifles for duck-shooting.



THE NEW "BATTLE OF THE BALTIC."

Tirpitz (*after Nelson—with a difference*). "I SEE NO RUSSIAN VICTORY!"

NEW WAR BOOKS.

(*From the List of Messrs. Pryor and Pepys.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARCHDUCAL TWEENY.

A volume of rich and arresting individuality. The authoress was engaged in the household of one of the brothers of the present Emperor of Austria-Hungary not more than sixty years ago, and enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the inner life of the Hapsburgs, which she has turned to excellent use in these palpitating pages. No such pen-picture of the Aged Emperor as a young man has ever been attempted.

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MEMOIRS OF A CHANCELLOR'S CHAUFFEUR.

A book of dynamic and magnetic interest. The author was for two years chauffeur to Prince Bülow, formerly German Imperial Chancellor, and was, as such, naturally the repository of his most intimate confidences. He accompanied the Prince on his memorable mission to Italy, and gives a version of the negotiations which is at once veracious and enthralling.

Buckskin, with gilt monogram, 15*s. net.*

THE DIARY OF AN IMPERIAL LOCKSMITH.

A work of drastic and astringent vitality, appearing at the psychologic moment. The writer, who enjoyed the monopoly of keeping the locks at Potsdam in repair, was frequently in a position to overhear some of the most intimate conversations between the Kaiser and his Ministers.

Printed in Black Letter. 10*s.* 6*d. net.* With numerous diagrams, and a Prefatory Note by the Chevalier Le Queux.

THE CHANCELLERIES OF EUROPE.

By An Habitué.

No one knows the Chancelleries of Europe so well as the ubiquitous cosmopolitan who has penned this alluring volume. Every one of them flings wide its portals on hearing him approach, and places at his disposal the most secret documents in its archives. With such facilities, how could he fail to write a book of momentous poignancy?

UNDER THE LIMES—AND ROSE.

A Book of Interesting Candour.

By X.

The identity of X is not likely ever to be penetrated, because it is unknown even to his publisher, profound mystery having surrounded the submission of the priceless MS. His revelations of Berlin's dark side, of the secret police, of espionage and the private life of many of the actors in the great world-drama, from The Highest himself, have only to be read to be perused. Order at once.

MEMOIRS OF AN INTERNATIONAL BUTTONHOLER.

The Cavaliere Tufton Hunter, who is a *persona gratissima* at all the Courts of South-Eastern Europe, and was specially decorated by the late Sultan with the Order of Veracity (Third Class), in this enthralling volume reports the confidential conversations that he has had at different times with Cavour, Bismarck, Crispi, Stambuloff and, through spiritistic means, with Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Attila, Peter the Great and Napoleon. The character sketch of King Ferdinand, "the Bulgarian Botanist," as the author wittily calls him, is alone worth the money.

Limp crocodile cover, with purple edges. £2 2*s. net.*

With a portrait of the author conversing with Bismarck at Homburg, and a Preface by the Emperor Menelik.



Old Lady (*at Waxworks*). "Can you kindly direct me to—(*realising her mistake*)—oh! I beg your pardon."

"Manchester Corporation Baths.

Special Notice to Bathers.

Throwing soap in the water is most damaging to its appearance."

It is; we once had a most dainty-looking piece of soap that was utterly ruined in this way.

CHARLIE.

FOR weeks there has been no escaping him. Nations might be at each other's throats; Zeppelins might be dropping bombs upon sleeping families; hopes and fears might make hearts beat faster, while a sense of calamity filled the air; yet all the time his claims as a gravity-remover *in excelsis* have met one's eyes at every turn. Sometimes they were fortified by effigies of himself, both life-size and gigantic, a representation of one of which recently found its way into a drawing in Mr. Punch's own pages. More than one weekly paper has been printing his autobiography serially.

The time clearly having come to investigate this personality, I entered a cinema theatre which promised a play with the famous man at his best. And then I entered others, for Chaplinism had caught me.

Whether or not CHARLIE CHAPLIN is, as is claimed for him by certain not disinterested people, the "funniest man on earth," I leave to others to decide. Two persons rarely agree on such nice points, and I retire at once from the arbitrament because I don't know all the others. But that he is funny is beyond question. I will swear to that. His humour is of such elemental variety that he would make a Tierra del Fuegan or a Bushman of Central Australia laugh not much less than our sophistical selves. One needs no civilised culture to appreciate the fun of the harlequinade, and to that has CHARLIE, with true instinct, returned. But it is the harlequinade accelerated, intensified, toned up for the exacting taste of the great and growing "picture" public. It is also farce at its busiest, most furious. CHARLIE has brought back that admirable form of humour which does not disdain the co-operation of fisticuffs, and in which, by way of variety, one man is aimed at and another, too intrusive, is hit. However long the world may last, it is safe to say that the spectacle of one man receiving a blow meant for another will ever be popular. Indeed the delivery of blows at all will ever be popular. Thus—glory be!—are we built.

What strikes one quickly is the realisation of how much harder CHARLIE works than any other of the more illustrious filmers. He is rarely out of the picture, rarely still, and he gives full measure. In the course of five minutes he receives and distributes a myriad black eyes, a myriad falls. He kicks abundantly and is abundantly kicked. He runs and is pursued. There is no physical indignity that he does not suffer—and inflict. Such impartiality is rare in drama, where usually men are either on top or underneath. In the ordinary way our pet comedians must be on top—as, for example, Mr. GEORGE GRAVES with his serenely conquering tongue. Even the clown, though he receives punishment *en route*, eventually triumphs. But CHARLIE CHAPLIN seldom wins. Circumstances are too much for him, and he goes out in a very riot of grotesque misfortune. With him, however, are always our sympathies. These and a trifle of £500 a week (if the paragraphs tell the truth) are his only reward; for of course our laughter he cannot hear. Yet I suppose no one man has, in the same space of time, ever made so many people laugh as he. Whether his fellow cinema actors laugh I cannot say. But everyone else does. It is a curious thought that CHARLIE does not hear it.

In the pictures CHARLIE has no immediate rival, although on the actual variety stage I have seen several drolls very much in his tradition, which is associated with the name of KARNO. One detects the KARNO brand at once, but in CHARLIE CHAPLIN, on the synthesizing film, it has an extra drop of nervous fluid. He has none of the bland masterfulness of the urbane and adventurous MAX LINDER; he has none of the massive repose of the late JOHN BUNNY; he is without the resource of the Italian POLIDOR. He remains a butt, or, at any rate, a victim of circumstances whom nothing can discourage or deter. His very essence is resiliency under difficulties, an unabashed and undefeatable front.

By gestures rather than facial play does he gain his ends—gestures allied to acrobatic gifts of no mean order. He has a host of comic steps, a thousand odd movements of his hands and head, which, when brought into play under domestic or social conditions, are absurdly funny. With his hat, his stick and his cigarette, he has also a vast repertory of quaint actions; and it was a wise instinct that caused him always to appear in the same costume. But his especial fascination is that life finds him always ready for it—not because he is armed by sagacity, but because he is even better armed by folly. He is first cousin to the village idiot, a natural child of nonsense, and, like ANTÆUS, every time he rises from a knockdown blow he is the stronger.

The promise of CHAPLIN is sacred; the promise of JOHN BRADBURY is not more so. Seeing him, one is assured that he is about to make hay of all the other *dramatis personæ*. One may sit back safely and prepare for fun. He joins the film in his unobtrusive methodist way as quietly as a smut settling on a nose, and behold he is the very spirit of discord, the drollest of all the lords of misrule. Wherever he goes CHARLIE CHAPLIN is crossing the equator.



"WHAT YE DOING THERE, JARGE?"

"OH, I BE JEST HIDING THIS NOTICE. YE SEE, IF THEY GERMANS EVER DO LAND, I DOANT WANT 'EM TER MISS ANYTHING."

Another "Quiet" Wedding.

"Great interest was taken in the wedding at Clopton on Wednesday. Councillor S. Smith, of Kettering, who presided, at once closed the meeting and thanked the police for their quiet and tactful manner."

Northampton Daily Chronicle.

"'Kingston Mixture' at 5d. per oz., or 1/7 per lb. If you are a connoisseur this blend will please you."—*Forward (Glasgow).*

So it will if you are an arithmetician with a properly developed business instinct.

"McGREGOR-CHEERS.—At Simla, on the 6th June, 1915, the wife of J. McGregor-Cheers, of twins—boy and girl."—*Pioneer.*

Good luck to the wee McGregors (one more cheer)!

From a naval officer's letter describing the destruction of the *Königsberg*:—

"We were at our stations from 8.45 a.m. till 4.45 p.m, and 11 hours of that were under fire."—*Morning Paper.*

How time does fly when you 're happy!

AT THE FRONT.

The ideal of every good soldier is, I am sure, to go through a battle that isn't really dangerous and emerge from it with a wound that doesn't really hurt. At the moment I have attained this disreputable consummation and am in the rare and refreshing fruit stage.

We are all proud of ourselves, and quite a number of the best people have wired to let us know they are proud of us, so perhaps I ought to let you know about Our Battle. I can, I am afraid, only give it you from my point of view.

At three something, A.M., during the most horrible noise since the cubist orchestra disbanded, I attacked with magnificent *élan*. I ran a dozen yards and fell into a shell-hole, then I got up and ran some more yards, and then, dear reader, I did the only possible thing—I walked. You who cover your five hundred yards at a run on Hampstead Heath have no idea what you feel like starting off up-hill, on a hot night, after five days' close confinement, equipped with everything considered essential to destroying, saving, and supporting life for a period of twenty-four hours. Fortunately a similar feeling seemed to have got hold of the men, and we went on looking like a sample of how not to perform extended order drill until we fell into a transverse depression which we eventually decided to be a trench. I conferred with myself for a moment, and realized that it wasn't the line we wanted, so we dashed on again relentlessly, at a pace that would have left a hedgehog standing, to our goal, where we remained, after necessary alterations, until they sent some unsuspecting regiment to relieve us next morning.

The first remark, as distinct from a shout, that I heard after leaving our parapet came from Private Henry, my most notorious malefactor. As the first attempt at a wire entanglement in our new position went heavenward ten seconds after its emplacement, and a big tree just to our right collapsed suddenly like a dying pig, he turned round with a grin, observing, "Well, Sir, we *do* see a bit of life, if we *don't* make money." I never saw a man all day who hadn't a grin ready when you passed, and a bit of a *riposte* if you passed the time of day with him. And so we went away at last with our tails up, having done all things needful.

It was then that *my* troubles began. Some evilly disposed person imagined he had seen a bullet come into me and sneaked about it to the doctor, who came to enquire after it. I argued that even if it had come in it had gone straight on practically without stopping and that I had no idea where it was, and, anyhow, there must be plenty without bothering about that one, if it was munitions they wanted. I touched lightly on our eight-mile march back, and offered to illustrate a new one-step I had thought out.

The fact was, I explained, it was more what you'd call a half-step. Here the doctor, who had been worrying round, observed tersely—he makes rather a strong line of observing tersely—"a month, and then a fortnight's holiday."

So here I am, doing the month, and the only complaint I have to make now I'm really settled in here—they haven't moved me for two days—is about the fortnight's holiday.

The regiment says, "Of course you'll get sick leave;" whereas the doctor here is so optimistic as to suggest that I'll probably be able to get regimental leave, but sick leave is outside his province. There are therefore moments when I have hopes of getting both; on the contrary, there are moments——

After all, what does one want leave for, anyhow? What with "Sister Susie" and "Our Miss Gibbs" straight from England, and dear old English ladies stopping you in the street to ask after their sons, and no lights after eight, what more could England offer?



Navy Man (closing the debate). "IF THE KAISER KNEW ABOUT YOUR FACE 'E'D GIVE YOU TWO-POUND-TEN A WEEK TO FRIGHTEN THE BRITISH ARTILLERY 'ORSES."

Another Impending Apology.

From a list of lecturers and their subjects in *The Princeton Seminary Bulletin*:—

"1911–12, Sir Andrew Fraser. Missions in India. (Sir Andrew Fraser was providentially prevented from giving the lectures.)"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Strenuous Times.

Hostel for Munition Workers
(Ci-devant Broadacres).

Dearest Daphne,—You see from above heading that we've turned our place in Kent to useful purposes. I've a houseful of people here, and we're all working at full pressure. We motor over every morning, several carfuls of us, to the big factory at— Hush!—and there we make—no, not even to *you*, dearest!—all day. We were shown how to do it by an official person who's distinctly inclined to be a darling. He specially overlooks our work, and the other day when he came round he asked me what it was I had made. "Why, it's so-and-so, of course," I said. Beryl and Babs were looking on, and it was quite a little triumph for me. He said it was absolutely wonderful that I'd been able to make anything so different from the pattern, and he took it away (to test it, I believe); and, *entre nous, chérie*, I fancy that by some lucky unconscious stroke of genius I've made something *particularly deadly and fearful;* but not a word! To-day I've been put on something different.

At our work we wear Olga's latest, the very last word in Munition Pinnies, a dream and a scream in one, *pour qui sait le porter*. We come home in the afternoon to a *thé économique* milk instead of cream, only one lump of sugar in each cup, and horrid plain biscuits and bread-and-butter. Still, we feel it's discipline and that we're obeying orders. Nobody dresses for dinner, and it's quite a plain meal, badly served (we've not found a decent cook since Gaston left us to join his own army), but *we* don't care. I feel it's not *right* to eat anything but pink mutton, burnt beef, tough poultry and odious puddings, in the present state of things. We've only maidservants, with the exception of an old butler of nearly seventy, and what with drilling and route-marching all day with the Village Veterans he's so tired by dinner-time that he regularly falls asleep as he serves the barley-water. The other night, while he was standing behind Josiah's chair, he went off as usual and dreamed he told us afterwards, that the Village Veterans were at the Front and that he was just taking a certain German Prince prisoner. Under the influence of the dream he fell upon Josiah and seized him round the throat, and there was quite a horrid scene before we could wake him.

You see from this that Josiah's back from his enormous wanderings and adventures. When he first got home he was immensely sunburned and had quite an *expression*, and on my remarking upon it he said, "I should think I *have* an expression! It's enough to give anyone an expression to be shipwrecked and cast away among those old cannibals, the Boldereens, and for months together not to know each morning whether you'll be their king or their dinner before night!" His expression's wearing off now, I'm glad to see. As I said to him, that sort of thing isn't good form; in civilised life it's correct to have very little expression in one's face. Since he came back he's enrolled himself as quite a lot of things that I can't remember ju , now.

You'd hardly recognise this place of My own, own flower-garden is all cabbages and potatoes; the tennis courts and croquet lawns are given up to turnips and carrots; Ladye Betty's Walk is sown with onions; the park is being ploughed up for corn or wheat or whatever it is people eat most of; our own dear little golf-links are full of creatures grazing; the little wilderness you were so fond of is crowded with pigs; there's poultry pretty well everywhere; and the big conservatory is used for bread-fruit, of which Josiah brought back heaps of roots—isn't *that* a lovely idea for war-time, dearest?—for the bread-fruit, when grown and ripe, I suppose, is just a nice sort of loaf that only wants cutting into slices!

Altogether we may claim to be ready for *anything*. If *everyone* would do as much as *we*'re doing, England would be *entirely* self-supporting and we shouldn't have to import *any* food-stuffs—forgive the technical term, dearest; I'm afraid I *am* getting technical, and sometimes, Daphne, I'm almost *frightened* at the *organising* talents I'm developing.

Juno Ffarrington, the Southlands' girl, commandeered all their motor cars and offered them and herself (she's an expert driver) for transport service abroad, was accepted, and went off at once, leaving a brief note for her parents: "Sorry, dears, but our country needs the cars, and you'll both be the better for more walking." The duchess came round to me (it was before we left town) in floods of tears, lamenting the dangers and hardships her "Only One" was gone to face, and exclaiming between her weeps, at frequent intervals, "What *uld* her grandmamma have said! I tried to console her, said how proud she ought to be of Juno, and that one couldn't *expect* a high-spirited girl, especially in war-time, to trouble much about what her grandmamma would have said; but it was no use. The fact is the little duchess is a muslin woman, and her daughter's a cloth woman, and to the end of time you'll never get a muslin woman and a cloth woman to see things from the same point of view. I'd a letter from Juno yesterday, in which she says, "Doing fine and making myself very useful. I've both my motor-cycles here, and I won't rest till the powers that be make me a despatch-rider. Think, Blanche, how glorious if I were laid low by shrapnel just as I was tearing along with despatches! Why, the boy I *ought* to have been couldn't do much better than that! Comfort the dear little mother, there's a good fellow, and do, *do* try to persuade her not to send me a sob by every post."

Beryl and Babs and I were discussing the famine in coloured materials one day lately, and the prospect of having to array ourselves in the dismallest and dreariest of neutral tints, and we jointly committed these little verses:—

The pinks and the greens and the mauves are gone,
  And the light-hearted crowd that wore them;
And dull-gowned women are "carrying-on"
  With a resolute gaze before them.

Dingy and dowdy? Well, who's afraid?
  Shall we weakly bewail (no, never!)
The bright-tinted frocks we once displayed
  In times that seem gone for ever?

No hues will be left us but drab and grey,
  And, sisters, we want no others
The only colours we think of to-day
  March with our gallant brothers.

Anything you *like* in it is *mine*, and if there are any mistakes in metre or composition please set them down to Beryl and Babs.

Ever thine, Blanche.

OUR LITERARY TAPLEYS.

["A wet day, if it is wet enough, thoroughly and unmistakably wet, is a pleasant and desirable thing."

Canon Hannay in "The Daily News."]

"When days are rainy, don't go terming 'em
A beastly bore," says George A. Birmingham;
"You'd find it awkward, I've no doubt,
To rear young ducks in time of drought."

"The War is not," says Arnold Bennett,
"A wholly unmixed evil when it
Can keep, by way of prose or rhyme,
Our greatest scribes on overtime."

"Should my dramatic schemes miscarry
Wisely remarks Sir J. M. Barrie,
"I dance for joy and shout, 'Hooray!
So much less supertax to pay!'"

"Though quite forgotten just at present,"
Says G. B. S., "I find it pleasant;
Neglect is just the circumstance
To give one's modesty a chance."

MILITARY COMPLIMENTS.

If Brinton was not a good soldier it was scarcely for want of trying. But there are things in "Infantry Training" not dreamed of in a shipping clerk's philosophy. And after a heated passage or two with the Company Sergeant-Major (in which, as Brinton explained afterwards, the victory was really his, because, while the S.-M. was merely making an exhibition of himself before the company, Brinton was being brilliant and scathing within his own heart to an intelligent audience of one), he decided to leave his general military development to the processes of time, and to specialise. Wherefore he purchased a neat volume on "Ceremonial," and stuck to it.

Here and there a soul finds its secular bible in strange places, and Brinton found it in the book on Ceremonial. It was meat and drink to him. It filled his whole existence. And the part of it he loved the best of all was the part where they tell you How and When to Salute. In a fortnight Brinton had saluted the Colonel in fifteen different situations, each of them requiring correctitude of movement combined with that initiative on which is founded the superiority of the British army. On the last five of these the Adjutant was present. He had heard of Brinton, and came to scoff, but remained to admire.

After a time Brinton became known in the battalion. Young subalterns, still nervous in their new dignity, were apt to invite his salute whenever they felt the responsibilities of their position weighing too heavily upon them. It would have given confidence to the veriest wash-out. It was not so much the respect and deference it conveyed as the assurance that the Army had laid its trust most tenderly in the temporary Second Lieutenant. It said: "We know all about you. We have seen you take the Company. We have heard your lectures on Flies and March Discipline. But we will follow you none the less—or at least we will take you with us."

Once or twice a daring spirit would get about in the officers' mess. They would give Brinton parcels to fetch from the *poste-restante* and wait for him in the High Street, extended to three paces. But Brinton was never beaten. His hands might be full, but his "eyes right" was impeccable. There was more professional pride in it than in the evolutions of a dozen right hands sweeping to a dozen forelocks.

They say Brinton was beaten in the end. I have heard the tale of how Captain Briggs brought him to alleged confusion. But to my mind the victory on that occasion was Brinton's yet again, though all the devices of misplaced ingenuity were employed against him. Time, place, and circumstances were all chosen carefully with a view to his confounding. The same Sergeant-Major who had earlier crossed his path was given the job on a rainy summer morning of sending him back from breakfast parade to fetch Captain Briggs's bicycle from his billet to the officers' mess tent. The approach to that high place is steep and rocky, along a wooded defile, and Captain Briggs stepped out of the ambush where he had been lying with three other conspirators who ought to have known better, and was upon Brinton seconds before the famous "eyes right" could get into motion.

It is true, I daresay, that the intrepid Private gave a start of surprise, the very faintest shadow of a start. Captain Briggs smiled sardonically and waited. Behind the bracken three pairs of eyes bulged expectantly from their sockets.

Brinton stopped. He met the Captain's tremendous gaze with a look in which surprise, resentment, pity and devotion to discipline were about



"BUSINESS" AS USUAL.

American Duettists (concluding their "Refined Act").

"Although we may be nootral
We hope you'll win the fight,
So tell your friends, and come ag.
To-mor-rer night."



VOX POPULI.

Mistress. "WHAT DO YOU SAY, MARTHA? CONSCRIPTION NEXT WEEK? NONSENSE! WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT?"

Martha. "WELL, MA'AM, MY FRIEND, HE'S A WAITER AT A CLUB, HE SAYS IT COME STRAIGHT THROUGH FROM THE WAR OFFICE LAST NIGHT ON THE RED TAPE."

equally blended. Then he spoke the simple but noteworthy words, "Good morning to you, Sir."

They may not be in the Drill Book of Salutes. But in the tone of them and their spirit I know, although I was not there to see, that Private Brinton was vindicated against those who sought to compass his undoing.

"Sherlock Holmes" Not Wanted.

"During the past few days three bicycles have been stolen from Exeter streets. The police consider that a bicycle thief is at work."
Western Morning News.

Floreat Eatanswill.

"As the editor of the Wapella Post has dropped the mask which hid the abysmal brute, we know now just what he is, and The World-Spectator will take no further part in any controversy with him. One does not argue with an imbecile or a lunatic."
The World-Spectator (Saskatchewan).

"A young married woman was fined 10s. at Westminster yesterday for giving intoxicating liquor (stout) to a baby under one year of age. When called to account by a police-constable, the woman said she did not know she was doing wrong."—*Morning Paper.*

She will now perhaps make herself acquainted with the new regulations against "treating."

TWITTING THE TURK.

THE Turk, he is an honest man
And fights us fair and true,
But we annoy him all we can
As we are paid to do;
It's very hard to *keep* him riled;
We find him strangely reconciled
And things that once just made him wild
He takes a liking to.

The bully tin no more insults,
The Libby gives no grief,
That used to soar from catapults
And biff the shocked Redif;
At first it gave him quite a turn,
The flight of that innocuous urn,
And then he spoiled the whole concern
By gobbling up the beef.

Yet when the cruder kind of wheeze
No longer irritates,
There's one that never fails to tease
His friends across the Straits,
Where many a Moslem scans our slopes
(With now and then some cramp, one hopes,
From looking long through telescopes)
And simply hates and hates.

We go and bathe, in shameless scores,
Beneath his baleful een,
Disrobe, unscathed, on sacred shores
And wallow in between;
Nor does a soldier there assume
His university costume,
And though it makes the Faithful fume
It makes the Faithless clean.

Ay, all our arts have some reward,
But this I think 's the peach,
For man can bear the invaders' horde
That riots in his reach,
That raids his roost in armèd swarms
Or swamps his citadels with storms,
But not their nude insulting forms
A-bathing off his beach.

MR. PUNCH'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

Sub-Lt. ALAN P. HERBERT, R.N.V.R., Hawke Battalion, wounded at the Dardanelles, is now in hospital at home. We are delighted to conclude that he is well on the road to recovery, since he has contributed from his bed some more of those excellent verses which have often adorned these pages.

"Sir John Hewett, G.C.S.I., late Lieut.-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, has joined together during the daytime."—*North China Herald.*

We had not previously heard of his partition, but are glad that he has followed the example of his late Provinces.



LE GRAND PENSEUR.

A COLOURABLE INCIDENT.

(*Being a study of the methods of certain agencies of publication.*)

I. THE NAKED TRUTH.

Lieut. John Smith, a Territorial officer, when crossing the Strand at about 9 P.M., was knocked down by a taxicab, but fortunately escaped injury.

II. HOW IT IS CLOTHED.

(*a*) By *The Daily Mail.*

We offer no excuse or apology for calling special attention to the very disquieting incident reported on page 5. As our readers are by this time aware, the policy of *The Daily Mail* (backed, it is only fair to add, by the generous support of *The Times* and *The Evening News*) has throughout been opposed to the soothing-syrup methods of the official censorship. From the fact that the accident by which a gallant officer very narrowly escaped destruction has been allowed to be made public, it would appear that *at least in part* the TRUTH, for which we have so earnestly pleaded, is at last to be told to the people of this country. But it will be noticed that we emphasise the words "in part." We do this deliberately and with a grave regard to our enormous responsibility in this hour of crisis. Here then is a direct challenge. Let the War Office or the Government publish at once a full list of the numbers of officers and men in His Majesty's service who have, since July, 1914, been injured, or nearly injured, in street accidents. We venture to assert that the result would be such an outcry from all classes for somebody to do something that no obstructionist, no matter how highly placed, could dare stand against it.

(*b*) By *The Westminster Gazette.*

That section of the Conscriptionist Press which remains still obstinately blind to the magnificent results of the Voluntary System will, we suppose, prudently ignore the illuminating case of Lieut. John Smith. There are, however, two aspects of it to which we feel justified in directing the notice of our readers. First, the accident itself, with what might easily have been the loss or serious injury of a valuable officer, is directly attributable to the absurd and panicky over-darkening of our streets. Again and again we have pointed out that the Germans have no really dangerous Zeppelins capable of inflicting serious damage, and indeed that so many more have already been destroyed than could ever have been built that the number now available must be represented by a substantial minus. This consideration, however, does nothing to lessen the magnificent heroism displayed by this voluntary officer in braving the perils of a crowded and crepuscular thoroughfare. Do our noisy compulsionists imagine . . . .

(*c*) By "Dagonet," in *The Referee.*

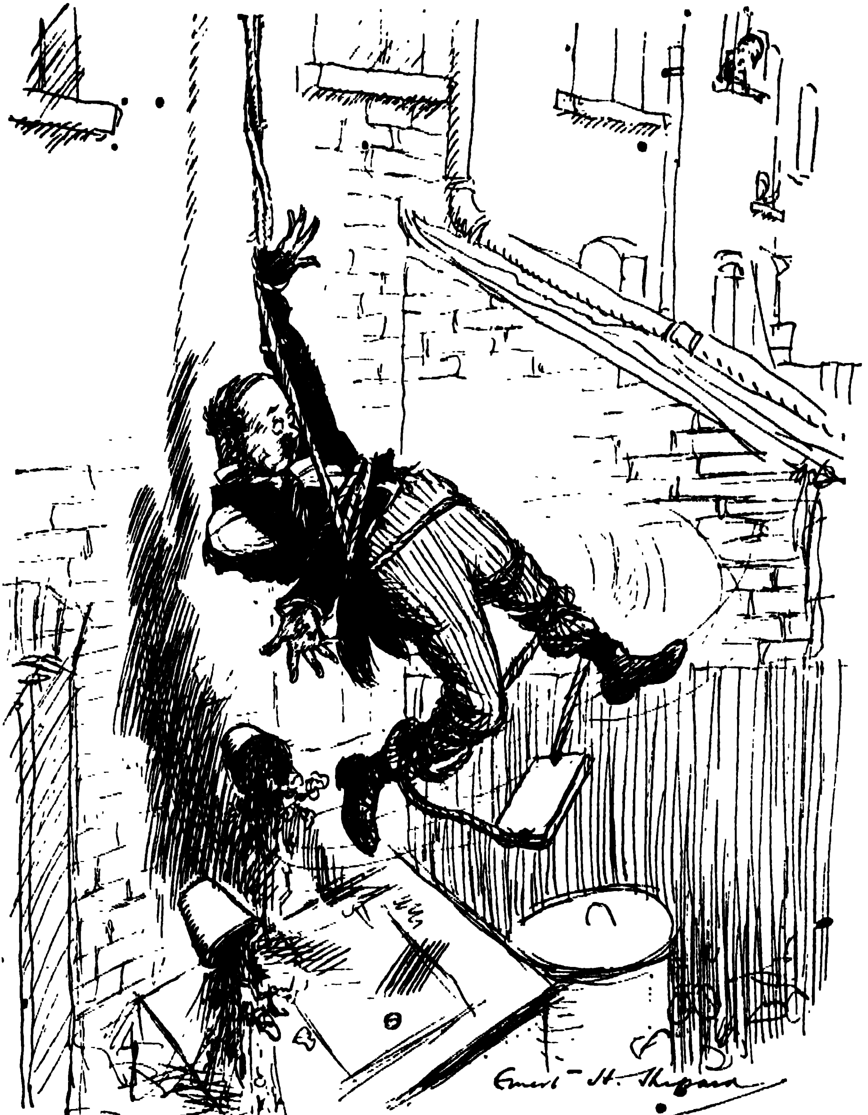
Who drives our taxicabs?

Do our cotton-gloved officials really believe that the accident by which Lieut. Smith (a name with a fine record for Englishmen) so nearly escaped annihilation was the genuine result of carelessness? If so, there are one or two questions that I should like to put to them. First, what firm are the registered owners of the cab in question? Two, *What proportion of the directors of the firm are of German origin?* I can assure Refereaders that there are still one or two mysterious doings in this old city of ours that might startle an investigator.

* * * * *

(*d*) *By the War Telegrams on prominent Club notice-board.*

B.F. 63, A. 47. Reported Lieutenant Smith terrific officer when crossing Strand sunk casualties unknown Mr. Balfour continuing for terrific road territorial Allies prospects brighter taxicab undamaged showery.



THE "ANTI-ZEPP" FIRE ESCAPE.

Jones (*practising "easy" descents*). "OH, WHY DID I LEAVE THAT BOOK OF DIRECTIONS AT THE TOP?"

"All the food is divided into rations and delivered by women, fresh and good, in London, the suburbs and the outlying country districts."—*Scotch Paper.*

Clearly these ladies, as the poet (very nearly) said, are not creatures far too fresh and good for human nature's daily food.

THE AMATEUR SHEPHERD.

It is a long climb from Dawlish to Haldon. I appreciated this on two separate occasions, once horse-driven and again with the aid of petrol. In both instances I was pointedly assured by my family that it would be far better for my health and figure if I walked the distance. As far as I remember, I made no audible answer, but I may have lifted my chin to stretch the skin under it and sub-consciously squared my shoulders.

However, the day came when, destitute of other ideas, I whimsically resolved to try the ancient pastime of pedestrianism, and a certain tightening of the waistcoat in the first few strides had the effect of turning my steps in the direction of the Dawlish-Haldon slope.

Things went splendidly for fully twenty minutes. There came that novel and astounding satisfaction which steeps the soul when one realises that one is actually propelling oneself for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of propulsion. Vaguely enough, it is true, I felt athletic. I flipped away the flies with my handkerchief as if I'd been doing that sort of thing all my life. Then I met the shepherd.

He drove a score of red sheep, and he had red eyes behind black-rimmed spectacles. He was young and old and sprightly and lame. He carried his coat over his left arm, and when the sheep hopped up the banks of the lane he swore fruitfully. He looked at me as if he had a grievance.

Was there a farm way back that I had passed? I said "No." Then I said "Perhaps yes." He looked at me very oddly.

But was I to blame? I am from the city. How does one know a farm? Let the townsman reflect on this matter carefully before blaming me. I had passed houses, and lightly enough I regarded them as mere dwelling places. It is just possible, I reflected after my first negative to the shepherd, that some of those houses have in hiding behind them that which would entitle them to the appellation of farm.

I told all this to the shepherd.

He then said that he had to drive the sheep to a farm whose owner's name was Shaw, or so it sounded to my ears. I said that I knew no Shaw as I was just up from London. I had once known a Shaw but he was not a farmer. He wasn't even an Englishman, thank goodness.

Then the shepherd said that the man Shaw's farm might be up a certain slope, and he swept his hand over a fence by the wayside. I nodded, and he said, "Do ee mind sheep while us go an' see." I said I'd keep an eye on them, and he was off in a twinkling for all his lame leg.

I sat on a fence and watched the sheep. It was beautiful summer afternoon. The flies were making the best of the brief spell of fair weather. The sheep browsed on the banks of the lane, and I lit a cigar.



"'E DIDN'T OUGHT TO BE 'LOWED TO SKETCH THE OLD CASTLE!"
"WHY NOT? 'E AIN'T GOT IT NOTHIN' LIKE!"

Half an hour passed. The sheep had straggled a bit, but I could see them all. Of course I might lose one, but then I could easily get another from one of the fields round about. Devonshire is simply drenched in sheep. Hence, thought I, the dearness of mutton. So many sheep have to be kept alive to keep Devonshire properly smeared with them.

After three-quarters of an hour I looked over my shoulder for the shepherd. He was not in sight, nor could I see signs of any building. I began to have the feeling that comes when you wake up after a sleep in the train and are uncertain as to which side of your destination the train has reached. The sheep were certainly very scattered.

Now came a motor car. The driver was very skilful. He threaded his way in and out of the sheep just as if he were playing a game of—a game where you have to thread in and out. Then he saw me. At the moment I was lighting a fresh cigar.

He abused me. He called me everything that I would have liked him to call the real shepherd. And as a final blow he said I ought to be in khaki. I felt for him, but it was so difficult to explain. I even offered him a quotation from "The Pickwick Papers" about shepherds. I said that I was "a wictim o' gammon." He went away very scarlet, and the flies simply surged after him.

By now I had had enough. Fifty minutes was a fair afternoon's work for one's first try at shepherding.

Another day, perhaps, a little longer. I decided to go back home.

The sheep near me moved. They moved on down the lane. I stopped and scratched my head. Then the sheep behind me ran up and passed me, so that I had all the sheep now in front of me.

I moved quietly on so that they might not hear my footsteps. Unfortunately I trod on an acorn which crackled, and the sheep heard. So the sheep still went on in front of me.

I stopped, hoping they wouldn't notice I was not following. They went on, and I thought I was free till suddenly one old fool at the head of the division turned his head and detected me. Then they all stopped and looked back at me, with faces much more like sheep than any sheep I've ever seen.

I was helpless. I could not go the other way as it was steep and precisely the wrong direction. At last I thought I would run past the flock.

I sauntered rather rapidly down on them, and eventually got nearly alongside. Then I took to my heels and ran as I had never run before. The sheep thundered along by my side. Do all I could I never got ahead. The stamina of the beasts was simply ap

I must have run for quite three minutes, which seemed like three hours, before realising that I was beaten. I was a shepherd. Fate had willed it. A shepherd I must be and affect to be contented with my lot.

On we went. I cooled down, and the stroll became enough, though passers-by regarded me suspiciously as if I were a sheep-stealer. (Odd reflection! There are such things as sheep-stealers!)



"NOW, THEN, NONE OF YER CINEMA ACTING 'ERE. AND THE KID'S ONLY JUST FINISHED THE CASTLE TOO!"

At last we came, as I know all along we should, to a point where the road forked. I didn't care which way the sheep went. I would take the road they left. Both routes would take me home.

The sheep bore to the left. I shoo-ed them on. I got them well on the way. In the distance before them I saw a motor-car coming. I turned stealthily, nipped round the corner on to the other road, and ran like a hare (middle-aged).

When safely away I turned and looked back. At the end of the road where I had left my flock was a stationary motor-car, with its occupants staring after me. The car was wheel-deep in sheep.

At dinner that night I asked for boiled mutton—*boiled* mutton—mutton—hung, drawn, quartered—and boiled!

The Odour of Sanctity.

"The 'New York World' publishes a further instalment of secret German correspondence showing 'a degree of hypocrisy on the part of the emissaries from Berlin which smells of heaven.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

Forgotten History.

From a Welsh examination paper:—

"While the War of American Independence was in progress the Irish Volunteers demanded Home Rule, which was wisely given them by Lord Northcliffe."

A CANADIAN TO HIS PARENTS.

MOTHER and Dad, I understand
At last why you 've for ever been
Telling me how that way-off land
Of yours was Home; for since I 've seen
The place that up to now was just a name
I feel the same.

The college green, the village hall,
St. Paul's, The Abbey, how could I
Spell out your meaning, I whose all
Was peaks that pricked a sun-down sky
And endless prairie lands that stretched below
Their pathless snow?

But now I 've trodden magic stairs
Age-rounded in a Norman fane,
Beat time to bells that trembled prayers
Down spangly banks of country lane,
Throbbed with the universal heart that beats
In London streets.

I'd heard of world-old chains that bind
So tight that she can scarcely stir,
Till tired Old England drops behind
Live nations more awake than her,
Like us out West. I thought it all was true
Before I knew.

But England's sure what she's about,
And moves along in work and rest
Too big and set for brag and shout,
And so I never might have guessed
All that she means unless I'd watched her ways
These battle-days.

And now I 've seen what makes me proud
Our chaps have proved a soldier's right
To England; glad that I'm allowed
My bit with her in field and fight;
And since I'm come to join them Over There
I claim my share.

We take from a Sumatra paper a list of some of the words which the Germans, in their patriotic ardour, propose to substitute for the English sporting terms formerly in use:—

Golf = Locherballspiel.
Cricket = Dreistäbenschlagerspiel.
Leg before = Beinenschwindel.
Not out = Nochnichtabgemacht.
Wicket = Dreistäbeneinrichtung.
Halftime = Halbspielwartepause.
Hands = Händefehler.
Start = Abgangsstelle.
Starter = Hauptabgangsstelleaufsichtsvorsteher."

We can now understand the position of the German who says he has no time for sport.

AT THE PLAY.

"SHELL OUT."

IT was certainly amusing to find the expansive Mr. DE COURVILLE cabin'd on the exiguous stage of the Comedy, with no gangways or exits through the roof, no Gargantuan stairways to the empyrean of the flies! And his partner, Mr. WAL PINK, doesn't sound quite the kind of man to help him in this little matter. So that all through this new Revue you could see the twain submitting with an ill grace to these deplorable limitations. There was never quite room for all the stars of higher magnitude in one row (and naturally rigid stage-court etiquette prevented their being presented in two); while there were always just about four too many girls in all the choruses.

Which reminds me to say right here that I don't ever remember to have seen a more uniformly comely parade of young ladies even in the much-vaunted beauty choruses of the many-acred modern Revue plateaus. I judge them from their singing voices to be my countrywomen, and take leave as an Englishman to be more than a little proud. Perhaps we *have* suffered a little from over-syncopation, but we ought to acknowledge a debt to rag-time and this new race of producers (coupling the name of the Russian Ballet) in that they have helped to extinguish that simpering, inanimate and rather over-plump double row, swaying vaguely in a detached sort of way in the background as a foil to the principals.

COMELLI, whose work I can't always admire, thinking him just a little fussy and trivial (but that, indeed, was at the Lane, where he may feel himself able to take greater liberties), did excellently well with the dresses, and HERMANN DAREWSKI has made some very passable melodies, of which "I Want Loving" was an easy winner.

As to the Revue itself need I say that all hypocritical pretence of coherence was frankly and wisely abandoned? I confine myself therefore to impressions and personalities.

To begin with, there was Miss UNITY MORE dancing light as thistle-down and as wayward, with a perfectly delightful and apparently unmanufactured smile, as if this sort of thing was just the very sort of thing above all that she really liked doing. And the little theatre helped the effect of the faint prettiness of her voice. Not very seriously a Lancashire Lass or an Eastern Beauty (as the case might be supposed to be), but always quite recognisably UNITY MORE, which is more than good enough for most of us.

And then Mr. FRED EMNEY as manageress of the lingerie department of one of our larger stores, conducting the annual great White Sale in a diverting exhibition of fatuous badinage and sly allusion; or as an amiable old lady doing nothing more definite than negotiating a stile, but doing it in an incomparable manner and very much at leisure; or as the waiter a little too much in the manner of ALFRED LESTER, but less tedious; or again in one of those rather dubious alcoholic studies of which he is the past-mistress, exhaling a humour perhaps a little more candid than is usually permitted by the West End Managers' Association.

Of the incidents I found the street scene, in which a robbery was brought off under the eyes of the police on an unsuspecting countryman, with the aid of a cinematograph and a ruffian disguised as CHARLIE CHAPLIN, so plausible that I feel inclined to protest against it in the interests of public safety and morality; or at least to insist that Sir EDWARD HENRY sends all his inspectors to see it.

The Modern Revue Drama was an entirely original conception and so good as to be worth a little better finish in detail. Miss AMY AUGARDE's excellent burlesque was not too well supported either by the other principals or their reflections, but I mustn't spoil sport by giving away the joke, which is a good one.

Two clever little studies by Miss LOUIE TINSLEY as a theatre dresser who estimates the success of a piece according to the amount and quality of the liquid refreshment she is called on to furnish and share at a first night, and as a friend of the fatuous inebriate personated by Mr. EMNEY, deserve mention.

I am fogey enough to disapprove of so fresh and charming a little person as DESMOND (or is it CEBALLOS?) submitting herself to such a graceless and contorted dance. Not that way, DESMOND, believe me, lies the true line of development for your talent.

It was satisfactory to see that the younger male members of the cast were friendly neutrals and that most of the rest of the work was done by actors well over the military age.

Quite a good joke was provided by that usually dull dog, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who insisted on having a few turns as a prelude to the Revue, in order that we might be allowed the doubtful pleasure of smoking, as if the whole thing were not a barefaced series of turns within turns. I say doubtful because very much depends upon your neighbour's particular brand of cigar. And I had no luck in the matter.

T.



"I AM SORRY, SUSAN. I'M AFRAID YOU CANNOT GO OUT AGAIN TO-MORROW."

"I WAS GOING TO TAKE TEA WITH ME AUNT, MUM."

Maud (in the secret of the maid's flirtations). "DO LET HER GO, MAMMA. HER AUNT HAS JUST BEEN MADE A SERGEANT."

The Threat.

[On receiving the news of the sinking of the *Arabic*, President WILSON is said to have cancelled a golfing engagement.]

Defender of my country's right
I am, you know, too proud to fight;
But if at my complaints you scoff
I may become too proud to golf.

Sister Susie's Latest.

"... ladies belonging to the —— Parochial ...ng Party are at present busily engaged in making sandbags for the wounded soldiers."

Local Paper.



Mabel (who has been promised sixpence if she will extract a loose tooth). "HERE'S THE TOOTH, GRANDFATHER. BUT IF YOU'D RATHER NOT PAY TILL AFTER THE WAR YOU NEEDN'T."

FISHING IN FLANDERS.

ON our last spell from the trenches we amused ourselves by fishing a stream that ran close to our rest billets. The doctor, whose skill as a fisherman is apparently as widely known on the Tweed as it is with us after dinner in mess, did catch one stickleback. But apart from this success neither the glamour of the Entente Cordiale nor the last word in trout rods and flybooks had any effect on those unsportsmanlike fish. Night after night we used to watch the village fathers returning in triumph with their simple rods over their shoulders, and many a fat half-pounder stuck in their pockets winked at us mockingly.

"Wait till Sergeant McCallum comes," said the Colonel, and in his advice we found consolation. Now Sergeant McCallum is a Scottish gillie in private life and a holy terror to the Huns in his present capacity. British to the backbone, he views anything of foreign nature with dour suspicion. It is characteristic of him that to the "Bon soir, M'sieur" of his hostess at bedtime he invariably replies with a grave "Guid nicht, M'am." But so far as fishing went he was the regimental hope, and soon after his arrival he was the devoted recipient of at least ten rods and as many varieties of fly. As we walked down to the stream that evening I impressed upon him the necessity of establishing our reputation in the eyes of the village.

"I doot ma hand wilna cast a fly sae licht after twa weeks o' throwing hand-grenades, Sir," he said, "and this wee trickle isna the Tay," pointing to the stream; but he was soon whipping the water in masterly fashion.

After two hours we went home with despair in our hearts to eat fish that had been caught by the schoolmaster's boy. Sergeant McCallum had failed.

"It's a meeserable war. The very troot are skulkin' in dug-oots," was all he said.

Next day we were having guests to dinner, and the Colonel himself implored the Sergeant to do his best. Off he went again, but this time positively refused to allow any of us to accompany him. "Na, na, Sir, it's publeecity that intecmidates the wee fish," he said; and when later he returned with six plump little trout we appreciated his preference for solitude. Oh the delight of being able to reply to our guests that night, "Yes, our own catch. We get quite good fun in the local stream."

For the next three nights Sergeant McCallum came back with a good haul, while the rest of us never got even a bite, with the exception of the doctor, who caught another stickleback. On the fourth evening I determined to find out what was the secret of the master-hand's success. After half-an-hour's search up-stream I heard a sad voice coming from the direction of a bush:—"Ay, it's a meeserable war, and that's ma last pin."

Cautiously I approached, and suddenly stopped dead. "Sergeant McCallum," I gasped, "has it come to this?"

He started up with a guilty look. In one hand he held a small pill evidently made from the slab of ration cheese at his side. In the other was a bent pin tied to the end of a piece of string.

Extract from a paper-maker's letter:—

> "We are asking Mr. ——, Corrugated Manager of Messrs. ——, to give you a call."

Just the man to furnish one with a wrinkle or two.

> "The French three per cent. bombs are at Fr. 70."—*Singapore Free Press.*

But they are still rising and are expected shortly to be in the neighbourhood of "Soixante-quinze."

ELEVEN TO ONE.

In this house there is only one bath.

There is a state of war in this house.

Between these two statements there does not, at first sight, appear to be any close connection, but if you will oblige me by reading on you will find that they are intimately related to one another.

Let me explain. The house of which I speak is a seaside lodging-house, an admirably comfortable one run by Mrs. Rivers, the landlady, with the help of one servant. How it is done I don't know (I suppose, by the way, there is a concealed gnome somewhere who attends to the boots and shoes, but I have never met him in the flesh); at any rate the house is so run, and the whole place is kept as tidy as a banker's office, and the meals are as punctual as the rates and taxes and much more satisfying.

At present the house is filled to its utmost capacity by two parties of lodgers—ourselves (the usual sort of party composed of two parents and four children), and the other party, who preceded us, composed of five grown-ups. That makes eleven in all, and every man-Jack and woman-Jill of them, down to the youngest child, is devoted to that noble British institution, the morning bath. The fact that later on we all bathe in the sea makes no difference. Sea-bathing must not be looked upon as a substitute for anything. Properly considered it is an addition to one's ordinary life.

Here, then, is the situation. Given eleven people, who are all waked at 7.30 A.M., who all want to breakfast at 8.30, and who all desire passionately to have a bath before breakfast, how on earth are they to do it when, as I say, there is only one bath in the house, and when I add that it is a fixed bath in a bath-room and that its taps run with an almost maddening slowness? Now do you begin to understand what I meant when I said that there is a state of war in this house? Of course you do.

The first morning saw us completely defeated. I must own that we had paid no attention to the matter. We had not realised the necessity for guile and stratagem. We just rushed upon our fate blindly, and each of us in turn recoiled from a locked door behind which water was gurgling and someone, not ourselves, was abluting. On that terrible morning only Muriel and Frederick of our party got baths and they were both twenty minutes late for breakfast. The rest of us did what we could with our basins and sponges in our various bedrooms. As an alternative to a full-length bath this basin-system cannot be recommended. It combines every sort of inconvenience. Paradoxically enough the water is always insufficient and never fails to overflow on to the floor. Indeed it is a hateful system.

On the second morning we planned things out with some care. Alice was told off to be firmly established in the bathroom at 7 o'clock, and thenceforward we had relays, strung out along the passages. On that day we got in four baths, but after that we were hopelessly beaten off by a violent counter-attack of the enemy who had been awaiting a favourable moment in dressing-gowns and slippers. Nina and Frederick were foiled and all their pluck was unavailing. Frederick, indeed, who is eight years old, declared that these skirmishes added an unaccustomed zest to washing. He showed great courage and swiftness in the imminent deadly breach.

Since then we have had our good days, when we actually got in five baths, and our bad days, when we were reduced to two, but we have never for a moment abandoned the fight. I myself have a special opponent who lives in the bedroom next to mine. He is an extraordinarily quick mover, but so, I flatter myself, am I. Several times, when I thought I had him at my mercy, he has beaten me into the bathroom by the mere point of his chin. Later in the day we all meet quite unconcernedly. We say to one another, "What beautiful weather," or "The news seems better this morning," and to all outward appearance we are on perfectly good terms with one another; but in truth we are bitter and determined enemies. How can it be otherwise when there are eleven people for only one bath?

THE PASSING OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

(An evening paper assures us that the mother-in-law joke is most certainly dead.)

Is she to pass and wake no lamentation,
Dirgeless depart to where the old jokes go,
Unwept, unhonoured by an ingrate nation?
Nay, it shall not be so.

I, even I, will take the lyre and twang it,
Sounding a note suggestive of distress,
Twining the cypress round my forehead. Hang it!
A song-wright can't do less.

A time there was one sought in vain to dodge her;
She was the red-nosed star's unfailing wheeze,
Better than *jeux d'esprit* about the lodger
Or tales of mobile cheese.

So now in every Empire should be sorrow,
The sobs of comics mourning for the best
Friend that they had, and musing on a morrow
Reft of its cosmic jest.

Our bardlets too should mourn, bright wits who hymned her,
Seeing the humour of their frequent strain
Dimmed as a street lamp, ay, and even dimmeder,
Clean cut off at the main.

Where shall they find her like? What thing, what person
Shall serve them as a universal draw,
A theme one needs but write a doggerel verse on
To gain the loud guffaw?

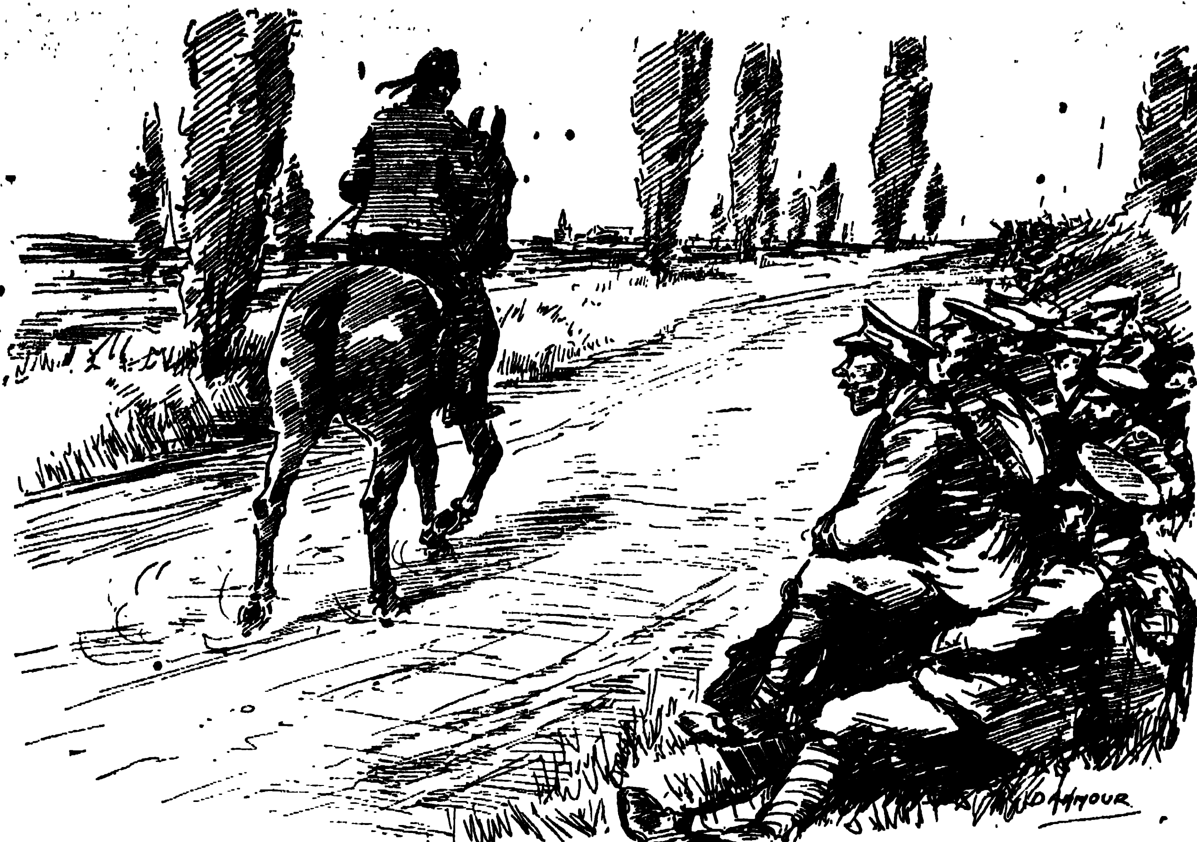
Theirs is the deeper woe, for with her dying
It may be that a sterner age began,
When folk shall bid them—and it *will* be trying—
To make their verses scan.

PUNCH'S WAR CARTOONS.

A selection of the most notable of *Punch's* War-Cartoons is being published by the Photochrom Co. in association with the Proprietors of *Punch*. The first twelve of this series have been already issued. They are reproduced from the original plates on tinted Indian paper and mounted on rough-edged white Whatman boards, with the legends and dates inscribed below. These prints, apart from the excellence of their artistry, will form a unique historical record of the memorable features and episodes of the Great War. They are published at 2*s*. 6*d*. each and can be obtained at any picture shop, or post-free in the United Kingdom from the Publisher, *Punch* Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

"Among the daft of the 4th Welsh Regiment, most of the Cardigan Company are included."—*Cardigan Advertiser.*

The fact that these gallant Welshmen were "mad to go to the Front" might, we think, have been more tactfully indicated.



Dismounted Cavalryman (on way back from trenches, seeing Officer's servant exercising a horse). "WELL, IF ANYTHING GIVES ME SORE FEET IT'S SEEIN' AN 'IGHLANDER RIDIN' WHEN I 'VE GOT TO PAD THE 'OOF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Galsworthy's *The Freelands* (Heinemann) is in the manner, the best of the manner, of *The Country House*, *The Island Pharisee*, *The Patricians*. The *Freelands* were of a solid persistent stock. Four brothers represent the present generation: *Felix*, the writer, capable, understanding, critically detached, even a little Galsworthian, with heart emphatically in the right place; widower *John*, something important, permanent and unimaginative in the Home Office; *Stanley*, the plough-maker, husband of the aspiring *Clara* with a coronet in her eye, and her week-end parties of pretentious bigwigs, interested in a more or less futile and insincere way in "the land"; and that thorn in all their essentially solid sides, *Tod*, the primitive, with his thatched cottage honeysuckle-twined, his formidable wife *Kirsteen* of the blue linen gown, the banded hair and the vegetarian diet, and their wild offspring, *Derek* and *Sheila*, hand in glove with Labour and all that. A practised art "presents" all these in a comedy (that droops to tragedy) of indictment against some bad foibles of entrenched property and tradition; and in particular that plausibly defensible attitude of those who so clearly know what is good for their people that they don't hold their hand from coercion of a very effective kind. The tragedy comes by that desperately harassed labourer, *Tryst*, who fires *Sir Gerald Mallory's* ricks and finds a grim release, after three months' waiting for assizes, from his inevitable sentence. Here Mr. Galsworthy forces us to recognise his impassioned sense of the bitterness of imprisonment and of the disabilities of unvocal unimportant folk. Also that desperate hopelessness of his outlook which makes him turn his labourers against their champions *Derek* and *Sheila* as against hereditary enemies. Besides and above all this work of the satirist and social pathologist, the artist Galsworthy has made many admirable portraits; in particular of *Felix's* entirely adorable daughter *Nedda* and dear old Grandmamma *Freeland*, a beautiful study which even a regrettable touch of caricature cannot spoil. Irony of the subtlest, sensitive observation and a fine craft of construction and development will captivate any reader who knows what's what.

The publisher's paragraph on the cover of Mr. Pett Ridge's latest book, *The Kennedy People* (Methuen), says that it "opens with a wedding-day at Highbury New Park, and finishes with a boat train at Waterloo Station." Which indeed embodies the best description and criticism of it that could be given. London scenes and types and incidents, strung together by the history of three generations of *Kennedys*, make up the total. Perhaps in the last phrase I have without intention expressed a suspicion that did occur to me, that the author has at times padded out the volume with material that might have been meant for short story use. But I do not suppose anyone will mind that very much. The *Kennedy* history is what you might call a circular one; old *Mr. K.* having built up a prosperous fortune, which *Robert*, his son, sent to ruin, while in the end *George*, the grandson, is shown in a fair way to restore the family position. In short, a reverse of the old adage, "Clogs to clogs in three generations;" naturally also an aspect of the case decidedly more cheerful to read about. I fancy however that it would be spendthrift *Robert* whom Mr. Pett Ridge himself most enjoyed. There are incidents

in *Robert's* career (the fraudulent deputation, for example, which resulted in a subsequent and genuine one being expelled with ignominy) that I could feel sure have been in the author's note-book awaiting exposure for a considerable time. And the history of his adventures as a dramatist was obviously as great a pleasure to write as to read. And there, with the exception of a little mystery, no very baffling matter, you have the whole. What it lacks in continuity of interest it makes up in detail; those little touches of character and talk in which the author stands alone. What, I wonder, would Mr. PETT RIDGE do in a world where there were no commenting domestics?

Mrs. ARNOLD has chosen for her latest book, *The Enchanting Distance* (LONG), a title so pleasant that one can only wonder why it should not have been appropriated before. And the book itself is thoroughly pleasant too though rather formless and overcrowded; both of which defects however could be excused on the ground of likeness to life. You never saw a novel with so many heroes. There was first of all the Colonial Bishop, with whom *Patricia* (the heroine) wanted to go away and reform cannibals. Then there was *John Raggett*, the Bishop's strong and silent brother, who sent *Patricia* home, and incidentally boxed her deserving ears. After that there was *Adrian Dadge*, an Amateur's Help, who was introduced to *Patricia* at a theatrical house-party, and promptly eloped with her. When *John* turned up in time to frustrate this I began to know where my money would be safest. But I am bound to say that up to the last chapter *Patricia's* fourth suitor, *Lawrence Blagrove*, gave me a lot of uncertainty. *Blagrove* was a dramatist who wanted *Patricia* to create the chief part in a play that he proposed to write. So, as he had no money and *Patricia* loved him, *John* came along once more and very sportingly volunteered to put up the needful for a West End production. As what follows upon this is not only the best part of the tale, but a quite unconventional and unexpected piece of probability, I will leave you to enjoy it at first hand. It ends a story that is throughout brightly written and makes excellent entertainment.



THE EGOIST.

Anxious Wife. "OH, HENRY, I THINK I SEE A GERMAN SUBMARINE COMING!"

Sleepy Husband. "NONSENSE!"

Anxious Wife. "OH, BUT I'M SURE IT IS!"

Sleepy Husband. "ALL RIGHT, THEN. YOU AND TOMMY JUST COVER ME UP WITH SAND."

This is what I imagine happened. Mr. MILLS looked at Mr. BOON. They had just finished reading the manuscript of Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES' novel, *Mr. Lyndon at Liberty*. "What do you think of it?" said MILLS. "It's jolly good," said BOON. "But too long," said MILLS. "I could cut thirty thousand words out of it and it would be an improvement." But they decided to publish it as it stood, because they remembered that the public likes its novels long. I find myself in agreement with both gentlemen. *Mr. Lyndon at Liberty* is good—in fact, up to half-way I was under the impression that it was one of the best sensational novels I had read for a very long time. But when I tackled the second half I saw what MILLS meant. Thirty thousand words is a conservative estimate of what could be deleted to the great benefit of the story. While Mr. BRIDGES is getting his *Lyndon* out of Princetown Prison and disguising him and taking him to London he whizzes along at a magnificent speed. But when *Lyndon* meets his old friends he displays a natural but—for the reader—exasperating disposition to put his feet up on the mantelpiece and talk about old times, and things become temporarily slow. They speed up again later, but never with quite the same careless rapture as in the very early chapters; and the last thirty pages of the story are almost dull. But in the main BOON was perfectly right; and there is no reason why Mr. BRIDGES, if he watches himself carefully and purges his work of unnecessary talk, should not take a place high up in the front rank of sensational novelists. He has a great sense of movement, and his originality may be gauged by the fact that he has named the villain of his present story *George*, thereby flying in the face of one of the most rigid rules of modern fiction which enacts that a George can do no wrong, and that his *métier* in fiction is to be mildly comic. If Mr. BRIDGES goes on in this radical way we shall find him before long having his murders done by Freddies and his acts of noble self-sacrifice performed by Jaspers.

I suppose Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG means her title, *The Great Unrest* (LANE), to cover both the labour troubles in the South Africa she knows so well and the wayward passions of her hero. I think, on the whole, I prefer the young *Dam* (whose father had perversely christened him *Draycott Arthur Manners*, foreseeing the nickname that would result) splashing in his bath and making discoveries, and the stout youngster taking his lickings from his nice obstinate father, *Sir Arthur*—I prefer these pictures to those of the adolescent Dam flirting with fishergirls, and the grown-up Socialist journalist in the toils of a shallow fair in queer Johannesburg. But *Patricia* was a dear all through, from a bad start of snail-killing for pleasure (soon corrected) to a brief union with her boy and an early widowhood. For there was nothing the matter with the real *Dam*, who chose to give all that he had, including Patricia, in the great cause. God rest such souls and comfort their Patricias!

P. and O.

From a column headed "Pertinent and Otherwise":—

"A contemporary heads a paragraph:—'The Crown Prince's Blows. A Message to His Troops. Delete the possessive 's' and you get nearer the truth. P. and O. Pars."—*Glasgow Bulletin.*

We fail to find in this *jeu d'esprit* anything either Peninsular or Oriental. The CROWN PRINCE is not in Gallipoli.

CHARIVARIA.

THE *Hamburger Nachrichten* is not at all pleased with the decision to modify the "blockade," and declares that the German submarines are "so weighty a factor that we must give them unrestricted freedom of action." Some of them are so weighty, in fact, that they are now permanently submarine.

* * *

Owing to its heavy losses among young men, a movement is afoot to rename Germany "The Grand-Father Land."

* * *

We have to apologise for any suggestion that may have appeared in previous issues to the effect that the Huns are devoid of humour. The German Society for the Protection and Preservation of Monuments has held a meeting in Brussels and expressed its thanks to the German Military Authorities for the care they had taken of the Monuments in Belgium. The function ended, we are told, with an excursion to Louvain, where the delegates, no doubt, enjoyed a happy hour in the Library.

* * *

Berlin is endeavouring to discount the Belgian revelations of German chicanery before the War by declaring that they have an obviously tainted origin: they were published in a Grey Book.

* * *

The General commanding the Dresden military area has forbidden an exhibition of ladies' dresses, because the costumiers were unable to prove that their models had originated in Germany or Austro-Hungary. "Frightfulness" must be maintained.

* * *

German fashion experts are being urged to revert to narrow skirts, on the ground that their manufacture requires little material and is more consistent with the present position of the Fatherland. We note with satisfaction this admission that Germania is already in a "hobble."

* * *

Our Eastern Allies have evidently been studying with advantage Dr. SHIPLEY's book on *The Minor Horrors of War*, for we read that "the Russians maintained a firm stand on the Bug until all danger in that direction was over."

* * *

Mr. ASQUITH has lately been away for a brief holiday. Nevertheless it is hardly fair for a daily paper to announce on its posters:—

"ENGLAND'S PREMIER SPORTING DAILY."

* * *

The MUNITIONS UNDER-SECRETARY is acquiring a reputation as a humourist. His best joke up to the present is the declaration that the most important requirement of the time is "the suitable dilution of skilled labour." This has been very well received in the public-houses of Glasgow.

* * *

"Dr. Addison on the Need of Night Shifts," runs a headline. But it must not be inferred that the Munitions Department is asleep.

* * *

The Evening News informs us that "all unmarried Belgians up to the age of twenty-five have been called up, and it is proposed to summon to the colours at a pater period men up to the age of thirty or possibly thirty-five." This is a great improvement on the British system of letting the fathers volunteer and allowing the bachelors to stop at home.

* * *

"Lord Northcliffe is travelling and will be beyond reach of correspondence until the end of next week." Even he must have an occasional rest from his daily mail.

* * *

There is no truth in the statement that the only letters permitted to reach his Lordship will be from Lord HUGH CECIL.

* * *

"Yarns for Soldiers' and Sailors' Comforts are now greatly needed," says an advertisement. We congratulate *The Times* on its prompt response to this appeal. Its Broadsheets for the Trenches will be just the thing.

* * *

A voluntary munitions-worker writes to say that the enervating effect of the factories has been much exaggerated, and that "to one accustomed to the atmosphere of the Law Courts, a Sunday at this arsenal is like a day in the country." Rather, perhaps, a day at the seaside—picking up shells.

* * *

A member of the Library Association complains that inferior paper is now being used for books, so that they only last a sixth of the time they did thirty years ago, and urges the fixing of a standard quality. But why worry?



A VOLUNTEER RESERVE FAMILY PUTTING ON PUTTEES.

SUGGESTED GROUP IN COMMEMORATION OF THE GREAT SACRIFICES MADE BY OUR OVER-AGE CITIZENS.

THE SCULPTOR MIGHT PERMIT HIMSELF TO BE INSPIRED BY THE FAMOUS LAOCOON IN THE VATICAN GALLERY.

"SALE—Half Prices for 15 days.—Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Wild Cats, Jackals, Foxes, Wolves, Deers, nicely trained big Tuskers, Lynx, English Hounds, Spaniels, Terriers, Horses, African Monkeys, well talking Singing Birds, English Pigeons, Fowls, Turkeys, Ducks.—MANAGER, ANIMALS & SERVANTS SUPPLYING COMPANY, Agra."—*Pioneer.*

What a chance for bargains, from a tiger to a hen!
Such an opportunity may not occur again.

"Dr. E. Peachell, Medical Officer to the Metal Deficiency Committee for the County, said he had examined the prisoner and had come to the conclusion that he was a moral imbecile within the meaning of the Metal Deficiency Act."—*Provincial Paper.*

It almost seems a case for the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS.

IN THE SUNDAY MANNER.

UP TO US.

BY MR. AUSTINSON BELLOWMEY.

Mr. Bellowmey is *facile princeps* among our more cultured and clarion-voiced publicists. Having taken all foreknowledge for his province, he ranges like a young bull to the electrification of England. In him literature and acuteness are reconciled. Rarely have such trumpet-calls blared forth as since Mr. Bellowmey sensed profit in strepitation. In particular is he wise upon women and strategy. The War has produced no such miracle as his rise to authority. Next week we shall publish another terrific lay-sermon from his banjo, and, in fact, every Sunday until we think he is played out.

Now then, Mr. KAISER, cast your lamps over this.

When I say "up to us" what do I mean? I mean that it is for *God's own country*, Great Britain, bless its heart! - England the fair and free, bonnie Scotland, Erin brave and impulsive, gallant little Wales and the noble Colonies—to carry this thing through. EVERY MAN OF BRITISH HERITAGE HAS THE BURDEN OF DEFEATING THE HUNS CAST UPON HIM; and when I say the Huns I mean equally the 'uns, for who is so base and petty to-day as to trouble about the aspirate? *To-day we are all brothers*, whether we drop our h's or pronounce them, and all bound together in a sacred compact to rid the world of the tyrant. It is up to us to do it.

Woman's Part.

And when I say us I mean not only men but women. What should we do without women? HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT WOMEN MEAN? Only yesterday one of the most brilliant of living women said to me, "The women are in trousers to-day; the men are candidates for petticoats." How profound, how witty! When we have sent millions of men to the War and many are dead, how clever that was! But women must be taken seriously. *Without women there can be no soldiers, for every soldier (amazing thought!) has to have a mother.* Let us then be kind to women, for women are the mothers of our brave boys in khaki.

The Fourth Estate.

As for our Press, what is one to say? Oh, my brethren, do not be misled by our Press. *Half of it is right and half wrong*, and I implore you to cleave to the right half. Here, in this Sunday paper, I can but sketch my real programme as a social saviour and the rejuvenator and renovator of England; but in my own organ I go farther and indulge in greater detail. On the burning question, for example, of compulsory smoking for men I say nothing here.

Why I am silent.

I would not hamper the Government. I have not always shown that reluctance, but just now—and here—it is expedient. Moreover, I am not, any more than any other of my fellow-citizens, seized of the facts. Hence my somewhat quaint silence. Those who say it is a tobacco war have some justification; those who say that the KAISER will, before he has done, see two weeds glow where only one glowed before, have reason on their side; but none the less I hold my peace. And every man I beseech to do likewise. WE MUST NOT EMBARRASS THE GOVERNMENT.

The Future.

As to when the War will be over, I prefer to say nothing. *I may know and I may not.* But take it from me that no good is to be gained by letting out the secret yet. IT IS UP TO US TO ACT, NOT TO CONSULT SOOTHSAYERS.

A MAGNIFICENT MENIAL.

THANKS to the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Pryor and Pepys, we have been favoured with an early copy of the remarkable *Reminiscences of an Imperial Footman*, briefly alluded to in our last issue. Though the book hardly fulfils our most sanguinary expectations, it is full of intimate touches and is written throughout with the sobriety and modesty that one might expect of a highly trained and discreet domestic. Moreover, many notables, royal, famous and notorious, pass through its pages, for our footman saw the very highest in Germany, Austria, and Italy. The style, too, is remarkably distinguished. In fact, the author might not be unfairly described as a Servants' Hall Caine.

A flood of light is thrown on the origin of the KAISER'S implacable hostility towards England by the following thrilling anecdote. It appears that when the KAISER was staying at Sandringham the "Song to Aegir," which he composed, was performed by the KING'S band in honour of the Imperial guest. At its conclusion the KAISER asked his uncle what he thought of it, and KING EDWARD genially replied "Well, it may be a very fine piece of music, but personally I prefer EDWARD ELGAR'S "Land of Hope and Glory." The KAISER turned pale with indignation, and from that hour he resolved to bring about the doom of England.

We learn also that the KAISER, at one time thinking of marrying his only daughter, now the Duchess of BRUNSWICK, to the EMPEROR MENELIK, with a view to consolidating his interests in Central Africa, dispatched his brother PRINCE HENRY to conduct the necessary matrimonial negotiations. The KAISER, it appears, had assumed that the EMPEROR MENELIK, who was already married, would divorce his wife in view of the enhanced prestige to be gained from an alliance with the House of Hohenzollern. In this however he was rudely disappointed, for as soon as the EMPEROR MENELIK realised what was expected of him he broke out into a torrent of Abyssinian invective lasting several hours, and then took to his bed, remaining there until the discomfited emissary had left his dominions.

We have heard much since the War began of Warsaw, and this fact lends poignant interest to a vivid little vignette of the colour of the landscape in Poland:-

"Where not touched with the glorious tinting of Autumn or wilting 'neath the blaze of the Summer sun, the vegetation is green, though not perhaps so verdant as that of the Emerald Isle."

Perhaps one of the best stories in lighter vein is the following diverting anecdote of a Bavarian Count who came to Potsdam on a secret mission:—

"The Count, who was a homely person, was invited to dine with the EMPEROR, and during the course of the banquet managed to upset a golden salt-cellar. With the utmost promptitude he seized a decanter of claret and emptied it over the spilt condiment. I have never seen the KAISER laugh so heartily as he did at this incident."

Quite an enthralling book, it may be readily understood, are these *Reminiscences of an Imperial Footman*, and it is impossible to doubt their veracity.

Extracted from a soldier's letter, written from "Somewhere in France":—

"The Germans have got a bit of brag on here. The lines are 600 yds. apart, and right in the 'no man's land' they have planted a German Merchant Service Flag, to flaunt in our faces; and everybody naturally wants to go out to get it."

Naturally, indeed; for the flag in question is a *rara avis in terris*, and quite extinct *in maribus*.

"Mr. Gerard received an invitation to call on Herr von Jagow, and left his luncheon to respond. They conferred for half an hour but had nothing to say."—*German Wireless.*

But as they were talking *Arabic* the reporter may not have understood.



HAIL, COLUMBA!

President Wilson (*to American Eagle*). "GEE! WHAT A DOVE I'VE MADE OF YOU!"

HOMAGE TO HAYLING.

Have you ever been to Hayling?
As a health-resort it 's *nailing*,
If your constitution 's failing
Or your nerve is gone or quailing.

I was rather down and ailing,
Sick of town and *Daily Mailing*,
And my ruddy cheeks were paling
When I flew for rest to Hayling.

Many are its charms, regaling
Ev'ry sense with joy unfailing.
There in sandships you go sailing;
Bath Club tricks you see at Hayling.

Flowers their sweetest scents exhaling,
Shooting stars their splendour trailing,
Moonlight, magic realms unveiling,
Make a Paradise of Hayling.

There are neither trout nor grayling,
Nor romantic heights for scaling;
But you 'll find the golfer flailing
Balls in bunkers down at Hayling.

But, alas! my peace assailing,
Comes a telegram, entailing
My departure, deeply wailing,
From the happy Isle of Hayling.

A SIDELIGHT ON HISTORY.

During recent excavations on the site of the old Admiralty Office at Cadiz, writes a correspondent in Spain, a remarkable document has been unearthed, which throws interesting light on a great historical event, and proves conclusively that the present war is not the first which has been won by both sides. The parchment has been examined by a committee of experts, who have pronounced it to be unquestionably the Spanish Official account of the Armada's expedition against England. The following is a literal translation:—

"On the 29th July, 1588, the Invincible Armada arrived off the Lizard, and, proceeding along the littoral in the direction of Plymouth, commenced hostilities against the enemy fleet. The English caitiffs, as usual, declined a full battle, and contented themselves with skirmishes in our rear. Numerous successes were scored by our mariners in this region, including the sinking of two empty fishing-smacks and a fortified bell-buoy. Our fleet then continued its victorious progress up the Channel. The damage done by the enemy's fire was of no military significance, though twelve of our galleons were, for strategic reasons, allowed to sink. On arriving off Calais, the Armada cast anchor, when the treacherous English, contrary to all the established rules of naval warfare, attacked us with fire-ships, and obtained a trifling minor success; but off Gravelines we gained a great victory in which twenty-two more of our galleons were, in accordance with our strategy, abandoned. The English now declined battle once more, and the statement of Admiral Drake that this was done for want of food and powder, is a barefaced falsehood. The Duke of Medina Sidonia now relinquished his plan of picking up Parma's army group from the Low Countries and conceived the brilliant idea of a naval raid on the Orkney Islands, admittedly England's weakest spot, but owing to the inclemency of the weather this daring project was not so successful as it otherwise must have been. Our conquering admirals then proceeded down the West coast of Scotland and headed for Spain to carry home the tidings of their great achievements. The elements continued to hamper our operations, though brilliant assaults were conducted by our landing parties against the kernes of Ireland. Of the 130 vessels which set sail from Cadiz, only fifty, it is true, arrived safely back in that port, but it is generally felt that the expedition has, on the whole, been a magnificent success, and all the 10,000 of our mariners who returned from the humbling of England have been decorated by His Most Christian Majesty with tin crosses of the ancient order of the Santissima Trinidad."



Friend. "Why, you still 'ere? I thought you was leaving."
Mary Jane. "So I was, but every time I tell 'er I'm going she buys me another War Loan."

THE GREAT GAME.

The back pew was a high square one just by the stove that warmed the church. The Uncle always sat in the front seat because it had arms to hold him up. The Aunt always had a headache on Sunday morning unless there were visitors. The family was always very nice about Aunt's Sunday morning headaches, though she never allowed Uncle to have one, which, Margaret said, showed a selfish disposition.

We liked the pew when the prayers were over and Inspector Barton had sung his part in the anthem and slipped out to see there was no drinking in the "Rising Sun." Then the Uncle looked round, shook his fist at us and settled himself for the sermon. It is queer that the Uncle could hear in his sleep, because always after the sermon he turned to us and said that if we didn't behave better he would have to take steps. And he always shook the Rector by the hand and said, "Excellent—excellent," so he must have heard the sermon. Yet Ralph said that he couldn't hear very well because when Philip put a chestnut on the stove and it went "pop" very loud, the Uncle jumped in his seat and said, "Ah-men."

When the sermon began Margaret put her hassock on the seat and sat up to choose her husband for the week. She said the wedding game was the only allowable one in church. When she had chosen her husband she began saying, "I, Margaret, do take thee, James Grimble, to be my lawful wedded husband." She generally chose Grimble because he gave her biscuits at his shop and had a nice polished bald head.

While the Uncle was sleeping and Margaret marrying we played "Church Attendance." It is a moral Sunday game. Each of us had ten families. We picked families in turn—only the Rector's family wasn't allowed because they had got to be at church, being in the business. Then you see we scored one mark for every person in our ten families who was at church, and the one whose families got most marks at the end of the year was to get a week's pocket-money from the other two. Of course there was trouble about scoring. You see sweethearts and friends visiting were not to count. Once when Ralph would score "cousins on a visit," there was such a scrimmage that the Rector looked up from his sermon and the Uncle almost woke. It was a very equal game. Philip's families weren't more than four marks ahead, and if only influenza got into them we others stood a good chance.

Then one Sunday morning Ralph's families turned up to the very last baby. The next Sunday it was the same. Ralph got twenty-two marks ahead, and would scheme in church how he would spend our money; which was breaking the Sabbath.

At last we found out his wicked secret. Philip was waiting outside the library to slip in and take the papers with the war-pictures directly the Uncle had gone to sleep, when the Rector came, and Philip listened, not dishonourably, but because he wanted to know if chestnuts had been found behind the church stove.

The Rector said, "Absurd as it may seem, my parishioners think that I am sending them postcards threatening them with death, to ensure their regular attendance at church."

"Dear me," grunted the Uncle, "it's a case for the police. You don't think the curate? Some of these young men are far too zealous."

"Oh, no, no. He's a well-meaning young man. Besides, these cards came before days, when I was officiating. Now it stands to reason——"

"Yes, yes, I see," said the Uncle. "H'm, is this one of the cards? Ah, leave the matter in my hands. I'll get to the bottom of it."

Philip rushed round to the schoolroom, but before he could speak the Uncle came in.

"I want to see how you are getting on with your education," he said. "All of you write down these words: 'family,' 'regular,' 'attendance,' 'death.'" Then he picked up the papers and said, "You all spell outrageously, but Ralph is the only one who spells 'regular' 'regelar.' What do you mean, Sir, by sending threatening letters to my tenants?"

Ralph didn't like to say, so Margaret spoke up for him and said it was just a Sunday game the boys played in church. Then the Uncle gave a great laugh, which he said was one of horror, and said that, bad as it was that such games should be played in a sacred edifice, it was even worse that one of his nephews should take an unsporting advantage over his brothers. So Ralph was sentenced to go round to all his families and apologise, and explain that they would not be murdered if they stayed away from church.

Then the Uncle said to the Aunt at lunch that it was preposterous that Miss Smith should go home for Sundays—the very day the family needed a governess's control. But the Aunt said that if he couldn't keep an eye on three boys in church it showed lamentable weakness of character. So the Uncle had to keep awake every Sunday and the great game was never finished.



NEW TO THE LAND.

Alfred 'Awker (late of Stepney). "I don't 'arf like the job, Bill!"
Bill Simmons (late of Rotherhithe). "Nor me, Alf; seems a bloomin' shime ter kill it for the sake of a little milk!"

"'This war must be rigid with machinery, not men,' was one of the remarks made by Mr. Lloyd George to Senator Humbert, whom he met in London a few days ago."
Sheffield Daily Independent.

The Minister of Munitions is not the only man who regards the War as a stiff proposition.

"Two captains, eight lieutenants, nice second-lieutenants and two sergeant-majors receive the Military Cross."
Glasgow Evening Times.

Why this discrimination? We feel sure that the captains, first lieutenants, and the sergeant-majors were nice too.



"YES, SIR, THERE'S TWO OF MY SONS IN THE NAVY, AN' THERE'S TWO AT THE FRONT, AN' THERE'S JOHNNY IN THE SCOUTS, AN' MY YOUNGEST 'ERE, 'E'S SWATTIN' EVERY FLY 'E CAN SET 'IS EYES ON."

TO JAMES.

(On his appointment to the Staff).

It does not make me laugh and whoop
(Though certainly the choice *is* droll)
To hear that you are asked to stoop
To join that great malignant group;
I hasten to condole.
Not for your frame I fear—ah, no,
For, far as creature comforts go,
They lack but little here below:
I shudder for your soul.

I know that when the seas are rude
And people's parcels long delayed,
No hint of trouble shall intrude
Where your select and frequent food
Is delicately laid;
That, though the sweet Imbrosial hens
Abruptly perish in their pens,
Your eggs will not, like other men's,
Be absent from parade.

I know the neighbourhood is rich
In sandbagged shelters, cutely packed,
Yet if there be some special niche,
The perfect kind of cranny which
We hitherto have lacked,
Where man may shun the shells of man
(And also Asiatic Anne),
'Twill be but part of some huge plan
For keeping you intact.

I fear for you no foeman's knife,
But fear to see on that fresh face
The lofty look of one whose life
Is quite remote from earthly strife
(Though that will be the case);
I dread the perilous abyss
Of being *sui generis*,
And looking with some prejudice
On any other race.

I fear, yet hope, that after all,
If e'er you tread, supremely vast,
The lowly drain wherein we crawl,
You 'll have the kindness to recall
Some fragment of the past;
For one wee while confess the sin
Of merely earthly origin,
And not refuse a genial grin
For fear of losing caste.

THE PROFESSIONAL.

We are all death on flies in our family. We grudge no effort, and none of us (except father) grudges a little casual damage to the furniture; but when it comes to results there is no competing with Richard. He is a born swatter. His attitude is that of a professional towards clumsy amateurs. We others swat, in our blundering fashion, with napkins, knives, handkerchiefs, forks, table-cloths and so forth, but Richard swats with his head. I do not mean that he kills flies by butting at them like a goat; I merely mean that he uses his brains. He lays his plans and watches us with a tolerant boredom while we flick and thump and prod, and in due time very coolly and dispassionately he swats his fly.

I fancy that Richard's success is chiefly due to his masterly air of detachment. The fly, accustomed to the clamour of our furious onslaughts, soon comes to associate danger with noise and fuss. It thinks that when quiet is restored the enemy has accepted defeat, and it does a triumphant buzz round the ceiling. And then Richard gets it. He never moves from his corner, but his immobility makes him all the more deadly. His method is to spin a web and sit in the middle of it. It sounds ridiculously simple, but then everything is simple when you know how to do it. And Richard, as I have already mentioned, is a professional.

"The Melbourne Steamship Co.'s steamer Melbourne is due here to-day, with 7000 cases of gunpowder and to-morrow."
"*Daily Telegraph," Sydney, N.S.W.*

This might be called taking time by the forehold.

"The meeting of the citizens of Vernon records its inflexible determination to continue to a victorious end the struggle in maintenance of the ideals of liberty and justice, which are the common and sacred curse of the Allies."—*Vernon News (B.C.)*

Well, that's what the Germans think them, no doubt.

A LONELY SUBALTERN.

I adjusted my puttee carefully, slid back into my chair, and forced a smile. Then I caught sight of myself in a mirror and ceased smiling.

"I don't understand it," I said. "Before the War, Daphne, just before, you almost led me to believe I had a chance. Twice I was on the verge of proposing."

Daphne looked interested. "When was that?" she asked.

"At the Somers' dance. The first time my nerve gave way. The second time something stuck in my throat."

"Oh, was it at supper?"

"Not at all," I replied shortly. "It was the words that stuck in my throat."

Daphne played with a cushion. "I'm awfully sorry, Dick."

"That may be," I replied coldly. "That may be, but it in no way eases the situation. Daphne, what is it?" I looked myself up and down. "Of course I'm a little bulky," I sighed.

"It isn't that."

"It can't be money," I said. "If my bank pass book is to be believed, I saved £4 9s. 3d. last month."

Daphne shook her head. "It isn't money."

I became cynical. "Perhaps if I were home wounded, instead of having been stuck in England all along, it——"

"Dick, don't be mean."

"Daphne," I said, "I am disappointed in you. At much personal discomfort I have proposed, and your refusal is unaccompanied by any reason." I rose and stood erect. "To-night Lonely Subaltern asks young lady to correspond."

"Oh, Dick, not really."

I waited for her to finish laughing.

"Buy to-morrow's *Times*," I replied.

Donning my cap I took a look round the room, obviously a last long look, turned to the right, saluted smartly, paused, then hurried out.

From Daphne's chair came sounds of either tears or laughter.

*

For a week I languished, and it was just as I was on the point of writing Daphne a firm note that her letter came.

"Dear Dick," she wrote, "when can you come to tea?"

I replied in person. I greeted her courteously but doubtfully, leaving it to her to explain the situation.

"Dick," she said, "have you had many replies to your advertisement?"

"Advertisement? What—oh—er—yes, of course. No, I haven't had 'many.'"

"You haven't had any from a girl called Dora?"

"No, not exactly."

"Not exactly?"

"No; you see I didn't advertise after all."

"Didn't advertise?"

Daphne went very white, then red, and then white.

"Oh, heavens," she whispered.

I got up quickly. "Daphne," I said, "you are not well. Lean on me."

"I'm all right, thanks," she said faintly. "But, Dick, I really have done it."

"How?"

"Don't you see? I answered your advertisement in *The Times*—Lonely Subaltern."

"But I sent in no advertisement."

"Yes, but you told me you were going to."

"Well, I didn't do it."

"Then somebody else *did*."

"And you answered it?"

Daphne nodded.

"Thinking it was my advertisement?"

She nodded again.

"Daphne," I said, "this is a serious business—most serious. Has there been much correspondence?"

She gave a little laugh.

"Has there been much correspondence?" I repeated.

"Not very much from him," she said. "I've written a lot. He only sent two short notes typewritten, the last one saying he was soon off to the Front. Er—that's why I asked you to tea."

"Daphne," I inquired, "what did you write?"

Daphne hesitated. "Oh, a lot. You see I thought it was you, Dick," she said. "You signed yourself, 'Lonely Subaltern.'"

"You must please leave me out of this," I replied coldly.

"Well, what am I to do about it?"

There was a silence. Then, "I'll do it," I said.

"Do what?"

"Get you out of this mess," I replied. "There is only one explanation that can excuse you in this man's eyes for your apparent trifling with his affections. It is quite normal, Daphne, for a girl to keep two men in suspense while she's making up her mind. Very well, I am one; Lonely Subaltern is the other; and I am going to make it easy for you to explain why he may regard himself as no longer in suspense. *I am going to propose.*"

"Oh, Dick."

"It's your only chance."

There was an awkward pause in the dialogue, in which I swallowed convulsively. "Daphne," I began. "Daphne," I continued. "Daphne," I finished rather lamely.

I have made better proposals of course, but, considering the circumstances, I thought I did well. Anyhow the result was most encouraging.

MUSCLES AND SINEWS OF WAR.

(Suggested by a study of the more intimate advertising efforts of the Fighting and Financial Departments.)

That the draught which the Kaiser is lusting to lap
May be dashed from his confident lip,
The youth of our land must get into the scrap
While the others get on to the scrip.

Nibbling, Indeed.

"A communiqué reports important progress north of Arras. We assaulted and captured two strongly fortified works and a large trench along a front of one millimetre, near Souchez."
"*Weekly Courier*" (*Tasmania*).

An Indian paper reports the Chief Officer of the Women Police Patrols as saying:—

"Personally I wept through the training of jiu-jitsu, but we do not insist upon it for every officer."

If the process is so painful this is just as well.

"Wanted about Sept. 1st, by officer's (regular) wife, either small furnished House or nice Rooms."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

A little cryptic, perhaps; but we gather in time that the advertiser's husband is not a Territorial.

"Orders were received yesterday for the 14th Gloucesters (the West of England Bantams), to leave Bristol for camp, on Saturday next.

"The number of eggs received at the Kingswood and Hanham Depôt for the week ended August 21, was 834."—*Western Daily Press.*

With average luck that should make a fine nucleus for the new battalion.

THE HIGH-WATER MARK.

A SMALL difficulty of some military importance has arisen at "Sunnyside," and we don't quite know what ought to be done about it. So if anyone who reads this has a cousin at the War Office—well . . .

Yesterday Bob arrived straight from Armageddon.

His two "Mothers," so he informs us, are languishing under the eye of a reckless and totally undependable gun-crank—to wit, his Major. Therefore his leave is strictly limited, as at any moment the Major may be tempted to foolhardy experiment, and—well, Bob says three days is all he *dare* take.

This is just to let you know that Bob is a person who is acquainted with crumps, pip-squeaks, and other nerve-racking instruments of war, and by the same token is not a bad judge of the matter.

The matter—something the matter—began nearly two years ago. I went to a doctor, who thought it was the result of overwork—until he came to know me better. Then he abandoned the case, his temper permanently soured. So I went to another man, who said it was caused through lack of occupation. *I* abandoned *him*. After that I went to manifold other doctors, and at last, one bright morning in Welbeck Street, I was told to have my teeth out—all of them. I liked this chap. There was something definite about him. I went home and counted my teeth—twenty-seven of them.

The programme read: "One extraction weekly." Twenty-seven appointments with the dentist!

It was an epic of dentistry, slightly vulgarised by the term "weekly." I corrected this to "third Tuesday in the month," thus transforming the affair into a genuine Odyssey. I then wrote a short note about appointment No. 1.

All this was in the beginning. I hardly knew my dentist in those days. Now I call him Charlie.

Month after month we (including the anæsthetist) gathered round the same old chair and spoke of all our sorrows and our joys. Soon after the right upper wisdom disappeared Charlie married. Then the anæsthetist died, poor chap. That was early in 1914, before the second bicuspid vanished. Then Charlie had twins, and in his excitement nearly took out a couple of incisors instead of one. Then the War broke out . . . I was still at it.

Then the new anæsthetist grew a military moustache—tooth-brush brand . . . I was still at it.

Later on, the sight of my sober contemporaries in strange uniforms was more than flesh could bear, so, throwing aside all caution, I made a final sprint and had the insignificant remainder—three molars—extracted at one sitting.

The rest, of course, was simple. It was only a matter of weeks. I merely had to sit still and consider patterns of green-grey material suitable for wear in the local brigade of "Frosty-Tops." That was some time ago, and—well, it wasn't my teeth after all. We never talk about teeth now, at least we didn't until last night. As I have mentioned, Bob arrived yesterday, so Joe and I, a thoroughly selfish couple, arranged a feast, to which we decided to invite our three selves only. Joe wrote the menu in Flemish and I shook up the old Australian port. Nothing was forgotten, and, when the time came, we sat down to pump Bob of all the latest scandals from G.H.Q. . . . Should any reader wish to know whether things are going well in Flanders, the answer is in the affirmative.



A HANDY MAN.

Marine (somewhat late for parade). "AT SIX O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' 'OUSEMAID; AT SEVEN O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' VALET; AT EIGHT O'CLOCK I WAS A BLOOMIN' WAITER; AN' NOW I'M A BLOOMIN' SOLDIER!"



OUR RESERVES.

Genial Clergyman. "But if you do not belong to the Royal Field Artillery, my boy, what is the meaning of 'R.F.A.' on your shoulder?"

Urchin. "'Ready for Anyfink,' Sir."

Over the barcelonas we raised a tidy little breeze on the subject of courage. Joe and I were all for something between the trenches — ours and the Huns'. Some desperate deed such as we should hear of daily if the Censor were not so antagonistic to personalities. Bob entirely disagreed.

"War," he maintained, "is a sociable and entertaining form of enervation, punctuated with moments of breathless exhilaration." He admitted that there were occasions when courage was really necessary, viz.:—

(1) Leaving your guns in the hands of Majors and other senior officers.

(2) Undergoing a prolonged exhortation on tactics from the Brigadier.

(3) Eating marmalade by moonlight during the wasp season.

(4) Borrowing another chap's mouth-organ and playing it.

"That sort of thing," he continued, "does need a bit of pluck, but the actual fighting . . ." He cracked a nut scornfully.

"Well," I ventured, "what is your idea of the best example of physical courage?"

He did not hesitate a moment.

"Having a tooth out," he replied tersely.

Just that. "Having a tooth out."

* * * * *

I haven't quite decided what I am going to do about it.

I did think of the V.C., but Joe has persuaded me to wait until they make a more distinctive award for the highest form of valour.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

[*According to "The Sheffield Daily Telegraph," the Education Committee of the City Council decline to study economy.*]

With abject apologies to the shade of Milton.

Hence, loath'd Economy,
Of Thriftiness and Parsimony born,
In miser's den forlorn,
Where dust and dirt enjoy complete
autonomy!
But come thou girl with golden
glance,
By some men called Extravagance;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with
thee
Irresponsibility,
Whom, with saucy face oblique,
Lightsome laugh and simple cheek,
Thumb extended from her nose,
In a light fantastic pose,
Every critic pen derides,
And the folk who pay, besides.
And ever, 'gainst corroding cares,
Lap us in official airs,
Married to a haughty speech
(As when new-made curates preach)
With epithets in winding bout
Of clotted nonsense long drawn out,
Such as men may fancy witty
(Men at least on our Committee).
Then Midas' self shall rear his head,
By kindred taste and fancy led,
And dim his eyes with thankful tears,
Beholding our resemblant ears!
Aid us thus, and we can laugh
At *The Sheffield Telegraph.*

"'Off' Orders—Suppose a man took the trouble personally to go to a grocer before 12 or after 2.30 to give an order for spirits to be supplied in the permitted hours, the grocer could not take the order; he can take it only if the person is present on five days a week between the hours of 12 and 2.30."

The Glasgow Herald.

It seems a long time to wait, especially if one is really thirsty.



THE ADVANCE THAT FAILED.

The Kaiser. "HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH?"
The Tsar. "NO. HAVE *YOU*?"



First Nut. "JOAN IS A DARLING; SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME." *Second Nut.* "YES, SHE *TELLS YOU* THAT, BUT SHE HUGS *ME*."

THE APPRO. WEEK.

THIS is what it said in the advertisement: "On appro., one week willingly." As Ursula observed, "They simply must be honest to put that in!" So I answered the advertisement; and on the next day he arrived.

He came by railway delivery, attached to the railway deliverer by a rusty chain and a friendship that seemed to have been established on the journey from the station. He had a white coat of the variety known as wire-haired; a tousled black-and-tan head, from which looked out the most pathetically melting eyes imaginable; and his name recalled the finest traditions of literature and art. It was Toby.

He appeared to take to the place at once; and indeed to be almost cheerful, so long as one or other of us was at hand with a supply of soothing conversation. But you would hardly credit the extent to which the wistful pathos in his eyes deepened at the smallest suggestion of being left alone. His passion for sitting upon laps seemed also extraordinary in one whose short life had been spent wholly (so I understood) in the monastic society of a stable. There was no dislodging him. Did his supporter for the moment rise, in two seconds Toby would impose himself upon the other, give an exploratory turn or so, and with a little contented sigh compose his countenance to sleep. It was flattering, of course, but it had its drawbacks.

When one day of the week had gone we were still undecided. To appro. or not to appro. Both Ursula and I were already more than a little in love with Toby, but his profound melancholy militated undeniably against his success as a boon companion. Neither sticks, bones nor the suggestion of mythical cats could raise him from this apparent depression.

"Don't you suppose he knows *any* games?" asked Ursula.

One active interest in life he had, and only one; but this was constant.

"Did they say anything about *them* in the letter?" asked Ursula.

"The person who wrote it said that he had never seen him scratch," I replied.

"He must," said Ursula thoughtfully, "have been a singularly unobservant man."

Still we hesitated. A point on the credit side was that there was no difficulty in making him follow; rather the other way.

On the fourth afternoon of his visit Ursula and I were both engaged to tea with the new Rectoress. We thought to have solved the problem of Toby by locking him in the potting-shed. The Rectory stands at the remote end of the village, about half a mile distant from our home. One recalled afterwards, of course, that the window of the potting-shed had incautiously been left ajar; but how the faithful animal traced us to the Rectory and actually forced an entrance to the drawing-room was another matter. Somewhere on the journey he must have encountered a pond of green slime . . . The Rector himself was exceedingly nice about it, and related several appropriate anecdotes from *The Spectator;* but it cannot be pretended that Toby added to the success of the visit. We returned home with the balance of popular opinion in favour of rejection.

And that night Toby sickened. Whether it was that green slime had been inimical to his constitution, or for whatever reason, the fact remains that our probationer became manifestly unwell. His eyes grew dull, his nose hot, and the little tousled head clearly ached, with such reluctance was it lifted from the human arm (Ursula's) into which it had trustfully nestled. His host and hostess regarded him and each other with some anxiety, mingled perhaps, on my part, with a little irritation.

"That settles it," I said. "We've had the dog four days, and he's been one perpetual bother. Directly he's able to travel, he goes."

"Ye-es," said Ursula.

We made up an emergency bed with a basket and some rugs before the kitchen fire; and Toby lay in it, more pathetic than ever, with a last fond fare-

well in his one uncovered eye for the members of the household gathered round. Our official vet. is away Bosche hunting at present, but on the next morning the *locum*, summoned by telegram, called for our visitor in a dog-cart, and bore him away wrapped in a blanket All that day the house seemed oddly quiet—oddly, because Toby had never been what you could call a vehement inmate—and Ursula and I told each other at intervals how fortunate it was that we had discovered things in time.

"I hope," she added, "that you will write pretty sharply about it to the advertisement people."

Two more days went by, while we heard nothing of the invalid. The week was now in its last hours. Something had to be done, and immediately. In the unlikely event of its being possible, there was Toby's return journey to be arranged. "I shall drive in to-morrow," I said, "and settle the matter."

"I might as well come too," said Ursula.

So in the morning we started—I with the rusty chain in my coat pocket. I had already looked up times, and decided that Toby was to catch the noon express from the junction. "Of course," said Ursula timidly, "one wouldn't want him to run any risks or be unhappy on the journey."

"Ursula," I reproved her, "I have no intention of being brutal, but that dog would be unhappy anywhere. He revels in it."

At the *locum's*, however, a surprise awaited us.

"Of course he's able to travel," declared Toby's medical adviser briskly. "He's as fit as a fiddle! Only had a touch of liver-chill. I'll go and fetch him for you. I expect," he added over his shoulder, "it may have been coming on for some days."

This was eminently satisfactory. There was now no possible reason why Toby should not be returned at once. I produced the rusty chain. Ursula had seated herself and was gazing sternly out of window. And then, before we expected him, Toby entered. There came a sound of scrabbling and snuffling at the door; it opened, and an agitated mass of black, white, and tan dashed into the room, and precipitated itself upon us, quivering from head to all four feet in an ecstasy of welcome. "*Oh, my long-lost master! Oh, my beloved mistress!*" cried Toby, beaming with wags. "*At length we are united again! What a moment!*"

He was upon Ursula's knee already, pounding her with tumultuous paws, licking her face, and then turning to loll his tongue delightedly at me. "Seems a bit more lively now," commented the *locum*. "Shall you want a label?"

Ursula looked up, and our eyes met. "No," I said firmly, with the air of one who clings to an unalterable resolution. I replaced the chain in my pocket. "He will not be travelling to-day." The question had, I felt, been taken out of our hands. The answer was Appro.



"Two third-class returns." "Where to? Why, back 'ere, o' course, ye fule!"

Journalistic Candour.

"Owing to its private wire, the 'Northern Echo' gives War news three or four hours later than any other paper printed in or circulating in the district."

"Flags played into Petrograd.

Four regimental colours from Kovno have arrived at Moscow. They were preceded by a military band and were escorted to the Kremlin."—*Evening Paper.*

This stratagem of making Petrograd part of the Kremlin may prove very baffling to the Germans.

A SURPRISE VISIT.

"You must see the Camp Quartermaster's store." The voice was the voice of our Commandant and I was the Camp Quartermaster. The person addressed I guessed to be the General, who was paying us a surprise visit. In our camps we are prepared for any emergency and, curiously enough, the whole camp had that morning been scrubbed and cleaned in case anything like an unexpected visit from the General should occur. I glanced round the store to make sure that it was in a suitable condition to be surprised, and I started furiously adding up figures in order to be surprised while engaged in my work.

"This, General, is the Camp Quartermaster." I hurriedly put down my pen, rose from my chair and stood on my cap, which I had hastily removed and placed out of sight on the floor so as not to embarrass the General by making him acknowledge a salute in a confined space.

For the General I was prepared; but that Mrs. General and several other ladies would be in attendance I had not anticipated. I forthwith removed one foot from my cap and got my face mixed up with the bunch of bananas which I had hung over my table in order to give an artistic Oriental appearance to the store.

"You would hardly think that this gentleman is a distinguished writer," said our Commandant, meaning me. The look of frank incredulity on the face of the General, if somewhat offensive, was thoroughly justified, as of course I am not a distinguished writer or anything of the kind, though our Commandant usually introduces us to strangers as persons distinguished in something other than soldiering, so as to gloss over any slight error of military etiquette of which we may be guilty. Out of loyalty to our Commandant I endeavoured to assume what I believed to be the air of a distinguished writer, though I was considerably handicapped by still having one foot on my cap and my face in the bunch of bananas.

"How interesting!" murmured the ladies.

"Really!" said the General. "What do you write?"

"Orders for beer mostly," I muttered.

"I shall be very interested to read them," said the General, who could hardly have caught the full purport of my reply, as he had meantime wrapt



Sketch of house-party (showing latest designs in autumn suitings); being the only way a really patriotic tailor dare advertise mufti at the present time.

his head in one of those long sticky things which are known as "fly cemeteries" and are to be found hanging in every self-respecting store. In spite of the fact that we all worked our hardest, the process of disentangling him took time, as fly cemeteries are elusive things and as soon as we got one end off one ear the other end adhered to his other ear.

"So this is your store," said the General's wife, who was the first to recover. "What's the price of potatoes?" I had expected this, and in anticipation of the General's visit (I mean in view of the possibility of a visit from the General) I had learnt the price of every kind of potato that had ever been raised. The making or marring of a Quartermaster depends on whether or not he can tell the General the price of potatoes. I could have given the right answer at any moment up to the time of his becoming involved with the fly cemetery, but now it had vanished from me like a Zeppelin in the night.

"Potatoes—yes, of course these are potatoes," I said, and endeavoured to change the conversation by treading on a pot of jam, "and this is jam, as you see by the pips——"

"What's the price of potatoes?" rudely interrupted the General, whose temper was slightly ruffled by the number of semi-defunct flies which still adhered to his scalp.

"It depends whether you mean London potatoes or Country potatoes, Sir, because, of course, you can get potatoes in the country as well as in London. Personally I prefer the London variety. This potato (I picked one out of the sack) is a Londoner; the country kind are similar in shape but of course cleaner. I have had some country ones here and, as a matter of fact, kept one to show you in case you came down, but it died yesterday and we had to cook it. I don't remember exactly what I paid for this particular potato; you see I've had to buy several and they're difficult to identify and the price varies according to the market value. I'm afraid that in England the civilian doesn't pay sufficient attention to the price of potatoes, but in Germany things are different; that's why we get so many conflicting reports. I've read as many as two absolutely contradictory accounts of the German potato crop in the same paper. According to one account the last potato in Germany had been destroyed by an air raid; according to the other potatoes were so plentiful that they weren't worth picking and were simply rotting on the trees."

"Potatoes on trees!" said Mrs. General.

That's the worst of women, they always know about these domestic things.

Providentially the General at this moment became involved in another fly cemetery and while we unglued him I remembered the price of potatoes.

"You know, Sir, of course," I said, "that the present price of potatoes in the London market is six shillings per cwt., and sixpence more in the country. Yes, that is tinned milk; fresh milk is sold only in the towns. I buy my bananas from Spain, and the curious thing is that the men prefer marmalade to jam. Good-bye, Sir, the flies are troublesome, aren't they?"

The Super-Lunchers.

"Visits were paid yesterday by Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell to Southport and St. Helen's.

At each place the visitors were entertained at lunch by the Mayor and Mayoress."

Morning Paper.

A headline from *The Egyptian Gazette*:—

"Rats as German Carriers."

Although we have heard much of these animals as conveyers of plague, we can hardly believe this latest accusation.

"Owing to a plague of wasps in the Sheffield district, farmers have had to stop harvest operations to take wasps wasp nests before they could gather in their wasps."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Some of them appear to have strayed into the printing-office.

HOLIDAY'S END.

(*After six days' leave in the North.*)

For three long days of white and gold and blue
(And three of driving wind and driven rain),
For wonder of the misty dawns that grew
Clear, as the dayshine followed in their train,—
For all the pleasuring that yours and you
Provided, Thomas, take my thanks again.

Now—Franceward bound once more—I look again
To where your hill slides into far-off blue
Behind me; and the rattle of the train
Can't drown the fairy-songs I hear, that grew
Out of the clouds, out of the falling rain—
Songs of a land I leave, alas! with you.

And for to-morrow? Oh, my Thomas, you
Will climb the stony southern beat again
To Corriecharbie; and across the blue
The driven birds will come, a straggling train;
And at the clearing where the rowans grew
You'll wait for lunch, and sniff the coming rain . . .

Or, if the river's up with last night's rain,
That twenty-pounder's lying by for you—
The wary one I played and lost again
Down at the Falls; and shall you try that "Blue
Doctor" we tied on Sunday—left to train
On for a little, "till his feathers grew"?

Ah, when the fishing wind set fair, and grew
From south to south-west with a hint of rain,
All day we stayed there till our hands were blue
And the long line ran out and out again.
This poor Unfit One—this remains to you;
To me, the flying shadow of the train.

Yet later, when the southward-swinging train
Crosses the Border—where our friendship grew
And ripened—and the scent of English rain
Blows through an English night, I think of you
Cheerfully; I am Sassenach again
As the last stars go down in misty blue.

* * * * * *

Postscriptum.

But with the blue chill morning, as the train
Left wind and rain and hills behind, there grew
This hope—that you might ask me there again.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVI.

(*From* Charles Peace, *Esq., J.P.*)

I can see your Majesty's startled look when your Imperial eye falls upon my signature at the end of this letter. "How in thunder," you will say to yourself, "does a man with such a name as that dare to address himself to me at such a moment as this? Is it done by way of a joke? In that case I would have him know that a German Emperor does not care for jokes, except when he makes them himself;" and you will throw the letter down and trample on it with just that same silly petulance that caused you to make this War and plunge nearly all the world into bloodshed and destruction..

However, I may as well ease your mind at once. There's no joke about my name. It really is "Peace" and always has been since I can remember anything, and I'm not writing in order to tease you or pull your leg, or to do any of those things of which a high and mighty Emperor naturally disapproves. Quite the contrary. My object in writing to you is to tell you that I have a certain admiration for you. I realise that that is a queer thing for an Englishman to say, and I don't want you to do what you've so often done before in other matters, namely, to draw erroneous conclusions. So I'll explain what I mean without any more beating about the bush.

Sir, I had a grandfather—indeed, like the rest of us, I had two, but only one of them stamped his name upon the age and is worthy of public remembrance. That one was my paternal grandfather, whose name, like my own, was Charles Peace. You'll ask what he was. Well, I'll tell you in strict confidence, for, after all, one doesn't like the frailties of one's ancestors to become the subject of malevolent public gossip. Charlie Peace was a burglar and a murderer who flourished some forty years ago. Many men have been burglars and some have been assassins, but my grandfather had special and peculiar merits. He was an amateur of the violin and used to delight his landladies and their visitors by playing popular selections to them of an evening before going out on business in the neighbourhood. Moreover, he had a marked taste for our dramatic poets, especially for Shakspeare, passages from whose immortal works he used to read in schools by arrangement with their headmasters. His greatest effort in this line, I am told, was the Gravediggers' scene from *Hamlet*. Altogether he was a most ingenious and versatile gentleman, devoted to the arts during the time that he spared from the cracking of cribs and the shooting of policemen. Finally, however, the law got the better of him. All this was a great blow to my poor father, who was doing a good and honest business of his own in the North of England, and for a time we had to forget my grandfather; but as the years passed on and money began to accumulate, we could afford to remember him sometimes; and now, I protest, we're rather proud of him, just as many a Border family used to be proud of an ancestor who had been hanged at Carlisle for sheep-stealing. So it is possible that some future generation of men may speak with less horror than the present of yourself and your deeds. To be sure you have killed millions where grandfather accounted for only one or two. He rifled a few houses; you have laid whole provinces waste, and being under a solemn pledge to guard a country, you entered it like a thief in the night, destroyed its inhabitants and trampled its liberties underfoot. Yes, you're a bigger man in the realms of crime than ever Charles Peace, my grandfather, was, but what with your dabblings in music and painting and drama, you're not unlike him in the make-up of your character, and if I happened to want a grandfather of the real C.P. brand, I think I should know where to look for one. That's what I wanted to tell you, and now that I've told it my mind is easier. But please do not let this unstudied tribute of admiration go beyond yourself.

Yours, Charles Peace.

From a tailor's advertisement:—

"Sole Agents for the Glengorra Antiseptic Sporting Tweeds."
Kilkenny Moderator.

The cloth for "The Cloth."

"The ladies also took an active part in the work, helping to paint and varnish the widows."—*Bath Herald.*

Ho! for the touch of a varnished hand!

"The humorous bone of his left arm is shattered."
East Devon News.

We prefer the simpler name for it.

THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS.

SHE made a lovely garden,
Its moated waters welled,
And all the brakes of Arden
Held not the peace it held;
No shadow swept the bower
That rose on sea-smoothed sands
Save, as she set each flower,
The shadow of her hands.

Herein were paths enchanted
With coloured sand inlaid,
And purple knapweed planted
In many a pleasant glade;
Parterres with grave devotion
She laboured to adorn
With cockles from the ocean
And cockles from the corn.

Then lo! the crowning wonder,
A flower that bent and swung
To filmy wings' faint thunder
And legs that clasped and clung;
And proud blue eyes grew wider
And cheeks a rosier hue—
Real bees at work beside her
And make-believe come true!

A MOULD OF FORM.

IT has been said that everybody is afraid of some one. Equally true is it that everybody envies some one. Mr. ROCKEFELLER, for example, probably envies some poor man with a digestion, hair on his head and no Standard Oil troubles—a tramp even. Mr. CARNEGIE, it is possible, envies a young Scotch boy beginning life with half-a-crown in his pocket. And so with the rest of us—each has his hero.

The man who, at the moment, I feel to be most admirable and remote from myself—and this remoteness is of course of the essence of envy—is my acquaintance, X.

I had always felt that X had worthy qualities of distinction, engaging touches of superiority and aloofness, but not until we were seated on an omnibus in the high wind of last week did I realise how splendid he could be and long for similar gifts.

We had just come from Blank's, X's hatter, where he had acquired a beautiful soft hat, which he was wearing, and we were on our way regally on the front seat of a Dreadnought bus to South Kensington Museum, where we were bent on examining a branch of applied art.

The wind, you will remember, came furiously in gusts, and one of these removed from X's head his becoming new purchase and sent it spinning into the road. Uttering a brief word designed to meet, although not to exhaust, the requirements of such occurrences, he rang the bell and descended from the bus. I followed.

So far he had done no more than anyone else—you or I—would do; but no sooner had he safely landed than he put up his stick to a passing taxi and bade the driver take us back to Blank's.

In the distance I could see officious persons closing in on the fugitive; but X's eyes did not stray in their direction.

A very few moments brought us to a part of the road where, as we passed, an excited man was in the act of brushing X's hat preparatory to finding its owner and returning it to him.

I drew X's attention to this Good Samaritan, and it was then that he seemed to me to rise inches above the common stature.

"Let's get on to Blank's quickly," he said.



RECOGNITION.

THESE TWO VOLUNTEERS, THOUGH EXTREMELY THIRSTY, ARE GREATLY PLEASED AT HAVING BEEN REFUSED DRINKS ON THE GROUND THAT THEY ARE *SOLDIERS*.

"Further communications from Berlin are expected to advance negotiations to the point where attacks on ship-carrying passengers will be definitely discontinued, at least while the subject is under further discussion."
Morning Paper.

Still, in view of the vagueness of this concession, it would be wise for the intending traveller not to include the *Mauretania* in his personal baggage.

BACK.

Millions of stout Germans buzzed annoyingly about, flicking at me as they passed with absurd toy bayonets, and puffing from rounded cheeks their nasty gases, which spread in great balloons like the conversations in Mr. Haselden's *Daily Mirror* pictures. Then an angel—no, it must have been a goddess—appeared and drove them away with a wave of her arm, quite like the old times, you know, Hector and Troy and all that. I began to wonder which she was; Hera—I hoped not Hera, I always hated her so; or Athena—I shouldn't mind Athena; or perhaps Aphrodite: yes, I think Aphrodite on the whole, please. When the last German had quite gone she came towards me—so she hadn't forgotten how to do it after all these years, you see; having rescued her favourite, she would speak to him words of advice and encouragement. How splendid!

She touched me lightly on the shoulder. "Breakfast," she said. Then she materialised a little, but only just a little. Her robes became the sober grey dress and little scarlet cloak that soldiers know and bless. "Breakfast," she said again. "We're in."

She turned away to the next cot. Breakfast indeed! Good Heavens, who wants breakfast? We're *in*.

A doubt assailed me; the goddess had gone and I looked uneasily round for the gas-blowing Germans, craning to see under the cot. It's just the mean trick they would do to hide underneath and blow their nasty stuff from there. I craned as far as my miserable arm would let me till a gentle bump of the boat nearly shot me out. But it settled the matter. We *are* in, and that's Southampton pier we're bumping against.

The goddess returned. "Come, you must eat your breakfast, you know." Even goddesses are a nuisance at times. "And then you shall have a paper; it's just come."

"But Aphr . . . Sister, I can't eat this mess."

She coaxed a little, but finally gave in.

"Well, at any rate drink this, and then I'll leave you in peace to your paper."

I drank "this" and she went. I was quite awake now, but I didn't want to read; I just lay and listened to them getting the gangways out; it was a jolly sound.

Presently a man in the far corner said there was a big casualty list in. Everyone takes a morbid interest in casualty lists, so I opened my paper to look at it. It was a penny paper, and simply enormous; you know what they seem like when you're ill. I turned page after page; a trench was stormed and recaptured, stormed and recaptured, stormed and recaptured. In the money markets tin shouted that it was buoyant with a persistency that was simply revolting. What business had tin to be buoyant just then?

At last I came upon the "Fallen Officers" notices. I ran my eye down—one or two of the men I had known; presently the name of 2nd Lieutenant John Sevastopol... Hello! that's familiar; Sevastopol is a name that has lain heavy on the boys of our family ever since an enthusiastic little lady bore a son and lost a husband in the winter of '55. Forsyth, 2nd Battalion, the W——. By Jove, it is. John Sevastopol Forsyth. I chuckled quietly; it really was rather funny. I wondered what people I knew would say about me at breakfast that morning. With the porridge perhaps, how sad it was all these youngsters getting killed off like this; over the bacon they might recall my good points and say what a promising boy I'd always been; by the marmalade they'd wish they'd been nicer to me—I *am* so glad they weren't.

I was still chuckling when an R.A.M.C. Major came round, decorating each as he passed with a label. On me he pinned the word "Ipswich." I read it and groaned. "Major," I said, "this is too much. Here am I, a bright and promising young officer, who has just died for his country, and you send me home and bury me at Ipswich. *Ipswich* of all places, I'll trouble you."

The Major was adamant. "Sorry," he said, "but you'll have to take your chance; you can't all go to London."

I fired my last shot. When you really want anything out of a Major you call him Sir; it's like calling a policeman Sergeant, you know; makes him feel as if he'd got his command by brevet. "But, Sir," I began, and then I explained exactly why I, at any rate, must go to London. He'd only just got his majority and was still human. "Very well," he said at last; "but don't go talking about it to everybody." So I was redirected to London.

Soon the transporting began, an exhausting process when you are absurdly conscious of the tenderness of most of your limbs; and when we were safely in the train I dozed at once, not to wake till we reached Waterloo. The rest was short, an ambulance ride through London streets, an absolute dream after the French *pavé*, and then the hospital, where beautiful white walls with rounded corners seemed to say, "You've got to get well here." It was perfect, but I wanted one thing more. Of course they had it—a portable one, that I could speak through as I lay in bed. "Western double-three 0 five." That wasn't the real number—this is the part of the story that isn't true—and I don't know who Western 3305 is, but I hope he'll let me use his line for a minute. "Western double-thhrrree 0 five," answered an austere voice. A pause. "Hello!" I recognised the voice, it was the one I wanted, but it didn't sound quite so merry as usual. "Hello!" it said again; "who's that?"

"Roughly," I said, "this is a voice from the tomb."

"Speak up." I spoke up; even so there seemed to be some doubt.

"What's your number?" asked the voice.

So then I began at the beginning.

"I am John Sev"—well, you know who I am, don't you?—"And I hope you're not believing this silly story about my being killed, becau . . ."

"Oh, Johnny!" she began.

Yes, it's good to be back from the dead.

His Badge of Office.

Jones. "How did you know that Robinson was a staff officer?"

Brown. "Why, because he wears red tape round his hat."

A Natural Supposition.

Little girl, aged 4½, to her mother:—

"Mummy, are wasps German bees?"

"A farmer in the Wetherby district, 78 years of age, has this year cut the whole of his corn himself with a scythe."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

While congratulating this veteran on his remarkable skill, we think it would have been safer to employ a chiropodist.

"What amount of retrospective whitewash does Germany hope to extract from exhuming the discussions . . . before the War?"

Daily Dispatch.

Well, it would seem to depend upon the number of her whited sepulchres.

"The military program has already been framed, and half a million of dollars (£100,000,000) will be asked for."

Evening Paper.

We were aware that the American rate of exchange had been moving against us, but did not realise that it was quite so bad.

The Pity of It.

When memory of Prussian foulness fails,
One thing will keep its fame
Of cruelty and shame—
The strike in Wales.



THE TEST OF A GENTLEMAN.

Longshoreman (after protracted conversation). "BE YOU ONE O' THEY GERMANS, ZUR?"
Visitor. "GOOD GRACIOUS, NO. WHY?"
Longshoreman. "WELL, YOU 'ASN'T ASKED I IF I WOR THIRSTY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE ought to be an Ideas Exchange for novelists. Ideas for stories are always calling at the wrong address. Probably at this very moment Mr. W. W. JACOBS has just thought of a splendid plot for a mediæval romance which would make Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT scream with joy, while round the corner Mr. HEWLETT is wishing that he were able to do something with the magnificent idea for a Night Watchman yarn that has come to him. If only there had been some Exchange of this kind in existence, Miss ELLEN ADA SMITH would have been able to let Mr. W. B. MAXWELL have the theme of *The Despot* (JOHN LONG). He is the only writer I know who could have made out of *Paul Manderson*, the philanthropic but unscrupulous mad doctor, the big living character which he ought to be. Miss SMITH has done her best with him, but has failed for lack of ammunition. Her gentle, rather rambling style is unequal to *Manderson*. She is at home with her less formidable characters, especially when they happen to be women, but she has not the power and vision necessary for the delineation of a man whose sole aim in life is to benefit humanity in the mass, and who in pursuance of this ambition ruthlessly sacrifices the lives and happiness of individuals. *The Despot* falls between two stools. It has not enough movement for a novel of action, and not enough detail for a novel of character. The author's attitude towards *Manderson* is a question. Was he a supreme genius or merely a charlatan with hypnotic powers? If you are interested in *Manderson* at all, that is the one thing you want to know about him; and, when you apply to Miss SMITH for authoritative information, she shrugs her shoulders and says, "I wonder!"

To get an idea of the style of Mr. F. HORACE ROSE'S latest book, *Golden Glory* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I suggest that you should imagine Mr. J. C. SNAITH in the frame of mind which produced *Fortune* sallying forth to follow in the footsteps of Sir RIDER HAGGARD in his Darkest African humour. Such a combination sounds, I admit, almost too good to be true, and in simple honesty I hasten to add that both these famous warriors might fairly feel a little aggrieved at the comparison, for, though there is twist and thrust enough to remind one of Mr. SNAITH and battle-shock that might well have been planned by Sir RIDER, on neither flank is there quite the full authentic fire; yet, due allowance made, it is fair enough. Certainly for such a campaign one can hardly imagine a more conveniently arranged country than Bechuanaland of a hundred years ago would seem to have been; for in the wanderings of *Napo the Dwarf*, seeker of a vaguely spiritual glory, and his two stalwart friends, the only important credentials were a hand ready and a skull thick enough to meet those occasions of "liveliness" in which they were every day involved. May I confess that at times I found these warlike details more than a little involved myself, and had need of a stout enough head to come through safely? But that perhaps was natural, since no white man is allowed to intrude on these pages, a stray keg of gun-powder being the only exponent of a civilisation against which Mr. ROSE is rather too fond of letting fly sundry little arrows of criticism. Such an attitude seems to me not only rather irritating but a bit ungrateful too, seeing

that his book owes a good deal to that climax of many fascinating wizardries, the production of a real live thunderbolt, and without a properly civilised fire-barrel not even *Keshwan*, the boaster, could have done that. But this is not a very serious weakness, and on the whole the story is certainly one to put on your list.

Mr. J. D. Beresford, having long delighted us with his famous realistic trilogy, has in his latest mood gone off at a tangent into the frankest conventionalism. It is indeed possible that he has a little overdone it. I didn't find myself quite able to believe in his *Arthur Grey*, who (scion of a noble English house, son of a remittance-man father and an honest Canadian mother,) determines, owing to stout highbrow notions, never to claim his inheritance, yet comes over and contrives to be invited as a guest to his ancestral home, falls inevitably in love with his cousin, *Lady Tempe* (*quite* a nice girl), and ends by taking both her and the family title and estates, in order to save complications—which Mr. Beresford, rather perversely, as it seems to me, has himself invented. By the way, he will find, I think, if he looks up his peerage, that he has deprived the *Marquis of Cheshire's* son of his courtesy title and that is a very terrible mistake to make in the eyes of the higher patrons of the circulating libraries, though I myself might be disposed to agree with him that it didn't much matter. It is quite likely that *The Mountains of the Moon* (Cassell) will find new readers for Mr. Beresford on the strength of a deservedly high reputation acquired in another and more excellent way. But what I should like to ask the publishers is, where in the world they discovered the peculiarly beastly pimpled blue cloth which I thought all modern self-respecting bookmakers had decided for ever to avoid? It should be a statutable offence to revive its use.



Helpful Passer-by. "Excuse me, Sir, but I think you have caught a fish."

The Novice. "Yes, yes, I know, but I'm looking through the book to see whether I take the hook out of the fish or the fish off the hook."

Green Eyes (Hodder and Stoughton), by Miss Egerton Jones, introduces us to yet another Ruritania. But I think that Asgaarde (the name given by Miss Egerton Jones to the little Kingdom of her fancy) was created only because she wanted a real blood royal hero. The main scenes of her book are laid in Australia, where the heir to the throne of Asgaarde was travelling incognito and fell in love with the lady of the verdant optic. Asgaarde in the end becomes "practically a Montenegrin province," but I am glad to say—for it would be tactless to cast reflections upon one of our Allies—that she does not leave me scandalised by the way in which it was annexed. This is apparently a first novel, and it is perhaps a little too sentimental and too gushing. But it is written with the enthusiasm and verve of youth, and the presence of those qualities in its pages makes me readier to commend than to condemn.

Why Mr. Bruno Lessing should have called his book *With the Best Intention* (Hurst and Blackett) I have no idea. If the title was meant for apology it is certainly undemanded, for the story or stories it covers [illegible] of their kind. I say stories because almost every chapter is, so to speak, self-contained and semi-detached; indeed, if they have not made a previous appearance in magazine form, they might quite easily have done so. The subject of them is the adventures of a little group of Lithuanian Jews, newly settled in the United States. Throughout, the atmosphere is what might be called *Potashy*; fortunately perhaps a recent theatrical success has endeared this kind of thing to the public heart. Chief among the characters is one *Lapidowitz*, a Schnorrer. Perhaps you know already what a Schnorrer is? The author here defines it as one who lives by his wits, or (one might add) the lack of them in others. This *Lapidowitz* is a great man. One of the tales tells of the little list he keeps of touchable friends, and the method by which Fate and the widow *[illegible]* frustrated his plans of extracting ten dollars from the chief of them. *Lapidowitz* indeed seems seldom to have been happy in his dealings with the sex, from *Miss Fraser*, the Christian school-teacher whom he employed little *Moishe* to woo vicariously with apples, to *Mrs. Zabriskie* with whom he had arranged a two-months' engagement on a strictly cash basis. All these and the other stories in the book are, I think, sufficiently fresh and entertaining to warrant me in recommending them to your notice. I should add that they have been most characteristically illustrated by Mr. Leone Bracker, whose pictures have secured the spirit of the Ghetto with unusual skill.

A publisher's notice of Mr. Hall Caine's new War book informs us that it is "a series of flash-lights on the human side of the vast struggle" which "should act as a clarion-call to the nation." It sounds rather like a cinema-show with cornet obbligato.

Commercial Candour.

From a confectioner's price list:—

"—'s Chewing Gum.

Used by all athletes and those undertaking feats of endurance, such as marching, etc. It banishes thirst and creates a healthy saliva to promote indigestion."

"Tea was served on the lawn at Lansdown, the 'waitresses' being appropriately garbed with 'Union Jack' aprons."—*St. Ives Times.*

If the description is approximately correct a lot of trade must have followed the flag on this occasion.

MR. PUNCH TO HIS FRIENDS.

Mr. Punch is reproducing his Cartoon, "The Two Ideals," with his lines, "The Wayside Calvary," printed below. The issue will be on rough paper, and the price 2s. 6d. Application should be made to the Secretary, "Punch" Offices, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

CHARIVARIA.

The veil has at last been lifted in favour of a correspondent of the American Press, and we in England are permitted to share with Germany a knowledge of the activities of our Grand Fleet. Among other secrets now revealed we learn the poignant fact that "the necessity for attending to damage received in battle had always been foreseen by the British Naval authorities."

* * *

The following dialogue is reported from the United States:—

Count Bernstorff. I assure you on my word of honour as a German gentleman that the Imperial Government has throughout been actuated by the highest principles of humanity.

Uncle Sam. O shucks! Tell that to the submarines.

* * *

We always look to the British Ass. to provide sensations for September, and, though this September is in no need of such stimuli, here they are. The President of the Zoological section describes the earliest forms of life on this planet as "specks, or globules, of a substance similar in its reactions to chromatics." From these—in time—sprang all our great men.

* * *

Coming over with the Conqueror is no longer a boast of any value. The thing now is to have come in with the globules, or specks.

* * *

Major Moraht evidently fails to understand football in the English style. Otherwise his words in *The Times* of September 4 would not read: "France may resolve to send her goal-birds into the front line."

* * *

From Brigade Orders by the O.C. 2/1st South Midland Mounted Brigade: "The Warwickshire Yeomanry will parade at 9 A.M., facing the Lake, and will bring their Rattles on parade with them." Can you wonder that our yeomen complain of being treated as infantry?

* * *

An extravagant London bachelor, suddenly taken by the great idea of retrenchment, is putting a notice in the papers to the effect that after a certain date he will no longer be responsible for his own debts.

* * *

It may interest the Editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, who is running an exciting correspondence on "Religion and the War," to know that the small Bahamas contingent of thirty for the British Army was sent to Jamaica in a yacht lent by his Lordship the Bishop of Nassau, bearing the name *The Message of Peace*.

* * *

According to a contemporary, a "wireless message sent to the German Embassy, Cedarhurst, New York, by wireless, was circulated by the Wireless Press." Reading carefully between the lines we have come to the conclusion that no actual wire was employed.

* * *

A shell bursting in a trench in France struck a box of gramophone needles, seventeen of which were afterwards extracted from a soldier's back. That is "getting the needle" with a vengeance.

* * *

At a Socialist and Labour demonstration Mr. John Hodge, M.P., stated that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., had fallen from the high estate in which he had held him. Mr. Hodge is a strong man. We ourselves could not have held Mr. MacDonald half so high.

* * *

The conduct of Dr. Dumba in promoting strikes in American munition factories was reported to have rendered him *persona non grata*. Subsequently we were informed that he had given a "satisfactory explanation" and that the "incident was closed." This statement now turns out to be incorrect, but meanwhile it gave a prophetic significance to *The Evening Standard's* reference to him as "a person non grata.'"

* * *

Many Bosches have failed to find in Russia a home from home. This is explained by the fact that there is a marked difference between the Fatherland and the Steppe-farther-land.



Visitor. "I see you have a factory built here?"

Native. "No, indeed, Zur, but us 'ad a Zeppelin here last week, and that's only old Mrs. Brown's well, blown inside out."

TO A ZEPPELIN.

[In the measure of Shelley's *To a Skylark.*]

Hail to thee, high-flier,
Who with generous heart
Pourest out thy fire
Over earth's dim chart
In sundry spasms of well-premeditated art!

Like a monstrous bird
Overseas thou comest;
Melodies unheard
Through the heavens thou hummest,
And bombing still dost soar, and soaring ever bombest.

O'er thy bloated carcass
Plays the silver beam,
Where, in azure dark, as
In a nightmare dream,
Thy crew are swung and wish themselves elsewhere, I deem.

Forth from many a tile (hark!)
Boom the happy guns,
Having quite a sky-lark
Blazing at the Huns,
With now a decent shot, and now some rotten ones.

Didst thou look for panic,
Counting on a scare
Caused by that Titanic
Sausage up in air?
Then let me tell thee, London hasn't turned a hair.

Calm she gazed with such eyes
On the scene as though
Watching cocoanut-shies
Or a comet-show
Or pyrotechnics done by Messrs. Brock and Co.

Saw the last red light out,
And, with jaunty tread,
After half a night out
Struck for home and bed
And on the usual pillow laid the usual head.

With the morrow's dawning
Rose and, all serene,
Turned—a little yawning—
To the day's routine,
And went about her work as if thou hadst not been.

O. S.

FURTHER CONCESSIONS.

(*To be outlined in the next German note.*)

In future it is understood that the Imperial Government will (wherever this is possible and not highly inconvenient to the operations of German war vessels) allow an interval of twenty minutes for the repentance and self-preparation of American citizens before the destruction by torpedo or otherwise of any first-class liner.

This concession must be understood to be only available when and where the following conditions are rigorously observed:—

(1) On first sighting a hostile submarine the passenger steamer must at once communicate by wireless the names and addresses of all Americans and Englishmen passengers. These persons must be collected into two separate open boats, and the boats labelled "Wilson" and "Grey" respectively. Also the exact amount of munitions of war concealed as personal luggage must be notified.

(2) On being *missed* by a shell or torpedo discharged by a German submarine, any liner must instantly signal to the submarine concerned, "I apologise. Please try again—a little more to the right (or left, as the case may be)."

(3) On finding his vessel within attacking distance of any German submarine, but unobserved by the latter, the commanding officer of any liner shall instantly signal her name and exact latitude, with the words, "Here we are. Please send torpedo; *or shall we blow ourselves up?*"

(4) On receiving no answer any such commanding officer shall instantly order all English passengers into open boats, which shall convey them within range of the aforesaid submarine. In case it cannot be found, such boats must be left on the high seas, labelled "Englishman—To be left till called for."

(5) Any such liner or passenger steamer as aforesaid, when torpedoed and sinking, shall order all remaining passengers on deck, and go down with band playing *Die Wacht am Rhein.*

(6) Any liner or passenger steamer as above *practising evasive tactics*, such as—

(*a*) Continuing its voyage *without* communication or apology as above;

(*b*) *Dodging*, or attempting to dodge or evade, any German torpedo discharged with intent to destroy it,

shall be considered a legitimate object for destruction.

(7) Any English or other belligerents detected in the action of looking for, scanning or observing any German submarine occupied in the execution of its duty shall be shot as spies.

THE DREAM OF PRIVATE ATKINS.

8 a.m.—Inspected Officers equipment. Officers did not come to attention at once on my appearance, so gave whole lot two hours' pack drill. Put two men back to clean their binoculars.

Orderly Room, 9 a.m.—Adjutant before me for omitting to salute Lance-Corporal Smith. Awarded fourteen hours' fatigue.

9.30 a.m.—Took Platoon-Commanders in squad drill. Hopelessly stupid lot. Their formation of fours ludicrous. No notion whatever of difference between their right and left. Put entire squad back for further instruction in recruit drill.

11 a.m.—Parade of Company Commanders. Gave them "For inspection—Port Canes." Several canes not sufficiently polished; my own Company Commander's particularly rusty in the nob. Gave him three days' C.B. That should teach him.

Continued trouble with Colonel. Spoke to him several times about his manner towards me. Anybody would think sometimes, from Colonel's attitude, that he was at least my equal in rank. His tunic buttons, too, a disgrace to the battalion. Tell him that I really cannot tolerate these slovenly practices. His plea that he has not sufficient time for cleaning tunic, etc., I reject forthwith. Tell him to rise earlier; every Colonel should be up by 5.30. Stop all his leave for a month.

12 noon.—Gross impertinence on part of Brigadier. Have had to tell him off several times on account of his habit of making cynical remarks on the subject of my alleged ignorance of the drill-book. Think I have taught him lesson, however, and that he will be more careful in the future.

1.30 p.m.—Attended Officers' Mess to hear complaints. Told them that their Irish stew was as good as any Private could want. What did they expect? A *chef* from an A. B. C. shop?



THE UNSINKABLE TIRP.

German Chancellor. "WELL, THANK HEAVEN THAT'S THE LAST OF TIRPITZ."
Tirpitz (*reappearing*). "I DON'T THINK!"



Private Brown (out of the picture). "WHO PUT THE BUTTER ON THIS BREAD?"
Sister Mary (sternly). "I DID, BROWN."
Private Brown. "O—HO! WHO TOOK IT OFF, THEN?"

BURNING THE BRASSARD.

["The brassards supplied to the Central Association of Volunteer Training Corps . . . are the property of the State, and cannot therefore be allowed to pass into the private ownership of individual members. The Council trust that adequate steps are taken to ensure that the brassards are recovered from those individuals who, on leaving the corps, are no longer entitled to retain them. Used brassards, being marked with the name of the member to whom they were issued, will, after return, be burnt in the presence of a responsible individual, who should retain a record of those so destroyed. In the event of an ex-member declining to return the brassard after reasonable application, the assistance of the civil authority can be invoked."—*War Office Announcement.*]

SCENE.—*The Tower of London, inside the Traitors' Gate.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*A Responsible Magnifico, a Prisoner (formerly Member of a Train-band), the Governor's Cat, Two Tower Ravens, Scriveners, Garter King-of-Arms, a Pursuivant, Warders, Beef-eaters, The Headsman and his Minions, a Turnkey, Burgesses, Apprentices and the like.*

TIME.—*Any old Period.*

Pursuivant (to the assembled gathering). Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Be it known to all and sundry that a certain individual, to wit, James Scrunt, haberdasher, having renounced all privileges and sac and soc as member of the train-band known as the Gorgeous Wrecks, hath contumaciously refused to render up his badge or armlet against the peace of Our Lord the King. Wherefore I proclaim this Moot to be open, to show cause why due sentence should not be pronounced. Let the Prisoner be produced.

[*Execrations from the Beef-eaters, the Ravens and the Cat.*

The Prisoner is led in by Warders from a barge, the moat having been flooded for the occasion. He is heavily manacled and his eyes are bandaged with scarlet tape, but he wears his brassard defiantly.

Magnifico. Prisoner, you are accused of having contumaciously refused to render up your armlet, being no longer a member of the train-band to which you belonged. Have you aught to say in your defence?

[*Prisoner is silent. His eyes are unbandaged.*

Magnifico. Ha, Sirrah! So you are mute of malice. You were best given over to the *peine forte et dure*, were it not that another fate is in store for you! (*To the Warders*) Do your duty there.

[*They tear off his brassard and hand it to the Headsman, who receives it with a pair of tongs.*

A Burgess. Methinks, your Honour, it were best to reserve this ceremony to the Fifth of November.

[*This may be an anachronism, but is vehemently applauded by the Apprentices, anyway.*

Magnifico. Nay, the case is urgent. Proceed with your office. Let the Scriveners take due note of the event.

[*They scriven profusely.*

Headsman (to his minions). Get ready, varlets, and prepare the faggots and stake.

[*The Varlets do so. Business with flint and steel.*

Prisoner. Is this free England, and must I be burnt alive? I swear, your Mightiness, I only kept the armlet to hide a rent in my sleeve. My haberdashery is at an end, but I have grandsons in Flanders now fighting for their liege.

Magnifico. Beshrew me, but you can find words now, you surly knave. Nay, I only meant to terrify you! You shall indeed escape with your life; but, as a warning to all other dastards, your armlet shall be burnt to ashes!

[*The solemn rite is carried out. Prisoner collapses under the strain or from excess of joy, but is presently revived by the Turnkey. Garter then proclaims the ceremony ended.*

ZIGZAG.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

X.

My dear Mr. Punch,—If the Kaiser still nursed any mistaken ideas that we English are at all down-hearted about the War, he should have paid a visit to our Fort on the anniversary of the Declaration of War. He would soon have seen enough to convince him that the British Empire has still plenty of kick left in it.

We played a comic football match with twenty-two a side, the players being lashed together in pairs as in a three-legged race.

It was a good match, though hampered by the eccentric behaviour of the referee, one half of whom persisted in signalling such commands as "Retire" and "Close on the centre" every time he heard the whistle blown by the other half—commands which a year's military discipline caused the men to obey mechanically. This brought about confused conditions unprovided for in the Rules of Football. Later, when the decision of the referee was required in a little matter of handling in the penalty area, he was discovered sitting at the other end of the ground peacefully playing cards with himself. The cards were confiscated, but shortly afterwards he rubbed down one of the goal-posts and was ejected from the field of play shouting, "*Gott strafe Prickly Heat!*" with passionate intensity.

In the evening we held singing and speech-making competitions, and — our greatest effort — a beauty show. The prize for beauty was voted by acclamation to a resourceful Private made up as an English flapper. His skirt, it must be admitted, was improvised from an Army sheet and his luxuriant locks from coir purloined from an army bed (so-called). But anything remotely resembling an English girl now knocks us clean off our balance, and there was never any question of his success.

The stump speeches were not models of eloquence, thus proving once more that soldiers are men of action, not words. The prize-winner, was given the subject "India" on which to deliver an address. "India," he said nervously, "India—er—um—India, well, India is a hell of a place and I shall be thundering glad to get out of it."

He was deservedly cheered to the echo.

I fear, Mr. Punch, that our health is causing the authorities grave misgivings. Ever since we landed in India we have been constantly told that the Fort which we are now garrisoning is the worst, unhealthiest and most dangerous hot-weather station in the country. Regulars always allude to it pleasantly as "the death trap," or "the white man's grave," or "that ruddy cemetery;" and those who know both places assure us that Aden is a holiday centre by comparison. In fact, so gloomy was the outlook when we received orders to provide the garrison for the hot season that our poet was inspired to produce the following:—

Ten Territorials fancied India fine,
Till one caught malaria, and then there were nine.

Nine Territorials mourned his hapless fate;
One found a cobra, and then there were eight.

Eight Territorials [illegible] heaven;
One took his topee off, and then there were seven.

Seven Territorials brooded [illegible]
One picked up dysentery, and then there were six.

Six Territorials strove to keep alive;
One died from cholera, and then there were five.

Five Territorials quaked more and more;
One ate a little fruit, and then there were four.

Four Territorials thought they'd [illegible]
One met a mad dog, and then there were three.

Three Territorials felt extremely blue;
One drank some water, and then there were two.

Two Territorials wilted in the sun;
One had a heat-stroke, and then there was one.

One Territorial felt his day was done,
He committed suicide, and then there was none.

Yet, strangely enough, we remain as a body fit and healthy, and in defiance of all precedent persist in flourishing as if our station were a veritable health resort. Obviously such a state of affairs is highly irregular, and a month or two ago the authorities took the drastic step of appointing a new Medical Officer. As it happened, it proved quite ineffectual, for this gentlemen, becoming infected with the prevalent spirit of heresy, entered into beneficent league with our O.C. Detachment and set about taking energetic measures which have made us still fitter and healthier, to the shattering of statistics.

It is a curious situation. I picture them up at Simla perplexed and shrugging their shoulders. "Ah, well, these Territorial fellows are really not normal. One doesn't know what to do with them." And then they laboriously compile fresh tables and sigh for the good old days.

All the same, our glowing health seems an inadequate solace for the daily dose of quinine, and my final word must be "Ugh!"

Yours ever,

One of the *Punch* Brigade.

P.S.—"Ugh!"



Old Dame "You've had two penn'orth of sweets, my little man, but you've only given me a penny."

The Little Man. "Yes, but farver says one penny's got to do the work of two in war-time."

"The only insects which are fewer in numbers almost everywhere are house-flies, doubtless owing to the campaign against them initiated by *The Daily Mail*."—*Daily Mail.*

Nothing is too small for it.



THE CURSE OF WAR.

Seaside Lodger. "I'M AFRAID, MRS. GUBBINS, WE SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE THESE ROOMS. IT'S REALLY TOO TRYING TO HAVE TO LISTEN TO SOLDIERS SHOUTING 'EYES FRONT!' 'ALL FOURS!' AND SILLY THINGS LIKE THAT."

MORE FISHING IN FLANDERS.

IT is all over now and the Corps Commander has issued an order forbidding the practice. So of course it never can happen again. There can be no harm therefore in telling the story. The *entente cordiale* is not likely to be permanently damaged by the revelation.

It happened in Flanders a few weeks ago; not that part of Flanders where Sergeant McCallum in his spare moments casts the fly over running waters, as described in *Punch*, but the part where standing water is everywhere and the troops are forbidden to drink it under pain of instant death. The neighbourhood has a habit of fishing and even in these bad days a few stout-hearted old boys are not to be interrupted in their favourite pastime. I do not think that they ever catch much, but they do a lot of fishing.

It was the hour when the homing aeroplane comes droning overhead and the big guns on either side are bidding each other "Good night." The sun had set, but the red glow was still in the sky. It was a windless calm and the still waters of the canal reflected the long lines of the over-arching poplars. At the bend just below the lock by St.-What-d'you-call-him was an old Flamand, a regular *vieux pêcheur* clad in blue smock, with rod on shoulder and his bait-can in his hand. He had been spending a peaceful day within range of the German guns and had caught nothing. On his way home he had stopped to talk to two brothers of the craft. These, Heaven bless them, were no other than two subalterns of a famous Indian regiment. They carried no rods, but between them was a large basket filled with fish of all the unappetising varieties which haunt these muddy waters.

As I drew near I heard an honest British voice speaking in laboured French. "*Monsieur,*" it said, "*nous les prenons dans les mains.*"

The old peasant was puzzled. *Messieurs les Anglais* were wonderful people and admitted adepts at sports of all kinds, but that they should catch fish in their hands by the basketful, without so much as wetting their sleeves, seemed a bit too much. At that moment a stalwart Sikh orderly, who was standing a little apart from the others, peering down among the reeds which fringe the margin of the canal, cried out, "*Ek aur mila, Sahib*" (Here's another, Sir), and, stooping down, picked up a large roach which wriggled feebly in his hand.

"*Mon Dieu, les Hindous!*" said the Frenchman, and, crossing himself devoutly, departed through the twilight.

I swear I never gave it away, and yet four days later the order appeared: "Bombs are issued for use against the enemy, and their employment for the destruction of fish is prohibited."

"LATE WAR NEWS.
E 13 REFLOATED.
HULL RIDDLED BY GERMAN SHELLS."
Daily Mail.

See Berlin official wireless in a day or two: "Even the English papers admit that one of the most important of their fortified East coast cities has been severely damaged by the accurate firing of our gallant sailors."

KIPPY OF THE "BLUES."

LAST Tuesday evening Joe persuaded me to cut my bomb-drill of the morrow—in my platoon we throw the jam-pot on Wednesday afternoon.

"You simply must come to the Madoxes," she tempted; "the 'Blues' from Broadmead Hospital are going to be there—seventeen of them."

Of course I went. I simply love the wounded in their blue suits.

* * * * *

"'Ev yer got a partner, Sir?"

On the very threshold of the garden stood a small figure, with one arm in a sling and the other waving a tennis racquet.

He smiled at me like a pleased child. From that moment I belonged to him, and to him alone. His name was Kippy.

"No," I replied, "I have not. What is it?"

"Well, Sir, me and one of the other incapables was agoin' to take on Swish and Gunner Toady, but they all seems to be crowkettin' and what not, so I thort—?" He looked at me inquiringly.

"Right-o!" I exclaimed. "Where's a racquet?"

Kippy produced one from the summer-house. It was half-brother to a snow-shoe, but, having four uninjured limbs, I willingly conceded the handicap.

"You got ter look out for Swish," my partner confided; "'e's extrordinry nippy for 'igh explosive in the knee."

I started to serve, a graceful honour, and put a couple into the net. I repeated the offence from the other court.

"I forgot to tell yer, Sir," my partner whispered hoarsely, "but I got a packet o' fags on over this."

I pulled myself together and, though hard put to it by the Gunner's lobs, we eventually won.

"E's bin with one o' them 'eavy 'owitzer batteries," remarked Kippy à propos of the Gunner's play; "plungin' fire, that's 'is game."

He glanced round the lawn with a bright eye.

"'Ow about a little crowket, Sir?" he queried.

"Of course," I replied; "come on."

I gathered up a mallet and tried a short approach.

"Now," exclaimed Kippy, addressing the opposing platoon, "you knows the rules? First through the 'oop 'its the stick, and ennybody playin' out of the 'orbashus border will be courtmartialled."

We won the croquet hands down, Kippy being made of the stuff which is born to achieve success against any odds, including a partner who plays with the wrong ball.

We drifted over to watch the conclusion of the clock-golf competition—four prizes for the four lowest scores. Kippy, who had played his round before I came, stood in an unassailable position for the prize with a score of 27. The two last players finished well in the thirties.

"'Opeless, ain't they?" Kippy whispered confidentially, "an' they both got the D.C.M. too!"

Suddenly he had an idea.

"Wot about these 'ere totally incapables?" He indicated those warriors who were too badly wounded to take part in anything. "'Ow about *their* prizes? . . . Tell yer wot," he continued, no suggestion being offered, "there's six totallies, ain't there? Well, six of us repersents 'em and plays agen, see? I'll take Soggy Mills."

The resuscitated competition was watched with burning interest, especially by the totallies. Whether the previous practice had anything to do with it or not I cannot say, but when Kippy, playing last, put Soggy Mills on the top with a miraculous 24, and turned to read the scoring list, he prefaced the results by exclaiming joyfully, "Blest if the cripples ain't gone and won *hall* the prizes."

Having settled this matter to his own and everybody else's satisfaction, Kippy went on to further struggles.

Our sports platoon only averaged two and a-half available limbs, but for sheer endurance—well, it was the first occasion on which I realised why the Prussian Guard failed to reach Calais.

At length came the tense moment of departure; blue jackets were donned and farewell cigarettes were lighted, and I, all that remained of me, went happily home.

"What's this?" said Joe as she picked up a piece of metal from the coffee-table after dinner.

"That," I replied, "is a fragment of shell, taken, so Kippy assured me, direct from his 'stummick.' Kindly leave it alone. It is a love-token."

The Journalistic Touch.

"The millions which have been spent in munitions and blown into the air have merely been transferred from one pocket to another."

Sidcup and District Times.

Commercial Candour.

"£5 5s.—IMPERIAL TYPEWRITER, new condition, cost £2."—*The Hull Daily Mail.*

Chaplain to the Slackers.—CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

THE ICONOCLAST.

I'M an optimist staunch and whole-
 hearted—
 At least I was one till to-day,
When my confidence largely departed
 In the following singular way;
For it chanced that a fatal delusion
 I cannot attempt to explain
Impelled me to scan the effusion
 Of Mister —— ——.

Our statesmen, to follow his reading,
 Have always got lumps in their
 throats,
And indulge when exhorting or pleading
 In strings of falsetto high notes;
And their conduct at Cabinet meetings
 Is wholly absurd and inane,
If we credit the wonderful bleatings
 Of Mister —— ——.

Bedaubed by his praises each hero
 Whose prowess in honour I held
Sinks down from the zenith to zero,
 His halo completely dispelled;
While the men I was always assailing
 Some justification obtain
From the quite ineffectual railing
 Of Mister —— ——.

By the law that declares the corrective
 Reciprocal force of extremes
The study of TREITSCHKE's invective
 The best sort of antidote seems;
For only by remedies drastic
 Relief can I hope to attain
From the influence iconoclastic
 Of Mister —— ——.

Things that Might be Differently Said.

I.

"Mr. Editor, the Mayor spoke very feelingly when welcoming us here and sympathised with us in the hardships we endured while prisoners in G.S.W.A., but I can assure you all those hardships can be considered as a pleasure when comparing them with the magnificent reception that was extended us."

Letter from a released prisoner of War in "The Cape Times."

II.

"Quite recently our Bishop went over the Hospital and spoke to the men in each ward. In spite of this suffering the men seemed to be in the best of spirits."

Hersham Parish Magazine.

III.

"Lance-Corpl. T. —— (2nd Suffolks), who was captured by the enemy at the battle of Mons, is happy in his internment. He has a wife and six children."

Peterborough Advertiser.

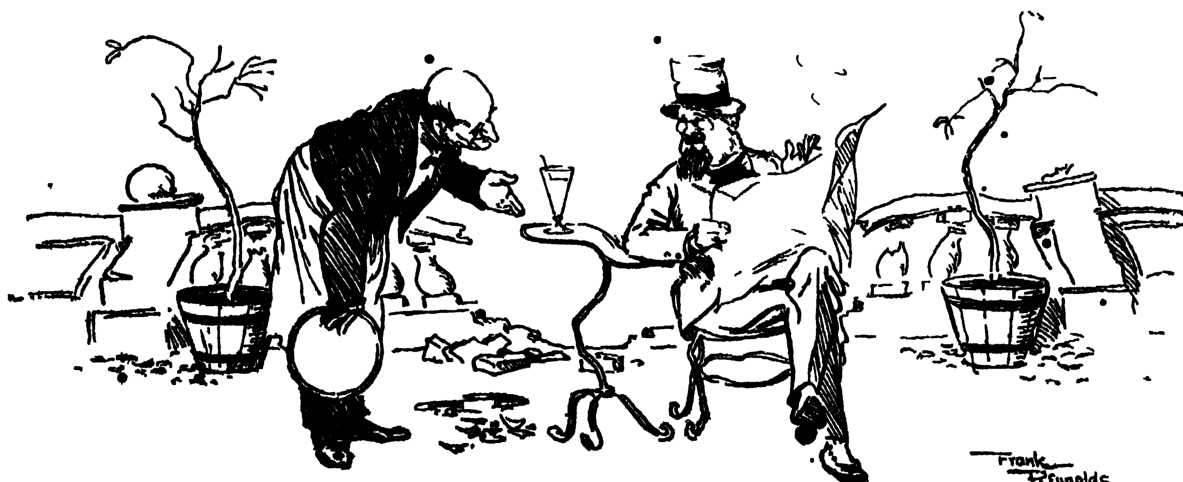
Extract from a circular of a Belgian Refugees' Committee:—

"A sewing class for the women has been started at the Corn Exchange, kindly lent by the Corporation, who make clothes for themselves."

Thus setting an excellent example to the exiles.







THE NOBLE ART OF "CARRYING ON."

Scene—Somewhere in France.



Lady. "WE ALWAYS KEEP THE HOSE READY IN CASE OF A ZEPPELIN RAID."
Visitor. "BUT SURELY, MY DEAR, IT WOULD NEVER REACH THEM AT THE HEIGHT THEY FLY?"

TO A NEUTRAL FRIEND.

To thee I sing, who knowest well
  What news accords with British taste
And dost delightful stories tell,
  Or warnings give with zealous haste;
Who comfortest the optimist
  With many a soothing telegram—
To thee I sing, O Journalist
    Of Amsterdam.

When German hordes are rushing west
  To break our unsubstantial line,
The dismal fact thou mentionest
  With tact peculiarly thine,
Giving it just the little twist
  That makes its menace seem a sham
Quite patent to the Journalist
    Of Amsterdam.

No sad reverse of our Allies,
  No accident that we sustain,
But, seen through thine impartial eyes,
  Becomes a sound and solid gain;
No bitter pill which foes persist
  In giving us but has its jam
Veneer from thee, O Journalist
    Of Amsterdam.

Thy lovingkindness then I laud—
  Thy flood of treacle [illegible] can
    check,
More soothing than the balm of MAUDE,
  Or sugar-plums of RUSTAM BEK,
Nor ask if our antagonist
  Be cheered as I, twice daily, am
By like inventions, Journalist
    Of Amsterdam.

THE FIDDLER.

How the transformation came about I can't pretend to explain, for in the first place he must have felt very nearly as bedraggled, as pinched and despairing as he looked. You were bound either to smile or to sigh; he was so obviously, so grotesquely, "down on his luck," with the shiny frock coat (a size too small) tightly buttoned across his chest, trousers creasing like a couple of concertinas about his thin ankles, and the battered straw hat worn with an attempt at jauntiness which deceived nobody.

"Ought to be above this sort of thing," muttered a well-fed holiday-maker. "Drink, probably," suggested another. But occasionally, very occasionally, a coin would chink at his feet. As he bent to pick it up, wisps of grey hair tickled his cheeks. Standing in the drizzling rain on this deserted sea-front, he rubbed his numbed fingers, and a dirty-faced boy, mimicking him to the life, capered on the pavement, an imaginary fiddle tucked under his chin.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" yelled the boy, and, vaulting the railing, took up his stand in the gutter as the 3rd Royal ——shires—twelve hundred strong—swung into sight. "Hooray!" cried the urchin again, but it fell very flat, and the men were fagged out, caps pushed off their foreheads, tunics unhooked at the throat, boots weighing like lead.

Hesitatingly, the fiddler shuffled nearer the road, raised his bow, and then—he came into his own. First he struck up some familiar rollicking tune, and the men in the front ranks were soon humming the refrain. Next he danced alongside the column, now walking, now running, caring neither that a sudden gust of wind had blown his hat off his head, nor that a very junior subaltern marching at the head of the leading platoon cast him an amused, not ungrateful glance over his shoulder. From top to toe—mind, I am not attempting to explain it—the little man was transformed; his back had grown straight; even his clothes seemed to fit him; his feet flew over the ground, and into his dull eyes had come a foolish twinkling light as, with coat-tails merrily flapping in the breeze, he played the soldiers back to camp.



THE CALL OF THE TSAR.

"WHO FOLLOWS ME FOR HOLY RUSSIA'S SAKE?"



Coster. "'Ere y' are, lidy! Ostend rabbits. Killed by the British Fleet!"

CULTURE IN THE TRENCHES

The admirable scheme of Broadsheets for the Front has already, we understand, had a marked influence upon literary taste among the troops and the old popular songs are either being discarded or modified in the direction of greater dignity. Thus, "Who's your lady friend?" has now become "May I venture to enquire the name of your fair acquaintance?" Nobody any longer sings, "Here we are, here we are, here we are again," except in the new version, as follows: "We have pleasure in signalising our return to this neighbourhood."

When they refer to Tipperary it is to say, "The distance to Tipperary is very considerable," and allusions to John Brown's body take the form of "The mortal remains of the late Mr. John Brown continue to decompose."

Maternal Acrobatics.

"Thus Kieff, the mother, nurses on her bosom the cradle of Russian history."
Morning Paper.

THE OFFICE GIRL

(As a result of the War, many of the leading commercial houses in the City now employ large numbers of girls.)

No damsels who have seen three lustres
Now flog the furniture with dusters,
Or pitch up frocks
Or condescend to darn their fathers' socks.

Bellona has unloosed their fetters
And set 'em free to index letters,
And lick and scrawl
In lieu of lads who have obeyed the call.

Lured by no lucrative attraction
For them the bliss of benefaction
Alone sufficed,
And so they joined the grizzled and the spliced.

Poor pasture for the sweet and single,
Where, perched on stools, they toil and mingle
With mellow scribes,
Who grumble and exchange archaic gibes.

No slippery swain to chase and capture,
No shadow of the elusive rapture,
And yet—who knows
Whither to-day the wind of Cythera blows?

In realms where hearts don't melt like butter,
Where ledgers gape and pen nibs splutter,
And no birds sing,
There may survive some eligible thing.

Sweet is the love song of the throstle,
But sweeter still should some old fossil
At last succumb
To Araminta of the inky thumb!

Our Receptive Contemporary.

"When her husband died, Mrs. Moules married a widower with seventeen children, all of whom she brought us."—*Daily Mail.*

The paragraph continues:—

"The old lady now lives with her youngest daughter, whose twelve children are all named after flowers."

Sweet peas, no doubt, for choice.

THE HAIR-TONIC.

I laid the hair-brush down on my dressing-table with a sigh and walked into Joan's room. "Look here," I began, "I've tried that odoriferous decoction of sage leaves you made for me, 'Aunt Nettie's' recipe in last week's *Snappy Chat*, sulphur lotion, quinine invigorator, and goodness knows what besides, and it's as grey as ever. In desperation I'm going to ——"

"Oh, *don't* fly to cosmetics!" cried Joan in alarm. "Just think of the pillow-slips. Besides, you're forty-five, you know, and anyhow," she went on, "grey hair at the temples looks most *distingué*. I heard Mrs. Middleton say only last Sunday that you reminded her of Sir George Alexander. Aren't you bucked? You couldn't remind her of him unless you were a little *teeny* bit grey, could you?"

"Of course I could," I replied. "Now I come to consider it, the actual facial resemblance between Sir George and myself is most marked. Mrs. Middleton is a very observant and intelligent woman. Now, where do I find the black lead, the tar, the marking-ink, and the walnut-juice?"

"Not in my bedroom, at all events," said Joan. "Besides, you'd much better drop these chemical experiments. The strain of constantly watching to see if your hair is getting as dark as the man's in the advertisement will eventually make you go bald, and how will you like that?"

"If I am ever destined to become bald, I answered with some bitterness, 'I don't care a rap what colour I become bald on. But grey hair which stays in is the hall-mark of advancing age, and age at forty-five has no business to advance. It ought to remain firmly entrenched for another ten years at least—like yours at twenty-eight."

"Then," said Joan, "I should advise you to try ——"

She paused, and stepping back from her mirror she "turned once more (and yet once more after that) to set a ringlet right."

"Go on!" I cried. "Don't keep me on tenterhooks. I'm getting greyer every moment."

"I should advise you to try leaving it alone for a time."

"I shall get a brown wig," I said firmly, as I went back to my own room.

"Oh, do get a curly one!" Joan called out.

"And remind Mrs. Middleton of Gilbert Chesterton," I sung out. "Good idea! I will." Of course this was only an idle threat, for I should never have the face (though I might have the requisite type of skull) to order a wig as a permanent fixture.

As I was walking home from the Club-house that same evening it began to drizzle. I turned up the collar of my jacket and pulled my cap well down on my head. I hadn't gone a hundred yards when, as I passed a recruiting booth at the side of the road, I suddenly felt a hand placed upon my shoulder, and a gruff but genial voice exclaimed:

"Well, my lad, why aren't *you* in khaki?"

I started in amazement. Nobody had publicly suggested such a course to me before. "My lad," too! Could it be that I looked a lad? I turned and saw a burly, beaming Sergeant confronting me. Somewhat to his surprise I seized his hand and shook it warmly. "Sergeant," I said, "do you mean it *literally*—all of it, especially the 'lad' part? Because, if you do, I've a good mind to hand myself over to you, in spite of the fact that I'm married, forty-five——"

"Forty-five!" gasped the Sergeant. "Why, Sir, you've the looks and bearin' of thirty—not a day more. A man of forty-five's usually gettin' a bit grey, while you, Sir, if I may make so bold as to say, wouldn't know a grey 'air if you 'ad one. Now when I was instructin' the gents of the Bohemian Veterans last month—all men of forty and upwards, mark you—there wasn't one that could 'ave 'eld a candle to you in the matter o' looks, Sir."

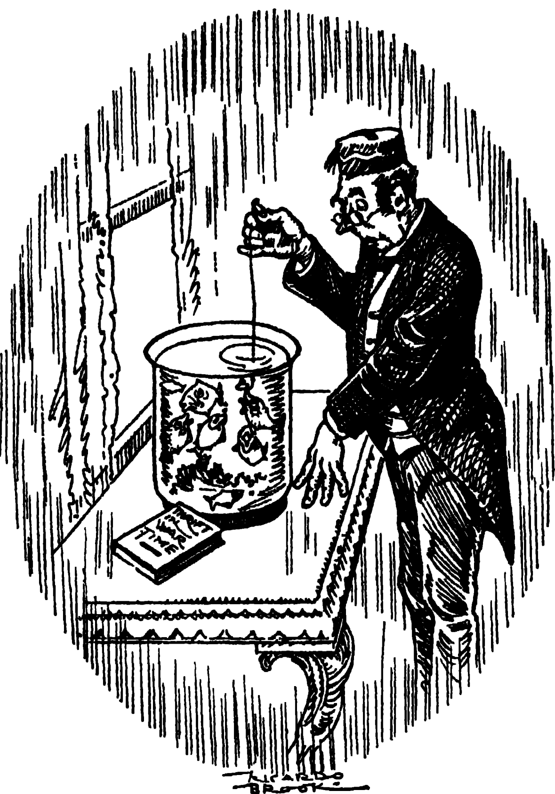
"Look here, Sergeant," I said, "if you say any more I shall cry from sheer *joie de vivre*. I too am a newly joined Bohemian Veteran, as witness this badge. Believe me, you've paid me the biggest compliment I have ever received." And with youth renewed I proceeded on my way.

"Joan," I called out as we were dressing for dinner, "looking in the glass just now I became of the opinion that I am not so grey as I was this morning."

"Perhaps," Joan called back, "you don't *feel* so grey as you did this morning?"

"No, I certainly don't," I answered with enthusiasm. "Sergeant, long life to you!"

"Who in the world are you talking to?" cried Joan.



Keen War-economist proposing to substitute gold fish for the morning kipper, feels that he ought to give them a sporting chance.

The Considerate Foe.

"All the ships which have been in action had fragments of German shells which had come on board mounted as mementoes."

The Scotsman.

"Mr. M. H. Chandrana, a leading Hindu bowler, achieved a remarkable feat taking all the ten wickets in an innings, and the still more remarkable one of clean blowing ten men."

Allahabad Leader.

Each retiring batsman: "Well, I'm blowed!"

"Poole Guardians and Use of Liquor.

The Poole Board of Guardians received a letter yesterday from the Local Government Board urging the discontinuance of the use of cube sugar, because of the scarcity of this commodity."—*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

The Sub-editor evidently recognises only one use for cube sugar.

"A largely-attended meeting was held in St. Jones's Hall to arrange for protests against continued party strifes."

Sydney Morning Herald.

[illegible] a good thing if the Cymric Saint would transfer his peace-making from New South Wales to old South Wales.



Message, passed by word of mouth—"ENEMY ADVANCING FROM AMERSHAM"—*reaches the local auctioneer, who sends it on in the following form:* "HANY ADVANCE ON HAMERSHAM?"

MY HOLIDAY.

We got there yesterday afternoon. We came back to town hurriedly this morning. It was not much of a holiday.

For instance, we found that our boat had to have a permit signed by the "Officer in charge of Coast-watching Division." "This vessel," it said, "is allowed to proceed as far as three miles from—(name of port, creek or river to which vessel belongs)—during daylight hours only." The nature of employment of the vessel was Pleasure, it said. Pleasure with a label on it and with a possibility of its being inspected by "any Officer or other authorised person"! Besides, "if caught out by fog" we had to "return to shore at once." On the whole we decided against the boat.

Then again our house was on the cliffs. The cliffs were patrolled by guards with fixed bayonets. It was thought safer to play Patience indoors after dark. But I went to bed, bored.

Not to sleep, however. There were regulations about lights. So we had all the windows thickly curtained, so thickly indeed that I could hardly breathe in my room. I took it all down when I blew out my candle for the night. The night happened to be rather breezy. Now, when you are staying in a quiet spot, a little wind can make your bedroom behave in a peculiarly uncanny manner. Knowing this from experience, I made what I imagined to be ample preparations. I wedged my door with a sock so as to prevent its rattling. I tied all the loose bits of things like curtains and covers into tight knots so that they should not flap. I collected all my papers and put them under the heel of a heavy boot. Then I went to bed.

I was deadly tired and was almost asleep in two minutes; but sure enough something began to scrape. It would give a few jarring notes and then cease for a time. I thought I might sleep in spite of it because I was tired, and I encouraged myself by thinking of my son in France sleeping under bursting shells. It was no use, however. The grating noise got more and more on my nerves. I finally got up and listened carefully with a view to tracking down the disturbance. It proved to be a stray curtain ring. I summarily interned it in the nearest knot and went to bed again.

I next heard an insistent tapping sound from the neighbourhood of the mantelpiece. I got up at once this time and, approaching cautiously, I found that it was a piece of cardboard —a photograph probably—doing a sort of short-circuit performance against a vase. I rounded that up with the papers under my boot.

A few minutes later I was woke up again. This time the wind was irritating what I imagined to be the wire suspending a picture on the wall. I took down the picture, wrapped it in my dressing-gown, put a chair on it and got back to bed with a certain sense of satisfaction. But when I again heard the same noise from the identical spot, knowing as I did that there was now nothing on the wall except the wall-paper, I became desperate. I got up, struck a light and determined to put my house in order once and for all. I was getting on well with the general *déménblement* when I heard footsteps on the path outside. I suddenly remembered that my curtain was tied up and that my kindly light was probably leading countless German submarines on, so I guiltily blew it out. Then, putting my head out of the window, I demanded stoutly, "Who goes there?"

Some one answered, "Sorry to trouble you, Sir, but there was a light shining from this house that could be clearly seen out at sea. I have to inform you that only one warning is given; after that it is imprisonment." It was the Coast-watching Division.

As I said before, we came back to town this morning.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Big Drum."

I happened to see that version of *The Big Drum* of which Sir Arthur Pinero was the sole author. Now I understand that he has complacently collaborated with the British Public, and that the new part-author, with customary vanity, thinks the play vastly improved. Yet I suspect Sir Arthur to be the better judge of his own business; and if I venture a private theory of the affair it is because I prefer to hold the dramatist guilty of a much lighter crime than this apparently callous sand-bagging of his own offspring.

Philip Mackworth, the highbrow hero of *The Big Drum*, was ten years ago an obscure journalist, writing pars from Paris for *The Whitehall Gazette*. He was in love with *Ottoline Filson*, the beautiful daughter of a rich and pushful vulgarian.

Filson père hadn't made such a social hit in Paris as all that, so he planned a raid on London, and *Ottoline* asked *Philip* just to prepare the way in one of his bright little pars, and so make the job a shade softer. Whereupon, hating nothing *quite* so much as this disgusting publicity, *Philip* drew himself up and bowed her irrevocably out of the room into the waiting arms of the *Comte de Chaumié*, with whom she lived unhappily some nine years, until she was very mercifully widowed.

A year later, at which time our play begins, a kindly designing friend asks *Ottoline* and *Philip* to lunch, to such effect that with their usual hasty impulsiveness they promptly become engaged—a First Act that promises plenty of true-lovers' knots. *Ottoline* is rich; *Philip*, now a novelist, poor; but, in his opinion (I must in candour note that all the available evidence was the other way) he is on the eve of an enormous popular success with his novel, *The Big Drum*, a satire on the modern arts of notoriety.

Randle Filson, by this a knight, and with his lady beating a more persistent drum than most, has visions of a second brilliant match for *Ottoline*, though why from that point of view she shouldn't have done better as the *Comtesse de Chaumié* than as the wife of *Sir Timothy Barradell*, the Irish bacon baronet, whom her family is so eager to catch, is one of those things that a fellow in the stalls can never be expected to understand.

The *Filsons* then are disappointed, but, as every stage hero is too proud and stupid not to make an enormous fuss about these secondary matters of money and social standing, *Philip*, the white-souled, must needs accept their vulgar point of view and add to the ten long years of separation by inserting a clause in his agreement with *Ottoline* that there shall be no question of marriage till his undoubted success as an author shall have enabled him to put up roughly the same amount of cash and *cachet*.

Well, you will have guessed that *Mackworth's* book is a hit. Not his usual eighteen hundred or so, but twenty-five thousand solid copies are sold. There is no holding our author. Windy enough in prospect he is positively gusty in realisation.

And here Fate dealt him a shrewd blow. For, as it happened, *Ottoline*, who apparently hadn't any great faith in *The Big Drum*, had been to the knave publisher and bought twenty-three thousand odd and stored them in a damp cellar. No wonder *Phil* was annoyed when all this was explained just before what promised to be a ripping little dinner. So he drew himself up second time and bowed *Ottoline* out of his life—only, after a haggard night, to send her a noble note of entreaty and forgiveness. *Ottoline* crossed it, coming to say that she loved him enormously but couldn't possibly tear him from his art; also she knew that, having been born, as you might say, with a big-drum-stick in her hand, she would never be able to resist booming him and so spoiling his life. So she just gives him one lovely lingering look and goes off to marry *Sir Timothy*, leaving *Philip* to console himself with the MS. of *The Big Drum's* successor.



A HOLLOW BOOM.

Ottoline de Chaumié . . . . . Miss Irene Vanbrugh.
Philip Mackworth . . . . . . Sir George Alexander.

At least that's what she did in Sir Arthur's version. And I flattered myself that I had taken his point with commendable quickness. Knowing Sir George's generous weakness for the interpretation of truly noble characters, he had played off *Philip Mackworth* with his high disdain of manufactured boom, his fidelity to his old love's memory, his (unnecessarily) long and impassioned speeches and those fine moments just before the end when he contrives so rapidly to make himself believe love to be well lost for the (entirely delusive) hope of success with his next novel—as the hero of this odd slice of life. Whereas in fact, as *Ottoline* and I (and Sir Arthur) knew, the authentic hero was *Sir Timothy*, who understood how to worship with a proper tenderness and loyalty and would never draw himself up in disdainful surprise. We also knew not only that there never was in *Philip's* head any novel worth a fiver in advance on account of royalties, but that he would have made a perfectly intolerable husband.

I frankly assumed that Sir Arthur had played this quite appropriate and pleasant joke on Sir George for a bet. Well, he won his bet handsomely. The actor-manager had been fairly taken in! Yet has the latter the last and longest laugh. For I understand that the discerning collaborateur to whom I have alluded has restored *Ottoline* to the arms of her egregious *Philip* and *Sir Timothy* drops out of the picture. I can only say that she will live to regret it; as will *Philip*, for she is nothing if not a woman of resourceful candour when roused.

There cannot be much in this revised version to modify substantially my first-night's admiration of the players; of Sir George Alexander's firm hold upon his ever loyal audience; Miss Irene Vanbrugh's charming and sensitive talent, her gowns and her pretty sub-Parisian flavours; *Sir Randle Filson's* pompous purposeful pushfulness as interpreted by Mr. Allan Aynesworth in a supremely good make-up; Mr. Norman Forbes as *Robbie Roope* with his tactfully iterated "dear excellent friend" and his mirth-provoking grey felt hat; and perhaps most of all Mr. Leonard Boyne's charmingly sympathetic sketch of the sporting little Irish grocer-baronet, *Sir Timothy Barradell*, with the queer tenderness and gaiety and pathos of him. Such excellent artistry no change of ending can alter.

T.



"OH, MOTHER! I DO THINK IT UNFAIR ABOUT THE ZEPPELIN! EVERYBODY SAW IT BUT ME. WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?"
"NEVER MIND, DARLING, YOU SHALL SEE IT NEXT TIME—IF YOU'RE VERY GOOD."

AN ECHO OF "THE BIG DRUM."

OFT-TIMES I used to wonder why
  The hero of some well-staged story
Was finally compelled to die
  Or send the heroine to glory,
When—so at least it seemed to me—
  Their night of tears might dawn in laughter,
And by a pen-stroke both might be
    Made happy ever after.

Take WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, now. I know
  That I for one would be delighted
If at the last young *Romeo*
  To *Juliet* were reunited,
In super-ecstasies I'd fall
  If, ere the closing scene were ended,
A happy *Hamlet* after all
    Married his young Intended.

But ah! what boots it thus to pine
  O'er by-gone tales of sad disaster;
Rather I greet the welcome sign
  Vouchsafed us by a modern master
That "Tragedy" has had her day,
  And only apathy arouses,
While optimistic authors play
    Nightly to well-filled houses.

And oh! that others in our age
  Who conjure up our coming clash on
The European battle stage
  Might follow this dramatic fashion—
Might find 'twere well for them, in fact,
  To popular conviction bending,
If they could see the final act
    Must have a happy ending.

"SAVE HIM FROM BEING SHOT.—Wanted good town home by obedient, affectionate, remarkably clever, goes for long walks with dogs, early riser, teetotal." The above advertisement is not, as you might think, for the protection of a nice, good young man from the designs of the recruiting authorities or the horrors of National Service; it is a plea for the preservation of a "beautiful pale golden CAT" whose "only fault" is that he "goes for chickens."

A small child, being asked to outline her idea of a suitable future for Germany and the KAISER, wrote as follows:—

After the War I wouldn't let Heligoland belong to anybody. I would put the Germans there, and they should dig and dig and dig until it was all dug into the sea. The KAISER should be sent to America, and they should be as rude as they liked to him. If he went in a train no one was to offer him a seat; he was to hang on to a strap, and he is to be called Mr. Smith."

We learn from *The Croydon Guardian* that, although the cast of *The Moulin Rouge Revue*, at the local Grand Theatre, includes many artists of Parisian renown, "the revue will be in English," a language which they have been learning at the London Pavilion. It would seem that this is not their first notable achievement, for we are told that "all the male members have been to the font," and are exempt from further service. They have, in fact, in the vulgar phrase, gone through their baptism of fire.

Balm for Lord Kitchener.

Extract from 2/1 S. Midland Brigade Orders:—

"The Brigadier congratulates all ranks in the Brigade on the smart appearance presented at the Inspection to-day by the Secretary of State for War."

WOAD.

Perhaps I ought to explain that, on the strength of a great-aunt who was an American, it sometimes pleases Francesca to assume the airs and the ambitions and the graces of a true American. This was one of her American days, and she had been picturing to herself and to me certain desirable things that would have attended her had it really been her lot to be born on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Francesca," I said, "when you were a dweller on the boundless and rolling prairie——"

"Yes," she interrupted, "and when you were roaming through the forests in a complete suit of woad."

"Woad?" I said. "What is woad?"

"There's no 'is' about woad," she said. "Woad's all in the 'was' department. It was a blue stain habitually worn by the Ancient Britons. Dark blue, I hope. There's something too *négligé* about light blue. It could hardly count as clothes, could it? Anyhow, woad was the Ancient Briton's all-the-year-round dress. You ordered it at the grocery stores."

"The grocery?" I said. "What had the grocer to do with it?"

"Every grocer in England," she said, "calls himself an oil and colourman. So in the brave old days you dropped in on Mr. Baker in the High Street, a stout man and therefore probably a Druid, wearing long white robes and a wreath of oak-leaves; and you told him that last lot of woad was very poor stuff; your knees and elbows were beginning to show through already; and he'd tell you he'd just got in a new consignment warranted not to run in the rain; and you'd buy a can of it and carry it home and paint the whole family, and then we'd all go out and show ourselves to the village in our new dresses——"

"Yes," I said enthusiastically, "and we should have little placards hung round our necks to say we were wet paint and people mustn't rub against us."

"Oh, that wouldn't matter; they'd all be in woad too."

"It would matter very much," I said. "You wouldn't want the neighbours to carry off any of the paint we had just paid for out of our own pockets."

"Pockets!" she laughed. "There weren't any pockets. You just let the account run up and then you handed a sheep in over the counter and got a receipt from the oil and colourman. Oh, it was glorious to live in Britain in the ancient days!"

"Cheap," I said, "rather than glorious."

"Cheap," said Francesca, "and therefore glorious. You could dress yourself and me and three growing girls and one small boy during a whole year for about half a sheep, and nobody ever complained that the bills were too high."

"And that," I said, "is just where you're wrong. If you had married an Ancient Briton——"

"Which is precisely what I have done," murmured Francesca.

"If," I repeated sternly, "you had married an Ancient Briton he would often have assured you that his account at the bank had been reduced to two sheep, a cow and the sirloin of an ox, and that if this sort of thing went on he would be ruined."

"And I," said Francesca, "should have been quite frank and direct with him. I should have asserted myself as an American citizen and answered him in that style."

"But," I said, "you couldn't have been an American citizen, you know, even supposing you had started like that, which you haven't. By marrying me you would have become an Ancient British subject, owing allegiance to King Cassivellaunus——"

"Or King Caractacus," said Francesca.

"Yes," I said, "or possibly to Queen Boadicea; and it wouldn't have been a bit of good talking to me like a true American citizen. Being an Ancient Briton I should probably have had to beat you, and it would have been useless for you to appeal to the American Ambassador. He would have had to tell you you'd brought it on yourself. I've explained this to you a thousand times."

"And I've refused to understand it ten thousand times. You can't persuade me that if I had been an American you would have turned me into a Boadicean by merely marrying me."

"I'm not," I said, "trying to persuade you. I'm stating a dreadful fact."

"And I'm defying your fact," she said. "If my great-aunt, who was a Slingsbee, were alive, you couldn't make her believe that, just because she married Mr. John Brabazon of Yorkshire, she wasn't to be proud any longer of the embattled farmers and the Pilgrim Fathers, and New York harbour, and the American Constitution and the Stars and Stripes."

"No," I said, "I daresay I couldn't, but I should tell her that she must mix envy with her pride, as I do, for as soon as she married your uncle John all these splendid things ceased to be hers."

"And that," said Francesca, "was most unjust. All I can say is I hope Auntie never heard of it. She was very hot-tempered, I remember, and she 'guessed' a good deal and said 'bo-id' instead of 'bird,' and she wouldn't have liked to be told she wasn't an American by a man who didn't know what woad was."

"I admit," I said, "that it had escaped my memory; but what of that? A man cannot always remember everything."

"No," she said, "but he might sometimes remember something."

"It is our system of education," I said. "Our English public schools are champions at teaching us to forget the useless things—Latin, for instance, and Greek and French and Algebra. If I've forgotten more Algebra than you, it's only because I once knew more."

"I have solved," said Francesca, "more than one quadratic equation."

"Which," I said, "was a very unwomanly thing to do. It is strange that you should boast of it."

"But," she continued, "if I had been an American I should have insisted on introducing you to the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral and the National Gallery."

"And I should have retaliated by taking you to the Falls of Niagara and a silver-mine in Colorado."

"Take care," she said. "I have a Staffordshire coal-mine in reserve."

"And I should have trumped you with the Bunker Hill monument."

"We'll leave it at that," she said. "Why pursue these imaginary recriminations?"

"Agreed," I said; "but, you know, you began it. You interrupted me with a perfectly frivolous remark about woad, when I was going to say something very important, and now it's gone clean out of my head."

"Don't worry about coaxing it back," she said. "I'll try to exist without it."

R. C. L.

"POPE ENDEAVOURS TO ENLIST
President Wilson in Cause of Peace."
Dundee Evening Telegraph.

For the moment we quite thought the Pontiff had taken the King's life.



WAR RISKS.

Old Dresser (*to Veteran Actor making up to play 'Romeo'*). "I wouldn't make yourself too young, Sir, case they might get 'issing you for not listing."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. E. F. Benson is now firmly established as the chief satirist of what one calls (for want of a less vulgar term) the Upper Middle Class. His latest book, *The Oakleyites* (Hodder and Stoughton), finds him dealing as faithfully as ever with his chosen victims. Oakley is a place somewhat easy of identification, a sleepy, picturesque little town, once a seaport, now rising from a waste of level marshland, where "when in dusky Autumn evenings the low sea-mist creeps up over the level, it is easy to imagine that the retreated waters have swept silently back again, and lap the base of Oakley Hill, ready to bear up to the walls of the town freights of fantastic and ghostly merchandise." Here dwell a group of characters, chief among whom is *Miss Dorothy Jackson*, whose middle-aged love story with its poignant end Mr. Benson tells with much beauty of manner. I shall not repeat the story, saying only by way of criticism that it reveals its hero, a popular novelist, as a rather foolish and gullible fellow. But it may well be that popular novelists, in human actuality, are like that. Mr. Benson probably knows. Indeed, I had a passing wonder whether in *Wilfred Easton* he was not poking gentle fun at the creator of a certain *Dodo*, now extinct. But tender and full of genuine feeling as is his picture of *Dorothy*, it is once again the subsidiary persons who make the book. There is a Christian Scientist lady, for example, who is glorious fun; one with whom "all ways led to Mrs. Eddy," and all that was conversationally possible for her friends was to lengthen out the way. And not even Mr. Benson has written anything more bitingly humorous than the episode of the three sisters each striving to select the most valuable legacy from a collection of rubbish. You can hardly read it for laughter; yet the fidelity of its observation is almost painful. Both for satire and sentiment, in short, *The Oakleyites* is a book to be ordered.

It would be a rotten thing for anyone who sits at home driving a safe quill to let himself go in any criticism of trivial detail in such a document as Miss May Sinclair's *A Journal of Impressions in Belgium* (Hutchinson) with a motor ambulance. We must just gratefully accept it as it comes, with its curious and no doubt entirely truthful impressions of fears and laughter, of big things and little things oddly huddled together, of anxiety about the shape of the Commandant's hat and of dreadful visions of blood and tears. There can be no doubt that Miss Sinclair and her companions, the Commandant (a courageous and apparently untrained man), two doctors, two stretcher-bearers and five women, including the author, carried a fine spirit and resourcefulness into devastated Belgium, did their excellent bit and had the time of their lives. It is nice to think of that young English girl, Ursula Dearmer, who took with complete calm the bursting of a shell ten yards from her, and to contrast generally the author's candid suggestions of fear and dismay before the exciting events, and of imperturbable serenity during and after them.

Readers of her journal will have the satisfaction not only of getting a sense of atmosphere conveyed by a clever pen, but of helping the Red Cross, to whose funds the author is handing over all her royalties.

"Well," said *Mary Moreland*, "she's yours!"—meaning herself. She said it on the last page of the book, but as a matter of fact she had been his, quite unavoidably, from the first; and this notwithstanding that he started with a wife and other obstacles to the happy ending. He was the hero of *Mary Moreland* (MILLS AND BOON), also incidentally the employer of that young lady in the capacity of typist. So he loved her, and, being excusably bored by his legitimate spouse, asked *Mary* to fly with him. But she wouldn't, having a big soul and being a heroine; also, probably, because she knew quite well that this kind of sentimental American fiction is built on the *Pamela-or-Virtue-Rewarded* lines, and that she was bound to be a safe winner in the end. Which, as you see, happened; but not before MARIE VAN VORST had written a long story about it, which may please those who like this kind of thing. Personally I found it not quite worthy of my pleasant memories of *Big Tremaine*. There are certainly lots of love in it, dollars, as they say, "to taste," and, in short, all the ingredients of a popular success. Such success seems perhaps a little easier in America than with us. There is a fine simplicity about the reading public there; without an effort they rise superior to the irritation produced by what in an English writer we should call quite detestable style; remaining unruffled, for example, when a character is spoken of as "making an exit" when all that the author means is that he went out. Still, after all, what *is* style compared with heart-interest? When the conveniently widowered *Maughm* clasps *Mary* to his millionaire bosom, who bothers about refinements of speech? A pleasant, undistinguished tale of the best-seller variety; you can take, or leave, it at that.

I wonder how MR. JACK LONDON would have written *Trilby*. I suppose he would have thrown a lurid light on the hideous brutalities of art-student life in Paris, and his *Little Billee* would have been a sort of combination of circus giant and homicidal lunatic. At any rate it is on those lines that, in his latest volcano of frenzied fiction, *The Jacket*, erupting from the offices of Messrs. MILLS AND BOON, he has re-written DU MAURIER's *Peter Ibbetson*. Like *Peter*, *Darrell Standing*, while serving a life-sentence for murder, picked up the habit of projecting his soul from his body and sending it travelling through all the lives he had lived on this earth in previous incarnations. In their central idea the two books are identical. It is in their atmosphere that they differ. None of DU MAURIER's gentle, haunting wistfulness for Mr. LONDON. No, Sir! *The Jacket* is not so much a book as a yell. It bursts on the reader, and stuns and deafens him. I had to stop reading it every few pages—to rest. You see, *Darrell Standing* was immured in an American prison, and in America, according to Mr. LONDON, it is the custom for prison-wardens and prison-warders to torture the convicts, not intermittently when the whim seizes them, but all the time. *The Jacket* is a second *Jungle*. But somehow I suspect Mr. LONDON. He is one of those American wielders of the muck-rake who can make a sensitive subject believe any horrors by sheer force of eloquence. He could write an account of the squashing of a wasp which would convince you that the man who did it was a second TIRPITZ. The feeling I had after reading *The Jacket* was that nothing should induce me ever to go to the United States. Why, I might forget to stamp a letter or fail to abate a smoky chimney, and then what would happen? Fifty years in the penitentiary. Fifty years in solitary confinement, with large warders jumping on my chest all the time, stopping only for meals. It is too great a risk.

For Mr. J. E. PATTERSON's sincerity, both in his previous work and in *His Father's Wife* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), I have an abundant admiration. It is, however, a quality that may be worked to excess, and in this tragedy of East Anglian farmers Mr. PATTERSON seems to have been overwhelmed by the thought that to be sincere is the one and only duty of a novelist. When *Aaron Rugwood*, a widower with a grown-up son, marries a young girl, one begins to foresee the painful situation that is developed with infinite care and ability. But all the care and ability in the world could not make me anxious to read of the love between a youth and his own stepmother; and this is the tragedy given to us in a series of scenes impressive enough but very gloomy. For the rest the events on *Roger Rugwood's* boat are as Pattersonesque as you can desire, and the farmers, with their jealousies and junketings, are tremendously alive. If only *Roger* could have been more in love with the sea and less with his father's wife I feel that Mr. PATTERSON's book would have lost but little of its power and would at the same time have been far pleasanter to read.



EDITORIAL PERSONAGE DISCHARGING OFFICE-BOY FOR WHISTLING COMIC SONG IN OFFICE OF NEWSPAPER OF PESSIMISTIC HABIT.

The Instrumentalists.

[Among the presents received by Mlle. JANOTHA, the deported pianist, was a jewelled lyre from the KAISER.]

Still music has charms for the ugliest brute;
This applies both to son and to sire,
For the CROWN PRINCE retains all his love for the loot
While his father still doats on the lyre.

The Pibroch Cure.

"And almost at the same moment the dumb man put his hand on a very hot water piper, and to his amazement and the astonishment of the doctors and nurses recovered his speech."—*Evening Paper*.

"The fact is that there has been continual cross-fertilization of science. The those who remind us that Hertz, for instance, stood on the shoulds Fitzgerald, it may be answereds of Mended that Bateson stands on the shoulders of Mendel; and both statements would be ridiculously far off adequate accuracy."—*China Mail*.

We agree.

CHARIVARIA.

London's new watchword—"Scott strafe Zeppelin."

* * *

President Wilson has excused his inability to speak at a patriotic celebration next month by saying that "questions turn up so suddenly and have to be handled so promptly" that he dare not let his thoughts go out to other matters. It is not yet five months, for example, since the *Lusitania* was sunk.

* * *

A German airship recently dropped a bone inscribed with a message to Sir Edward Grey. The skull and the other part of the trade-mark have not yet been traced.

* * *

In a list of expressions of French or English origin still appearing in the German Press we find the word "zivilisation." This is, of course, a tribute to the Kaiser's airmen, who prefer to introduce civilisation with a "Z."

* * *

In a discussion with Sir R. Baden-Powell regarding the proper length for a lance the German Emperor said, "I find that for every inch that you put on to a man's lance you give him two feet of self-esteem." We could give an estimate of the length of the Kaiser's own lance; but there is no room for it on this page.

* * *

We have it on the authority of the German wireless that private individuals and municipalities frequently request the German authorities to safeguard their works of art. The Crown Prince and his brother Joachim have been especially gracious in responding to these appeals.

* * *

In its campaign for economy the *Lokalanzeiger* has been urging the German public not to require shopkeepers to tie up their parcels, pointing out that "the hemp used for string is needed for the army and navy." Having regard to some of the doings of the said army and navy we cordially agree.

* * *

A story is going the rounds of a soldier who caught a horse during the retreat from Mons and sold it to a gunner for a packet of Woodbines. The excellence of the bargain has probably been exaggerated; it may have been merely an exchange of weeds.

* * *

Count Bernstorff has stated to an interviewer that all difficulties between Germany and America will be settled within a fortnight, "because I am in charge now." A lot of trouble would have been saved if he had been arrested six months ago.

* * *

By a large majority the Croydon Guardians resolved last week not to insure the ratepayers' property against damage by aircraft, after one member had besought them not to give way to panic "because of little things that had happened in the London district." We are glad that at least one of the Croydon Bumbles has repudiated the motto "Buzziness as usual."

* * *

Extract from a facetious German spy's report to his Government: "The success of the visit of the Zeppelins was colossal. In every street an air-raided bread-shop is to be observed."

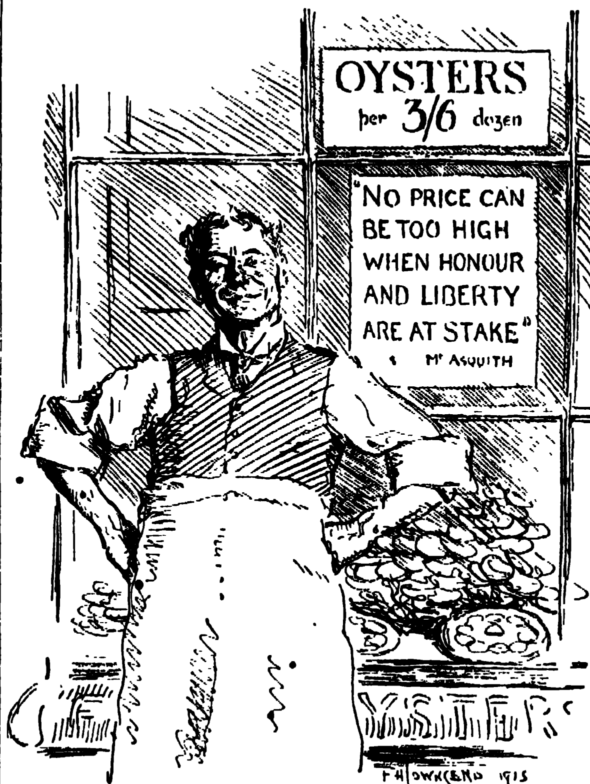
* * *

"Mr. Chaplin said he only rose lest, sitting on the same bench as the hon. and gallant gentleman, his silence might appear to give consent to the views expressed. (Laughter.)" Mr. Asquith (later):—"I entirely associate myself with what was said by the right hon. gentleman who leads the Opposition. (Laughter)." The only inference we can draw from these mysterious outbursts of merriment is that the Members of Parliament had confused the Leader of the Opposition with another person of the same name.

* * *

Some of our popular authors regard the decision of the Lambeth Libraries' Committee to purchase no more novels during the War as most unfair. The Committee allege that "fiction in war-time should be regarded as more or less of a luxury"—and yet they continue to purchase large numbers of newspapers.

* * *



A HAPPY COLLOCATION.

The men polishers employed at a chair-making factory are reported to have struck because the women workers were given easy jobs, while they had to take the more difficult. These, we suppose, are the arm-chair patriots we hear so much about.

* * *

Remarking on a well-known journal's description of itself as "The paper that gets things done," a correspondent considers that the quotation from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra" might have been completed — "Things done, that took the eye and had the price."

* * *

A correspondent reminds us of *Falstaff's* confession, "I have misused the King's Press damnably," as a suitable quotation for the times, but we fail to catch his meaning.

* * *

We hear that a dear old lady who had a Zeppelin pass exactly over her house has taken the precaution of staying indefinitely with friends two doors down the road.

A New Title to Fame.

"Brevet-Major Longcroft will be remembered as the first airman who piloted a machine over Kirriemuir."—*Kirriemuir Free Press.*

Where's your J. M. Barrie now?

"Mr. Cotter adduced his own experience at inquiry on loss of Lusitania as proof of need for giving a statue to trade union officials."
Portsmouth Evening News.

For some of them, perhaps, a bust would be more appropriate.

From a Russian communiqué:—

"This morning south of the town the offensive passed into our hands, inflicting heavy punishment on the Germans and Christians."
Eastern Morning News.

A justifiable distinction.

TO A SOLDIER M.P., HOME FROM THE FRONT.

(Affectionately inscribed to Colonel Arthur Lee.)

["I confess I am a bit weary of the 'Voice from the Trenches' and the 'Message from the Front' when they . . . take the form of complaint and criticism of what we are thought to be doing at home. These good fellows are excellent in their line and place; but when they come here and lecture us they are out of their depths, and are talking about something they do not understand."—*Sir T. Whittaker, M.P., in "The Daily News," quoted by Colonel Arthur Lee, M.P., in the House.*]

On leave for just a slight repose,
You have to bear with patient head
The sniffy patronage of those
Whom you have guarded safe in bed,
Who though they never touched a gun
Can teach you how a war is run.

Coming from where no store is set
On eloquence, except of deeds,
Modestly on your feet you get
To talk about the Army's needs;
And learn that out in foreign lands
No one can tell where England stands.

You are of those "good fellows" whom,
"Excellent in their line and place,"
Whittaker (doughty knight) would doom
To hold their tongues with humble grace
And read the illuminating tracts
Of those at home who have the facts.

What should you know about the War
Who only know it on the spot?
The things outside your billet's door
Are much too near and much too hot;
Distance alone can lend the true,
The cool, dispassionate point of view.

Besides, you've lost your status here;
Elected by the People's Voice
You turned from that exalted sphere
Declining on a lowlier choice;
So long away, you seem to wear
Almost an alien's doubtful air.

Better go back across the seas!
And leave those Whittakers to loose
Their party-nostrums at their ease—
For such the soldier has no use,
Finding the facts of life and death
Too large for any shibboleth.

O. S.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVII.

(From Dr. Dumba.)

If your High-esteemful Majesty sees no violent impropriety in such a course, I propose to permit myself to convey to you a few thoughts which have been brought about in my mind by the recent events of which your gracious Majesty has doubtless deigned to hear.

Well, for the moment the game is up, and our activities, which promised so valuable a result, cannot any more be prolonged. Certainly it was a master-plan—and for that I have to thank my friend Bernstorff—to endeavour to promote disaffection and strikes in American workshops which were engaged in manufacturing munitions of war for our enemies; but I regret to say that, owing to two causes, this campaign was only partially successful. In the first place many—I might almost say most of those appealed to, though they were unquestionably subjects of the Austro-Hungarian Empire-Kingdom, were by race Croatians and as such bore but little love to the State from which, to put it in their own words, they had escaped. They made most disrespectful references to the Agram conspiracy trial, in which, as you may remember, my Imperial-Royal Lord and Master was seriously defeated, and our Government sustained great loss of credit for having allowed its agents to forge the evidence on which the prosecution was based. What could it do? If it had not forged the evidence there would have been no evidence at all, and then there could have been no prosecution. But it was important that these knaves should be prosecuted and convicted of their crime, even if they had momentarily abstained from committing it. I am sure your Majesty will know what I mean and will have sympathised with the object our Government had at heart. The regrettable thing was that we were found out, with the result that all Croatians have since become disloyally suspicious of our motives. They actually prefer making munitions for our enemies to trusting in the benevolent sentiments of my Imperial and Royal Master and his heaven-inspired Government.

And now I come to the second cause of my ever-to-be-regretted failure. Like the Government at Agram, I was found out. Very indiscreetly, as I now see, I entrusted to an American a letter to my chief. The American allowed himself to be stopped and rummaged by the British authorities; the letter was discovered and was immediately made public. The American Government saw a chance of doing something which had the appearance of being strong and decisive without any possible risk, and it has requested my Government to recall me. What a hell-brew for me to have to swallow! I confess I writhe when I think of Bernstorff. The sly fox has done things ten times as unambassadorial as anything I have ever done, but he didn't put pen to paper and therefore he remains comfortably at Washington and is still able to scheme and bribe and interfere for the benefit of your Majesty and for his own great satisfaction. How blindly fate sports with us!

There is one point in which my experience of the Americans may be useful to your Majesty. You have sometimes—may I say it?—appeared to act towards this people as if you were timid of offending and provoking them. I think you are wrong. The Americans are not really to be feared. They boast about their greatness and their strength, and the magnificence of their star-spangled banner, and they expect all the world to take them at their own valuation. They have been accustomed to twist the tail of the British lion, and the British lion has contemptuously acquiesced, and the Americans have thus gained the idea that all the nations of the world will bow down and submit to them. But if any nation were to stand up to them and show fight I am convinced this boasting would cease, and you would see them grovelling in the dust and submitting to every humiliation rather than push even a just claim to the risk of a conflict. What, indeed, could they do? They have no army; two or three submarines could terrorise or destroy their fleet, and then where would they be? Let there be no more truckling, but let a strong policy be adopted towards these braggarts. Pardon me if I have spoken strongly. On the truth of what I have said I am willing to stake the reputation of

Constantin Dumba.

"Marriages.—Sept. 4 quietly, owing to the war at the Parish Church, St. Asaph."—*Liverpool Echo.*

This must not be confused with the other War going on just now in Europe.



THE IMPS OF WAR.

Kaiser. "AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I'VE TAKEN WITH YOU I MUST SAY THAT, AS LITTLE TERRORS, YOU DISAPPOINT ME."



Sympathetic Recruit (whose pal has had his ears boxed by exasperated Sergeant). "'E DIDN'T OUGHT TO DO THAT, DID 'E?"
The Injured One. "IT DON'T MATTER IF 'E DID OUGHT OR IF 'E DIDN'T OUGHT, 'E DUN IT, DIDN'T 'E?"

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

THE IMPORTANT PASSENGER.

I SAW him immediately we rounded the engine of the boat-train at Folkestone and had sight of the ship. There he stood, "all over khaki," as someone expressed it, with his legs wide apart, as though before the fire waiting for dinner after a day's hunting, and with eight inches of cigar protruding from his mouth at exact right angles to his ruddy physiognomy. He was on the deck facing the gangway, and there he stood scrutinizing the passengers until the luggage had all been swung aboard, a matter of a cigar and a-half. He then without a quiver ascended the bridge and stood in the same attitude beside the captain, and it was now, after so unprecedented an action, that I began to realise that here was a nut indeed.

Hitherto he had fascinated me by his aplomb and suggestion of the governing class; my eyes were now to pursue him for his importance. Who could he be? There was something familiar about his features. Surely I had somewhere seen pictures, "reading from left to right," of those whiskers so unmilitary in themselves, although, taken in conjunction with the khaki, and the red on the cap, and the attitude, so commanding, so conquering? But hitherto, unless I was mistaken, they had usually been surmounted by a tall hat. Khaki had never before been their concomitant. To-day however khaki breaks out upon the strangest figures, especially perhaps in Paris at lunch-time in the best restaurants.

After a while, the third or fourth cigar being burnt out, my hero descended and, proceeding to the principal private cabin, opened it with a key and disappeared within. Here was another token of authority and distinction—a key. I too have occupied cabins, but no key was ever in their locks.

With his departure the deck seemed to become a simpler, more domestic place.

At Boulogne I saw him again. He had now a swollen and very official-looking leather case in his hand, another cigar in his mouth, and he walked right off the boat amid salutes what time we others were huddling in a dense mass outside the smoking-room, to be passed in review before a French officer and have our passports stamped; and just as I at last reached the buffet he was leaving it, still clinging to his leather case and more important in aspect than ever.

It was then that realisation came upon me, for suddenly I remembered having noticed at Victoria that one of the compartments was reserved for a King's Messenger In a flash I knew that this was he. This was that exciting official, so dear to romance, in real life! To carry that leather case so fraught with dread secrets was—all his natural hobbies at a standstill—the great man's way of doing his bit.

Yet the question could not but obtrude itself, Was the leather case thus packed? Would documents of real importance be entrusted to one so marked out not only by nature but art and personal inclination for prominence? Was it not possible that the real despatches were at this moment leaving the ship in a humble handbag, being carried by plain insignificant Tom, Dick, or Harry, all unfringed and un-Olympian? Perish the thought!

From a testimonial to a nerve specialist:—

"**I am so thankful to have found you out.**"

A KHAKI COURTSHIP.

I always travel down to Haslemere on Saturdays by the 1.19 train from Waterloo, eating my lunch in the train and sleeping afterwards. Last Saturday, however, just as I had undone my sandwiches and was waiting for the train to start, I was disturbed by the sudden entry of a gentleman in khaki, whose three stripes indeed proclaimed him a sergeant, though his bearing and complexion suggested that he was not likely long to remain so. He was heavily burdened; and he climbed into the carriage at the third attempt with a puff of relief, struggled across it and subsided into the corner opposite me. Having spent a few moments in collecting himself, he again rose to his feet and laid the more detachable parts of his equipment in the rack on the top of my soft hat. He then sat down and, pulling out a large coloured handkerchief, slowly wiped his forehead.

Thus comforted he inspected with no sign of false shame the other occupants of the carriage. His eye roved without comment over the rather pale young clerk who sat next him and the girl eating a piece of cake in the corner on the same side. But I observed it dwell with satisfaction, as it reached the opposite corner, upon the ampler qualifications of a lady, evidently a widow, whose extensive display of solid metallic ornament left little doubt that she had at some time received honourable mention in a pawnbroker's will. Then I looked modestly down and submitted without protest to the Sergeant's inspection of myself.

At the end of a minute or so I looked up, assuming that it had been satisfactorily concluded, and was not a little disquieted to find the Sergeant still glaring at me.

"That man's a German," said he in a Scotch kind of voice, as I raised my eyes; and then, in default of protest on my part, "I've a good mind," he said, looking round the carriage for sympathy—"I've a good mind to throw him out of the window." And he gazed fiercely at me.

The youth and the girl each looked up, and then resumed their respective functions of reading a newspaper and eating a bun. But I observed through the corner of my eye that the widow stiffened herself in her corner and proceeded, as soon as she had rearranged her jewelry to suit this new posture, to fan herself with a paper bag and generally to emphasize her interest in my case.

The Sergeant, spurred by this encouragement, again attacked me.

"Are you English?" said he.

"I am not," said I (being in fact a mild-faced man with a beard, and Irish on my mother's side).

"I told you so," exclaimed the Sergeant.

"You're right, Sergeant; you're quite right," said the widow, nodding her approval. "He has a German face. It's a crying shame the way these Austrians are allowed to go about, guiding the Zeppelins on to widows and little children."

"What are you, then?" said the Sergeant.

"Irish," said I humbly.

He regarded me suspiciously.

"I had a cousin," said he, "that spent a while in Ireland once, and he didn't speak like you—no, nor look like you either," he added.

He continued to eye me as though expecting some explanation of this discrepancy. Then, as I remained silent, "Did you never meet him?" said he.

"What was his name?" said I diplomatically.

"Robinson," said he.

"Never," said I.

"I told you so," said the Sergeant, again looking round the carriage for approval, and then, measuring my inconsiderable bulk against the size of the window, "I've a good mind to do it," said he.

"It's a scandal," said the widow.

"It *is* a scandal, Madam," said he, "you're right; and the Government are a pack of old women to allow it. But Kitchener, now—he's the right man in the right place."

"He is that," said the widow.

With a growing confidence in each other's judgment, based on their estimates of Lord Kitchener and myself, they proceeded to the discussion of other topics, such as the Zeppelin raids, the medical misfortunes of their respective relations, the thirstiness of the weather and the lonesomeness of widows. As each subject drew to a close the Sergeant turned to me as to a dog, whose excessive displays of affection required periodical discouragement, and,

"I've a good mind to do it," said he; and then, turning again to the widow,

"There's Kitchener, now; he's the right man in the right place."

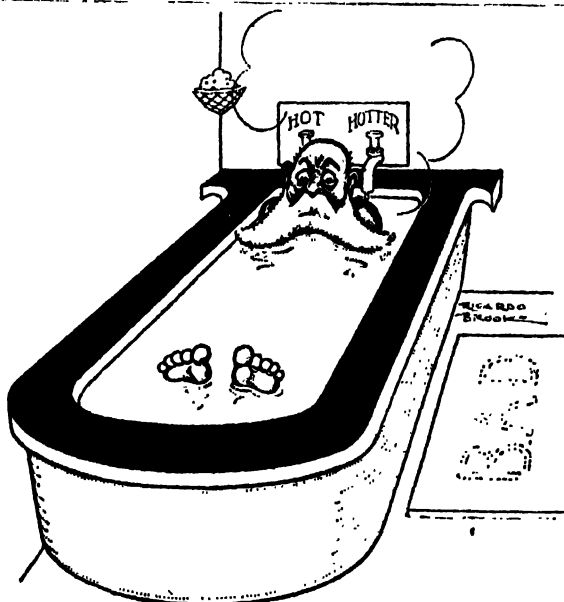
"He is that," said the widow on each occasion, and added at the fifth repetition, "He is that, and it's a marvel to me that he should have been content to remain a bachelor all these years."

There was a long and pregnant pause.

"I've a good mind to do it," said the Sergeant.

An unusual trace of hesitation in his tone made me look up; and I observed that his remark appeared this time to be directed to himself, instead of, as heretofore, to the general company, and that his glance had been transferred from me to the widow, who recognized the compliment by bridling as efficiently as her configuration and the multiplicity of her ornaments allowed.

The solution of our several problems indicated by this development seemed to me entirely satisfactory. I determined that my presence at least should not complicate the situation further; and, the train at that moment drawing up at Guildford, I made an unobtrusive transfer to another carriage.



THE "U" CURE.

We understand that the cure of Admiral von Tirpitz is taking the form of immersion in hot-water baths of special construction. The distinguished invalid, we hear, shows little improvement.

"In the House of Lords this afternoon Lord Kitchener said for last few months front held by Allies in West had been practically unchanged.

Wet Kiss 1 Koster Girl f. 2 Trevella 8.

This did not mean any relaxation of activity on part of forces in field."

Evening Provincial Paper.

We are very glad to learn that the continuation of racing in England is not materially affecting the *moral* of our troops at the Front.

THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

The nicest of the nurses
According her consent,
I made some simple verses
To tell her what it meant,
That in this best of bowers,
Where milk descends in showers,
And no one heeds the Powers,
I am not quite content.

Although my martial fervour
Is subject to caprice
No competent observer
Will grudge me my release;
I may occasion no stir
But feel, a modest boaster
(To paraphrase the poster),
That I've performed my piece.

In practical phylactics
I've done some useful work;
I've taught the men some tactics
And where bacilli lurk;
But always, on reflection,
I note one grave objection—
That (to my recollection)
I never killed a Turk.

With Private Kent, the sniper,
I've done some prodigies;
I spot the Turkish viper
And tell him where it is;
Though mine the primal vigour
To indicate the figure,
The hand that pressed the trigger
Was uniformly his.

Perhaps, to be quite candid,
I'm not cut out for CAIN;
I slaughter—second-handed,
I fire the distant train;
My influence in the trenches
May well compare with FRENCH'S,
But never a maiden blenches
To know that I have slain.

All this impairs my pleasure,
As poets hate to see
Some almost perfect measure
Not *quite* what it should be;
Yet have I consolation
For having failed the nation—
By some miscalculation
They never finished me.

From experts' truthful stories
I do my best to learn;
They all agree that war is
A murdering concern;
And since it seems my presence
Adds nothing to its essence,
I feel a mere excrescence
And simply shan't return.

A workman's report after an air-raid:

"Two booms fell close to my house. One exploded in a field; the other was one of them insanitary booms and didn't do much harm."

Not a boom, but a slump, in fact.



THE PESSIMIST.

Daughter. "SPLENDID NEWS FROM THE FRONT THIS MORNING. WE'VE——"

Mother. "HUSH, DEAR. I HEAR YOUR FATHER COMING. HIDE THE PAPER; IF HE SEES IT HE WON'T TOUCH HIS BREAKFAST."

Undress Uniform.

"Personally, when in command, I had no difficulty in having all correct. Even at mess I never permitted officers to appear in anything but boots, as I pointed out, being mobilised for war, they might be needed at a moment's notice."—*Daily Mirror.*

"ENEMY 'TIRED OF LYING'
KILLED BY THEIR OWN GAS."
Evening Paper.

Metaphorical or literal, German gas seems to be equally deadly.

A Phrase to be Avoided.

At a concert for wounded soldiers:—

"I am indeed glad to see so many of you present to-night."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

From an article in the monthly paper of the Church League for Women's Suffrage describing life in Serbia:—

"Yesterday a bullock-cart turned up with a wicker top—most picturesque. The owner milked the animals and presented the milk to the hospital."

In Serbia there appear to be no silly distinctions between the sexes.

"SPORTING TUTOR.—Gentleman desires Pupil to instruct him in following Sports and Pastimes:—Shooting, fishing, golf, tennis, billiards, &c., and assist him with his studies; exceptional references."—*Morning Paper.*

He will have to be an extremely versatile pupil, but where does the sporting tutor come in?

A VICTIM OF INVASION.

Peter Bintock referred generally to summer visitors as "them blight." He did not see the good of them, he never had seen and never would see that they served any fruitful purpose. He came of a family who had owned their own land in Treginegar for incalculable generations, and he could speak casually of his great-grandfather's attitude towards the Restoration. (Any ancestor behind the grandfather mark was indicated by the single prefix; beyond the limit of his immediate experience Peter was Bergsonian in his treatment of time and simultaneity.) And if anyone could need further evidence of so obvious a valuation of "them blight" Peter had a clincher in reserve. "It's just twenty year since the first visitor came to Treginegar," he would say with a kind of superheated patience, and add as he turned contemptuously away—"and *he* was a black man." The well-informed were left to ponder on the dismal quality of this black blight; it is the sort you get on beans.

For years after the black man episode Peter continued to live happily in historic time, tilling his land on the principles inculcated by his great-grandfather in the days of WILLIAM RUFUS, and only distantly critical of the slowly increasing plague of green fly that had miraculously descended from a black ancestor. These first visitors were, indeed, comparatively tentative harmless creatures; the same specimens recurred annually in August and September, bringing their young, and feeding them, for the most part innocently enough, on one of the various beaches—poor foreign things who knew nothing of the massive permanence of Treginegar, and almost negligible from Peter's point of view.

But about ten or fifteen years ago some unintelligible thing that called itself a "railway company" built a new station at a point eight miles nearer to Treginegar, and the blight only had to drift five miles instead of thirteen in order to reach its summer habitat. And although the poor things tried desperately in the first instance to keep their refuge to themselves the names of other places about Treginegar were becoming famous. Dangerous people, like BARING-GOULD and LEWIS HIND, wrote very wicked books, actually naming "beauty-spots" on the North Coast, and all the competition of the "Cornish Riviera" failed to prevent the blight from spreading.

Peter began to lose his temper. He had a curious feeling that he had missed some opportunity to nip this thing in the bud. He felt that if he had, so to speak, killed a few queen wasps earlier in the year the swarm could have been avoided. He scowled through harvest and swore a great deal, and openly advertised the frightful horrors that awaited any of "them blight" if they trespassed on *his* land.

And eventually that happened. Peter saw it from his own front garden, snatched a cudgel as he rushed through the hall, and charged, shouting. The invaders were three timidly-brave schoolmistresses, and they scattered and fled like scared hens before Peter's vocabulary, leaving him victorious but choleric in the middle of the pasture.

But next August the sacrilege was repeated more than once; and there can be little doubt that the Socialist who attempted argument, and afterwards brought an action against Peter for violent assault, secretly instigated other visitors to dare the outrageous experiment. That year report had it that there were as many as twenty-nine foreigners in Treginegar parish during August, and Peter began to have the feelings of one who had undertaken a great and urgent work.

Incidentally he tried a bull, an indiscriminating beast, who finally penned him into a corner while a spasm of blight were criminally trespassing in the middle distance. That act marked the bull as a true descendant of the black man, and it was transformed into vulgar beef directly the weather grew cooler. This error of judgment, however, confirmed Peter in his conviction that he was one against a multitude, that he was a man with a great and increasing purpose, and he prepared to fight the whole world in defence of his rights. He knew that the world contained great hosts of visitors. He had heard of other places in Cornwall, and of Devonshire, and of a town called London that was more than twice the size (so they said) of Bodmin; but he was magnificently resolute.

He had a matter of ten months in every year for his preparations, and his fields broke out, little by little as he could afford it, into barbed wire, and the steadfastly locked gates were capped by a horrid *cheval-de-frise* of dead furze. And during the crucial seven weeks Peter himself never relinquished his cudgel or abated for a single second of daylight his fierce untiring watch across the spread of arable and pasturage. He could not go to market between July and October, and his personal work in the harvest-field was almost negligible. He never swerved from his holy purpose. He would not let "them blight" trespass unaccosted upon one blade of grass in the fields that his great-grandfather had so successfully cultivated in the days of ALFRED THE GREAT.

I am still inclined to believe that Peter would have survived if it had not been for the War. He was truly a victim of the Zeppelin, inasmuch as it seems that the whole East Coast has this year vomited its vast swarm of visitors into Treginegar—upwards of two hundred, the postman said. And unhappily a corner of Peter's land offers a tempting and advantageous short-cut. By mid-August he had a wild look about his eyes, which he had not closed since he found that some fool had used two of his corn shocks as a tent to sleep in—and he had a convinced habit of turning sharply to gaze across any field that had been momentarily hidden. He looked with fierce suspicion at the very gulls. Two hundred acres take a lot of watching, and Peter was never still for five seconds at a time. No man could endure that strain for seven weeks. By the end of August I knew that Peter was a doomed man; and when it was found that he had barricaded the main coast road one night even the reluctant Cornish authorities (egged on, unquestionably, by this blight) were forced to intervene.

In the Bodmin "establishment" they can keep him quiet in an empty room by giving him photographs of bare fields or moors or any desert in which there is no human figure. The room must be empty, because he is apt to mistake furniture for blight, and his methods are drastic and violent. They hope to let him out at the end of September, but they are prepared to receive him again every year between July and October. It's the recurrent kind, the doctor says.

There is a certain irony in the thought that Peter, whose great-grandfather farmed Treginegar in the dear old days of the Phœnicians, should now be reduced to the level of a summer visitor in Bodmin.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

WE keenly regret to learn of the death, from wounds, of Lieutenant J. S. M. TOMBS, R.F.A. He was one of the first to enlist in the Liverpool Scottish. He was invalided home with frost-bite and, on recovering, received a commission in the Royal Field Artillery. After four months' training he returned to the Front a few weeks ago. Lieutenant TOMBS was a frequent contributor of verse and short articles to *Punch*.



OUR WAR ECONOMIES.

Husband (returning to smoking-room after being called to the telephone). "WHAT THE——!?"

Wife. "OH, *I* PUT IT OUT, DEAR, AS I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'D BE. I DIDN'T LIKE TO SEE IT WASTING, AS I KNEW IT WAS A GOOD ONE."

CAMP QUARTERMASTERING.

I.

THE worst of Adjutants is that they have so much time on their hands that they can go about asking silly questions. I was busy at something or another when our Adjutant asked me if I would quartermaster our summer camp, and I daresay that I did, absent-mindedly and in accordance with military etiquette, answer in the affirmative. Anyway, I thought no more about it until the middle of July, when the Adjutant came along and asked what I was doing about the camp.

"What camp?"

"The summer camp."

"Is there going to be one?"

"Yes, and you've been appointed Camp Quartermaster."

"Very interesting. Any men going?"

"That's what I was going to ask you. It's your business to find out."

"All right, I'll ask the Company Commanders. Do I have to do anything else?"

"Not much. You have to provide tents for the battalion, and see to the food and things, and just run the camp. That's all."

"That sounds easy."

"Yes, but you may have trouble about the tents. I hear there aren't any to be got."

"Perhaps we'd better not mention that to the men until they get there."

"No, especially as there's no chance of billeting them."

"How long will the camp last?"

"About a fortnight, and if there aren't enough men we can stop it sooner."

"That's a most satisfactory idea and will make it easy for everyone to make their arrangements—especially me."

"Well, you must do the best you can, and I think you'd better begin to see about it."

I saluted, and that's how I became Camp Quartermaster. The Adjutant's one sensible idea was about beginning to see about it, and I accordingly started to worry the Company Commanders, who worried the Seconds-in-command, who worried the Company Sergeant-Majors, who worried the Company Quartermaster-Sergeants, who worried the Platoon Sergeants, who worried the men, and, as that's the only way that things begin to move in the Army, things began to move.

I found that the Adjutant wasn't as wrong as usual about tents being unprocurable. It seems that the War Office had decided to use tents in connection with their war, and that several other people were thinking of holding summer camps. These things had been told to the tent-makers, who are pessimistic people, and, if I had believed the first half-a-dozen firms whom I approached, I should have come to the conclusion that there wasn't a tent to be procured in the country. However, by a process of pretending that I didn't really want tents but was writing an article on the lack of enterprise in British industries and in tent-making in particular, I got the offer of quite a number of tents at more or less reasonable prices. To the surprise and annoyance of the tent-makers I accepted some of these offers and directed them to despatch the tents to the remote and inaccessible part of the country where we had decided to hold our camp. This



GRIT.

The morning after the Zeppelin raid in our village.

put fresh heart into the tent-makers, as they were able to assure me that no railway company would carry tents, and that the War Office had bought up every available motor lorry. They were right about the motor lorries, but I discovered a railway company that was willing to carry tents if and when they had time, and if they could find the necessary trucks and the men to load them. When it got round that I had secured tents, about ten members of the battalion assured me that, if they had known that I wanted tents, they could have obtained them for me for nothing. I effectually stopped this kind of talk by telling them that I wanted lots more tents and eagerly accepting their offers to get them.

Having more or less settled the tent problem I turned my attention to the food question, and sent for the battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant, who incidentally was once a real Quartermaster-Sergeant. He said that he knew all about feeding troops, but couldn't tell me accurately how many stones go to a pound of plum jam, or how many raisins each man is entitled to in a ration of plum duff. He was willing to hazard an opinion on relatively trivial details like meat, but on important questions like *pâté de foie gras* and turnips and the service allowance of pepper per man for breakfast, and whether an infantry man was entitled to one pickle and a cavalry man to two pickles for tea he was hopelessly uninformed. The best he could do was to offer to look up a book of army regulations which had been issued to him in 1856, and which he thought still held good.

On inquiry I ascertained that our last Camp Quartermaster, after feeding the battalion on a consistent dietary of pork sausages for four days, had retired to a private home for the feeble-minded, where he was passing his time calculating how many sausages it will take to feed a battalion of uncertain number for a week on the basis that pork sausages go bad in geometrical progression, starting at one-eighth of a sausage the first day and going on at the double. I felt certain that mutiny would be the result of attempting to feed the battalion on pork sausages for a fortnight in a year when there was no R in the month of August, which Matilda assured me is the sole test as to whether or not pork is fit for human consumption.

Obtaining no assistance from the Army or our own past experience I turned my attention to marine records, and found that the staple food of the sea is vinegar. As the weather looked wet and stormy I decided to adopt a vinegar diet, especially as vinegar is easily bought and, being wrapt up in barrels, can be handled with facility.

Both Matilda and the Battalion Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect meat either as a relish or an alternative to the vinegar, as some of them at least would be landlubbers and not entirely attuned to the vinegar diet, and I accordingly agreed to risk the expense of adding meat to the cuisine.

Subject to the state of the Editor's digestive organs I will tell you some other time how to buy meat for the Army and the kind of things that the War Office do by way of intervention when they find out that you have laid in stocks of tents, vinegar and meat with a view to holding a camp.



THE LAST WORD.

First Munition Worker. "LOOK HERE, MATE, YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD. YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO YOUR UNION."

Second Ditto. "WELL, I'D SOONER BE THAT THAN A TRAITOR TO MY COUNTRY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 14th September.—On prorogation of Parliament elected in January, 1581, adjourned in March same year, QUEEN ELIZABETH, with that affability in conversation that marks royalty, asked the SPEAKER what had passed in the House of Commons. "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks," answered Speaker POPHAM. To-day Parliament resumes the Session. If our Mr. SPEAKER were asked by the Sovereign what had passed in the interval since the adjournment he might make answer, "If it please your Majesty, nearly seven weeks."

Poignant remembrance of how, towards end of July, we parted distraught with apprehension. Something over six weeks' adjournment of Parliament! And what meanwhile was to become of interests of the Empire at home and abroad? How would the Cabinet get along, deprived of daily counsel from supporters seated below Gangway? (Perhaps more precise to say standing, for they were generally on their legs).

Well, we muddled through somehow, for here we are again, once more counselled and comforted by the grinding of HANDEL BOOTH, the warbling of WEDGWOOD, the denunciation of DALZIEL, the prattle of PRINGLE and the jocularity of JOYNSON-HICKS.

The hyphenated Member for Brentford contributed to debate a remark that uplifted cloud of war and made Members momentarily merry. What PREMIER aptly described as "a sporadic desultory discussion" on question of conscription *versus* voluntary enlistment had occurred. JOHN DILLON introduced subject in passionate speech greeted with continuous cheering from Members opposite. Remembering old times when he was accustomed to be shouted down from same quarter, reception must have given him pleased surprise.

Irrespective of Party lines House divided into two camps, one demanding day for discussion of the question, the other insisting on leaving matter to decision of Government, who alone are in possession of information upon its full bearings. It was here JOYNSON-HICKS rushed in and settled matter.

"On the question of conscription," he said, "I should myself prefer to be guided — very largely — by Lord KITCHENER."

House by spontaneous burst of cheering appreciated subtle distinction. Up to certain point, loosely but generously defined, WAR MINISTER is to be trusted for guidance. That limit reached, JOYNSON-HICKS interposes and finally settles stupendous problem.



"COMFORTED BY THE GRINDING OF HANDEL BOOTH AND THE WARBLING OF WEDGWOOD."

Leader of Opposition had rather uneasy time. GUEST (in khaki) jumped up from his side and, with pistol held at head of PREMIER—of course in Parliamentary sense of the words—insisted upon day being given for discussion of recruiting question. When he sat down his esteemed Leader solemnly rose, his white cambric handkerchief profusely streaming from breast coat-pocket like flag of truce.

"I rise," said Mr. CHAPLIN in voice rather of sorrow than of anger, "lest, sitting on the same bench as the honourable and gallant gentleman, my silence might appear to give consent to views expressed by him."

Strangers in gallery, chiefly men in khaki, puzzled by peal of laughter that followed this remark. What were they laughing at?

Preserving best traditions of Front Opposition bench, CHAPLIN chivalrously declared his full trust in the Government to decide if and when compulsory service might be needed in best interests of country.

Only person House really cared to hear on subject was the PREMIER. Of the hour allotted to discussion just nine minutes left to him. More than sufficed. Indeed, last half-minute served for reply that for the time settled everything.

"When," he said, "the Government, without undue delay, with as much deliberation as the gravity of the subject demands, arrive at their conclusions, they will present them to the House, and they will become the subject of Parliamentary discussion."

Business done.—Parliament re-assembled. Commons sat eighty minutes. Lords thirty-five.



THE PRIME MINISTER MARKING TIME, WITH AN EYE ON THE CLOCK.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—House wore gala aspect. Exceptionally large attendance of Peers. Steps of Throne thronged by Privy Councillors. Galleries garlanded by ladies in summer frocks. Atmosphere of intense expectation.

Explanation forthcoming in announcement that WAR SECRETARY would make important statement on progress of War and present position of campaign. Now would the veil persistently spread by Press Bureau be lifted. Now the public, who really have some concern in the matter, would be taken into full confidence. Gossip and rumour, idle or vicious, would be dispersed.

K. OF K. in his place on Ministerial Bench with soldier-like punctuality. On stroke of half-past four rose from side of CREWE. Laid on Table packet of type-written MS. With head bent over it proceeded to read at rapid pace in level voice. Chamber at best a bad one to speak in even for a Peer who stands upright, with head thrown back, talking in measured and sonorous tones.



Elderly Caddie (discussing with golfer the very indifferent exhibition of another member). "You know, he don't really enjoy hisself. It's more of a religion with him than a game, so to speak."

This rapid, unpunctuated, unemphasized reading of a paper hopeless.

Noble Lords sat in attitude of strained attention waiting for disclosure of something new, striking, peradventure cheering. What they heard was a bald summary of *communiqués* from Headquarters with which the newspapers had long made them familiar. Only new thing of any importance was expression of opinion that on Eastern front the Germans have almost shot their last bolt." From so high authority, abnormally averse from taking sanguine views, this opinion was welcomed with muffled cheer. Standing alone it scarcely satisfied high-strung expectation.

When K. of K. sat down a strange thing happened. Noble lords sat in mute surprise looking at each other. Was this really all? Was the tale ended? Surely something must follow. Lord Chancellor sat motionless on Woolsack, looking round silent benches. Nobody rose. After awkward pause, it seemed a full minute's duration, but was probably only a moment, he remarked, "The House will now adjourn."

Which it forthwith did in dazed condition.

Business done.—In the Commons Premier moved Vote of Credit for 250 millions, the seventh since outbreak of the War, reaching in the aggregate the once fabulous sum of £1,362,000,000.

Thursday.—News from the Front. It comes in a letter from a young soldier writing to his father from Gallipoli. Describing the brilliant charge of the Yeomanry on Hill 70, which took place on August 21st, he says: "Wedgwood Benn was simply a marvel."

He was always so regarded whilst with us in the Commons. House will be glad to hear that in new circumstances he is maintaining his reputation; and his many friends will take a personal pride in this tribute from a comrade who was with him in the same gallant charge.

Long, occasionally lively, sitting, extending to full time limit of eleven o'clock. Occupied with talk about relative merits of conscription and voluntary service. Colonel Arthur Lee, home from the War, opened fire under former flag. Some sensation created by deliberate statement made by J. H. Thomas, authorized exponent of views of railwaymen throughout the country, that if conscription be decreed they will straightway stop work.

Ministers significantly abstained from taking part in conversation.

Business done.—New Vote of Credit passed Report stage.

Our Experts.

"It is always a matter of amour propre with every commander to keep his adversary ignorant of his dispositions, and let him find them out for himself rather than supply the information from his own side."
Military Correspondent of "The Daily News."

From *Training Manual Signalling, Part II.*, in regard to making permanent joints in a broken cable:—

"Dip the joint into the liquid solder until a sufficient quantity has been absorbed, and then wipe it with a rag. Wash the joint with water to remove the remains of the flux, dry and serve with india-rubber tape and solution."

We have often observed some such dish as this at the Mess, and wondered where the cook got the recipe from.

A Good Catch.

"Fish—Rodd.—At St. Paul's Church, Grangetown, September 8th, by the Rev. D. Fisher, John Fish, of Newcastle, to Emily Mary Rodd, of Cardiff (by licence)."
Western Mail.



Auctioneer (*reproachfully*). "WHAT! NO ADVANCE ON THREE SHILLINGS? WHY, *THE PICTURE BY ITSELF* IS WORTH THAT!"

INDECISION.

(*From the War Musings of a dyspeptic Pacificist.*)

Is the time to eat an apple after "brekker,"
Or before?
Will it mitigate the keenness of my pecker,
Or, perhaps, a jaded appetite restore,
If I eat my apple first?
Will it spoil my coffee thirst?
After all, I think it wiser to refrain
Till the forenoon is a little on the wane.

Is the time to eat an apple after lunch,
Or before?
Now my lunch is quite a simple meal—a hunch
Of bread-and-butter, cheese, and nothing more.
If I prelude it with fruit,
And my gastric juice dilute,
I may throw my whole digestion out of tune—
Oh, I'd better wait until the afternoon!

Is the time to eat an apple after tea,
Or before?
Here's a problem that acutely int'rests me
As a student of high dietetic lore;
For the flavour of Oolong
Is delicate, not strong,
And the chances are the two will never mix;
So I think I'll hold my apple up till six.

Is the time to eat an apple after dinner,
Or before?
Though it won't determine who's to be the winner
In the present sad and fratricidal war,
The choice for *me* is serious,
Any error's deleterious,
So I think I'd best refer it, on the whole,
To the League of Gastronomical Control.

Is the time to eat an apple after supper,
Or before?
I have searched in vain the works of MARTIN TUPPER
For proverbial instruction on this score;
And, having failed to find
Help from that colossal mind,
A wrinkle from the wise old Snark I'll borrow,
And always eat my apple on the morrow.

"For this relief much thanks."

Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge gratefully the anonymous gift of his own and Toby's counterfeits admirably done in relief out of local chalk by officers in the trenches of France.

Things "The Times" would have expressed differently.

"The fact that Dr. J. W. Mackail is responsible for the introduction to the collection of 'Modern Essays'—a volume made up from a selection of leading articles in *The Times* during the past five years—gives both authority and value to the book."
Westminster Gazette.

News from Constantinople:—

"The munition factory at Makrikions has suspended work, owing to the want of row material."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle.*

That is not what stops munitions factories here. Quite the contrary.

STOOPING TO CONQUER.

I CAN'T tell you where it was, because that is an official secret, and if I divulge an official secret the penalty is—well, that's an official secret too, I suppose. Anyhow, boiling oil is a fool compared with it.

I went up to a policeman whom I saw at the gates. "Good afternoon," I began, waving my blue paper about; "I've come to make high explo——"

"Second on the right, third on the left, second on the left again, fourth on the right, first on the left, and keep straight on till you come to a——"

"Thanks," I interposed. "That's about as much as I can remember for a first instalment. Second on the left, I think you said?"

"Second on the *right*, third on the left—"

He was still going on with his recitation when I passed out of earshot.

By dint of asking seven more policemen and brandishing my blue paper in a conspicuous manner, I at length reached the office of which I was in search. "Good afternoon," I said; "I've come to make a high explo——"

Someone took my blue paper away from me as I was in the act of describing a peculiarly effective parabola with it, and summoned me up to a desk. "Sign the register, please, here—and here," he said, thrusting the usual cross-nibbed Government pen into my hand and passing me a piece of that charming Government blotting-paper which blots in very truth. I did as he requested, and then he handed me a book of rules and a spade-guinea.

"No, really," I protested. "I couldn't dream of accepting——"

Then I found it was only a brass disc with a number on it. "That is your metal pass," the clerk explained. "It must not be taken home as a souvenir or worn on your watch-chain, but must be dropped into the box provided for it when you leave the works to-night. You will commence work in the Cartridge Factory this afternoon."

"Where's that?" I asked.

"Second on the right, third on the left——"

"Thanks; I know that piece," I remarked hurriedly and left the office. With the assistance of a friendly professional munitioner who didn't seem to know what to do with a trolley full of brass plates I at length found my shed and duly presented myself to the assistant-foreman. "Good afternoon," I said; "I have come to" (and here I made a twiddling motion with thumb and forefinger) "roll cartridges."

The look of relief upon the man's face when he saw that the munitions problem had been solved at last was good to behold. He beckoned me to follow him, and, making our way amid a perfect maze of wheels and belts, and cylinders going up and cylinders coming down, and pistons making drives to the off and pistons making hooks to leg, we at last reached a machine that was half mangle and half copying-press. On a ledge in front of it was a boxful of brass thimbles. These were embryo cartridges, my companion explained, and my job was to (official secret) . . . and then to (official secret) . . . after which, I had to (official secret) . . . He also showed me how to switch the engine on and off, cautioning me at the same time not to put the thimbles in upside down or I should break the punch. He then started the machine and left me . . .

A noise like a salvo of artillery nearly startled me off my stool. My machine had stopped. It had "downed tools." I issued my first complete high explosive. "You've put one in upside down," chuckled a ribald youth on the next machine. "Your punch is broke."

I heaved a sigh of relief. From the noise I judged that I had broken the whole factory, and that I should have to go and explain to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE that in consequence the War couldn't go on, and that the Government had better see about obtaining the best Peace terms possible.

The assistant foreman came up. I quite expected him and was consumed with curiosity to know which of my ears he would elect to box. However, he merely grinned, told me I had done nothing startlingly original, and put me on to another machine.

Then I got to work in earnest. For three hours-and a-half I stuck to my job, and then the referee blew his whistle. My machine kindly stopped without any assistance from me, and I heard someone say "Tea." In two minutes we were all out in the yard burrowing in our tea-baskets.

I was in the middle of my eighth bloater paste sandwich when I casually looked up and saw the only man of the V.M.B. I knew who was on the Saturday afternoon shift—Peter Travers. We exchanged greetings. "Your costume," observed Peter, as he helped himself to my cake, "would put the shabbiest tramp juggler to shame."

"My oldest clothes," I said, "as per advice from headquarters. What, may I ask, are you doing in last week's tennis flannels and a blazer embroidered with the arms of the Thornton Heath Chess and Draughts Club?"

"I am sorry," said Peter, "but that is an official secret. If you read the Official Secrets Act of 1899 you will find that—— By the by, what's your job?"

I drew myself up proudly. "I am making cartridge-cases longer," I said.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Peter. "My job is to make 'em shorter! We're merely undoing each other's work. Do you think LLOYD GEORGE is aware of this scandalous waste of energy? Let's go home."

We were still debating the matter when six o'clock arrived, and we followed the stream of workers back to our respective sheds. Two hours later, with several thousand others, we attempted to board a motor-bus that normally carried thirty passengers.

"It's all right," said Peter, as we scrambled on top, "I'm a trimmer. I'm merely taking the rough edges off *your* slovenly work."

"Anyway," I answered, "whatever else I've been doing I've most certainly contracted permanent curvature of the spine in my country's cause."

"And my back aches infernally," said Peter. "I wonder if there's such a disease as munitions-back—like tennis-elbow, you know?"

"We're merely suffering," I said, "from a little unaccustomed strain upon our sinews of war."

TO AN ALARUM.

TIMEPIECE whose tinkling clatter
 With sudden fears untold
Has daily sought to shatter
 My slumbers from of old,
Seeming to say, "Awaken!
That bed must be forsaken!
Be off to where the bacon
 And eggs are getting cold!"

Though, ere these days of battle,
 Each morn at 7.10
He hailed your poignant rattle
 With words one may not pen,
The author of these verses
No longer now rehearses
Those matutinal curses
 He cast upon you then;

But, leaping up and scorning
 To snooze again and snore,
"Old chap," he cries, "good morning!"
 (And foots it round the floor).
"Rejoice, for we're in clover!
Another night is over,
And lo, the Hun sky-rover
 Has missed us both once more."

Another Quiet Wedding.

"The service was conducted by the Rev. —— ——, M.A., the bridegroom. The wedding was of a quiet nature, owing to the recent death of the bride."—*Blackpool Times.*

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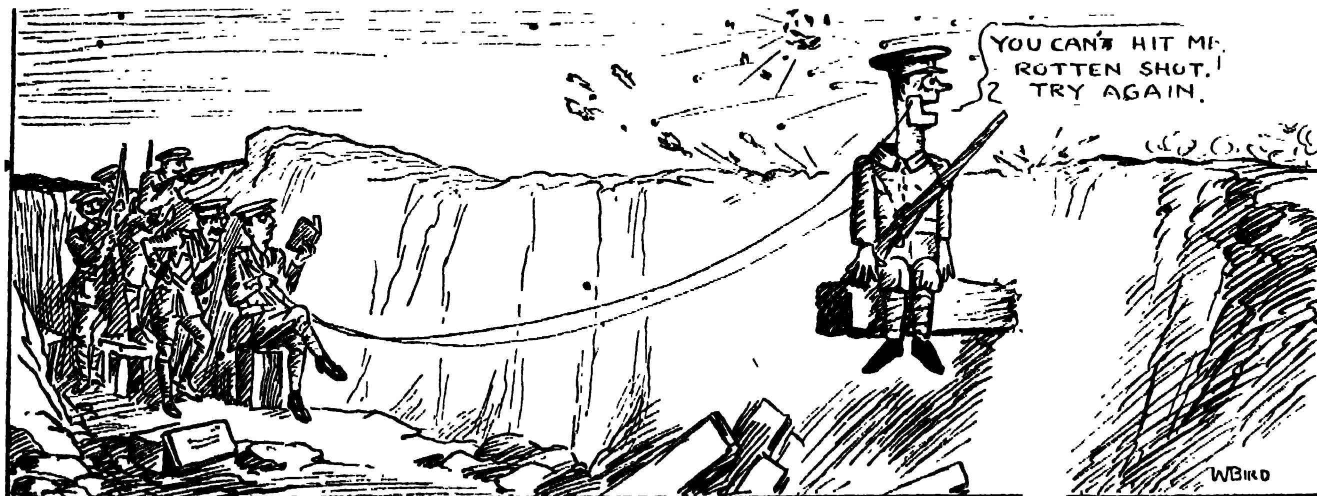
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ANTI-AIRCRAFT.

I helped myself to the last piece of toast, munched it thoughtfully and turned to Henry.

"What are we going to do to-day?" I asked.

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache.

"To-day. Well, I shall take the bike to pieces."

"Yes, but what are the men going to do?"

Henry stopped stroking his moustache. "Clean," he said. "First of all they can clean the rooms, then they can clean the gun, then they can clean--er----"

"Themselves."

"Yes. By the way, you're off this afternoon?"

I smiled. "I am"

"Right," said Henry. "Well, I'll start on the bike now. Er--you might look at the rooms." And he went out.

Henry of course is my senior; we obtained our commissions on the same day, but his surname happens to begin with a B, whereas mine begins with a Y. He is therefore my senior by some twenty-three letters, and on parade I call him "Sir." I also inspect the rooms.

At eleven o'clock, acting on my instructions, I put on my belt, took up my stick and inspected the rooms. They were clean. At twelve o'clock I inspected the It was clean. At twelve-fifteen I inspected the men. They were clean. At twelve thirty I inspected Henry: he was black and oily.

Tired out with my morning's work I returned to the mess, threw myself into the comfortable chair and fell into a light slumber, from which I was only wakened by the enthusiastic mess waiter distributing the lunch on the floor.

It was just as we were finishing lunch that the telephone bell rang.

I got up and answered it: it was the Adjutant.

"Hullo," he said. "The Colonel is coming over to inspect you this afternoon."

I turned to Henry—the senior. "Colonel coming over to inspect this afternoon," I said.

"Help Tell him we shan't be at home."

I turned to the instrument.

"Very good, Sir," I said to it. 'About what time?"

"Oh, during the afternoon."

We rang off.

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache. "Dash," he said. "My bike is all to pieces."

"The Colonel will only trouble about the gun," I assured him.

Henry laughed bitterly. "I hate these inspections."

"I don't mind them," I said airily.

I don't; on such occasions I walk behind and listen to Henry saying, "Yes, Sir, it shall be altered."

"I don't mind them," I repeated. "After all, it isn't the General."

"Very well, then, will you stay in this afternoon? I hate them, and you inspected this morning."

I began to alter my point of view; it is one thing to trot behind and watch Henry with the Colonel; it is quite another to trot in front and be watched by the Sergeant.

"Henry," I said, "be a man."

"Look here, old thing, you might ---"

"Of course," I said, "you are my senior ---"

Henry is very sporting. "It isn't a question of seniority, and of course you take to-morrow afternoon off."

I walked up and down the room 20 feet the double journey) and then across it (9 feet). I thought of the night when I had nearly shot at a cloud and how Henry had restrained me, swearing it wasn't a Zeppelin.

Henry," I said, "I'll do it."

He looked very relieved. "Sportsman," he said, "I'll have to borrow your pushbike."

Do," I agreed; "and now I'm going to inspect the gun."

"But you did that this morning."

Yes; but this time I am inspecting from a Colonel's point of view."

*

"During the afternoo is a most elastic term. I not by any means nervous, but I must admit that halfway through the afternoon I had inspected the gun no fewer than ten times, and the rooms and the men, unofficially, at least five times. Incidentally I had had a long chat with the Sergeant. It was my first inspection.

At four o'clock the Colonel and the Adjutant arrived. I explained that it was Henry's afternoon out and he had unfortunately gone before the telephone message arrived—a very permissible li

Then we inspected the gun. There was just on slip; it was when the Colon pointed to a new lighting arrangement, an idea of Henry's.

"That lighting," he began.

"Yes, Sir," I said mechanically, "I'll have that altered."

"I was going to say I thought it distinctly good," he continued.

I tripped over the box of spare parts and apologised. The rest of the business was uneventful.

Just before they left the Adjutant took me on one side and spoke confidentially for a few minutes.

"You see?" he finished.

"Very good, Sir," I said. I went in smiling and waited for Henry's return.

Eventually he came back, sleepy and tired.

"Everything all right?" he inquired.

"It was an excellent show," I replied modestly. "But they're horrid things, inspections."

"Horrid," he agreed. "Well, I think I'll go to bed now. Wake me at two." He yawned and murmured something blatant about night watches. "Good night."

"Good night," I said. "Oh, by the way, Henry, the Adjutant took me on one side before they left. It appears their inspection had—er—a particular significance."

Henry looked surprised. "Why? Nothing doing to-night?"

"No, not to-night," I said. "To-morrow afternoon."

"To-morrow afternoon. What?"

"The—er—General is coming over with Major Smith, the air-craft specialist."

"Lord!"

"He will probably ask you to run through some drill. He doesn't want it known, though. Everything to go on as usual." I paused. "Everything to go on as usual, Henry. I was wondering if you would lend me your motor-bike," I added.

Henry stroked the thing he calls his moustache.

A Sham Dum-Dum.

Mr. Punch has been requested to warn the public against a man who has for some time been fraudulently impersonating Captain John Kendall, R.A. ("Dum-Dum" of *Punch*). Anyone receiving a begging letter or a visit from this impostor should communicate with the police, to whom he is known.

"Along the line Nowi Troki to Mejszagola and Podberezie, the latter not to be confounded with Podbrodzie, the Germans strongly entrenched themselves weeks ago."
Morning Paper.

We regret to say that for many years we have been guilty of this confusion, just as the Editor of the *Novoe Vremya* has found it impossible to distinguish Llanfairfechan from Llanfrechfa.

"There is being raised in the neighbourhood of Westminster Palace a group by Rodin, the illustrious French sculptor, of the burglars of Calais, with halters round their necks, coming to implore the pardon of King Edward."
Scotsman.

New Scotland Yard would appear to be the place for these historic housebreakers.



Recruit. "Yes, yes! But don't talk to me now, there's a good girl. I've got to get ready to salute this officer."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The appearance of a new novel by Mr. Compton Mackenzie is always, even in these days, something of an event. Therefore I opened *Guy and Pauline* (Secker) with a lively expectation, which—let me add at once—was by no means disappointed. But having said this I must also say that *Guy and Pauline* is not in the least the kind of book I was prepared to find it. It reveals Mr. Mackenzie in a quite new manner, as far removed from the passionate vitality of *Carnival* as from the realism, perhaps a little aggressive, of *Sinister Street*. Here is miniature painting, most exquisite and delicate in workmanship, devoted entirely to the portrayal of an episode in the lives of two persons. *Guy and Pauline* is the love-story of that friend whom *Michael Fane* (you may remember) left to rusticate in an old-world village, while he himself pursued the more strenuous life. I have called it a love-story, and the description was surely never better deserved, for *Guy and Pauline* is about love from beginning to end. Had it been written fifty years ago it might have had as sub-title "or, The Long Engagement." Mr. Mackenzie has, in fact, set himself as hard a task as could well be imagined: to recount the gradual waxing and waning of attachment between two young persons, both charming, solicitous for each other, and—as is the habit of modern youth—somewhat too introspective to be able to grasp happiness for thinking about it. *Guy Hazlewood* was the man, and the girl was *Pauline*, youngest of the three daughters of the Wychford Rectory, as wholly delightful a family, by the way, as any in fiction. But with their engagement began Mr. Mackenzie's difficulties. He had to show how from day to day the small restrictions and uncertainties of their position (since *Guy* could not do the obvious thing and marry *Pauline* out of hand) gradually undermined the devotion of each, changing adoration at last to something like antipathy. I doubt if any other writer could have displayed his hero and heroine getting thus on the nerves of one another without producing that effect upon the reader. As it is, the story is so steeped in external beauty (by a happy inspiration its progress is marked only by the names of the passing seasons) that not till the end does it reveal itself as tragedy. *Guy and Pauline*, in short, is a book that, while it may exasperate the impetuous, will be hailed by the reflective as an achievement.

Whether the dialect in *Journeys with Jerry the Jarvey* (Smith, Elder), by Alexis Roche, is authentic or not is a question that must be left to experts. I am content to think it sound because Mr. Roche seems to know his jarvey. But a Saxon may well find three hundred consecutive pages of *Jerry's* idiom a little trying. This particular Saxon confesses as much quite frankly, and furthermore that he has the impression of but a poor pennyworth of wit to an intolerable deal of whisky. It is a simple fact that the alcoholic joke in all but the subtlest hands is dangerously liable to pall. Whether the vagaries of a drunken lunatic, or the incident of some old maids at a tea-party unwittingly swallowing a powerful emetic, or a squireen at a shoot followed over hill and dale by the mother of his illegitimate offspring, or *Jerry* himself prostrate in a rowing boat in a heavy swell, can be made

sufficiently diverting by tactful treatment is a speculative question that may be left to the curious. Myself, I am conscious that Jerry's painstaking chronicler leaves me strangely cold, and I rather imagine that this is just the kind of book that lovers of Ireland don't particularly care to see published.

You may recall how MARGARET BAILLIE-SAUNDERS had the singular good fortune to publish a novel of Belgian life, called *The Belfry*, at the very moment when the attention of the world was focussed upon the scenes it described. She has now followed up this chance topicality by a deliberate one. *Captain The Curé* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a story of Belgium in the agony of invasion. It is a fine story, written with passion, by one who clearly knows, and feels deeply for, the people about whom she writes. Its main theme is the effect produced upon a young priest of Louvain by the martyrdom, by death and worse, of two Belgian girls. *Marie* and *Ottile* were two sisters of contrasting natures; the one, all purity and devotion, is done to death in the first hours of the German orgie; the other accepts life at a price, becomes a camp-follower of the Huns, and subsequently, under torment, a spy. Meanwhile the death of *Marie* has so worked upon the priest *Van Susterens* that he renounces his vows and all religion except that of vengeance, and becomes a soldier. What happens afterwards to him and to the unfortunate *Ottile* is the matter of the tale. The setting of it is perhaps even more impressive than the action. There is something almost like inspiration about the fury with which the author speaks of infamies which by now we are becoming in some danger of taking for granted. I should like to prescribe this story for an early stage in the treatment of those well-meaning imbeciles who still try to "make allowances" for Germany's crimes. A book, in short, for the lending shelves of anyone with pro-German acquaintances.

This appears to be an era of competitive fiction. I am becoming quite used to the appearance of the novel that arrives bearing upon its cover the trophies of success in some contest for publication. This indeed is all very well. Quite probably the statement (to give the particular instance I have in mind) that *Three Gentlemen From New Caledonia* (STANLEY PAUL) carried off a prize of three hundred pounds may stimulate public curiosity and consequent sales. What, speaking as a reviewer, I could wish is that when the distinguished judges, "specially selected to represent a variety of tastes," have made their award they would retire and leave me to my own unprompted opinion, instead of suggesting the excellences of the volume in enthusiastic paragraphs on the cover. I am the more inclined to cavil at this practice, because, with the best will in the world, I found myself hopelessly at variance with their conclusions. To my own thinking, *Three Gentlemen From New Caledonia* is by no means a specially distinguished example of detective fiction. Its joint authors, Messrs. R. D. HEMINGWAY and HENRY DE HALSALLE, start indeed with a promising situation, the escape from a penal settlement of three convicts, a gang of thieves who return to civilisation burning to revenge themselves upon the man who betrayed them. They continue with some pleasant, if familiar, thrills about rogue-life in Paris and the booty-buyers of Amsterdam. But their whole method suffers from what seemed to me an exasperating confusion of attack. Instead of going straight ahead on any one point, they indulge in so many nibbles here and there that one is never sure what they would be at. Perhaps it was my own fault. The publishers anticipate that the story's appeal will be "almost universal"; so I can only suppose that I represent the qualifying adverb, and leave it at that.

Words or phrases not required may be erased.

At the Front—Somewhere in England.

I am quite { *well.* / *ill.* }

My windows are { *smashed* / *intact.* }

I have { *a* / *no* } *crater in my* { *front* / *back* } *garden.*

I { *saw* / *missed seeing* } *the Zeppelin.*

I { *slept* / *did not sleep a wink* } *the whole night.*

Grandmother behaved { *like* / *unlike* } *a brick.*

Letter { *follows.* / *does not follow.* }

Signature only

Date

MR. PUNCH'S SUGGESTION FOR A ZEPPELIN POST-CARD FOR SENDING TO ANXIOUS FRIENDS AT ONE OF THE OTHER FRONTS.

Mr. THOMAS COBB is an indefatigable producer of artless tales for the mitigation of the boredom of the entirely unexacting. *The Busy Whisper* (CHAPMAN) is the chatter that followed *Humphry Fortress's* fickleness in getting tired of the much too good and virtuous *Gertrude* and becoming interested in *Jacintha*, the more human and winning. Also, *Jacintha's* father, growing unduly interested in a married lady, and having to pay two thousand pounds "within a fortnight" as a result of the action *Ranking* v. *Ranking and Barnard*, the busy whisper occupies itself with that. . . . What I really liked best was *Bobby*, the red-headed, who eventually bagged *Jacintha*, being so sure of his commission that "What's more, I've ordered some service uniform on the strength of it." I can imagine the courteous *Snipps*, "And what can we do for you this morning?" and *Bobby*, nonchalantly, "Oh, some service uniform, please." To whom *Snipps*: "And how much, pray, Sir?" "Oh, quite a lot, please." And so forth. And I also liked a man who drank a glass of whisky and soda-water. I appreciated the classic precision of the phrase. And still the secret of Mr. COBB's art escapes me.

Strange Craft.

I.—THE ADAPTABLE LINERS.

"Almost all liners at times carry passengers, and, not infrequently, tramp steamers as well."—*Sunday Paper.*

II.—THE AMPHIBIOUS SUBS.

"It is reported from Mytilene that after sinking the Barbarossa, gunboat and transport, the two submarines went on shore and shelled a column of troops marching towards Gallipoli."—*The Briton.*

Another Impending Apology?

"The Archbishop of York is taking a holiday for the first three weeks of the present month, 'in order to get some time for much-needed thinking and reading.'"—*The Scotsman.*

CHARIVARIA.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, on learning that the enemy's attempts to cross the Save had been repulsed, was heard to murmur:—

"This paradox, prithee, engrave
On the door of H.M.'s Treasuree,
'The longer we stay on the Save
The sooner we go on the Spree.'"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's controversial methods are mellowing. There was a time when he would not have hesitated to accuse his critics of emitting poisonous gas. Nowadays he contents himself with the remark that they have wasted "whole cylinders of fervour and ferocity."

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Our public departments are waking up. A cargo of sugar which arrived in Glasgow recently was found to be on fire. The secretary of the local branch of the Refined Sugar Association thought it his duty to telegraph the news to the Sugar Commission, and promptly received the following helpful reply: "Call out Fire Brigade; inform the police."

Surprise has been expressed as to the means by which the two officers who escaped from Donington Hall managed to excavate a tunnel 220 feet in length underneath the main boundary fence. But the police have a clue. Another escaped German is described as having "a mole on his cheek."

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A Danish correspondent with the Austrian army says that the Galician roads are bottomless swamps and that "automobiles can make no progress unless drawn by six horses each." The purists who always objected to the "auto" are now on firmer ground than ever.

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"Smallest plots should be cultivated" was the headline attached to a recent speech of Dr. MACNAMARA. But you are not to understand that the SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY approves conspiracy against the Government.

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"So glad all settled and pictures pleased," said an "agony" in *The Times* addressed to "R." the day after the Budget. But if "R." stands for REGINALD MCKENNA we regret to have to inform him that American "pictures" are not at all pleased with his new film-tax.

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Certain gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street were greatly perturbed on Budget day by a rumour that War-prophets were to be specially taxed, and a reminder that they had been for some time past subjected to a considerable discount seemed to bring them little comfort.

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General RUSSKY's parting message to Field-Marshal VON HINDENBURG: "He that Wilna when he may . . ."

An officer in Flanders writes: "You can always spend a pleasant hour watching the anti-aircrafts—for some unknown reason called 'Archibalds'—missing the 'planes not once, but twenty times a minute." In America the air is clearer, and an ARCHIBALD brought down an Ambassador at the first attempt.



Sergeant. "TAKE THAT FLAG OUT O' YER BUTTON HOLE, M' LAD. REMEMBER THIS IS THE BRITISH ARMY. WE DON'T WANT NONE O' YER PATRIOTISM HERE."

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On the retirement of a Windsor postman it is revealed that he often came into contact with members of the Royal Family, and that on one occasion a Princess asked him to deliver a message for her. This breach of the postal regulations has been reported to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who has, however, mercifully decided to take no action against the illustrious offender.

"A month ago," the *Neueste Nachrichten* informs us, "Lloyd George, and all England with him, spoke with bated breath of the fearful Russian suction-pipe which was to exhaust Germany . . . To-day it is a far different cry. The Russian hammer is smashed." Happily, the other implement seems to be still going strong.

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The same paper declares that "the shadows of poverty and want" in Britain will be finally dispersed "by the all-potent and flashing sword-thrusts of the all-highest Emperor himself." We note with interest this confirmation of the belief that the KAISER fights with shadows.

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A correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* just returned from London says that respectable male citizens of London on Sunday mornings dress themselves in their Sunday best, and with their "gilt-edged hymnbooks under their arms" (no allusion to the Stock Exchange) repair to a crowded gambling and drinking club in the neighbourhood of a church, where they pass the hours of divine service. They then return to their homes, where they discuss with their wives and children the points of the sermons they are supposed to have heard. Where do they pick up these secrets of our national life? It seems that the spy-peril has not been exaggerated.

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The cow which walked down twenty stairs into the basement of a shop at Reading is believed to have mistaken the cellar for a byre.

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A Tommy writing home from the Dardanelles, after describing the closeness of our trenches to those of the enemy, concludes thus: "The other morning I was using a periscope as a looking-glass for shaving, and when I had finished found I had shaved a Turk."

Agricultural Chemistry.

Extract from an Indian landowner's letter to a Government adviser:—

"And in order to use the improved system (of cultivation) I beg you very kindly to suggest a book on Pharmacy."

"There are few families who can boast of such a patriotic record as Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Woodhead Street, New Ferry, who have no fewer than six sons serving their King and country. With the exception of the eldest son James, who has 131 years' service in the artillery, the brothers all enlisted after the declaration of war."—*Birkenhead News.*

Although the War is dragging a bit, it is hoped, with some confidence, that James's record will remain unbroken.

TO MR. McKENNA.

After Swinburne's "The Oblation."

[Duty has been proposed on cocoa, tea, clocks, cinema films, musical instruments, etc.]

Ask something more of me, please;
All that you mention I'll do;
Bless your dear heart, were it more,
More would I give at a squeeze—
Gold for our worrying through,
Notes for the sinews of war.

'Tis but a trifle to raise;
So I may gladden your eyes,
Willingly up will I stump,
Watching with patriot gaze
Cocoa and clocks as they rise,
Films and bassoons on the jump.

I that have nothing to spare
Cheerfully part with the same;
Little I envy their pile,
Misers that grudge you your share:
His is the joy of the game,
His who can pay with a smile. O. S.

ONE OF THE BULLDOG BREED.

["An indent is a wondrously perfected device for whitening the hair of the officer involved." *Mr. Arnold Bennett in "The Daily News."*]

Lieut. and Acting-Quartermaster Denton-Smythe sat in his office prepared for the nerve-racking process of filling in the daily indent. Summoning up that courage which is instinctive in the British officer, he opened Army Book B 55 and wrote the name of his unit, "H Bty. 999th Bde. R.F.A." on the top line. Without resting after the mental strain involved he filled in the word "One" in the space for "No. of day's rations required;" and again, without pause, filled in the date, "Sept. 20th," in the space for "Date when rations are required."

Many men would have taken a rest at this point, but Lieut. Denton Smythe was made of sterner stuff. He only paused long enough to dip his pen in the ink and then entered the number 112 in the space for "No. of officers, warrant officers, non-com. officers and men," and the number 112 in the space for "No. of rations required."

The unflinching sense of duty which characterises our officers was never better exemplified than in the case of Lieut. Denton-Smythe. Even after the exhausting mental effort required to calculate that 112 men would require 112 rations he would not yield to exhaustion.

Again dipping his pen in the ink with the same determination with which he would have thrust a bayonet through a German, he put the number 126 in the space provided on the form for "No. of horses;" and again, with no outward sign of brain fatigue, he calculated the number of rations required for 126 horses and entered the number 126 in the space provided.

Then, gathering together what remained of his superb energy, he signed his name at the foot of the document and laid down his pen.

Here one would like to be able to say that he was free to rest—to go on leave for a week, and, attended by loving members of his family, or by one even dearer than they, to recuperate his jaded brain and shattered tissues.

But the Army regulations are callous, and no such happy ending is possible, unless we tamper with truth.

The gallant officer had laid down his pen, but his task was still incomplete. He had yet to detach the indent from the book. This done he rose and, with a supreme effort, opened the door and said, "Corporal, send this to the Supply Office." Then he collapsed.

THE SIGNAL.

Concerning the multitudinous charms and stately sweetnesses of Audrey, much might be written, but as this is to be an article, as opposed to a book, and as young goddesses, being but human, may be spoilt by a too candid worship, I will here confine myself to her single fault. Audrey is romantic, nay more, she is mediaeval. When recently I approached her with a certain momentous question, she was fresh from half-a-dozen versions of the "Tristram and Iseult" legend, and to say that she was full of it is to put the case feebly. The sick lover was to infer, you remember, from the white or black sail on the good ship *Swan* whether his *affaire* was going smoothly or quashed for ever; and Audrey proposed to tell me my fate by a modernised treatment of the idea. After a clear week for reflection, she would meet me by appointment, and if she came clad in brilliant hues I might go to the jewellers' at once for the ring, but if the tints of her attire were "neutral" all would be over, and I could interview the chemist, with an order for strychnine, at my earliest convenience.

The fateful night arrived, and Audrey's ensemble flung me into mingled triumph and despair. Even to my dull masculine eyes the run of her tints was appallingly neutral; but there was one solitary gleam of hope. She wore on her breast a screaming red rosette which would have spoilt the beauty of any ordinary girl. Poor tongue-tied coward, I lacked the nerve to insist on an answer outright, and we proceeded with the agenda of the evening, which consisted of a theatre, a modest War-supper, and a taxi home. I trust never again to pass through such torments of doubt and suspense. At last, as we stood on the steps of "The Lindens," where Audrey dwells, I could no longer silence my anguish.

"Tell me, dearest," I whispered, hoarse with emotion, "tell me, and put me out of my pain. Are these tints to be taken as brilliant or neutral?"

"You silly boy," she replied, "as if I *could* dress in bright colours now-a-days! Why, you can't get anything in that line fit to make up for love or money!"

A great wave of hope surged over me.

"But this thing," I cried, pointing to the scarlet abomination on her breast, "it means?"

"Sh—h—h!" she whispered. "It's a dead secret, and papa would disinherit me if he found out. I stole his Civic Volunteer brassard and made a temporary rosette of it. That seemed the handiest way to show what I mean!"

My memory has as yet failed to reconstruct fully the next whirling moment, but it is thought, from the undeniable dustiness of my knees on the following morning, that I behaved in the best sixteenth-century style. Audrey informs me that a special on duty outside "Menaggio," four doors away, paused as if in doubt whether to arrest me or not, and at last gave a furious stamp and strode off in disgust. It may be that long years had dimmed the memory of his own youth. Or possibly his feet were cold.

Clear as Mud.

"Mr. Withers knows all the machinery of the money market, and he has a lucid style which makes matters plain normally very mysterious and technical to the layman."—*Advt. in "Cornhill."*

The right answer to the hospitable "Say when" is "After the War."



THE BALKAN QUESTION.

Roumania. "COMING IN, FERDIE?"

Bulgaria. "WELL, I'M NOT SURE THAT I SHAN'T. I'M FEELING A BIT LESS NEUTRAL JUST NOW."



V. A. D. Nurse. "Oh, dear! What *shall* I do? A light diet has eaten up a full diet!"

DOING HIS BIT.

Ministers prate of economy;
Threats of compulsion are rife;
You still preserve your autonomy,
Lead a luxurious life.

Daintiest footwear to tread upon,
Raiment of glossiest silk,
Downiest cushions to bed upon,
Diet of creamiest milk.

Must we convict you of vanity,
Gay little dog of Pekin;
Deem you a whelp of Inanity,
Crossed with Original Sin?

Can you be deaf to the clarion
Call of a nation in arms?
Are you contented to carry on
Wrapped in effeminate charms?

Aping the tricks of Society,
Pitiful slave of your maw,
Begging, though gorged to satiety,
Giving a dandified paw?

No; for, though sprung from another
land,
Freely you serve in your way,
Eager to "Die for the Motherland"
Dozens of times in a day.

The Repentant Murderer.

Extract from the letter of a girl to her friend:-

"... We have had two Zeppelins over here this week, one last night which mother saw going to church, and one on Tuesday ...."

"Lady would like to meet occasionally elderly lady living alone for companionship."
Glasgow Herald.

This type of occasionally elderly lady is only to be found in Ireland.

From an essay on the Press Censorship by an L.C.C. scholar aged nine:-

"When a man prints something that the Government don't wish the people to know the newspapers leave a blank. It is called stop-press news."

Vestments for the Church Militant.

From a Parish Magazine:—

"We have also been presented with a red cope, which is very nice, but unfortunately the boxing gloves for which an appeal was made have not yet appeared."

From a German description of the fighting in the West:—

"With faint shrieks, like scared little birds, the French infantry whizzed over our heads."
Vernon News (British Columbia).

Hence the name "piou-piou."

"If the airship is near or overhead, lie down and get on the lee side of a wall, which will break the blast, should a bomb explode near at hand, placing that wall between yourself and the window or windows."—*Daily Mail.*

We fear the portable wall will present some difficulties.

"Wanted, cellarman, one illegible for military service, live in preferred."
Yorkshire Post.

Whilst living in his subterranean retreat he might try to improve his handwriting.

THE SHIRKER.

I had never beaten Petherby; not that he is a billiard expert, but merely that I am a rabbit. A masterly series of two nursery cannons, varied sometimes by (and very occasionally coupled with) a hazard is all I aspire to. Petherby, on the other hand, can generally manage to score something every time, and not infrequently runs into some of the humbler double figures. The truth is that I do not possess the discriminating eye of a Diggle for the niceties of angles. But I have one facility of which I am proud and to which I shall allude later.

A few weeks ago, at Petherby's house, I found him in one of his rare off moods. These off moods of his generally signify that he beats me by a mere 150 or so in 250 up, instead of by the more customary margin of 200 or more. But on the night in question Petherby was playing so shockingly and I so brilliantly (on two successive visits to the table I had played for safety and scored a clear board each time), that at length I was 240 to his 247. It was my turn to play.

My first stroke, though not exactly yielding the result I had in mind, was nevertheless a most satisfactory and comprehensive one. I made a cannon off the red, and then my ball and Petherby's mysteriously disappeared down different pockets. Petherby applauded with the butt of his cue upon the floor.

"Good shot, Sir!" he remarked sarcastically. "What a pity it didn't all come off!"

"All come off!" I said with hauteur. "Why, it *did* all come off—much better than I could have hoped for even in my most sanguine moments. What do you mean?"

"Oughtn't the red to have done something—gone down a pocket, for instance? Then you would have won the game. As it is——"

"Petherby," I said sternly, "remember, please, that there are three balls, six pockets, and certain laws of coincidence which *must* operate at times. In that stroke I distinctly see the finger of Providence. You are not intended to win this game. Just look at the position of the red."

The red was up the table close to the left cushion. To pot it was an impossibility as far as my limited technique was concerned, but I felt that by careful aiming (so as to hit the paint without disturbing the ivory, as I expressively put it when narrating the incident to Pilkington) I could manage to run in. So I took a deliberate aim and pressed my cue gently forward. Slowly, slowly my ball trickled up the table, straight as a die all the way. It was only a few inches from the red and still running true when the electric lights went out. At the same instant a loud report was heard, followed immediately by a second and third.

"Zepps!" cried Petherby. "Where's my umbrella?"

"There's other game afoot," I cried, as I fumbled for my cigarette-lighter.

The wick flamed up. I hurried to the top of the table. My ball was in the pocket. "Hurrah!" I shouted joyfully. "Game to me!"

"On the contrary," said Petherby, craning his neck over my shoulder, "it's my game. You've given three away! That red's never budged a hair's-breadth, I'll swear."

"Rot!" I retorted. "I couldn't possibly have missed. I was dead on the edge of the red when the lights went out."

"Can you solemnly affirm you heard the balls click?"

"Of course not, you ass," I replied. "How could I through that beastly firing? On the other hand, did you see me miss?"

"How could I in the dark?" he answered testily.

"Exactly," I said. "I couldn't hear; you couldn't see. As you maintain that the red hasn't moved, the fairest thing will be for me to play the shot again. Do you happen to have a candle on you?"

There was a knock at the door and the servant entered. "If you please, Sir," she said, "the police sergeant has just been, and said you're wanted at once at the station."

"I must go immediately," said Petherby, struggling into his jacket. "What a nuisance these Zepp raids are, interfering with one's amusements in this way! Really, I——"

"Half a jiffy!" I cried as Petherby moved to the door. "Wait while I play that shot again. Anybody would think there was a panic from your positively indecent haste."

"Sorry," said Petherby, edging off, "but duty is duty. Where would my crest of five oysters rampant gules on a *plat du jour* argent be if my knightly ancestors had preferred billiards to duty? So long!"

"There's a precedent for it," I retorted. "How about Drake's game of bowls?"

But Petherby was half-way down the staircase. "Shirker!" I yelled after him as I realised that the issue must remain undecided. But stay——

"Mary," I said, "would you take this lighter and hold it close to the red ball—so? Now, I want you to watch the red ball carefully and tell me if this white one, which I am going to play, touches it."

I placed my own ball back in baulk, took a long and careful aim, and then . . . somehow I managed to miscue.

"No, Sir, it didn't hit the red one," said Mary, as my ball stopped a few inches from the baulk-line.

I pretended to heave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness!" I exclaimed. "Properly to explain the object and effect of that stroke, Mary, would necessitate my using technicalities which you would probably not understand. I think, under the circumstances, you had better not mention to Mr. Petherby that I required your assistance. He might consider it an abuse of his hospitality."

"Very good, Sir," said Mary as she exchanged the cigarette-lighter for half-a-crown.



"Get back Belgium? Get it back? You wait till yon chaps campin' on the 'ill gets out there! If they can't get it back no other way they'll *pinch* it!"

Sir Joseph Lyons on the Budget:—

"The British people have given their sons and their fathers and their brothers to carry on the war, and they are not going to kick even if they have to give their boots to help to support them."—*Evening News.*

We ourselves never kick with our boots off.

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

The Mistake.

There is no need to specify the restaurant. It is famous for its English joints, and is just now much visited by officers on leave who wish to eat together, just as a certain subterranean grill-room is the favourite resort of officers on leave when, as not infrequently happens, they entertain the other sex.

To one of the tables, thoughtfully provided with so many chairs that secrets have ever been out of the question here, came two lieutenants, very obviously off duty for a brief season and rejoicing in their liberty; and he who was acting as host, and had long since settled all doubts as to what their meal was to consist of, flung out the order for roast beef almost before he was seated; flung it out too as though expecting as instant a response from the staff as he gets from his men, all unmindful that this restaurant has leisurely processes of its own, carefully acquired and perfected during many, many years.

Meanwhile the saddle of mutton was wheeled to my side and some unusually attractive slices were separated from it by a knife like a razor and laid before me.

I saw the lieutenants eyeing my plate with ill-concealed envy; but beef was in their minds. Beef had been in their minds for toilsome weeks, and they did not betray their friend. At least not wholly, but I fancy the host wavered.

"I wonder," he began, and said no more, for the beef arrived on its little wagon, and their plates were soon covered with it.

It was not one of the most successful of the house's joints, and again I caught their eyes directed towards my saddle. Was it too late? their expression silently asked. Yes, it was. Besides, they had come there to eat beef. Nothing like beef!

The lieutenants attacked with vigour, but they still glanced muttonwards now and then, meditatively, between bites.

Then the host spoke. It was in an undertone, but I heard, because at this restaurant, as I have said, there are no secrets. "I wonder if we oughtn't to have had saddle," he murmured.

"It looks jolly good," said the other. They ate on.

"Do you think the beef is absolutely top-hole to-day?" the host asked.

"I've known it better," replied the other.

They ate on.

"I rather wish we'd had mutton," said the host. "After all—saddle, you know. It's not too common. Beef we can always get in some form or other—not like this, of course, but beef—whereas saddle, saddle's rare. I wish you'd reminded me of the saddles here."

"We'd settled on beef long ago," said the other, performing prodigies of valour with his knife and fork.

"I know; but it was foolish not to look at the bill of fare. I should have thought of it then."

They still ate heartily.

"No chance of getting here again for goodness knows how long," said the host.

The other dismally agreed.

"Could you manage a slice of saddle after this?" the host asked after a busy interval.

"Sorry I couldn't," replied the other, through a mouthful which a lion would not disdain.

"I don't believe I could either," said the host. "What a bore! I shall always regret not having had mutton."

"So shall I," said the other.

At this moment the empty seat next to me was filled, and to the enquiry of the head waiter, whose duty it is to ask these questions and then disappear, the customer replied, "Saddle, of course. That's all one comes here for."

Both the lieutenants groaned audibly. Full though they were, their lunch, already ruined by me, was ruined once



Policeman (cautioning Impostor). "An' not so much of the 'old soldier' stunt. There weren't no Bantams when you was flourishin'."

"The Typhoon at Shanghai.

Most of the German-owned yachts were lost."—*Overland China Mail.*

Doubtless the German Ambassador at Peking has demanded compensation for the non-neutral behaviour of the typhoon.

CAMP QUARTERMASTERING.

II.

Matilda rather misled me on the question of buying meat. She said that there was no particular trick about it; that all you have to do is to go to a place where they sell meat and buy it, taking care that you get the right weight and that the man does not throw too much bone and bits of sheep's head and cow's feet on the scale. She said that a purveyor of meat is easily identified because he wears a peculiar blue costume and that the only other person you can possibly mistake for him is a wounded soldier.

I got into the right kind of place first time and said, "I should like to see some meat."

The man didn't take any notice of me until he had finished cutting off and wrapping up in newspaper a lump of meat for a ready-money customer. Then he said, "What kind of meat?"

"Beef and mutton and such like things."

The butcher affectionately slapped the piece of meat which he had been carving and said, "That's a nice piece of steak."

"How much meat have you got there?" I asked.

"About five pounds; I'll weigh it for you."

"I think I shall want rather more than that."

He fetched down quite a large piece of meat off a hook, weighed it, and said it was twenty-two pounds.

"I was thinking of buying a larger piece than that," I said.

"How much was you wanting?"

"The piece I had in mind should weigh between three and four thousand pounds." The eager look which came into his eyes was quickly succeeded by something akin to fear as he went to the door to make sure the policeman was taking his usual afternoon nap in the neighbourhood.

"If you was wanting to buy meat, I can sell it you, but if you was looking for a flock of sheep or a herd of oxen, I admit I haven't got 'em in stock."

"I don't necessarily want to take it all with me," I said.

"What with my boy leaving me and my assistant joining the Army, I haven't got time to waste joking. Perhaps you was thinking of giving a party?

No I wasn't; I just wanted some meat, but I see you aren't accustomed to serve large families and I'd better try elsewhere. I suppose it's possible to buy meat for a battalion somewhere in this town."

"If you want to buy meat for the Army you'll have to go to the meat market."

The meat market is a dull place; the mention of thousands of pounds of meat doesn't excite the inhabitants in the least, and they were rather bored with my little order; however, they condescended to deliver the stuff for me after totting it up in sheep and oxen.

In spite of the fact that I had the vinegar and more than one kind of meat, both Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant thought that the men would expect a still greater variety, and under protest I added a few things like bread, jam and cheese. I avoided small tradesmen in making these purchases, as they are so suspicious, and only dealt with people who had the capital to carry a decent sized stock.

When the War Office heard about the things that Matilda and the Quartermaster-Sergeant had persuaded me to buy they naturally got jealous and started sending out circulars to say that they weren't going to put up with any competition with their camps and that all camps without their name on were spurious and contrary to law. Of course I didn't worry about the War Office because I know that their printed circulars don't mean anything and are only sent out to do the printers and the post-office a turn, but the Adjutant and our Commandant (who is in the regular army and doesn't understand War Office humour) seemed to think that we ought to scratch the camp. They got the idea that I had let myself into some kind of a mess by what they were pleased to term my premature purchase of goods, and the idea seemed to amuse them until I explained that I had bought all the goods in their names and that when the Corps funds were exhausted they would be personally responsible for the balance.

So they went to talk to the War Office about it, and met all the other Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants up there on the same errand. When the War Office found how unpopular their circular had made them, and how they couldn't move about without falling over Volunteer Commandants and Adjutants, they said they didn't object to camps being held if the G.O.C.'s of the various districts didn't object. Some people, who took the War Office literally, wrote to the G.O.C.'s of the respective districts where they proposed to camp and got leave, which was then cancelled by the War Office. For myself, I took no such risk; and as neither the War Office nor the G.O.C. of any district found out about our camp we didn't do any harm to anyone but ourselves, and we only caught little things like rheumatism and indigestion. If anyone does find out about it I shall apologise for any mistake and trust to his being too busy to do anything further in the matter.

The camp was rather a success; we got most of the tents to stand up and some of them kept the rain out, including those that mattered (I mean, of course, mine and the Commandant's and the Adjutant's). By marking all the things "Goods for Troops" I persuaded the railway company to deliver most of our provender in the belief that they were helping the Government, who are among their best customers in these days. I showed the Government mark on the tents to the railway people, and they weren't to know, any more than I was when I bought them, that it was the condemned mark.

The vinegar didn't go so well as I had expected and I had a good deal left on my hands in spite of the fact that I got quite a lot off in the shape of claret-cup, which I retailed in the canteen. Some of the meat rounded on me and was accorded a military funeral, but not enough to make a fuss about. I had to pledge locally what was left of the Commandant's and the Adjutant's credit to make up for the unused vinegar and defective meat, but there has been no trouble on that score up to now as they won't know about it until the bills come in, and by that time I shall either be on permanent leave or else have enlisted.

"PACIFIST."

LATE produced upon the scene,
Mean as what you're meant to mean,
Manufactured and absurd,
Maimed and miserable word,
While I live you shan't prevail,
Mongrel docked of half your tail,
Mongrel with a Latin head,
Disappear, avaunt, be dead!

More War-time Economy.

"In the drawing-room the two women, huddled together in the big chair, wept into one another's eyes."—*London Magazine.*

"A LADY highly recommends bright, capable gentleman as USEFUL COMPANION. Domesticated, nursing experience; c'p cook; musical. Age 35."—*Church Times.*

We know of a vacancy that would just suit him. It is "Somewhere in France."

"The really bad weather, the heavy winter rains, when all the mullahs on the peninsula will be carrying rushing torrents to the sea, does not begin until the end of November."
Evening Paper.

By which time, we trust, some means will have been found of diminishing the fluency of these holy men.



THE COMPLEAT OUTPOST.

LIQUOR CONTROL.

Scene.—Clydebank Car at Queen Street, Glasgow; upstairs.

Time.—Approaching midnight.

Cheery Fellow (O.H.M.S. badge in buttonhole). Gees! I walkit up the stair without a grup, an' I've the swooties for the weans in ma pouch. They'll be pittin' a ribbon across ma chest sune like the high head bosses in the sojers. A blue ane! Man, it's great!

Dazed Companion (a bowl of gold-fish hanging from a string). Jist like gaun tae a funeral wi' yer umberel' an' comin' hame withoot it, an' no' jist sure whit ye've lost. Jist a something like!

Dismal Friend (a shock of red hair protruding from under his cap). I'm fed up.

Cheery Fellow. Be a sport, Pate. Ye've been grousin' a' nicht. I heard ye tearin' the rag wi' the lang fella ahint the coonter.

Dismal Friend (with a great air of candour). No' kennin' muckle aboot saft drinks, mine aye bein', as ye ken, boys, a glass an' a pint, I ses tae the lang chap quite ceevil-like, "Whit wid ye recommend?" ses I. "Dry ginger," says he. "Dry?" ses I; "at coorse I'm dry. I'm a chap that's aye dry. Bit ma name's Pate, an' if ye ca' me Ginger again I'll gi'e ye a bat in the eye." Hoo wis I tae ken the silly names o' their silly drinks?

Lady Conductor. Fares, please.

Dazed Companion (in an undertone). Is it a wumman? Pate, I'm sayin', is it a wumman?

Dismal Friend (viciously). If this wis a Seterday nicht worth ca'in' a Seterday nicht it would tak' twa men.

Cheery Fellow (with an ingratiating smile). Three, miss. A' the road. I wid gang tae Balloch jist tae be on the same caur wi' ye.

Dazed Companion (waking up). Ay, an' back.

[*Lady conductor passes on with heightened colour.*

Cheery Fellow (pushing his ticket behind his ear). I aye likit ma bit joke.

[*Silence falls on the car.*

Dazed Companion. I canna jist bottom this, Tam. It's Seterday nicht an' this is the Clydebank caur, an' there's naebody singin' an' naebody fechtin' wi' the conductor.

Cheery Fellow (a trifle awed). It's like gettin' intae a first-class cairriage wi' a workman's ticket.

Dazed Companion. Ay, aboot half-past five when papaw is gettin' hame for his tea.

Dismal Friend. I wantit tae ask the lassie wi' the tickets whaur wis the body. Like a daith in the hoose. I'm fed up.

[*The car proceeds on its temperate way.*

Another Impending Apology.

"WOUNDED MAN'S TRYING TIME. WASHED BY A DUCHESS."

Evening News (Sydney, N.S.W.).

"The Simla Choral Society will give two performances of *Blest pair of Sirens* by Sir Hubert Parry."—*Pioneer.*

The temptation of ULYSSES was greater than we thought. They probably made sheep's eyes at him.

"Truly the figures in the annual report of that virulent Bank provide veritable Jack Johnsons of optimism."

Hamilton Advertiser.

This is what happens when the War expert is switched off to finance.

"The Spanish Royal family is now at the seaside, and King Alfonso takes sea baths. He has a little pavilion in the Royal garden, which is on rails, and is run down to the sea when he is ready for his dip. All the time the King occupies this elaborate bathing box the Spanish Royal standard floats overhead."

Sunday Chronicle.

And when the KING has finished they dip the ensign.



Dame (from the provinces, with hazy ideas about the defences of London). "DEARY ME! WELL, I NEVER! AND THAT MUST BE SIR PERCY WHAT'S-'IS-NAME A-STANDIN' BY THE CANNON."

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

IT is true that in a sense all the home seas may be regarded as a front. And yet inwardly I have doubts as to whether I really am at the moment exactly what you might call frontal. Though correctly swathed in a *ceinture de sauvetage* I feel neither nautical, martial, nor amphibious. I defy anyone to feel nautical in a service dress jacket, martial in a life-belt, or amphibious in ammunition boots. Martial is my short suit at the moment. For one thing, any front there is is underneath. For another, I have lost my leave papers—if indeed I ever had any. In a few hours, barring accidents, I shall be turned off on to an unsympathetic quay, under orders from one race of red-hatted men eighty miles away from it to report to them this morning, and forbidden by another race of red-hatted men on the spot to proceed anywhere until I have given an account of myself; which just happens to be one of the few insignificant things I cannot do. My blind pig is considered one of the finest outside the Central Powers, and I can play selections from several drawing-room ballads with my eyes shut and my left hand open; but not even with both my honest straightforward eyes at their widest can I hope to convince Q. R. S. T. U. and other gentlemen with alphabetical occupations that I am not a deserter creeping and intruding and climbing into the War.

They will begin by saying, almost apologetically, that they don't doubt my *bona fides* (with four false quantities) for a moment. They will then doubt it exhaustively for three-quarters-of-an-hour, by which time my train will—as happens eventually even to trains in France—have gone. I shall arrive at dawn to-morrow just in time to be shot. It is true that the last time I was shot at dawn I got up and walked away. But this is not a reliable precedent, and I regard the future with the most perfect despondency. All I can do is to write the word "Later.

Later it is. Let me give you a hint; if you should ever, in a military town, fall upon the *rôle* of the Man who Requires Explaining and are told to report to the A.B.C.D.E. find out what time he lunches. When we landed, I went straight to the A.B.C.D.E.'s office and there extorted by intimidation from an outpost the news that the officer usually went out to lunch at 12.30 exactly. I returned at 12.28. With one eye on his watch the A.B.C.D.E. held out the other hand. I shook it warmly.

"No, no," he said, "I want your leave papers—movement order, and all that."

It was 12.30 exactly when I began my explanation. At 12.35 I had reached its crowning feature. At 12.40 he realized that it was I who wanted a movement order. By 12.42 I had it in triplicate, with permission to travel by any train that day. I believe that if I could have hung on till 12.45 I could have got another seven days' leave. Even as things were I have the pleasantest recollections of the A.B.C.D.E. I reported everywhere to everybody's satisfaction, and have not been shot at all to-day so far. And I have spent the morning wondering who put my leave papers at the bottom of my haversack.

"FINEST QUALITY GREY-FACED LAMB:—
FORES, 11d. per lb. LIONS, 1s. per lb."
Advt. in "Bermholme News."

A foretaste of the Golden Age.

"Join the regiment that has guarded you for the last 230 years."
Advt. of the 3rd E. Yorkshires.

Now then, step up, Methuselah.



THE RECORD-BREAKER.

McKenna (*The "Try-your-Strength" Man*). "NOW, GUV'NOR, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN'T TOUCH THE 1590 MARK."

John Bull. "RIGHTO!" (*Does it.*)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, 21st September.—Introducing his first Budget McKENNA scored a double record. In respect both of income and expenditure he had to deal with the biggest of a long list. The speech expounding it was the briefest.

Marshalling a multitude of figures, from the extra halfpenny in the pound in the price of sugar up to the 1,590 million pounds representing estimated expenditure of the year, his mastery of facts was so complete, his explanation so lucid, that the story was as easy to follow as an ordinary nursery tale. Time was during the prime of GLADSTONE at the Treasury, and with his successors in later years, when exposition of a Budget was regarded as opportunity for a great oratorical feat. Mr. G. thought nothing of occupying five hours, finishing up with a peroration almost worth an additional penny in the pound on the income tax.

No self-respecting Chancellor of the old school would think of omitting to deck his business statement with a classical quotation, much appreciated below the Gangway. This habit led to first step in downfall of BOB LOWE. Allured by the tag, *Ex luce lucellum*, he invented a tax upon matches with intent to label the boxes with the motto. In the end, as everyone knows, he had to remodel his Budget, leaving out the obnoxious tax, label and all.

McKENNA'S speech began without exordium, finished without peroration, and no single sentence rose above the Spartan simplicity of the Multiplication Table. Only approach to departure from this level was when he mentioned the dizzy height at which expenditure now flies. He thereupon declared his confidence that House and country were prepared to support the Government in bearing whatever measure of taxation is deemed necessary now, "and," he ominously added, "in the future," for the successful prosecution of the War.

A hearty cheer confirmed this assurance.

Cheerfulness was indeed the prevailing note of historic occasion. Fresh burden of taxation imposed enormous. Affects every class, from the consumer of half-ounces of tea and quarters-of-a-pound of sugar to the hapless millionaire who out of his modest income of a hundred thousand pounds a year will be called upon to contribute to the State the sum of £34,029—more than one-third of the whole. This, of course, in addition to his share of indirect taxation.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, LLOYD GEORGE chastised the taxpayer with whips; McKENNA lays on with scorpions. And yet no murmur is heard. In November last LLOYD GEORGE imposed fresh taxation estimated to bring in a revenue of 68½ millions. On the top of that McKENNA levies new taxes, which in a full effective year will increase the revenue by little short of 78 millions.

A big bill, but it will be met uncomplainingly, with any further charges that may presently be necessary for carrying on the War to its inevitable end.

Business done.—Budget brought in



A STAR TURN.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

showing expenditure for the year of 1590 millions and revenue from taxation of 305 million. When full effect is given to new imposts, the latter will be raised to sum of 370 million.

A Flying Squadron.

"Among other noteworthy aviation feats, the cruisers Varese Francesco Ferruccio, Giuseppe Garibaldi, and Vettor Pisani bombarded the railway at dawn on the 18th near Cattaro."
Sydney Morning Herald.

Phrase to be avoided.

When seeing off a friend who is going to the Front: "Well, good-bye, if you *must* go; and we hope soon to see your name on the Roll of Honour."

Letter of thanks from a small boy:—

"DEAR AUNTIE,—Thank you so much for the steamship; we have looked at it well and I am sure that there is something wrong with t. Best love, ANTHONY."

THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

[*The Daily Chronicle's* "Office Window" advances—or quotes—the theory that as long as a man retains a zest for apple tart his childish innocence is unimpaired.]

THEY haled him up before the beak,
Within the dock he stood unflinching
And heard the leading witness speak
The tale of his nocturnal pinching;
Policeman X proclaimed the fact
(It marked in his career a sure step)
Of how he caught him in the act,
Or, more precisely, on the doorstep.

They told the Court the total gain
Achieved by his illicit cunning,
The household purse, a watch and chain,
A cup that father got for running,
And how (which broke the housewife's heart
And stamped him as a cool offender)
He'd gobbled up an apple tart
Of more than normal bulk and splendour.

It seemed that he would have to pay
The heavy price that those who've sinned owe;
But no, the magistrate that day
Was one who loved his "Office Window"
And put its precepts into use
(A man should profit by his reading);
He bade them set the felon loose,
Saved by a pie's impassioned pleading.

"Put it down a Wee, my Lud."

"VERNON.—At 11 Cavendish street, Geelong, the wife of Hugh Vernon (late Chief Scout, Field Intelligence Department, South Africa) a daughter ("Veni Vidi Vici," Vernon). Another little Briton! Now then, boys, enlist, and keep her so."—*Melbourne Argus.*

With another "V" for Victory.

From *The Burma Sunday Times*:—

"MISSING.—My son Sudhamadhab Bannerjee, aged 12 years is missing since Monday the 5th instant. His colour is blackish and is thin in appearance, height 4 ft. 7 inches. He has sore marks on both the legs and has a black spot or (Til) on his left cheek close to the ear, narrow forehead covered with hair in circular form, slender neck floating eyes. He had blue Kashmere Ulster over a Cananore green coat, a pair of black brushed shoes and a Dhutee bordered with black line. If any one can trace him out he shall be rewarded adequately. NANDOLAL BANERJI, of Joynagori, at present 21 Ramtonu Bose Lane, Calcutta."

Mr. Punch gladly gives further publicity to this announcement.

The A.S.C. again!

"Rev. Z. Lawrence delivered a lecture on the 'War' to a crowded audience in the Bloemfontein Synagogue last night. The lecturer's remarks were followed with the keenest interest, especially the part played by the Jaws."
The Friend, Bloemfontein.



Lady (*to prospective Charwoman*). "WHAT DO YOU CHARGE PER DAY?"
Charwoman. "WELL, MUM, TWO-AND SIX IF I EATS MESELF, AND TWO SHILLINGS IF YOU EATS ME."

JIMMY'S UNCLE.

Jimmy's Uncle is coming. But perhaps you know. The telegraph boy told Jimmy as he was bringing the telegram; he was coming by the three o'clock train the telegraph boy said.

Jimmy's Uncle is a Colonel—didn't I tell you?—and Jimmy's mother hadn't seen him for years and years, and longer than that, Jimmy says—not since she was in India.

Jimmy's Uncle used to know Jimmy's father quite well, because you see they had been brothers, and Jimmy's Uncle knew all about Jimmy's father winning the Victoria Cross in India: but you haven't got to talk about that or Jimmy will fight you—really, I mean, not pretend.

Jimmy says his Uncle has got a piece of shrapnel in him, and they won't let him stay at the Front, because it hasn't burst yet, and that's why he is coming to see his mother

Jimmy says the shrapnel might burst at any time, and then it would blow a hole ten feet deep in the ground, but it would ease his Uncle because he has to walk very quietly and not get excited now.

It's because of the time fuse they put in them, Jimmy says, and you can hear it ticking. It makes his Uncle very wary, and he has to avoid certain things at mealtimes which are not easily digested because the doctor says the shrapnel is quite enough.

Jimmy has seen the porter at the station, and he has promised to stop the train: you do it by the by-laws, Jimmy says.

Jimmy told the porter he expected his Uncle would give him some rupees if he looked after the luggage well, and the porter took Jimmy to see his; he grew them in a plot of ground quite close to the line when he wasn't busy cleaning the station lamps. He asked Jimmy if his Uncle soaked his in paraffin before sowing—you do it because of the sparrers.

The porter knew all about India; he told Jimmy that the Hoodans out there lived on rice pudding, and it was very hot there because of the degrees of longitude, which were very warm in those parts.

The porter hadn't been there, not himself, but he had read a good deal when he wasn't busy cleaning the station lamps. He said he'd often thought about India because he couldn't abear rice pudding. He said Jimmy might safely leave his Uncle to him.

Jimmy went to bed early so as to give the next day a chance. His mother nearly spoilt the day before it came because she put out his best sailor suit for him to wear and gave him three pennies to have in his pocket but not to spend. He said his Uncle would think it was Sunday, and he put his head under the bedclothes to show what he thought of her. However, he let her hold his hand tight for an hour and ten minutes before he went to sleep, and when she came to look at him some time later he only smiled in his sleep when she gently removed his feet from the pillow and placed his head there once more.

It took the day a long time to break, and Jimmy was glad when he heard the birds tidying up to get ready for it. He looked out of the window; the day seemed very damp and as if it wanted airing, so he got back to bed. It was eight o'clock, and the day was up and dressed and being busy when he next awoke.

Jimmy had his mother at the station in good time, and they had read all the



"THE UMPIRE SAYS YOU'RE TO STOP FOR TEN MINUTES, AS THE ENEMY HAS TAKEN UP THE WRONG POSITION!"

by-laws several times over before the train came in.

Jimmy says his Uncle looked very fierce when he arrived at the station and saw his mother. It made his mother cry, and she wouldn't speak to him, and that only made his Uncle grow fiercer and redder in the face. Jimmy says he thought the shrapnel was going to burst. Jimmy says his Uncle didn't take any notice of him, although he kept on saluting him as hard as he could. Then his Uncle turned on him and glared at him and asked him what the dickens he meant standing there looking so much like his father. Jimmy said it made his mother very angry, and she said, "Don't, Tom, don't," and cried worse than ever.

Jimmy says he clenched his fists and was going to give his Uncle the coward's blow when his Uncle turned his back on him and told the porter not to stand scratching his head like an idiot. Jimmy says the porter was only saluting all the time but he wasn't used to it, and every time he got his hand to his head he forgot what he set out to do and scratched his head instead.

Jimmy says they drove home in a cab, and neither his Uncle nor his mother said a word to each other all the way, they were so cross.

Jimmy says his Uncle had a bad cold and kept blowing his nose, and every time he did it the cab-horse gave a jump.

Jimmy says his Uncle behaved better after tea. He wasn't so fierce, so he asked him to show him his wound, but his Uncle said it was under his binder and he couldn't.

After the tea-things had been put away they all three went into the drawing-room to look at the large framed photograph of Jimmy's father. Jimmy says they each held one of his hands, and he had to bite his lip because they hurt.

Jimmy says his Uncle didn't think much of the photograph. He just said "He was a man, Mary, a man;" then he went very annoyed in the face, clicked his heels, saluted very hard and turned away.

Jimmy says it made him feel quite angry with his Uncle, and he went and climbed up on the top of the coalhouse in his best clothes on purpose; and he wouldn't come down until his Uncle had promised to be good and not to make his mother cry. Jimmy says his Uncle gave him his word as an officer, and they got on better after that.

Jimmy said his prayers to his Uncle that night, and he let him know what he thought of him. He asked that his Uncle might be made a better man. His mother said, "Oh, Jimmy!" but his Uncle understood, for he said, "Amen to that, old chap!"

THE NEW SMOKE.

(The newspapers have published accounts of the satisfactory results of planting tobacco in Hampshire.)

GOOD people, give hearing attentive,
  Dismissing the havoc of Mars,
While I sing of the newest preventive
  Of public and family jars;
It has proved the most potent incentive
  To pithy and popular "pars";
'Tis the latest result of the Nicotine cult—
    The Hampshire cigars.

I'd like to describe, but I canna,
  The scent which this product exhales;
It blends the bouquet of Havannah
  With that of the rabbits of Wales;
'Ototoi, wirrasthrue and alannah!
  It could throw an express off the rails,
And its potent aroma induces a coma
    When laudanum fails.

It acts as a perfect specific
  Against the most violent cramps;
It wholly defeats the morbific
  Effect of malarial damps,
Diffusing a balm soporific
  On rival political camps;
In short it's a blessing beyond my expressing,
    Tobacco from Hamps!

The Rendez-vous.

"In cases of emergency Sections fall in as follows:—No. 1, The Fountain, St. Thomas-street."—*Lymington V.T.C. Orders.*

FEEDING THE NATION.

"UP with that lawn! Over with those flower-beds!" Such were the clarion cries of last March, and the family flung themselves into the work of destruction with genuine patriotic ardour. In a couple of days we, the Medhurst family (well known in this suburb as "the people who hire motor-cars"), no longer possessed a garden. We had a house and a frightfulness.

Still it was grand work. I appointed the two youngest children Worm Gatherers in Ordinary (with the occasional rank of Earwig Squasher), because, although I can plant seeds with anybody, the handling of reptiles is simply not my sort of work. It was the one profession which I lid not include in the list of my side-accomplishments for the National Register.

My wife, Mrs. Medhurst (known as "the woman with four hats"), was given a rake. Let us leave it at that. I fell over it often.

Jacqueline Medhurst, who is now three and can say "J for Jacqueline," gathered weeds and sang at her work. Yes, yes, I know that it was charming of her, but it must be pointed out that she is acquainted with but and knows but two lin of that.

They go like this

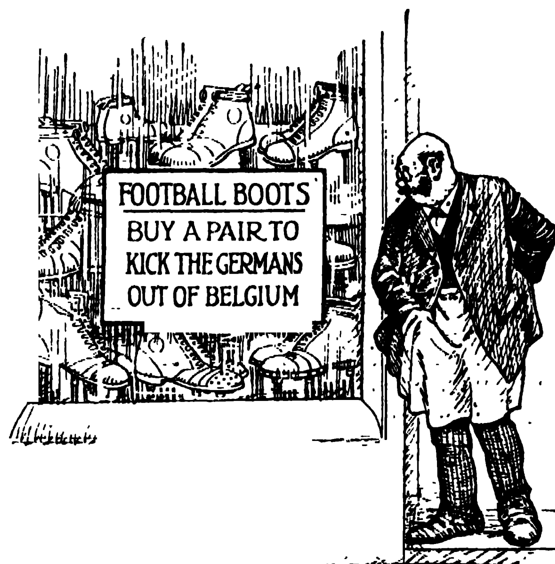
"I've got a ripping little motor car,
And I've got a yacht!"

Pay someone to sing those two lines into your ears for six hours on end. Everyone ought to try it before reading any further . . Tried it? Yes, isn't it?

Well, we got the seeds in. They only cost two shillings "Somebody's Monster Gift Parcel", but I had to pay one shilling for postage as the potatoes made the parcel heavy. Still I didn't grudge that as there seemed to be an astonishing number of seeds. In fact when we had filled our garden there were a packet of "Early to Come" peas, another of Dwarf Kidney Beans, and yet a third of Dobbie's Champion Leeks left over. I mention this in case anyone would like to buy the surplus. They're still all right, except the peas, which have been "played with" by Alastair Medhurst, and the bean bag, which is frayed along one edge. No beans have escaped, mind, but the bag has unquestionably depreciated (I will allow for this).

After the seeds were all in I used to look at them a good deal, that is to say I looked at the soil which covered them. Nothing came up, but I kept on looking, despite a certain scornfulness in the home circle. But I had the laugh of everyone in the end. The seeds came up!

My pride and joy in the little seedlings was, however, not long-lived. The critics arrived. Always in life everyone is happy till the critics appear. The first of them in this case was my ridiculous and pompous father-in-law, who, after mumbling coarsely about "greengrocery," burst into rude guffaws because, said he, my celery (the well-known garden esculent) she have been "pricked off" long ago. I sneered rather hotly, and said other people ad other views about the correct period for pricking off (whatever that



PROPRIETOR OF BOOT SHOP TRIES TO BOOM STOCK WHICH THE WAR HAS MADE UNSALEABLE.

might be); that, anyway, mine was a new variety. I had arranged to prick off that day if not interrupted by callers. And when he'd gone I pricked them off because I remembered you don't eat the green stuff at the end. But then they stopped growing.

There followed an attack upon my onions. The solicitor next door caught sight of them one Sunday morning and, putting his head over the wall, asked if they really were onions. I said they were hardly onions, but had a certain onionimity. I expected atavistic tendencies, however.

He grinned, because he has been to a public school, and said that I ought to have asked him before trying onions. I apologised and offered to dig them out and begin again. He told me that he was only trying to be friendly and that I'd never get an onion if I couldn't take a tip. And then he went indoors to his wife (well known in our suburb as "the woman who whistles").

I forget what was insulted next. But they nearly all caught it. My wife's brother damned the broad beans and was foolish enough to offer himself for slaughter by inquiring if I'd ever heard of "blight." Then a near relation of mine, I'm sorry to say, fell fiercely upon my cauliflowers, which, he bitterly complained, were cramped. Broccoli caught it too, so did the parsley, and even the radishes did not go scathless. I was ashamed, of course, but, having created my vegetables, I swore I'd stand by them come what may. We would be misunderstood together.

Then came the period of our annual holiday by the sea. It was a wrench, but I consoled myself with the reflection that my plants would do their best for me in my absence. They as much as whispered it to me when I gave them their farewell watering.

The weeks passed away wearily. I got everything that I could for the nation out of the sea—shrimps (several), prawns (two), eel (one), miniature dab (half), and, on one glorious day, seven mackerel (hire of boat, man, lines, hooks, worms, the thing you wind the lines on and a piece of string to tie fish up coming to 5s. 6d.). Still it wasn't like growing things, and the day of our return was *der Tag* for me.

Frankly I was knocked. You ought to have seen that garden. Everything had grown furiously; everything was much bigger. Nothing had stopped.

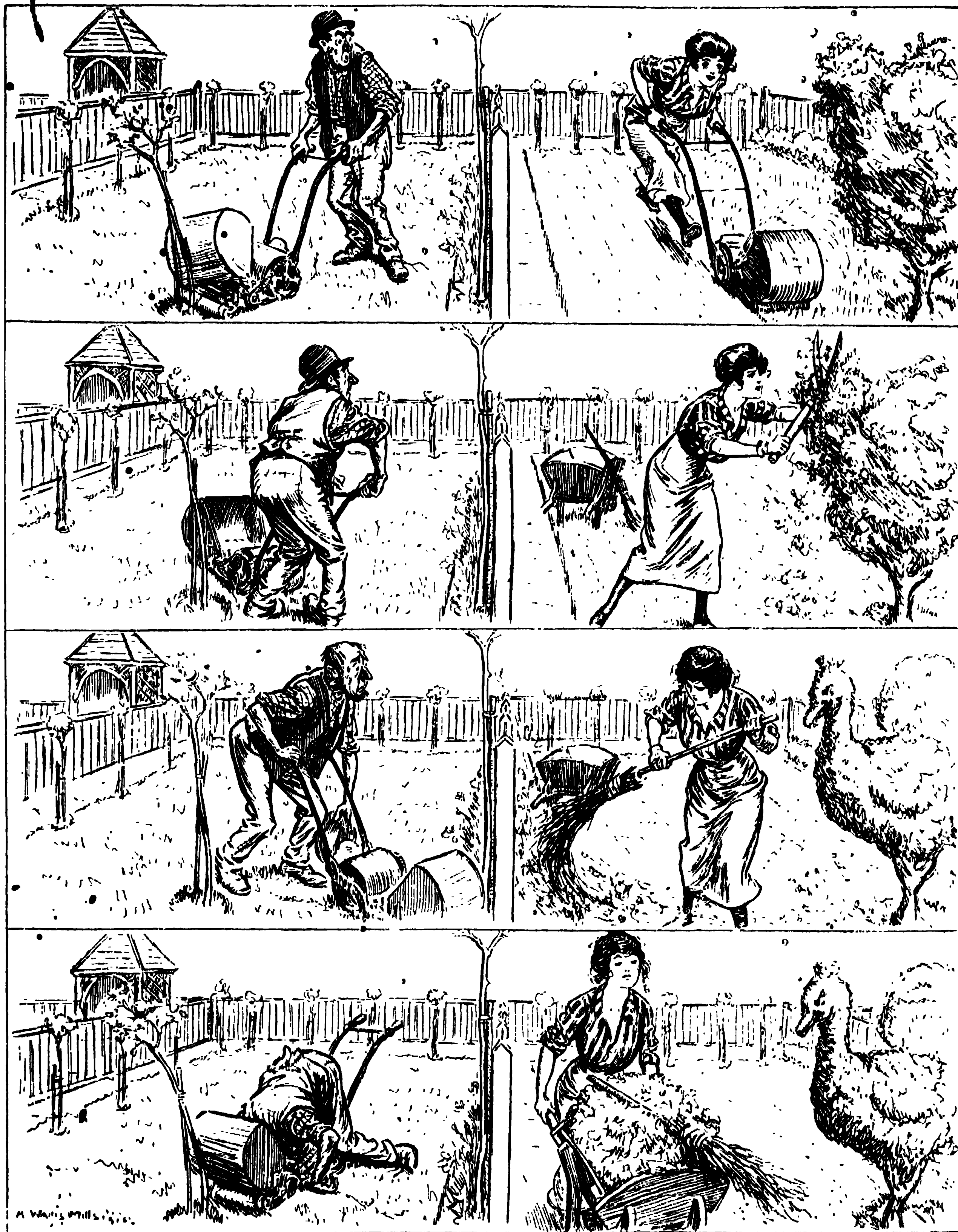
But here I must strike a note of sorrow. With one brave noble exception, nothing was eatable. The greenstuff was overrun with caterpillars and slugs, the roots were rotting, the beans were tough and coarse, the peas were hard peas, and the radishes were huge and woolly.

What remained? My potatoes! My brave, plucky, persevering potatoes! They proved my only stand-by. There are plenty of them, and the family is good enough to approve them. In fact we have more than we can eat. At the side-entrance I have hung an unobtrusive board bearing the legend, "Medhurst's Middlings," and I charge one halfpenny under market price. So now I am known in our suburb as "the man who sells potatoes!"

"He accepted another cigar, lit it on the door-step, and walked away . . . For the moment, Ilkley's studio was too hot."

Premier Magazine.

The door-step seems to have been rather warm too.



THE RIVAL JOBBING GARDENERS.

A TRAGIC COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS.

"MY DEAR SIR."

He was a small stout round man, with bulging eyes and loose moist lips, evidently an inquisitive gossipy fellow, and he had been talking (very optimistically) about the War and (very pessimistically) about the taxation, fortifying himself; as he proceeded, with quotations from the daily papers, of which he had purchased every available specimen. I could see that he was dying to tell me all about himself, and at last out it came. He looked furtively round the railway compartment, as if to assure himself that nobody was lurking in the rack or under the seats, and spoke.

"I presume," he said, "that you don't know who I really am?"

"No," I said, "I don't. I haven't got beyond classing you as a friendly traveller."

"Thanks," he said, "but I didn't mean that. Of course I don't want to push it on you. I only wondered if you'd got any idea of what my work in life is. It's a unique business and keeps me hard at work, I can tell you. Look here"—he produced one of his papers and pointed out to me Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's letter—"what do you think of that?"

"Very telling," I said; "distinguished by all the fire and eloquence and innocence for which L. G. is famous."

"Yes," he said, "it's a pretty thing. Well, that's me."

"How do you mean 'that's me'?"

"Don't you see it's written 'to a constituent'? Well, I'm the constituent."

"My dear Sir," I cried, "I congratulate you. To be a Welshman is a great thing; to live in Carnarvon is a gift from heaven; and to be a constituent of the MINISTER OF MUNITIONS must be the summit of earthly felicity," and I seized his hand and shook it warmly.

"Lord love you," he said, disengaging himself, "how you do jump at conclusions! I'm no Welshman: I've never been near Carnarvon; and of course, in a technical sense, I'm not a constituent of LLOYD GEORGE's. I'm an accommodation constituent, that's all. Generally I'm 'a correspondent'—I've done a lot of work for A. J. BALFOUR in that line—but this time I thought I'd try a new touch and so I turned myself into a constituent. It's gone off splendidly, hasn't it?"

"Ye—es," I said, "but I don't quite —"

"Don't you see?" he said. "When one of these big bugs wants to explain something or have a whack at somebody and there's a hurry about it, he doesn't wait until his next speech. He just gets down and writes a letter. But the letter must be written to *somebody*—you can't sit down and begin 'My dear Sir' with any conviction unless there's a real 'dear Sir' somewhere at the back of it all, and that's where I come in. I lend just the necessary amount of reality to the whole thing."

"Have you been at the business long?" I said.

"Ever since I left school. It's been handed down in our family from father to son for years and years. My own youngster's just started in the Midland Members of Parliament department. He's showing a lot of promise. Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN thinks a good deal of him; but of course, being in the Cabinet, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN mostly works through me. His father was a regular gold mine to us, especially during the fiscal controversy; but there was no end of explaining going on then and we were kept very busy."

"I don't quite see," I said, "where you make your profits."

"Oh, that's easy. We get the originals of the letters, and after a time we sell them, mostly in America. There's a big market for that sort of thing there. Of course the prices don't run quite so high since type-writers came in; but it's fairly steady all the same. Anyhow, it keeps me in beef and beer and pudding, and you can't want more than that, can you?"

Actually, of course, I could; but at this moment we drew up at Paddington and I left it at that.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD CLOTHES.

["Men can save by having fewer changes of costume and by spending less on golfing or holiday suits, or other clothes for occasional wear; by having their suits and overcoats cleaned and repaired instead of buying new ones; by spending less on gloves and ties, and by having still serviceable boots mended instead of buying new ones."—"*Why we must Save, and How.*" *Parliamentary Savings Committee.*]

In tranquil ante-bellum days, when ordering a suit
Involved no fiscal problems that were serious or acute,
My wardrobe was a constant source of family dispute.

Against my passion for old clothes my estimable wife,
Supported by my daughters, waged a never-ending strife;
It was, indeed, almost the only worry of my life.

They used to hide away my old unfashionable tweeds,
Oblivious of my comfort and regardless of my needs;
They banned my pipe, but never once objected to my weeds.

My ancient ties of faded dyes excited their disdain;
My threadbare dinner-jacket caused them veritable pain;
And they criticised my boots in language less polite than plain.

They heaped sarcastic obloquy upon my caps and hats;
They made me birthday presents of the most expensive spats,
And the latest thing in handkerchiefs, in collars and cravats.

In short in half-a-dozen ways they diligently "biffed"
My laudable intentions to promote domestic thrift,
Until the struggle threatened to produce a serious rift.

But War, though vilely fruitful in sorrow and distress,
For one small salutary change I am inclined to bless;
At last I am allowed a perfect latitude in dress.

My ancient clothes, misshapen boots, disreputable ties
No longer find disfavour in my wife's and daughters' eyes,
But, on the contrary, evoke their warmest eulogies.

Nay, better still, themselves released from giddy Fashion's goad,
They follow me with docile steps along the frugal road
That leads to perfect freedom from the tyranny of Mode.

Retreats for Army Chaplains.

"The value to the spiritual work of chaplains with the forces in the fighting line of a day spent in retreat must be obvious, as also are the difficulties of arranging such opportunities."—*Church Times.*

Surely the enemy, if they knew, would oblige with a little extra pressure which might produce the desired retreat.

"The King and Queen slept in a saloon railway carriage at Bishop's Lydeard the day before they entered Exeter. The royal train remained at a railway siding during the night, and took a walk next morning before proceeding to Exeter."

Impartial Reporter (Enniskillen).

Trains are very human things and after standing motionless all night they find these little early constitutionals very useful for taking off the morning stiffness.

After the Collision?

"MOTOR-CYCLE, new; cheap or will Exchange for good Bathchair."

Liverpool Echo.



THE MORNING AFTER AN AIR RAID.

Affable Member of Crowd (surveying broken windows). "Exciting times, Sir! Exciting times—eh?"
Proprietor of Cinema. "Yes! And my business ruined by these Huns giving a free show of their own."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I take it that Mr. Maurice Hewlett designed his new novel *The Little Iliad* (Heinemann) frankly as a grotesque, an opinion in which four exceedingly quaint illustrations by Sir Philip Burne-Jones distinctly confirm me. The story is in quite an original vein, the interest and mystery very adroitly sustained. We are given a gruesome picture of a physically wrecked but still indomitable sensualist, deplorably dragging shuffling feet—a *Baron von Broderode*, married to a very beautiful and gracious woman who had been caught young from out a convent. Enter *Hector Malleson*, an egregious sentimentalist, heir incidentally of a Highland chieftain. He diagnoses an Andromeda-dragon situation, a thought which apparently had not occurred to the Baroness, who however cordially accepts the suggestion and is made profoundly miserable. Eventually she flies and finds asylum at the head-quarters of the *Malleson* clan, where three other sons of the house, as also the old chieftain himself, fall hopelessly in love with her. Comes the relentless Baron in pursuit; and how this modern Menelaus first wins, then loses the game, and where the fair *Helena* finally bestows her widowed hand, I must leave Mr. Hewlett's diverting little Iliad to inform you. I can promise you good entertainment; and though, as I have hinted, the thing is planned in a freakish mood the author has not let himself off the honest labour of construction and polish. His sympathies are throughout with his wicked Baron, who is a very new version of the strong silent hero, and may fairly be considered a sport. What I refuse to believe about him is that, even though he shot from a pony cart, he "got his gun up like lightning and fired at the instant," considering the painful struggles he had to get his wine-glass or cigar accurately to his mouth—pathological details that Mr. Hewlett has been at pains to rub well in.

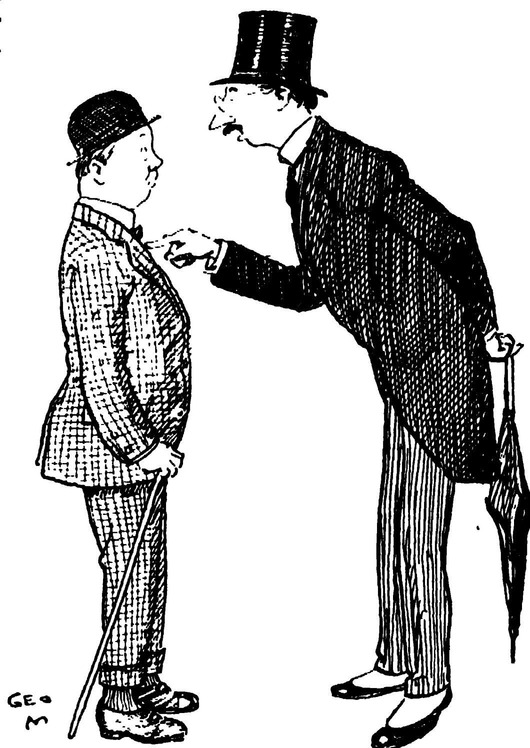
Something will really have to be done about it. If many more of our novelists take to turning out these prodigiously long stories, we reviewers will have to agitate for payment by piece-work. The latest exponent of the gentle art of garrulity is Mr. E. Temple Thurston, with his new novel, *The Achievement of Richard Furlong* (Chapman and Hall). There are seven hundred and twenty-eight pages of it, so that when you have turned the last of them you may perhaps feel that the achievement is not exclusively confined to the hero. *Richard Furlong* was a painter and etcher, and the object of Mr. Thurston is to trace his progress from obscurity to fame; but, though he is represented as doing a lot of artistic work in his spare time, it would be more fair to say that the real successes of *Richard* were gained in the domain of what I might call (wishing to put the matter as delicately as possible) unceremonious polygamy. From the moment when he runs away from the paternal mill, and joins the company of Mr. Thurston's other heroes in a picturesque slum-existence round about Drury Lane, his career becomes a sentimental journey from one affair to another. I don't want to say that there are

not pleasant passages in the book—there is always a certain jollity in a tale of success—but I do think that justice could have been done to the theme in a smaller compass. In his preface Mr. THURSTON tells how he came to abandon his intention of publishing three separate books about *Richard Furlong's* history, and to bind them instead into one volume. My only comment on this is that it remains true that three of his furlongs make at least a mile.

During the last twenty years Sir GILBERT PARKER has written a dozen novels. At such a stage fancy is accustomed to flag, and kind hearted friends are apt to regret that the author has "written himself out." This makes more pleasant the discovery that in *The Money Master* (HUTCHINSON) Sir GILBERT surpasses himself. The story opens with the introduction of *Jean Jacques Barbille*, miller and money master, a commonplace man inclined to vanity, buzzing with consciousness of worldly prosperity built up by himself. On a voyage homeward-bound from Europe—where he was disappointed when he entered Notre Dame, or a great building like the Law Courts at Rouen that people didn't whisper to each other, "Here comes Jean Jacques Barbille"—he made the acquaintance of a Spanish beauty, "a slim and long-limbed Diana." He married her, or, to be precise, it was she who married him, for a comfortable home and relief from penury shared with a scamp of a father. The Reader, a student of human nature with mature knowledge of its frailties, knows at once what will happen. The beautiful sensuous *Carmen*, bored with the dulness of daily life in company with *Jean Jacques*, early succumbing, will go off with another man. The Reader is right. What he does not yet know, but should take the earliest opportunity of learning, is with what masterful skill, with what touches of pathos, the dull man, miller and general dealer, his dross purified in the fire of adversity, is slowly, step by step, transformed into a hero of sublime unselfishness. Nearly every page of the story, certainly every chapter, reveals the inventive resources of the author. These never fail, and the reader is, with growing interest, hurried on to the unexpected *dénouement*. The world of *Jean Jacques*, a village which the censor may permit reference to as "somewhere in the neighbourhood" of Quebec, is peopled with a diversity of characters whose acquaintance and environment are refreshing after a long course of ordinary novels.

A grievance that the American has against Englishmen is that they pay visits to his country and then try to put it all into a single book. He holds that America is too large a thing to be put into a single book. Yet in *Turmoil* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) BOOTH TARKINGTON has come very near succeeding in this feat. *Turmoil*, for all that it has only three hundred and twelve pages, covers the whole of one side—and that the most characteristic side—of American life. It puts into words better than anyone has ever done before the American ideal of Bigness—its obvious faults and its less obvious merits. "We must be Bigger! Bigger! Bigger! Get people here! Coax them here! Swindle them into coming! Deafen them into coming! Any kind of people! Blow! Boost! Brag! We must be Bigger! We want Bi——" That was the motto of the town in which *Bibbs Sheridan* lived, and it was the motto of *James Sheridan*, his father; and *Bibbs*, by nature a poet and a dreamer of dreams, found himself forced by circumstances to kill his dreams and plunge in and blow and boost and brag with the rest, until at length there came to hearten him the realization that, hidden beneath all the boosting and bigness, there was a certain something that was also poetry of a kind. In the United States, *Turmoil* has had a vogue that recalls the days of the old best sellers, those strange productions which it resembles only in its popularity. It is easily the best novel that Mr. TARKINGTON has written. There are flashes of the humour that illumined his *Penrod* stories, but for the most part the author is grimly in earnest, as befits his theme. It is a story to be read by all who would understand the soul of the country that has produced sky-scrapers and Pittsburg and the Chicago slaughter-houses. "Man alive! this is God's country, and a blind man couldn't help seein' it! You certainly stand up for your own town, if you stick to sayin' you'd rather live there than you would here. You sure are some patriot to say that—after you've seen our city. I'll show you something now that'll make your eyes stick out." Thus *Mr. James Sheridan* to a European visitor, and that is America in a nutshell.

There is real stuff—as opposed to stuffing—in Miss M. P. WILLCOCKS' *Change* (HUTCHINSON). In truth her material is better than her pattern, which is rather casual and formless. She leaves loose threads, abandons even promising beginnings, certainly crowds her embroidery frame with too many figures. But you read her story and comment without skipping, get pleasure of her characters, who really seem to be alive and doing, and (I'll answer for it) you'll be willing to put up with little defects of form for sake of such fine substance as the patient and indirect wooing of little brown *Bess Latimer*, the orphan, by the *Professor*—a charming piece of delicate romance. There is a background of *Starrs*, folk whose blood was older and bluer than their purses were long, and who were a little too conscious of other people's essential inferiority. It is part of the defect of Miss WILLCOCKS' method that one can't make out just what the "change" was which one supposes from her title to be the motive of her work. She gives me the impression of not having quite found herself even yet. But she will; and meanwhile she has the heart of the matter in her.



PEOPLE WE NEVER MEET.

THE MAN WHO SAYS, "I HAVE IT ON THE POSSIBLE AUTHORITY."

"We are told that Delilah punctured the head of Samson with a nail."—*China Mail.*

The other story of how poor SISERA had his hair cropped is just as good.

CHARIVARIA.

SCEPTICAL people who thought it odd that the latest German Loan should have just topped the figures for our own War Loan, will be pleased to have their doubts confirmed by the *Lokalanzeiger*, which observes that "The twelve milliards of marks are no modest figure arrived at by arithmetic."

Mr. JOHN R. STARKEY, M.P., has returned to the Exchequer the amount of his parliamentary salary received during the War, explaining that he felt uncomfortable in accepting it under present conditions. Now he is "*Happy Starkey*" once more.

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Some elderly members of a suburban V.T.C. who attended a special service at the parish church the other day are still wondering why the preacher chose as his text, "Can these dry bones live?"

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With surprising unanimity the German newspapers declared last week that the King of BULGARIA and his Prime Minister had finally decided to throw in their lot with the Central Powers. Later news suggests that they had forgotten the old proverb that "a Ferdinand is worth two in the bush."

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We deeply sympathise with the elderly man who asked the Willesden magistrate for a separation-order on the ground that his wife was always throwing knives at him, and he could not dodge them so easily as when he was younger. It is a penalty of advancing years that one takes longer to see the point of anything.

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Butter cards, similar in principle to the existing bread-cards, are shortly to be introduced in Germany. But that does not justify us in boasting of our superior position. There is a large demand for TUCK-cards in this country also.

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The KAISER, like the humblest of his subjects, has had to part with all metal possessions, such as door-knobs, in order that they may be made into shells. It is believed that even his brazen front has now disappeared.

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The *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*, which speaks of the German official communiqués as being distinguished by their "monumental simplicity," was probably referring to the well-known expression "to lie like a tombstone."

The Italian poet, D'ANNUNZIO, has been throwing his poems from an aeroplane. We deprecate this campaign of frightfulness.

When the KAISER was at Windsor in 1891, he told the Eton College Volunteers he was glad to see so many of them taking an interest in the study of arms, and hoped that if ever they had to draw their swords in earnest they would use them to some purpose for their country. Now that there are three thousand Etonians at the Front, he is beginning to be sorry he spoke.



Supporter of the Budget. "SO I'M A-ARSTIN' YOU TER DO WOT I'M A-DOIN'—AN' THAT IS *PLAY UP AN LOOK PLEASANT.*"

A taxi-cab driver, charged at Bow Street recently with being drunk, offered to read a newspaper upside-down in order to prove that he was sober. This is no test at all. He should have offered to read the predictions of some of our war-prophets the right way up.

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The report that Mr. FORD, the American motor-car maker, who has become so violent a pacificist, is going to set up a factory in Brazil, "where the nuts come from," is as yet unconfirmed.

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Extract from a Tommy's letter, written in Egypt:—"It is terribly hot out here, so hot, in fact, that they feed the hens on ice-cream to stop them laying hard-boiled eggs."

A young Berliner has been permitted to make a series of pictures of the German Fleet. They are executed in pastels, as it was felt that water-colours were hardly suitable, and will be entitled "Studies of Still Life in the Kiel Canal."

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History doesn't always repeat itself quite correctly. MOORE's Veiled Prophet of Khorassan was MOKANNA. But the unveiler of war-profits is MCKENNA.

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"The following," writes a soldier, "was actually heard by myself while in charge of a guard:—

Sentry. 'Halt! Who goes there?'
Voice. 'Chaplain.'
Sentry. 'Pass, Charlie; all's well.'"

In case any reader should doubt the veracity of the above conversation, Mr. Punch begs to say that it must be true, as he has heard it from at least fifty separate sources during the past fortnight, besides seeing it last week in an illustrated paper.

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Some of the German newspapers are suspiciously well informed about our plan of campaign. The *Neueste Nachrichten*, describing the bombardment preceding the Allies' attack, says it was "as if they wanted to batter down the gates of hell."

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...e pickpocket's motto: "There ... silver lining to every crowd."

Cruel only to be kind.

"ACCIDENT.—On Friday, Cyril Th rnett, aged nine, whilst at play in the schoolyard slipped down and broke his left thigh-bone. Fist-aid was rendered by the teachers."—*Oxford Times.*

"A tripe line of German defences in the East and West will have to be broken through before Germany's vitals are so much as threatened."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

We rather deprecate these gastronomical metaphors.

"Sublime Porte literally means 'lofty gate.' It is the principal entrance to the Seraglio at Constantinople, and is the place from which the imperial edicts are issued."

Los Angeles "Evening Herald."

The Seraglio is also the place where the Imperial bow-strings are kept.

"BELGIAN SUCCESS.—On Saturday evening our troops captured a German telephone post on the right bank. They have taken the garrison, consisting of 15 men and 1 non-commissioned officer, prisoners."—*Morning Paper.*

The Germans no doubt were "up the pole."

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE KAISER.

I ever regard his case as odd
Who ventures to doubt that I'm a god;
Few, in fact, can distinguish me
From my friend and double, the Deity;
Yet I cannot behave like a fowl in air,
I cannot at once be everywhere.

Limited thus, I must needs decide
Where I would spend last Christmastide;
Various pleasant schemes I had—
Paris and London and Petrograd;
But I couldn't have painted them all three red,
So I finally stayed at home instead.

Now Yule is on us again and I'm
Still bound by the laws of space and time;
My heart, like a common man's, is torn
Between the above and the Golden Horn,
With matins under a Moslem dome;
But how can I do all four (*and* Rome)?

Meanwhile it's bad for my beauty rest
(East being East and West still West)
If I'm expected to bear the brunts
Arising out of a brace of fronts,
Neither of which—from a distant view—
Is doing as well as I told it to.

I find the travelling most severe,
Though I only do it from rear to rear;
And often enough has the wish occurred
That I could arrange to be a bird;
And it's "Oh!" I cry with my godlike voice,
"Oh! for the wings—of a dove, for choice."

O. S.

ADMIRAL POST.

"You've heard of 'General Post,' haven't you?" said Jack to Cheeks, the marine. "Well, the Kaiser has invented a new game called 'Admiral Post.' In the first place let me tell you what I been reading in the paper about Admiral von Holtzendorff, followin' on the sensational departure for other scenes of Admiral von Tirpitz. Now to be quite frank with you, you being only a marine, I'm gettin' qualms about the German Navy. They're threatened with a certain liveliness, Cheeks, they are.

"You see this von Holtzendorff used to command the High Seas Fleet just before the War. He was a fair one for paint work and leadin' the line at reviews. For the pipin' days of peace he was absolutely It. But when the War broke out the Kaiser gets a sort of grouch on von Holtzendorff and drops him for another feller called von Ingenohl."

"'Ow do you come to know these names?' asks Cheeks.

"I was just reading them in the paper," says Jack. "Well, all the world knows now what von Ingenohl did. For months and months there was only one navy in the world, and von Spee's little lot and the *Emden* and the *Bloocher* and all the other victories was celebrated in Berlin in the correct style, all school children being ordered to get hoarse by compulsion. But one day, when the Kaiser was counting his ships, he says to von Ingenohl, he says, 'Where's my *Bloocher*?' And the gallant Admiral replies that the *Bloocher* has been converted into a Dreadnought submarine. Which is what they call a half-truth, and not bad for a German. Then the Kaiser gives von Ingenohl a nasty look, and says to him, 'You can slide it. I'm going to give the command to von Pohl.'"

"You're making it up," says Cheeks.

"Gospel truth, I ain't. I just read it in the paper."

"'Ow do all these blokes' names come to begin with a von?"

"If you wasn't an ignorant marine you'd know that von is German for O'. I was once in a destroyer and we had eight O's on board, Irish all of 'em. There was O'Flaherty, O'Connor, O'Hara, O'Donovan and O'Reilly, and so on. If they'd been Germans they'd have been von Flaherty, von Connor, von Hara, *cetera*—see? Where was I? We'd got to von Pohl.

"Well, von Pohl turned out to be the very man for the job, and the Kaiser was fair off his nut with joy about him. He'd got the High Seas Fleet in grand order, and there it was dashin' up and down the Kiel Canal, grittin' its teeth, firin' birthday salutes and waitin' for the Day.

"The Kaiser went down to Kiel for all his week-ends so as to give away the iron crosses to the submarine crews before they go West, and they say, Cheeks, as his admiration for von Pohl had no bounds.

"Well, the last time he was there, musin' to himself on the shore and wavin' his hand to the barges goin' down to Wilhelmshaven for more anchors, he had a happy thought. His active brain turned in the direction of Admiral von Holtzendorff.

"Now you got to understand that von Holtz, ever since he got the push and his pension, had been livin' the life of a simple German gentleman in Berlin. As far as can be gathered, he behaved no different to nobody. He planted taters in his window-boxes, he wrote to the papers, signing himself 'Too old at 81,' and he sung the 'Hymn of Hate' before and after meals, just like everybody else who has to subscribe to the War Loan.

"One fine mornin' he gets a wire from his Imperial Master: 'All is forgiven. Can find you a new job.' That was at 9 A.M.; and you can bet, Cheeks, that, grabbin' up his telescope and pack o' patience cards, he caught the 9.40 all right.

"The Kaiser was all affability. He sends for Admiral Bachmann, who's the head of the Naval General Staff. 'Bachmann,' he says, 'you thick headed numskull, what's this I hear about your plannin' another triumphant attack on the fortifications of Scarborough?' 'It's not me,' says Bachmann, 'it's my fool of a vice-chief, Behncke.' 'Then you both take the push,' says the Kaiser. Whereupon turning to our old friend, von Holtzendorff, he says, hardly able to keep the tears gushin' from his eyes, 'You're about the biggest back number in the country, Holtzey, and it's up to me to give you the softest job that's going. You're appointed Chief of the Naval General Staff,' he says; 'and you can name your own Vice Chief,' he adds, '*vicey* that reckless feller Behncke.' Well, Holtzey votes for von Koch, who was friends with him in the old days when the German Navy used to have Cinderellas on the quarter-deck and knew nothin' of the horrors of war. And that's how it stands now, Cheeks."

"It don't give me no qualms, Jack," says Cheeks.

"Well, I dunno. Here's this von Holtzendorff, who used to command the Battle Fleet in the days when there were no battles, succeeded first by von Ingenohl and then by von Pohl, and then as a crownin' disgrace shoved along with his pal von Koch into the Naval General Staff *vicey* Bachmann and Behncke. It may not be lettin' loose the dogs of war, Cheeks, m'lad, but it looks very much to me as if the German fleet is goin' *to hold a regatta!*"

Tennyson on the new Budget Duties.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of Duty was the way to Glory."



GANYMEDE AND THE GERMAN EAGLE.

Sultan. "Of course I know it's a great honour being 'taken up' like this;—still, I'm beginning almost to wish the bird had left me alone."



Youthful Officer. "You really must send my new breeches to-day. I'm off to France to-morrow, and I believe my regiment has a battle on for the week-end."

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

The Ruling Passion.

We were crossing from Portsmouth to Ryde. The almost horizontal rain from the indigo cloud drove us all under cover, and I found myself beneath the captain's bridge, packed hard against two lieutenants. Hence if I became a listener to their confidences the offence must be charged not to any wish of mine to eavesdrop but to the vagaries of the English August.

Yet no secret of warfare did they unfold. In fact, but for their khaki and their puttees and their canes, they might still have been conversationalists in the piping times of peace.

Having dismissed the weather with their best but inadequate adjectives, they turned to the real topic of interest for the young and spirited officer—the mo-bike. One of them had a mo-bike on the island and was going to fetch it back; the other had a mo-bike on the mainland, and was, for the day, being dragged sadly from it. Each had had astonishing experiences which they related so eagerly against the other's that neither story was ever quite finished, or rather, as in some of the magazines, the first instalment of the new one ran concurrently with the last of the old.

It was wonderful what resources each had extracted from his jigger. A tragedy, however, hung over the one whose jigger was on the mainland; for, would you believe it, that young ass So-and-so (I know his name, but mercifully suppress it) had missed parade so often owing to his smash-ups that anyone else who defected from a similar cause was to be forbidden to ride one again. It was a pity that asses like So-and-so ever got into a regiment; but on the whole the speaker could not deny that their crowd was a jolly decent one. Still, it would be a foul thing if mo-bikes were stopped.

But for some trouble once with the carburetter, the other speaker's mo-bike had never let him down yet, and it was second-hand too. Nor had his friend much fault to find with his, except that it was such a whale for oil. It was jolly decent of the police, they both decided, to be so careless about the speed limit now, but then of course they never know whether or not one is on duty: one of the good points about khaki. Had the other ever clapped eyes on old Blank (I have his name too) on his Regal? Talk about a flyer. Never stopped for anyone, even in the town. A bit rotten, the speaker thought that. One ought to have some consideration, dash it all! Yes, the other agreed, of course one ought. But out in the country let her rip. "Absolutely," said the other.

"Last Sunday," said the first, "I went to see my people. Forty miles an hour or over if I was doing an inch . . ."

"Forty-two I was doing for a bit on Friday," said his friend, "until a string of A.S.C. lorries pulled me up. Confound them! It was between . . ."

But here the sun came out and I returned to the open deck.

Punch's Roll of Honour.

Philip Baynes, Acting Sergeant, 1st Rifle Brigade, reported missing. Mr. Baynes, who had been through the Boer War, enlisted as a private, and went out to the Front last October. As an artist he had won a wide reputation, and his strong, fresh work was familiar in *Punch*. We join with his large circle of friends in the earnest hope that a career of such high promise has not been cut short.

A BEST SELLER.

I don't want one," I said to the rather seedy-looking individual who had invaded me, but he was very insistent.

"Well, Sir," he said, "you may think you don't, but you do, if I may say so. It's specially prepared for the use of litery gentlemen. Gives a lot of information not contained in most diaries. List of all the Lord Mayors, City Comp'nies, Member of Parli'-ment, Gov'ment officials and their salaries, leading events in 'istry, rank and pay in Army and Navy, dates of important battles——"

"Does it say definitely when the War will be over?" I asked.

"Tables of weights and measures, rates of post-age——"

I saw it was no use interrupting his parrot stunt. He'd learnt it and had to get it off his chest.

"Leading authors and artists, playwrights, actors, insurance companies and rates——"

"Including Zepp rates?" I pushed in.

"Names of leading clubs, churches, banks—in fact nearly everything you want to know."

"Except," I said, "when this confounded War will be over."

"Ah," he said, "a book as would tell you that would be worth its weight in gold, Sir, whereas this useful little volume is only a shilling."

"What's it called?" I said.

"'The Litery Man's Diary and *Vade Mecum*.'" As he pronounced it "*Vade*" rhymed with "wade." "Gives the name of every street in London." He had evidently left this bit out.

"I know," I said, "about as many as I can carry in my head already."

You don't need to remember them," he said, "with this book. It remembers them for you."

"But I couldn't think of carting it about with me," I said.

"Why not, Sir? It's very small."

"But think," I said, "what I have to carry as it is. Card-case, tobacco pouch, pipe, matches, knife, keys, money, cheque-book, letters. My tailor wouldn't hear of such a thing."

"Then why not keep it on your desk, Sir?"

"Put it on my desk, you mean," I said. "No power on earth could keep it there, what with my typist and the woman who keeps my rooms tidy."

"That's the beauty of the cover," he said. "If it's mislaid, it finds itself, as you might say."

"It certainly is noisy," I said. "Well, you're very persuasive. I'll try one, just this once."

He needed no second invitation, and when the man had gone I glanced through the book. I don't remember exactly in what year Lord Loreburn gave up office, but he was still Lord Chancellor when the diary was compiled, and a good many other matters appeared to have been dealt with from the standpoint of the early part of the century. In disgust I flung the book across the room, and only just in time to miss Arthur, who happened to look in on me.

"Hallo," he said, "I thought you were out."

"Then why did you come up?" I said.

"To leave something for you," he said.

"How should you know anything of my movements?" I said. "You haven't been near me for a week or two."

"I know. But as I was coming up I met a man at the bottom of the stairs who said he knew you. He told me he had been calling to see you and you weren't in."

"But I am in, as you see. How did he know who you were?"

"He didn't. He asked if I was going up to see you."

"Did he happen to be a seedy-looking ruffian in a black tail coat and a red bow tie?"

"That was the disguise," said Arthur, "that and a brown bowler hat."

"Now I wonder," I said, "why he told you I was out."

"Don't know. He told me you had asked him to call with a copy of a book he had with him."

"The sort of thing he would say. Was it," I asked, "a book about ships and shoes and sealing-wax, and cabbages and kings?"

"It seemed comprehensive," said Arthur, "so I bought a copy for myself."

"The old villain!" I said. "So did I. There's my copy. No, there, behind the coal-box."

"That's cheerful," he said. "You owe me a bob."

"Why?" I asked. "I paid him for it."

"Yes," said Arthur sweetly, "but not for the copy that he said he had brought for you. I paid for that."



Anxious Mother. "Come away, Willie! 'You never know when those German mines may go off!"

From an undertaker's advertisement:—

"No advance in Prices for the next Six Months, having large stock of materials."

Wolverhampton Express.

This will comfort those who are appalled by the increased cost of dying.

"Simla, India, Sept. 7.—The Gaekwar of Baroda has contributed five lackys of rupees for use on the British front."

"Daily Gleaner" (Jamaica).

His Highness has apparently followed the example of our own magnates who have "put down their footmen."

"In 1861 the London Irish Rifles figured among the Volunteer corps which were reviewed at Wimbledon; this review forms an interesting link with the past, for the Duke of Wellington was one of the Generals present."

Evening Paper.

On this occasion His Grace did not take the usual route from Waterloo, but travelled from St. Paul's.

A TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

XI.

My dear Mr. Punch,—A few men from the detachment have of late been transferred to the hill station and substitutes sent down. Among the former was our popular Company Sergeant-Major, who received a pleasant surprise in the shape of a procession, which escorted him to the outer gate of the Fort, bearing banners of very strange devices and accompanied by a band. The band rendered the Regimental March on three mouth-organs, an entrenching tool and twenty-two washing basins. The whole procession sang a chorus written specially for the occasion and set to the tune of a popular hymn—simple and haunting words which must have brought tears to his eyes:—

Sergeant-Major's going to the mou-ountains,
Sergeant-Major's going to the mou-ountains,
Sergeant-Major's going to the mou-ountains,
He couldn't stick the summer on the Plains.

This unaccustomed excitement over, we resumed our normal dull existence, under conditions which render it practically impossible for us to do any military training or to acquire any soldierly qualities beyond a prodigious development of language. One wonders what will happen in respectable British homes after the War, when moments of excitement lead to lapses into army speech.

Our Company Quartermaster-Sergeant did, a short time ago, foresee this danger, and seriously contemplated making a vow to refrain entirely from swearing. A day or two later he was heard passionately declaring that he was —— thankful he had not decided to do anything so —— foolish and was still at liberty to express himself on the subject of this —— —— —— prickly heat. The regimental *dhurzi*, who overheard him, has not since been seen.

But, apart from the ills of the flesh peculiar to a tropical climate, I think much will be forgiven to a Quartermaster-Sergeant on detachment duty. Many and excessively difficult are the problems with which he has to grapple. I will give you one authentic example. Picture him faced with a peremptory demand from headquarters for extra duty pay due to a certain corporal for looking after a fire-engine, with no details of the case beyond the knowledge that while he is sitting in a fort in the Punjab the fire-engine is away in the south of the United Provinces and the corporal is in a hill-station up on the borders of Nepal, and that he has no money to send him. This sort of thing is of daily occurrence.



ECONOMY.

"By the way, can you think of anyone else we could send a wire to? The price is going up soon."

Detachment duty brings about strange situations for others besides C.Q.S.'s. One of our N.C.O.s, who was Company Orderly Sergeant for the week, found himself one evening at the Staff Parade obliged by force of circumstances to take up the additional *rôles* of the Sergeant-Major (on leave) and the Detachment Orderly Sergeant for the day (sick). As C.O.S. he gravely reported himself present to himself as S.-M. and then repeated the process as D.O.S., in each case carefully addressing himself as "Sir." Then, at the instance of the Officer of the day, he, as S.-M., formally reproved himself as C.O.S. for being himself D.O.S. instead of having appointed a deputy for the occasion . . . I spare you the further complications which ensued. I am not sure whether I have these right.

We still get indications that there is a war going on somewhere in Europe which seems likely to continue. Occasionally, too, we have concrete evidence in the shape of wounded Indian soldiers returned from the Front. They are full of their experiences; and their visits to France, and in many cases to England, have given them a new gift of tongues. A wounded Garwhali, who was wearing trousers of English and tunic of Indian khaki, was at pains to explain that in France "*sabchiz* [everything] was English—trousers, *kurti* [coat], yes, and *pukka chapeau* too—*très chic!*"

Yours ever,
One of the *Punch* Brigade.

BUNGAY LOWE AND THE BOOKSTALL-MAN.

I came upon them at that hour when one is most sensitive to the uncongenial; just before the day's work. To the bookstall-man I daresay I am even more irritating than he to me. Since the War began and brought with it the minor blessing of the truce to one's political passions, I have been a casual instead of a regular customer, buying varieties of newspapers I would not have been seen dead with in times of peace. Moreover I think the bookstall-man has begun to suspect that my slender purchas[illegible] are largely made with a view to providing myself with the supply of coppers that come in so useful at odd times of the day; and he hates being asked for change. At any rate he's always rude to me if an opportunity occurs. The other day I thought to find favour with him by asking for a book. I said, "Have you *Candytuft* - *I mean Veronica*?"

It was a real name, but unusual. He made me repeat it, and then said roughly, "When you know what you *do* mean, I'll see if I've got it;" and I retaliated by making him change me a half-crown for a halfpenny paper.

Parenthetically, I wonder why authors sometimes let their progeny go forth with such tormenting names. That otherwise undeniable classic, *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, is a case in point. Good serviceable hard-wearing titles, ready shrunk, requiring just a medium education to understand, and not too much moral courage to ask for, ought to be easily procurable. Facility in putting them together is not hard to acquire, and may be a most useful accomplishment, as I found in [illegible] with Bungay Lowe.

Bungay Lowe as often as not travels up to town with me. If he would only talk about the weather I could stand it, but he is one of those fatuous people who consider that English weather is a threadbare topic. He reads, it is true, but he cannot refrain from reading passages aloud. They are generally such things as letters he himself has written to the newspapers, or the academic pleasantries of Mr. Bertrand Russell. He runs a debating society somewhere Hampstead way, and is more than suspected of rehearsin[illegible] bits of his speeches in his ordinary conversation. When I say that since the War began his debating activities have apparently doubled, I think I am delineating his character as fully as any of my readers can possibly wish, so when, a few mornings ago, I arrived early at the station and saw Bungay Lowe at the other end of the platform awaiting me, I took temporary refuge at the bookstall, where my other enemy was in a particularly curt and uncivil mood and muttered curses over fivepence-halfpenny. I then advanced under cover of *The Daily Screen* and was incontinently caught.

Bungay Lowe's breast-pocket was bulging with manuscript, and I was soon fated to know that he had on him the notes of the speech that he was to deliver that evening. I must let him read me some extracts on the way up; I might make some valuable suggestions and perhaps help him out with a quotation or two. What was the motion to be debated? Oh, wel[illegible] it wasn't a debate exactly; he was [illegible] them a paper entitled, "Are we quite fair to the Germans?" There would be a discussion, perhaps, but no division.

[illegible] have a somewhat confused remembrance of what followed in that walk up and down the platform with Bungay Lowe. I recall that he asked me if I did not think it was our sacred duty as Englishmen to try honestly to arrive at the point of view of the Germans; and, assuming the German point of view to be somewhere the other side of the Rhine, I cordially agreed, adding, "By whatever way *round*," a phrase which he immediately jotted down. He then asked me if any rational being who knew anything of Germany could credit half the stories of atrocities in Belgium and France. I waxed eloquent again and said that there was no single authentic recorded instance of German soldiers having cooked *and* eaten an enemy civilian. That, I added, was a proof of truly remarkable powers of self-restraint. All this was duly recorded and no doubt worked up into a point. We were getting on finely, but I doubted my power to keep it up during the impending journey, which I much dreaded. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. The train was not yet quite due, but no time was to be lost.

"Of course you've read those little books by 'Jingo'—an ironical pseudonym, as you will guess—that bear so admirably upon your purpose?" I asked. "No?" My good man, they're full of what you want. Quaint bits of Shavian philosophy expressed in wonderful sentences. Not read them or even heard of them? Get them at once. Let me see, there are three in a definite sequence. *Change for a Sovereign*; you can see what that's about the case for democratic control could not be more admirably presented. *A Pennyworth of Manners*; that's an open letter to a diplomatist, who with a ha'porth more could have saved the situation. And, lastly, *A German Mother*, a wonderful picture of the domestic virtues of the enemy we are so ruthlessly waging war upon. Our friend at the bookstall might have one of them—you can but try. Remember the order: *Change for a Sovereign; A Pennyworth of Manners; A German Mother.*"

The signal went down as Bungay Lowe sought the bookstall. I watched. He had to wait a minute or two, and then I could see his irritating profile as he enunciated with the ghastly distinctness which I have always found to be so exasperating, and which with inferiors always suggests a hidden intention of sarcasm, the three enquiries I had, I flatter myself, so ingeniously framed for him.

The first two evidently drew blanks. At the third there was some sort of upheaval in the bookstall. Bungay Lowe stepped suddenly back and a small but interested crowd gathered. What followed appeared, as far as I could see, to partake of the triple nature of a debate, a discussion, and a dog-fight. I imagined Bungay Lowe to be pointing out that there is no disparagement in imputing Teutonic parentage to any man, and he would infallibly do so, if I know him at all, to his own country's belittlement. He would urge the propriety of seeing ourselves as others see us, and this would give the bookstall-man an obvious opening. At any rate my immediate point was gained. Bungay Lowe lost the train, or at least my end of it.

WHEN THE HEROES RETURN.

Lest We Forget.

Mother England has been forgetful before; Mother England has been forgetful. I wonder if she will be forgetful at the end of this War, when the heroes come back. I am thinking, I admit, of certain heroes in whom I take a particular interest.

Before the War they were in London and threw up, some of them, their positions unasked.

Their places now are filled. Will they be kept open for them against their return? Belgium and France know their worth if England yet does not. Let Belgium and let France speak.

Let them speak. I cannot—the subject moves me too strongly. But let England answer, and let her answer soon. What will she do when these heroes come back to her? What will the hostelries of England do when Hans and Fritz and Carl return?

Military Wedding Equipment.

"Sam Browne belt, single brace and frog, best bridal leather."



THE BUDGET.

"Well, look 'ere. Fer the sake o' argyment, suppose your income's a hundred and fifty pounds a year——"

"Not me. I ain't supposin' nothink. You'd argy me inter thinkin' it *is* a hundred and fifty pounds in abaht two minutes, an' touch me for a quid afore I'd laid 'ands on it."

BUTTONS.

They couldn't make the old chap grasp there was a war, and, instead of joining the little group of bent-backed cronies outside the village *estaminet*, he would sit at his window, mumbling and grumbling. Standing arms akimbo, in her check-patterned apron, his daughter shouted herself hoarse. Now she pointed to me, sipping delicious coffee, belt unfastened, at the parlour table; now she nodded towards the eight-years-old grandson drilling his squad of grimy-faced *gamins* outside in the sunlit street. Grandpère merely gaped at her; with his patched linen blouse, felt slippers, and a beard like Rip Van Winkle's, he was half blind, deaf, and—as far as I could make out—dumb.

We were in support billets that week, going forward in working parties for night-digging; but about an hour before sunset this white-capped bustling daughter had beckoned me hospitably indoors, calling my attention, as she poured out the coffee, to framed photographs of her three soldier sons and her husband, who was a corporal in a machine-gun section and looked as though he meant business.

"*Coquin!*" cried she and, hastening suddenly into the road, rescued the snub-nosed, straight-fringed grandson from the wheels of an A.S. motor lorry. Leaning back, I was whistling under my breath, mechanically rubbing up a tunic button, when, from the chair by the window, a slow deliberate movement caught my eye, and—well, believe it or not as you choose, I had wakened Rip Van Winkle back to life. First (though I never could convince his daughter of it) he winked his right eye; next, chuckling so that he showed his toothless gums, and holding his head an inch or two higher, he drew down the cuff of his blouse, polishing an imaginary button. Screwing up his dim old eyes, he rubbed patch after patch on that faded blue linen, and, as if the familiar action called up Goodness knows what crowding memories of youth and war, of *chassepots rouges* and *képis*, he muttered, with a significant jerk of his head towards the window: "*À Berlin! À Berlin!*"

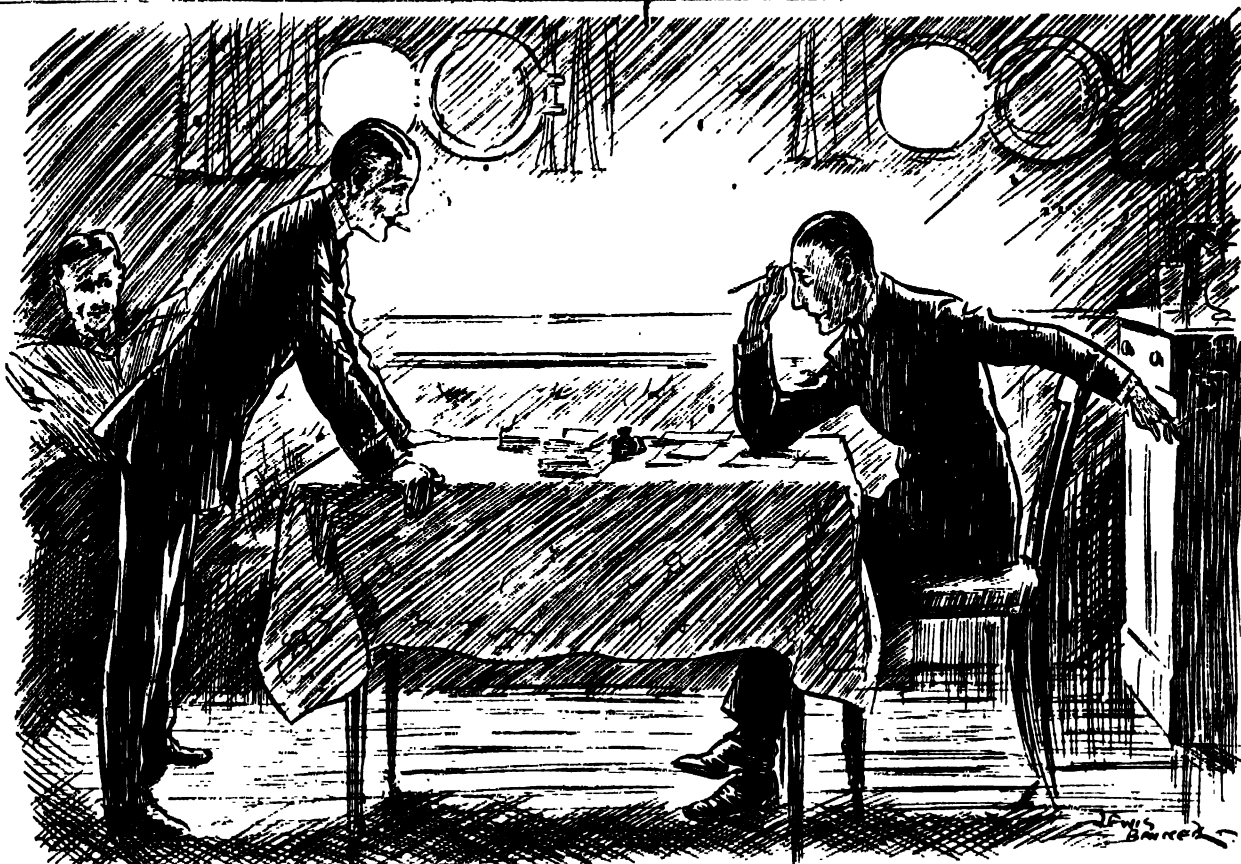
Biblia abiblia.

"Another reason why the more prominent lawyers do not have a fair understanding of accountancy fundamentals, is the growing practice to employ a qualified accountant—this practice we heartily commend to look after the bokos." *Mercantile Gazette, N.Z.*

Extract from a school-girl's essay on "Women's Work in War Time":—"Women are now driving tram-cars instead of their husbands."

"Wanted for me, and for me alone, and only a young Girl or a young Woman who is a real and a willing servant. Apply to me, and to me alone, and only upon this Saturday, between the hours of half past three and half past five p.m., and on the next Sunday between the hours of one and two p.m.; wages 10s. each week." —*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

We like the opening of the poem, but the rhythm breaks down rather badly later on.



A NAVAL DISASTER.

Sub. "Dash it all! I've clean forgotten the name of the girl I'm writing to!"

THROUGH THE GATE OF HORN:

A Dardanelles Dream.

In that dark hour before the dawn comes thronging,
When people die and soldiers stand to arms,
I lay and wrestled with a wicked longing
To yield ungrudgingly to Lethe's charms.
I weighed it well; for in Battalion Orders
High powers had registered their awful aim:—
All subalterns to be unwinking warders
Throughout that period. But all the same
There are some times one simply has to keep
For certain things. This was the time for sleep.

I said, "There stands a great unwrit tradition,
Which kills off Colonels and makes Generals grey,
That none who holds His Majesty's Commission
Shall nod by night or be at rest by day;
But in this middle time, when all is quiet,
When shells are silent and no flies intrude,
When no sun scorches and no rifles riot,
And even my platoon requires no food,
Shall I not slumber and the King forgive?
The answer is in the affirmative.

"And, if the Staff suspect the man von Sanders
Of swift offences and the use of gas,
I might remind them we are not in Flanders
(Where one, it seems, may be that sort of ass),
But nigh to Troy, where men employed no vapours
Nor made attacks at this unnatural time,
And Troy's traditions shall forbid such capers
While cultured Turks possess the classic clime;
These haunts of chivalry shall still condemn
The least activity at three A.M."

But anyhow, I slept. And then like thunder
Big clouds of battle burst about my head.
Methought a sentry made some hideous blunder;
The Turk came creeping and the ground was dead;
Soft over Dardanus the sun stood staring;
On Achi Baba paled the startled moon,
When Islam's gallantest, with sounds like swearing,
Drove back the pagans of the tenth platoon.
A man called Ismail, in dirty blue,
Stood kicking me. I woke—*and it was true.*

* * * * * * *

The time is tedious in Constantinople;
Meanwhile I pen this melancholy screed
To friendly neutrals, and perhaps the Pope 'll
Be touched and intervene and have me freed.
Haply my lines, like some distressful pennant,
Shall flutter forth to that embattled Strait
And reach and teach some drowsy Sub-Lieutenant
To be more dutiful. At any rate
The British Fleet will know that I am there,
And not bombard without the greatest care.

Another Injustice to Ireland.

"Despite the protests of public boards in the County Roscommon, the police barracks at Frenchpark was closed yesterday by order of the Inspector-General."—*Irish Paper.*

"A general experimenting with cheaper tobaccos is going on throughout the country."—*Morning Paper.*

We hope the intrepid officer will not go too far with this deadly work.

Precision.

"The funeral was the largest witnessed in the district for many years."—*Glasgow Herald.*



THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The Crown Prince. "YOU WERE COMPLAINING THE OTHER DAY, FATHER, THAT YOUR GENERALS ON THE WEST FRONT WERE STUCK FAST. WELL, WE'RE ON THE MOVE *NOW*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, September 28th.—The few strangers who strayed into Gallery over clock looked down on desolate scene. When Questions were called on, attendance of Members so scanty that, had Standing Order permitted an immediate count, House must necessarily have forthwith adjourned for lack of a quorum. Chaplin as usual punctual in his place bearing with the ease of Atlas the load of Leadership of Opposition. As Guest had not yet arrived, he had Front Bench all to himself, Ministerial Bench being scarcely more populous.

Reasonable to suppose that, glorious news brightening Sunday morning being fully confirmed in to-day's telegrams, there would be thronged attendance and prevalence of high spirits breaking out in ringing cheers when perchance events of preceding forty-eight hours were alluded to. The House, in this respect true representative of the nation, was to all appearance absolutely unmoved by sudden turn in tide of war. Doggedly meaning to go on with the business to the end, it was no more elated by sudden victory than it had been depressed by long continuance of monotonous firing from opposite trenches. It was all in the day's work, and till the day's work is done the nation is not disposed to waste time or fritter away strength in emotional outbursts.

Edward Grey made his weekly appearance on the Treasury Bench. Brought with him momentous message for Bulgaria. Couched in that courteous but firm language of which he is master. British sympathy with the Bulgarian people is warm and sincere, but if the little kingdom, egged on by Germany, assumes an aggressive attitude on the side of the enemy "we are prepared to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, without reserve and without qualification."

Loud cheer from the now gathering audience greeted an unmistakable ultimatum.

Never was ultimatum delivered in the same fashion. With elbows resting on the brass-bound box, with body bent and head hung down, the Foreign Secretary, in level voice, read the historic document as he might have cited a weekly report on the Dead Meat Market. This habit of lolling over the Table when replying to a question comparatively new but increasingly overmastering. Well worth while resisting.



SIR EDWARD GREY ON BULGARIA.

Butcher usefully called attention to fact that the Government pay German officers, prisoners in this country, from one-third to one-half as much again as Germany pays to British prisoners of war of same rank. Wanted to know whether, in view of fact that German Government have by the murder of non-combatants on sea and on land, by bombardment of unfortified towns, and by numerous other acts of barbarity, systematically violated the Hague Conventions, the British Government will in future pay to German officers who are prisoners of war in this country the same daily or monthly sums, and no more, as are paid by German Government to British officers who are prisoners of war in Germany?



Pleading for retrenchment in the salaries of German prisoners.

Mr. Butcher.

Financial Secretary to War Office made perfunctory reply. British taxpayer, freshly burdened, would be obliged if Mr. Butcher would sharpen his knife and hack away at this subject till it is reduced to sensible businesslike shape.

Prime Minister made urgent appeal for abstention from pursuing at present juncture question of comparative merits of National and Voluntary Service. General cheer backed up appeal. Guest, however, having prepared speech on subject, not to be put off. Endeavoured to open debate on motion for Third Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. House not disposed to follow the lead. Conversation collapsed in time for adjournment at five minutes to seven, with time found for discussion of interrogatories administered to incumbents of Welsh Church by the Commissioners appointed under Welsh Church Act.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a Third time.

THE ANGELS OF MONS.

It may be just that folks have flocked
To glorify a pretty tale;
It may be truth that Something blocked
That desperate battle trail,
And anyhow, the story's growing stale.

But, true or not, there's this is right,
Sure as man lives and murder's done,
Fate never mixed another fight
Since wars were first begun
With so much Freedom to be lost or

And swearing Tommies, beaten back,
But rallying still their broken line
Against the howling Prussian pack,
May not have seemed divine,
But still did heroes' work and did it fine.

Whether they saw the shining crew,
St. George and all the rest of it,
Or only found a job to do
And meant to stand their bit,
Something or Someone gave them grip and grit.

"The Zeppelin says the report was probably accompanied by several others."
Morning Paper.

The Zeppelin may have said so, but you can never believe a gas-bag.



THE TESTING OF A PATRIOT.

THE NOVELIST ASTRAY.

(*Vide "Fiction in War-time,"* The Times, *September 25.*)

A SAPIENT writer in *The Times*
Defends from malediction
Writers of note who now devote
Their energies to fiction.

The novel, in the writer's view,
Is not alone the medium
Of entertaining me and you
By dissipating tedium;

It has a higher, nobler side,
A more exalted mission—
That of diffusing, far and wide,
Ethics and erudition.

All science comes within its scope,
Social reform it teaches;
It brings to the despairing hope,
Consoles, exhorts and preaches.

So far *The Times*, which has once more
Performed the easy function
Of "breaking in an open door"
With much superfluous unction.

No reasonable person kicks
Against the novel-writer
So long as to his last he sticks
Or leaves it as a fighter;

But indignation fills the soul
And makes the tongue mephitic
When he usurps the tiresome *rôle*
Of military critic.

"Sir George Askwith to-day met at Old Palace Yard representatives of the wood-cutters and cement-workers who are on strike for an increase of 1d. per hour."—*Evening Paper.*

"Wouldn't-workers" is what we should call them.

"Heavy rains again fell in Khartum and vicinity last Saturday night and several lakes have been formed in various parts of the town, some of which are still navigable. Mosquitoes are not allowed to breed in them, under penalty of a heavy fine, and notices to that effect will undoubtedly be posted at each lake before long."—*Egyptian Mail.*

The success of British rule in the Soudan has not been exaggerated.

After the Raid.

"Essex.—Bungalow, furnished, near sea, shell beach."—*Morning Paper.*

"The result of the tax would be to raise the price of sugar a halfpenny in the £."—*Edinburgh Evening Despatch.*

Scottish grocers are notoriously less grasping than their English brethren.

"Lieutenant, Regular Forces, requests small assistance for wife 15,000 miles away."—*The Times.*

As the circumference of the earth is only 25,000 miles, we infer that the advertiser is in the Flying Corps and pretty high up.

"By ordering 'The Star,' and signing a similar receipt form inserted in it, YOUR LIFE will be insured against Zeppelins. Therefore YOU ARE SAFE if you sign the free insurance forms in 'THE DAILY NEWS' and 'THE STAR.'"—*Daily News.*

It is rumoured that Count ZEPPELIN on reading the above notice realized the futility of his efforts and sent in his resignation.



Artist. "Here, I say! What are you up to behind my easel?"
Fugitive. "It's all right, Sir. It's my big bruvver tryin' ter cop me wiv a stone."

A ROBIN AT THE FRONT.

It didn't take Jules long to flutter his way into the heart of every Tommy in the trench, for there is much that is common to the methods of English and French robins. There wasn't a man in the whole platoon who would have hurt one feather of that tiny body: and Jules knew this perfectly well, and traded on his knowledge in the most shameless manner.

No dug-out however secluded was sacred from his little inquisitive presence, if he wanted companionship; his "cheep, cheep" was too persistent to be ignored, and every occupation had to be thrown aside if Jules demanded amusement.

He had lived among quiet peasants, but one night the great change came, and Jules woke to find the farm desolate and abandoned.

It was unspeakably dreary. For two days and nights he was desolate, but on the third night the soldiers came.

He had never dreamed there could be so many men in the world, and he was afraid. The soldiers were noisy. They sang and laughed and swore, and Jules did not understand English and hated it all in his little heart.

But suddenly his interest was aroused. They began digging trenches—good honest digging; he could understand that.

Digging meant worms, and worms ready dug save a robin a great deal of trouble. So he took courage, and gradually edged himself nearer to the busy men, his little head first on one side, then on the other.

The Tommy nearest, happening to catch sight of him, carelessly threw him a small worm. It was very pink and it wriggled irresistibly.

Jules hesitated. Should he? Did he dare? Yes! With a quick darting movement he was upon it. The next instant, at a safe distance, he was bolting it greedily, and the friendship between Jules and the soldiers began. He was soon entirely one of them, as British as the most British of them all, his gay cheery little presence, in his suit of monk brown with the red waistcoat, bringing an air of gaiety to the boredom of trench life.

The men used to watch for his coming and beguile him to stay. His special friend, Private Delarey, taught him several engaging tricks, and Jules—for he came of true French stock—loved showing himself off.

But the end of his good time came quite suddenly. Snugly tucked away for the night, he knew nothing of the brilliant attack, and counter-attack delivered with such swiftness. If he heard the sharp rattle of rifles and spit of machine guns, it was drowsily in his sleep, and he was not disturbed, for he had grown used to these noises, so that when morning came he could not understand why the men in greyish blue uniform now occupying the trench where he lived were not the friends he had played with overnight.

It puzzled him, this thing. Where was Delarey? Why did no one offer him food?

He wandered drearily from end to end of the trench, seeking some solution. Ah, at last one of the men had thrown him something! He inspected it delicately, head on one side. Surely some mistake: it was a stone!

The next was better timed and aimed. This hit him fairly and hard, and, with just one tiny choking gasp, Jules gave up his little ghost.

And Delarey, in a small field hospital, miles away, with a piece of shrapnel in his side and a raging head, muttered feverishly at intervals—

"Pore little Jools! Wish we'd 'ad time to fetch 'im along. 'Ope they'll look arter Jools."

A BALLAD OF BULBS.

For several months I've striven hard to curb undue expense;
I conjugate the verb "to save" in ev'ry mood and tense;
And when Extravagance allures I sternly bid her hence.

I walk into the City, ay and back, on my ten toes;
Unhailed by me in rain or shine the flying taxi goes;
No more the merry motor-bus my solid presence knows.

I've laid a drastic ban upon the winsome cigarette;
Against the early morning tea my face I've sternly set;
I wear goloshes unabashed whenever it is wet.

Pursuing the example set by the KING and Court,
I have abjured my single after-dinner glass of port;
I stick to barley-water, and I drink it by the quart.

But in the strongest bodies there's a vulnerable spot;
ACHILLES had it in his heel, and in his heel was shot;
I thought I was temptation-proof, but found that I was not.

For six long months so tightly and unflinchingly I drew
My purse-strings that on luxuries I never spent a *sou*;
And then bang went five shillings like a bolt from out the blue.

It wasn't for the War Loan mill that they provided grist;
No, the mischief was accomplished by a seedsman's fatal list,
And they were blued on bulbs, for bulbs I never could resist.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXVIII.

(*From the* GERMAN EMPEROR.)

MY DEAR WILLIE. When you receive this I shall be quite dead. Even before the outbreak of the War I had been ailing. On August 1st, 1914, I took to my bed and was definitely separated from you. I did not feel the separation much, it was no great wrench, for latterly, as you know, I had had but little chance to distinguish myself by any useful activity. Though we still kept up a show of living together the strain was obviously becoming too great to continue much longer. Then came the break, and now, as I say, I am going. Even had the War by some miracle been avoided I doubt if our companionship could have been maintained. To be bullied and neglected is never pleasant, and that was evidently the fate which you had marked out for me. The lesson is a bitter one. Would that I had learnt it sooner. I should have saved myself much pain and many harsh disappointments.

As I look back upon my chequered career I ask myself whether I was at any time sufficiently real and convincing for the task I had undertaken to perform. Our articles of association (if I may put it in that way) laid it down that I was to be the good, kind, gentlemanly chivalrous family-Emperor whose only fault was to be a taste for practical jokes of a simple and innocent sort; while you were to play your part in shining armour as an Olympian War-god or in diplomatic intrigues as a modern reincarnation of MACHIAVELLI. I was to discuss the merchant marine with Herr BALLIN at Hamburg, while you were to plan *Dreadnoughts* with VON TIRPITZ at Kiel or at the Vulcan Works at Stettin. KRUPP was to be in your department, I was to listen to Dr. DRYANDER's sermons and talk peace-talk to the American Ambassador. You were to review the Berlin garrison on the Tempelhofer field and to tell recruits to shoot down their fathers and mothers at your order; and I was to gain a reputation for harmless levity and Imperial *bonhomie* by pulling away the chair on which some portly industrial magnate was about to seat himself. This may have been slightly vulgar, but it was undoubtedly very funny. At any rate the whole Court laughed most heartily whenever I did it.

Then again there was my visit to Lord LONSDALE with the object of persuading the simple English that we were, after all, a true English gentleman, fond of grouse-shooting and all other English sports. Really I almost wished you had yourself been present instead of me when we drove through Cumberland with outriders and postillions, and an escort of splendidly mounted British Yeomanry prancing and clattering all round us. The whole affair went off most successfully, and had excellent results. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the interview in which I laid bare our heart to the London *Daily Telegraph*. That was meant to please the English, but for some reason it had the opposite effect, and besides all the Germans became furious about it too, and the throne rocked in the storm. The Tweedmouth letter was no more successful, but that was yours, not mine. Nor had I anything to do with the theatre parade to Jerusalem or with the foolish Morocco adventure. These enterprises, like all the other insanities of which I have not strength to write down the list, were hatched in your brain, and, though I protested against them, I was overborne. Can you wonder that I hailed our separation as a release from an intolerable position?

Well, you now have the War on which you were bent, and all I can say is that I hope you like it. I, at any rate, have had no part in it, and cannot be asked to bear any of the responsibility for it. That is yours and yours alone. You have the satisfaction of reflecting that you have put in peril that great structure for the foundation of which thousands of Germans gladly gave their lives. And you, and those who have urged you on or followed you, now stand forth before the world as men who have ruthlessly trampled under foot all laws by which mankind sought to mitigate ferocity, to protect the lives of the innocent and to hold tyranny in check.

(Signed) WILHELM I. ET R.

A Mixed Marriage.

From *The Glasgow Bulletin*, under heading "Edinburgh Military Wedding":—

"Lieutenant Nicol Bruce, 7th Prov. Stewart, daughter of Dr. Stewart Bruce, Banff, and Miss Margaret Battalion R.S., son of Rev. Dr. . . . "

Mr. Punch's best compliments to that fine body of Amazons, the Miss Margaret Battalion of the Royal Scots.

"MR. BALFOUR'S STRIKING NEW BOOK.
By ARTHUR MACHEN.
Published To-day."—*Evening News.*

Although Mr. MACHEN, on his own showing, is responsible for *The Angels at Mons*, we decline to believe this latest claim for him. Mr. BALFOUR as a writer needs no ghostly assistance.

"There were two charges against an eleven-year-old Cadoxton boy named John Lake, of selling newspapers under the age of twelve years, and of shouting newspapers on a Sunday."—*Barry Dock News.*

If the newspapers had been above the age of twelve years we could have better understood the reason for the prosecution.

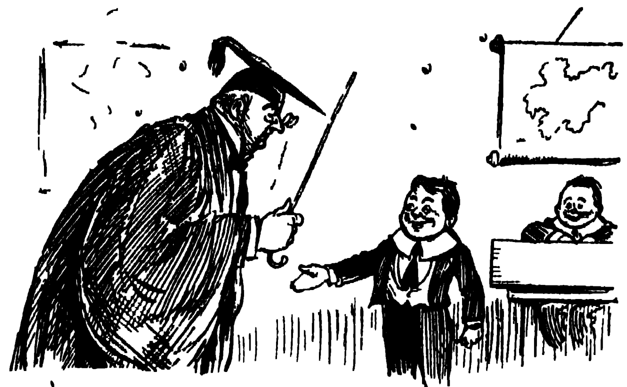
"BLOW THAT CRIPPLED RUSSIA."—*Evening News.*

Even a Pressimist might refrain from such an ungenerous objurgation.

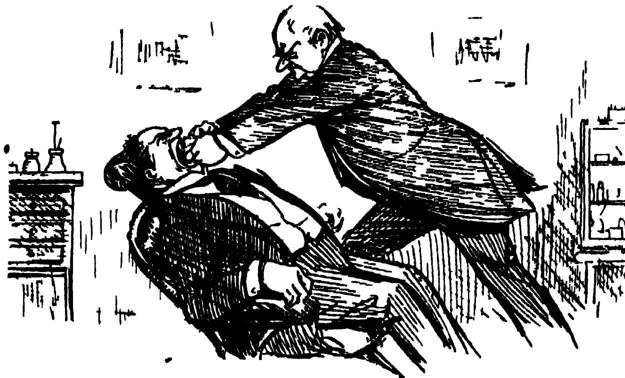
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.



Judge (before sentencing prisoner to penal servitude). "YOU WILL ALL BE GRATEFUL TO HEAR THAT THE PRUSSIAN GUARD HAS BEEN SEVERELY PUNISHED BY OUR BRAVE TROOPS."



Master. "YOUR PUNISHMENT, JONES, WON'T FEEL SO SEVERE WHEN YOU HEAR THAT WE HAVE JUST GIVEN THE ENEMY A TREMENDOUS THRASHING."



Dentist. "IT WILL EASE THE PAIN OF THIS EXTRACTION, SIR, WHEN I TELL YOU THAT THE RUSSIANS HAVE EXTRICATED THEMSELVES FROM A VERY AWKWARD POSITION."



Garotter. "YOU WON'T FEEL THE LOSS OF YOUR WATCH, SIR, ON HEARING THAT WE'VE CAPTURED SEVENTY-NINE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS."

BOSCH HUMOUR.

[The German paper *Kladderadatsch* gives its readers a dialogue between the captain and first officer of an English liner. After talking of hidden cannon and machine-guns in the doctor's cabin, it proceeds:—

Captain. And the papers?

Officer. The false papers are on your desk. Shall I falsify them a bit more?

Captain. Not yet. Where are the soldiers?

Officer. In the coal-bunkers, disguised as niggers and sitting on barrels drinking whisky.

Captain. Are the Americans on board?

Officer. There is one on every deck, spitting all round.

Captain. Then in God's name forward!]

I HAVE seen a rhinoceros romping,
I have seen hippopotami fight,
I have watched a giraffe sprint a mile and a half
(The film *was* exciting that night);
I once saw a bull-pup give chase to a hare,
And that was a ludicrous scramble;
And I witnessed an even more clumsy affair
When a porpoise indulged in a gambol;

I have noticed a motor-bus skidding,
Seen amateurs fix up a shelf,
I have watched a bargee having afternoon tea,
I have danced in the Lancers myself;
But not till the War, when a moment of mirth
Inspired this irreverent lyric,
Had I met with the clumsiest upon earth—
An Allemand being satiric.

The Cautious Touch.

[illegible] the *[illegible]* [illegible] Sunday evening and Monday evening [illegible] 9.30 [illegible] appeared [illegible] the town [illegible] *[illegible]*

"Stephen Phillips's great lecture, ... under the title 'Poetry and Drama,' was made a pleasant hour and a listen in the Shakespearean plays which he ... is producing this week at the Exeter Theatre Royal."

Exeter Express and Echo.

Author. "But why drag in SHAKESPEARE?"

"The first contracts for *The Daily News* Christmas Pudding Fund have now been placed. ... Roughly speaking, it may be said that sixpence will amply cover the portion of one man."—*Daily News.*

Yes, but what portion? The tongue or the tummy?

CONCESSIONS TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

It is reported that the War Office is prepared to consider the question of allowing Volunteers to go to the Front to dig trenches. No payment will be made and no uniform or ammunition provided.

In case of being gassed at the Front, Volunteers must deposit a sum in advance to cover all hospital expenses. They will, however, be buried without charge. The applications of members wishing to offer themselves as subjects for vivisection or other dangerous experiments at the hospitals will be considered in rotation.

The War Office will consent to accept men of good character from the Volunteer Corps to act as live targets for musketry practice, also as cover to save the expense of sandbags. Public School and University men preferred. Entrance fee, two guineas.

MAD MOTTOES OF BRITISH CRITICS.

"*De mortuis nihil bonum.* ... It is a little difficult to observe the rule in the case of Mr. [illegible]"—*Nottingham Guardian.*

The journal appears, however, to have made a strenuous attempt to carry out its own maxim.

TOMLINSON'S PROGRESS.

About a fortnight after the Tomlinsons had taken "Rosedene" in our road Miss Withers summoned a Council of War. The Vicar's wife had of course called on the Tomlinsons, but, as all the world knows, vicars' wives have nothing to go by; they have to look up everybody, making no distinction between the sheep and the goats. At the Council it was unanimously decided that the Tomlinsons were quite impossible.

I was not surprised. I had myself noticed several unpleasant features about Tomlinson. In saying this I am not alluding particularly to his face, which, though unattractive, was perhaps no more distressing than hundreds of others that one encounters in the City and elsewhere. No, it was not so much his appearance that was at fault as his general social tone. In the first place he made a practice from the very beginning of rolling the grass plot in front of his house every evening in his shirt-sleeves and with a pipe. It has always been tacitly agreed in our road that personal gardening should be strictly confined to the backs; fronts are done by a professional who visits us in turn. In the second place it soon became painfully apparent that he was addicted to the clarionet. There are, no doubt, circles in which this instrument is regarded as correct; ours is not one of them. The piano we know; also the violin; and Miss Withers herself has confessed to some acquaintance with the mandolin; but further than this we have never gone.

I think, however, that what really more than anything else turned the scale against our new neighbours was a discovery that Miss Withers made about them when they had only been amongst us a week. She found out (how I know not) that Tomlinson was in the habit of allowing his wife to address him as "Sid." You will now be in a position to grasp Tomlinson. He was, you will see, quite beyond the pale, the sort of man, in fact, who, if you met him and inquired after his health, would be nearly certain to reply, "Nicely, thanks; how's yourself?"

I confess I was a little sorry for the Tomlinsons. It is never pleasant to feel that one is not wanted. Yet it must be admitted that they bore up very bravely; so bravely, indeed, that it almost seemed as if they hardly realised what they were missing. Tomlinson went on with his rolling and his wife continued to hang out her washing all down the back garden with an indifference to public opinion that could not have been more complete if they had been inhabiting a desert island. Miss Withers was very bitter about it.

"This," she said, "is what comes of providing the masses with cheap education."

I often wondered exactly what she meant by this remark, which struck me as irrelevant to the situation; but she repeated it so many times that at last I felt sure there must be something in it.

One day last January I met her at the bottom of the road. "Have you heard?" he said. "The man Tomlinson has



Breaking the news to a favourite servant that in consequence of the new tax there must in future be only one spoonful of tea for each person and none for the pot.

enlisted." It was true. Though slightly over military age he had prevailed on the authorities to accept him, and was to serve his King and Country. I admired his spirit and said so, but Miss Withers refused to share my enthusiasm. "It is a pity they can't take his wife too," she said. A little later we heard that he had gained a commission. This time it was I who broke the news to Miss Withers. It was obviously a blow to her, but she took it well. "The Army is not what it was," she remarked sententiously, and changed the conversation. Weeks passed, and then the gazette announced that Tomlinson had been promoted to the rank of captain. For several days I avoided Miss Withers, and when at length she overtook me one morning I carefully kept off the subject. As we parted at her gate she looked across the road at the Tomlinsons' house just opposite. "I suppose you have heard about him?"

"Yes," I answered sympathetically.

"This is a terrible war," she said, and turned and walked dejectedly up the path to her front door.

But worse was in store for her. There was no stopping the enemy. By the end of July he was a major, in the middle of August he was invalided home with a bullet wound in his leg. And when he returned to us it was not merely as an officer. Tomlinson came home a V.C.

I shall never forget his arrival at Rosedene. For an hour or more the road had been filled by an excited crowd, and when at last Tomlinson appeared in a motor car with his wife and the General Officer commanding the district the enthusiasm became so intense that the railings in front of Miss Withers' house gave way with a crash and several of the populace were deposited among her geraniums. I was standing quite close to the scene of the disaster. What would Miss Withers do? Would she faint? Would she go into hysterics? Would she sue Tomlinson for damages? Would she write to the papers? I half expected to see her rush forth upon the invaders and butcher them in cold blood before they could rise. With a shudder I turned my eyes away from the wreck, and for a full minute I dared not glance again in its direction. When I did, I saw Miss Withers on her doorstep. There was a flush on her face, but not of rage. Oblivious of her garden fence, oblivious of what the road might think, she was waving in one hand a handkerchief, in the other a small Union Jack, and with her foot she was beating time to the crowd's enthusiastic rendering of "He's a jolly good fellow."

Then I did a foolish thing. A very stout, phlegmatic-looking man was standing immediately in front of me. I took off his hat and flung it high into the air. It was an act which subsequently cost me half a guinea. But I didn't care. Nothing really mattered that afternoon.

If you happen to be going down our road any day about 4.30 P.M., you may possibly catch a glimpse on the lawn behind one of the houses of a small lady, rather past middle age, and a short, thick-set man in khaki, who smokes a pipe and walks with a slight limp. It is Miss Withers and Tomlinson, playing croquet.



Englishman (condoling with French officer whose horse has broken his knees). "WELL, HE WAS ON HIS LAST LEGS, ANYWAY, YOUR OLD CHAP!"

French Officer. "MAIS NON, MONSIEUR! IT VOS ON HIS FRONT LEGS THAT HE FALL."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. CONRAD, of course, has a way of looking on life as a low, sneaking sort of fellow, lurking in unsuspected places with a deadly sandbag. I suppose that in his *Victory* (METHUEN) he means to show the relentlessly tragic effect of the malevolent gossip of an evil-minded man on the fortunes of a guileless idealist. His central figure, *Axel Heyst*, is a nobly-born Swede, son of a crank, and he inherits a paralysing philosophy of negations and distrusts which make him by choice a hermit, a wanderer and a man of indecision. Out of a dubious South Pacific Island hotel, kept by one *Schomberg*, a loathly, bullying, envious Teuton (an old villain of Mr. CONRAD's and no product of the War spirit), *Heyst* carries away in pity to his lonely home a young English girl who has fallen on evil days in a travelling troop of singers, and is being persecuted chiefly, but not only, by the infatuated hotel-keeper, who, eager for revenge, by a lying tale about *Heyst's* treasure of ill-gotten gold persuades two egregious scoundrels to follow him. For myself I have to summon up all my faith in Mr. CONRAD's artistic sincerity to believe in any such bizarre ruffians as the primitive and bloody *Ricardo* and the languid, gentlemanly *Jones*. One might accept them in *Treasure Island*, but in the elaborately contrived realism of Mr. CONRAD's setting they seem incredibly fantastic. His perfected subtlety of method is indeed almost too delicate a medium for the presentation of the fast and furious riot of passion and bloodshed that *Victory* in the end becomes. Nor can I help thinking that, pressing the consequences of the *Schomberg-Heyst* affair far beyond the point of decent probability, he has loaded his dice, so to speak, and destroyed that sense of inevitability which ought to be the dominant impression of a tragedy worked out in this ruthlessly detailed and motived way. And having delivered this tentative judgment for conscience' sake, let me beg of you to ignore the misgivings of an ultra-cautious critic and hand yourself over to the enjoyment of a delicate, tender romance and as exciting a yarn as was ever spun out of the very tough fibre of the South Sea Islands by a master craftsman.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE displays a nice discrimination in nurseries. This was one of my first reflections after reading *The Golden Scarecrow* (CASSELL). Indeed one might advertise the book thus: *Hint to Mothers*. Read this if you wish to understand your child! One may at least say for the volume that it is quite unlike anything else; further, that it is in many ways of a singular and haunting charm. Its scope embraces a tour of the nurseries of a certain aristocratic London square and a sympathetic study of their infant owners. Mr. WALPOLE must himself be a bachelor, this class being notoriously confirmed believers in the "trailing clouds of glory" idea of babyhood. The type is here very pleasantly suggested, and with a quite reverent touch of humour, in the person of a *Friend* (unseen by the grown-ups of the nurseries) whose mission it is to launch the small souls

upon their new life. There are of course three obvious dangers for a book such as this, concerned wholly as it is with various aspects of one idea. It might easily become priggish or sentimental or monotonous. The first of these perils Mr. WALPOLE triumphantly avoids; from the other two you may think perhaps that his escape has been more narrow. I will not do him the injustice of retelling the matter of his various studies, of which his style of telling is the great charm. But I will indicate my own preference for the episode of *Barbara Flint*, an entirely delightful study of childish friendship; and for the penetration into small boy nature shown in the account of *Young John Scarlett* on the day before he first went to school. My advice further is, do not read the book in a lump; keep it at hand, so that when you feel like a change to refreshing society you can go upstairs with Mr. WALPOLE and spend an hour in the nursery. It will well repay the climb.

Stories of dual personality have by this time lost the thrill of novelty. In most the scheme has been on the lines of *Jekyll and Hyde*, with the Subconscious Self usually more or less of a bad lot. *Davenport* (HUTCHINSON) breaks new ground in so much as here the S.S. becomes a pattern of all the virtues, and the personality whom at times he supplants remains extremely inferior clay. The protagonist of Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT's tale is a young photographer who at first adopts the disguise of a fictitious friend *Davenport*, to whom he may attribute thoughts and sayings of his own which in his ordinary state of mind he only imperfectly comprehends. When owing to the interference of a young woman with a picture album the *Davenport* side of *Harry Delsie* is defined as an alter ego, he takes on a separate existence as a philosopher whose writings convulse England, while poor *Harry*, who is doing it all in his sleep, is left more hobbledehoy than ever. If I fail to make this quite clear to you, I may plead that Mr. MARRIOTT himself has not been more successful. There are agreeable passages in the story, notably the picture of the overcrowded Rectory in which poor double *Harry* was dragged through a perplexed boyhood. And I liked the notion of giving him an enormous hero-worship for the mysterious *Davenport*. Otherwise I have always an idea that the whole subject is a little too big for treatment in the guise of fiction. Also, since it is abundantly clear from the beginning that *Harry* and *Davenport* are the same person, the laborious collection of proof is in danger of becoming wearisome. But when all is said Mr. MARRIOTT remains a conscientious artist, and this in an age of slipshod writing may well excuse a superfluous page.



A SUBURBAN GENTLEMAN, RETURNING FROM THE CITY, WITH HIS MIND FULL OF THE WORRIES OF THE RISING COST OF LIVING, IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME BY THE SINISTER INAPPROPRIATENESS OF THE NAME OF HIS HOUSE.

Mr. Michael Sampson, the hero of *Little Hearts*, by MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL (METHUEN), had some points in common with *The Master of Ravenswood*; he was a very indigent young gentleman who lived alone in a ruinous old house and was waited on by a devoted but cantankerous old serving-man. But there were differences too; for *Mr. Sampson* did not come to a tragic end, and he was no man of action, but a scholar engaged in writing a "Philosophy of Poverty." Poverty had a capital letter in this work, and so had the other nouns, because it was written about the middle of the eighteenth century. *Mr. Sampson's* philosophic meditations were interrupted one day by the apparition of a young gentleman who was thrown from his horse over the garden wall and landed in the violet-frame, with some damage to the flowers and to his own head. Circumstance made it appear—it was only appearance—that the gentleman thus projected was a Jacobite, pursued by agents of KING GEORGE. *Mr. Sampson* loved him at first sight and harboured him from pursuit, and continued to love him in circumstances which made his love singularly generous; but he could not save him. A reader would be hard to please who found nothing to suit his taste in this book. The two friends ride far and fast to escape their pursuers, and for those who prefer reflection to action, there are extracts from the "Philosophy of Poverty" containing much nice observation of life. MARJORIE PICKTHALL's style is delicate and pretty, and from beginning to end her work shows a very dainty craftsmanship.

It all depends on what you demand from an historical novel. If you will have nothing but heroes vaulting on chargers and racing across country to foil plots against the king, or if you insist on plain *John Blunts* following their dear lords to the wars, you must go elsewhere for your intellectual refreshment. But if you can enjoy a leisurely ARNOLD BENNETT-like chronicle of a man's youth and development, a novel of atmosphere rather than action, you will like *Pretty Maids All In A Row*, which is the silly and quite meaningless title of JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY's latest novel (HURST AND BLACKETT). It is the story of the life of FRANÇOIS VILLON from early childhood to the moment when he was compelled to fly from Paris after killing PHILIPPE SERMOIS. Mr. MCCARTHY's *Villon* is not the *Villon* of *A Lodging for The Night*, but a chivalrous and blameless *Villon* so much more sinned against than sinning that one can hardly realise that this is supposed to be the same person whom STEVENSON showed debating within himself as to the advisability of knifing the good man who had given him shelter. However, you pay your four-and-sixpence and you take your choice. For my own part, I thoroughly disbelieved in this latest portrait, but I enjoyed *Pretty Maids All In A Row* immensely. There is a pleasant smoothness about everything that Mr. MCCARTHY writes, and he certainly has the gift of making the reader live in the past. But the more historical novels I read, the better I appreciate the merits of my own century. The only people who seem to have had even a passably good time in those days were the great nobles, and it would have been just my luck to have been born a varlet or even a scurvy knave.

CHARIVARIA.

With reference to the recent suggestion to adopt a new motto for London in place of the time-honoured *Domine Dirige Nos* Mr. Punch respectfully points out that it would be unwise to make any change whilst the Lighting Order is in force.

A correspondent was informed by the milkman, who brings him his early morning War news, that "Belgravia's coming in;" and he is now kicking himself because he did not reply, "Oh, that's nothing; Suburbia's been in all the time."

Engine-driving is one of the accomplishments of the Tsar of Bulgaria, who has promised to lend his royal railway carriage to Princess Hohenlohe on her way from Turkey to Berlin, and it is rumoured that as a further mark of friendship he may take his place on the foot-plate, and save the cost of a return-ticket.

We learn that the King of Bulgaria was annoyed with last week's *Charivaria*.—

"Birds in bush? Silly tosh!
I'm a fully-fledged Bosch;
You should hear me hum Strauss's last *aria*."

* * *

The German Government spares no pains in its endeavour to arouse the enthusiasm of the younger generation for the War. It has now commandeered, ostensibly for the sake of their copper, the baths in the Berlin municipal schools.

* * *

There is really nothing extraordinary in the story that the Germans are sending deaf mutes to the Front. The Austrians until recently employed an ambassador who was even Dumba.

* * *

In an account of the Imperial Press-cutting Bureau at Berlin it is stated that "upon the appearance of anything very obnoxious to the 'All-Highest' the fact is immediately communicated to him by telegraph wherever he may happen to be." Whatever other munitions he may lack, the War Lord is never likely to be short of barbed wires.

* * *

The *Neue Freie Presse* declares that the Zeppelin raids have had such an effect upon "intellectual London" that one brilliant author has fled to America, another's latest novel (written, by the way, some time before the raids) is miserably poor," and even Shaw—(who, it will be remembered, is "the English Poet") is "silent." These noisy coruscating gas-bags defy competition.

* * *

King Constantine's strange attitude is generally attributed to the influence of Queen Sophie. With a slight alteration Porson's famous epigram seems to fit the situation:—

The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek,
Not five in five score
But ninety five more,
All save only her man,
And her man's a German



"You're a bloomin' fine soldier! 'Ere's me taught yer everythink I know, an' you stand there an' don't know nothink!"

We regret to see *The Pall Mall Gazette* lending its support to the German belief in the sordidness of British aspirations. In a recent issue it mentioned that before going into battle our soldiers sang "that old hymn, 'O Gold, our Help in Ages past.'"

With some difficulty Lord Raglan, Governor of the Isle of Man, induced the Tynwald to agree to the imposition of increased duties on various articles, and then only on the understanding that they would be levied for one year. In the matter of taxation "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

* * *

It was a common practice, we read, to turn out drunken men at Wapping Station in order that they might be sobered by a climb of its ninety-four steps. A lift has now been installed there, but Sir Thomas Whittaker will be glad to learn that the staircase will be retained for use in emergency. This means, we gather, that only sober passengers will be elevated.

We are all for discouraging undue optimism, but we think that *The Times* overdid it in describing the Treasury returns from April 1 to September 30 as "Nine Months' Revenue."

* * *

An American play, called *Believe me, Xantippe*, has been brought to Europe and rechristened *Willie goes West*. It is hoped that a prominent actor on the Continental stage will before long perform the title rôle.

* * *

A paragraph informs us that at a meeting of the British Committee of the International Women's Congress "there were some 150 women present and one man." More justice would have been done to the intrepidity of this hero if the statement had read, "150 women and 'some' man."

* * *

Fourpence a pound was the quotation for venison recently in London. At that price we can no longer call it—expensive. (This joke needs thought.)

* * *

A high police authority is quoted by *The Evening Standard* as having said, "The work of the London telephone system has been magnificent during the War. It has silently been of enormous assistance to every department." The giver of this remarkable testimonial must have been an Irishman.

A donkey used at Hampstead to take wounded soldiers for drives has been given the name of "Kaiser." Where is the R.S.P.C.A.?

* * *

Rumours of a British landing in Belgium evoked this remark from a working man: "My mother, Sir, who lives with my brother who is at work in Pall Mall, tells me they've landed 100,000 at Southend, but she may have muddled it somehow."

* * *

The official report of the Bulgarian Government on its negotiations with the *Entente* Powers is to take the appropriate form of a Green-book.

* * *

Distinguished Allies in our midst: S'Ebb Tree.

JANET.

Here is a description of "Janet," a lady rose newly arrived, extracted quite literally from a catalogue of new varieties just issued. We add one or two as yet unpublished notices of blossoms known to us all:—

"Janet (Hybrid Tea).—An ensnaring or seductive rose of greatest charm, and an unquestioned acquisition. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the young stage delicate egg-yolk silky salmony flesh or golden ochre on very delicate pearly champagne-biscuit fawn. The thick shell-like petals tone down to delicate but intense fawn with intensified centre, almost chrome. A greatly-to-be-desired-in-every-garden rose. Its strong delicious perfume adds much to its exquisite chasteness. The more this rose is examined do its beauties reveal themselves, and they never pale. Exemplary habit, long rigid flower-stalks on erect wood, furnished with long oval leathery waxy foliage. Exceptionally floriferous."

William (Prusso-Austrian Briar).—An ensnaring and seductive rose of markedly acquisitive habits. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the fully-expanded stage delicate breakfast-ultramarine, submarine, eggs-and-bacon-pan-German-pots-dam-vulgarian or golden bagdad lucre on very delicate turkey-red beaten-black-and-blue-in-champagne. The thick tortoise shell-like rind of self-complacency tones down to delicate but intensely self-centred one-sided self, with an intensified glory of self in the centre. A greatly-desiring-to-be-in-everybody-else's-garden rose. Its strong delicious personality adds much to its exquisitely chaste self-righteousness. The more this rose is exposed do its beauties reveal themselves, and they never pall or fade. Long rigid chaste waxy side shoots off the wood. An exceptionally free and continuous bloomer.

George (Welsh Bull-Dog Rose).—A rose of the most beguiling and seductive charm and an unquestionable national acquisition. In colour it is of great refinement, being in the young stage delicate leek-green your-life-or-your-money sows-ear-silk-pursey or golden ogre on very delicate early-in-the-morning wines and-spirits takes-the-biscuit. In its later stages its shells-and-shells-and-more-shells-like blossoms, which are produced in ever-increasing profusion, burst from shoots of exceeding vigour in chaste spiral gradations. A greatly-to-be-d[illegible] some-people's-workshops [illegible] Its strongly delicious rhetorical pungency adds much to its exquisite chasteness. The more this rose is examined do its beauties reveal themselves, and they never, never fade. Habits and manners exemplary. Foliage long. Exceptionally oratorically floriferous. A never-to-be-too-much-commended British rose.

DOGS AT BAY.

Certain protests against continuing to keep pets in war time having been made in the papers and elsewhere—and particularly mentioning dogs—a meeting of protest has been held at the Canine Street Hotel in order that some line of action on the part of the threatened animals might be decided upon.

The Chair was taken by a well-known bob-tailed sheep-dog. Letters of regret from Mr. Bark, the Russian Finance Minister, Mr. Otto Beit, and other invited guests having been read, and a careful search made for any concealed dachshunds, one of which disguised as a grey-hound being destroyed *nem. con.*, the meeting opened.

They were met, said the Chairman, to frame a resolution that should meet and dispose of the criticism that they were parasites and idlers in times of stress and economy. But first they had, of course, to satisfy themselves, or rather each other (Hear, hear), that their existence was justified. For his own part he had nothing to say on that subject, for it was only too evident that without his services society would suffer. But for him, and his friend the collie, where would be England's mutton? Even more so, where would be England's mutton-bones? (Sensation.) After the expression of heart-felt emotion which they had just witnessed, he felt that he need say no more as to the value of his own services. But what of the others present? Perhaps testimony would be offered, and with this end in view he invited discussion. (Applause.)

A Great Dane expressed his willingness to do anything in the nature of draught work, as his relatives did in France and Belgium; but unhappily the laws of England did not permit of this. He hoped that something would speedily be done to legalise dog-labour. (Cries of "Wow, Wow!")

A Newfoundland said that obviously it was absurd to threaten the existence of such as himself so long as there was water for people to fall into and be rescued from. (Hear, hear.) He did not consider himself touched by the strictures against pets.

A St. Bernard agreed with the last speaker. It would be madness, he said, to dispense with his services, for in a country with such a climate as England's you never knew when a snowstorm might come, in which travellers would be overwhelmed and need assistance. (Loud applause.)

A turnspit said that nothing but the abolition of the spit made him idle. He longed for work. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)

Several other speakers having expressed their willingness to help human beings in their own way—as guardians, rat-killers, cat-hunters, and so forth—a venerable Airedale rose and craved the attention of the meeting for a practical suggestion.

Man, he said, was the friend of dogs, and dogs must all be loyal to their masters. (Hear, hear.) He understood that the present crisis had arisen because many persons held that they were no longer justified in keeping and feeding useless animals. Very well then, for his part he would state that he intended never again to be a burden to his owner. (Cheers.) In future he intended to find his own meals for himself. (Great enthusiasm.) Rather than permit his owner, for whom he entertained the deepest devotion and respect, to go to the expense of feeding him, he should obtain his food from next door. (Sensation.) Looking at the subject dispassionately he was bound to say that he could see no other way out. (Loud cheers.)

Several other speakers having expressed their determination to follow the excellent advice of the Airedale and relieve their masters from the responsibility of feeding them, a Pekinese asked to be allowed to say a word or two.

Speaking in Chinese through an interpreter, she said she regretted her inability to work, nor was she permitted opportunities of foraging in the basement next door; but she had so often heard her owner say, in tones of obvious sincerity, that life without her, the speaker, would be unbearable, that she considered it her duty to continue in the house with an easy conscience as a comfort and joy. (Loud cheers.) And she believed that there was not a Peek in that wonderful gathering who did not share this view. (Intense enthusiasm.)

At this moment a Zeppelin passing over the Eastern Counties dropped a lachrymatory Pom through the hotel roof and the meeting dissolved into tears.

A Quiet Patient.

"The Schoolmaster's Illness.—Mr. ——, who has undergone an operation in a London hospital, is going on satisfactorily. The hospital escaped damage."

Leighton Buzzard Observer.



ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Special Constable. "WHO GOES THERE?"

Mr. Punch. "A FRIEND OF ALL GOOD CITIZENS—AND VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU."



Mother. "Now, Billy, say grace after your breakfast." *Billy.* "Thanks for my b'kfast."
Mother. "Oh, Billy, that wasn't much of a grace." *Billy.* "Well, it wasn't much of a b'kfast."

THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

The Parcel.

Haply in some slow labouring hulk it rested,
  That fairy freight of which my wife had writ,
Or sunken lay, by curious fish infested,
  Where the sly submarine had done its bit,
    Or some rude soldier by the busy shore
    Forsaken found it, and disgraced his corps,
    Knew not the kind of fellow it was for,
  But sipped its sweets, and intercepted it—

For it was late. And when I guessed its glories,
  The billowing natal cake, by secret code
Fashioned and decked in Cook's laboratories,
  With snowy shells and chocolate cannon strowed,
    And precious fruits and tawny cattle-tongue
    (Alas, now mute), with smokes from Afric sprung
    (And o'er them all the scent of home is hung,
  The inimitable scent of Argyll Road),

Like some great General whose harassed forces
  Are short of shells or bayonets or rum,
I mooned o'er maps and traced the deep sea courses
  And where torpedoes might be troublesome,
    Or like some Tyrian trader paced the cliff
    That seaward sought the merry Grecian skiff,
    Knowing his business would be busted if
  Shy traffickers, his clients, did not come.

In vain they sought to soften the position,
  Insisting "There is nothing for you, Sir,
But forty thousand rounds of ammunition
  Have just come in," for me it made no stir
    To souls who sojourn in the Sultan's land
    And know no sustenance that is not "canned,"
    It's good, of course, to see the maxims manned,
  But one small parcel is much jollier.

And then it came. But ere the sun was hidden,
  A clever shot had laid me on the green,
And here in hospital where food is forbidden
  And only the white milk is sometimes seen,
    In a far camp beneath the Eastern stars
    I seem to see *my* cates and *my* cigars
    Consumed, alas, by Simpson! and it jars.
  I like to think how ill he must have been.

The Bulldog Breed.

"Shortly after Alderman Shorrock attempted to start the National Anthem, but was told to sit down by the chairman. He was afterwards seized by the stewards and led from the room amid a great uproar.

When the uproar had subsided, Alderman Shorrock attempted to start the National Anthem, but was told to sit down by the chairman. He was afterwards seized by the stewards and led from the room amid a great uproar."—*Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury.*

The Alderman is evidently a believer in the good old maxim, "Try, try again."

THE MAP-MAKERS.

I had always thought that in order to make a map one had to be accompanied by a whole battery of theodolites, sextants, artificial horizons, spirit-levels, and logarithm tables. It was not until Petherby told me that all one required was a sheet of paper, a pencil and a compass, that the subject in all its *naïveté* began to appeal to me.

Then one morning he came round to my house and proposed that we should spend the day in making a map of the neighbourhood. I explained to him that there already existed a highly ingenious plan of the district on view free at the railway station, which, besides indicating the principal thoroughfares and objects of historical interest, showed how, by changing trains only eleven times, it was possible to travel subterraneously from Bow Road to Golder's Green *viâ* Kennington Oval without ever coming up to (as the Londoners say) breave.

"We can do better than that," said Petherby, and we started.

We had some trouble at first with Petherby's compass. After spending the whole morning in making a map of the wild solitudes of Tooting Bec we discovered that the needle didn't point North. In fact, it had taken up a permanent sou'-sou'-westerly aspect. As a guide to the North Pole I would just as soon have employed a hot cross bun, or even Dr. Cook. I asked Petherby if he thought that the magnetic pole had through constant use lost its efficacy. But Petherby said no; it had not hitherto exhibited signs of exhaustion. Then I suggested to my friend that possibly he had omitted to wind the compass up over night and that it had run down. Petherby, on the other hand, suggested some unwarranted aspersions on my mental stability, and laid the blame of the disaster upon a biscuit-crumb which had worked its way in between the glass and the dial. If ever Petherby (usually the most orderly and punctilious of Special Constables) gets court-martialled and sentenced to be shot at cock-crow, it will be entirely owing to his deplorable habit of carrying his compass in the same pocket with his emergency rations.

The trouble being at length . . . we got to work in earnest, . . . final results we achieved showed undeniably that whoever was responsible for the railway map was hopelessly out of the market by War Office reckoning. But then the poor fellow never had Petherby's advantage of attending lectures by an expert. He probably never knew that in order to get the correct relative positions of the Streatham tram-depôt and the Brixton Bon Marché, he ought to have lain down in the puddle outside the former and taken a fresh "North." I attribute my subsequent attack of gastric catarrh solely to my conscientious observance of this very necessary detail. But I bore my suffering bravely in the knowledge that the Bon Marché is really 317 paces easter than most people think. We discovered other discrepancies of a more or less serious nature, chief among which was the lamentable omission in the station map of the road in which the house was where those two pseudo-refugee ladies were found shaving one morning recently and—however, you know the story. I only mentioned it because the affair took place in the house of some friends of some friends of Petherby's, and thus I am in a measure personally connected with the episode.



"Old Simon up at Red Cow was sayin' that 'e 'eard Lunnon folk was fair splittin' 'emselves over this 'ere Charlie Zeppelin!"

On our way home late that afternoon Petherby drew my attention to a tall chimney. It belonged to a tea company, though I can't think why a tea-works should require a structure of such altitude, unless for the making of high tea.

"We'll come here to-morrow afternoon," said Petherby with enthusiasm, "and work out the height of that chimney. I'm not quite sure how to set about it. It seems almost too severe a task for the capabilities of a mere compass."

"How would it be," I suggested, "to give the compass a day off, and bring your aneroid? Then all we shall have to do will be to climb to the summit—somehow—and look at the instrument, when it will at once tell us how high we are above sea-level."

"How does it do that?" asked Petherby sarcastically. "Does it chime the number of feet, or does a cuckoo emerge from a door in the dial and cuck it?"

"I don't know *how* it tells the altitude," I said, "but it does. Aeronauts always use one to calculate their height from the ground, and I daresay that's how those Zeppelin chaps know when they're low enough down to stand a chance of bombing a baby."

"I could have told them they were low enough down to do that without appealing to an aneroid," said Petherby.

"Of course," I continued, "the drawback is that if we make our observation at low tide we shall be much higher up than if we took it at high tide."

"I've got to attend a lecture to-morrow morning," said Petherby, "and I'll ask the lecturer for a simple homely recipe for calculating altitudes. Ten to one he'll know of some method which will be as easy as pie."

My own experience of pie is that it is almost invariably hard. I told Petherby so. And I said I could think of a very simple way.

"Well," said he on a note of irony, "if you can think of it between now and to-morrow afternoon I shall be obliged if you will let me know." I promised faithfully, and we parted.

By the last post that night I sent Petherby a brief note. "Never mind about asking your lecturer," I wrote. "The chimney's 78 feet high. After we separated I thought of a very simple way of making the calculation. I walked back to the tea-works and *asked*."

From the report of a dairymen's conference:—

"The Chairman said he would be sorry to take drastic steps, but he felt that they should take the bull by the horns and say point blank that there would be no milk delivered in the metropolitan area at 2½d."

Adelaide Advertiser.

The bull, we suppose, was to pass on this vital information to his lady friends.

A PAIR OF BRACES.

Shopping in France is always a pleasure. The shop people are so gracious and appreciative of my linguistic efforts. My friends say I overrate my knowledge of French, but in the main that is their jealousy. If I have not the vocabulary I have a wealth of gesture which I consider is truly Gallic but my friends insist is merely simian. Be that as it may, when David asked me to join him and give him a hand in buying a pair of braces in —— I at once agreed without disclosing that the French for braces was as little known to me as the Sanskrit term for that necessary article. (For those of you who don't know Sanskrit I may explain that the Sanskritians didn't wear trousers.)

"Bon jour, Madame," I said, bowing gracefully. (The best of writing a thing about oneself is that full justice can be done to one's personal graces and accomplishments.)

"B' jour, Monsieur," she said.

"S'il vous plaît, Madame," I continued with my pleasant smile, "mon ami désire des braces (day brass)."

She looked blank, and her assistants looked blanker but interested. I pondered. "Des braces" obviously should be the proper phrase, and the sooner they learned it the better.

"Des braces, Madame, s'il vous plaît," I repeated firmly and in a louder voice. I wanted to show her I was not to be trifled with.

"Mais il n'y a pas de tel mot, Monsieur. Ne comprend pas."

"Mais oui, Madame," I insisted, "des braces." David here tried to make a noise like a pair of braces but was unsuccessful, and it was up to me again. As I was wearing the kilt I could not show her my own. Instead, I opened my tunic and tapped my breast on both sides.

"Ah oui, Monsieur," she cried, delighted, as she produced the French equivalent for Keating's Powder.

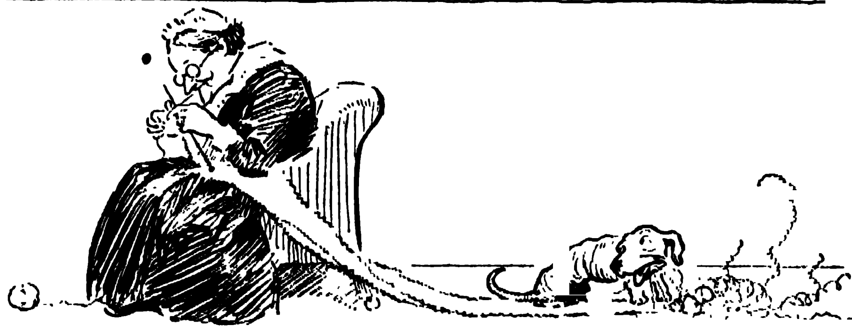
My position as an interpreter was shaken to its very foundations, so I braced myself [Horrible.—Ed.] to a final effort.

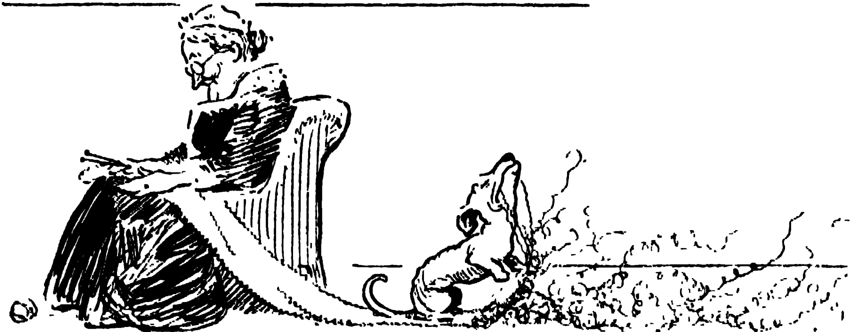
"Madame, Monsieur mon ami désire quelque chose vite pour défendre tomber ses pantalons," I cried, waving my hands after the manner of the country.

"Mais oui, Monsieur," she gasped between her shrieks of laughter, "des bretelles, des bretelles!"

Of course my friends say the correct word was "empêcher," but I maintain there is an imperative note and a demand for good quality in a request for something which will actually "forbid" one's trousers to come down.









KNITTING HAS AGAIN SET IN WITH ITS USUAL SEVERITY.

The Enemy in our Midst.

Trade Insults.

"Wanted by Soap-making firm a Representative, on commission, for Sheffield district.—Write, giving full particulars, with previous soap experience, if any."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"General.—Double-fronted shop with living rooms to Let; thickly populated; rent only 12*s.* 6*d.* weekly inclusive."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We certainly think that 12*s.* 6*d.* is very reasonable with the thick population thrown in.

"A beautifully made unexploded bomb was recently found in the British trenches, capable of being thrown sixty yards, and its mechanism so contrived that it was bound to explode whichever way it fell."—*Madras Times.*

With great consideration this particular bomb appears to have remained standing.

"The National Register is to all of us at this time like the victorious, immoral signal with which Nelson inspired his sailors."
Bangalore Daily Post.

This almost amounts to sedition.

AT THE FRONT.

These be stirring times. I remember well how, in the summer of 1915, we used to envy the company chosen to occupy the lump of line we now cherish so reluctantly. Under the shadow of the poppy-strewn corn the C.O. and an odd General or two would drop in for a bit of lunch with the Company Commander of Willow Walk; and on its stately verandahs was enjoyed many a feast of walnuts, wine, strawberries, meat and vegetable rations, and sunburnt mirth.

Time can never let a good thing alone. When we came in five days ago we did not indeed expect sunburnt mirth. Four days' consecutive rain militated against mirth or sunburn. But we had hopes of finding Willow Walk the same haunt of ancient peace it had been of yore.

It was not.

It appears that the morning before we arrived the Willow Walk company had, at the instigation of some heartless General, suddenly put on all the appearance of a body of desperate men on the point of an attack. They fired off their rifles regardless of the fact that you cannot turn out small arm ammunition under a penny a round. They screamed defiance in expeditionary French and forceful English; and to top up with they let off a lot of horrid black smoke-bombs in the direction of the German trenches.

These playful acts, coming as they did from the cloistered avenues of Willow Walk, completely unnerved the Germans, who had been a good deal attacked in other places the day before. We thus diverted a lot of valuable artillery. The holy willows were ripped, torn and blown up. By dint of hitting nearly every inch of ground within a five hundred yards square, hostile artillery scored several direct bulls on the trenches therein contained. When I say several, I mean some. When I say some I mean you could see it had been trenches once, even if you hadn't known.

I arrived while the echo of the last shell of the day was still resounding, put my platoon down for a minute in what looked like a bit of ploughed field with some planks sticking out of it, told them to make themselves nice and comfortable for the night, and went back to the mess dug-out to consider our prospects. I liked the mess dug-out. It was such a very cohesive conglomerate of protective appurtenances, it looked as if it would hate to break the set for anything under a nine-inch shell. It made me feel almost averagely brave.

I went back and reconsidered my trench. It didn't look so bad after all, once the sentries were posted and the N.C.O.'s mess had made tea. Anyone who really knows will tell you that tea is the dominating factor in this war. So I had tea, got the platoon plumbers and decorators to supervise necessary repairs, and turned as far in as circumstances allowed.

Next morning I awoke with a crash. I was shocked without being surprised. I dressed (*i.e.* put my cap on) hastily and went to see what it was about. It was, it seemed, only a trench mortar. I flatter myself I can be as unconcerned as anybody over a trench mortar I'm out of range of. I was just working up my most unconcerned manner when something came along very quickly and threw a section of my parapet over my parados. Similar incidents marred a magnificent day up till lunch-time. On the second day the Bosch lost his appetite for parapet-pushing by breakfast-time. Thereafter we had long oases of peacefulness that almost recalled the long dead days of summer. The Bosch had at last assured himself that we were not going to attack yet for a day or two.

Our stay in Willow Walk will be memorable, not so much for the fact that it rained exactly from "stand to" at night to "stand to" at dawn as for the promotion of several promising young officers, who, including myself, shall be nameless; and more especially for the inadvertence of a certain promising young officer's servant who, being given two extra stars to sew on to his master's jacket, so disposed them that the said master, on donning the jacket, was revealed as a second lieutenant on his left arm and a captain on his right. It is to be regretted that not even the additional offers of a field-marshal's baton and a good conduct stripe would persuade the officer to retain this striking and original constellation.

VEG.

I noticed some time ago that somebody expressed a wish, in the columns of *Punch*, that he had a turnip of his own.

Curiously enough, I lately conceived a somewhat similar longing, namely, to possess a vegetable marrow, body and soul. And at last I have realised my ambition. I am the somewhat proud owner of a full-sized marrow.

Very little, so far as I can gather, is known about marrows, their nature and habits, outside of gardening and culinary circles. As household pets they are in small esteem, though they give little or no trouble until their second childhood.

I saw no reference to them in the paragraphs which have recently appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* relating to the collective names of and the sounds emitted by certain creatures, and I was therefore interested to learn from another source that not only are marrows gregarious, but that collectively, when alive, they are termed a "bream," but when gathered and killed for eating they immediately become a "tod." Their note, heard only in the Spring, and then but rarely, at any rate in these Northern latitudes, is spoken of as a "chirp."

I have had my marrow from seedhood. The seedsman from whom I purchased him would not sell me just one seed, as I wanted him to do; he insisted on my buying a packet.

I could not possibly do with several bream of marrows, so I picked out Randolph, as I christened him there and then, from the packet, and planted him. I tried to give the rest of the packet away, but no one seemed to want it, so I eventually threw it in the road.

I watered Randolph, tended him carefully, and when he made his appearance I watched him daily growing more and more like a Zeppelin. At one time, for a day or two, I thought he was going to turn into a water melon, and I encouraged him to soar. But, alas, it was only a fit of youthful swank.

When he was about half grown, Maria (accent on the first syllable, please) suggested our eating him; but I did not like the idea at all. I explained that I was growing Randolph for pleasure, not profit. Besides, I urged, it would not in any case do during war-time to eat a marrowlet, or whatever the young of the marrow is called. Randolph, I told her, must be allowed to mature. There would be plenty of time when he was grown up to decide on his career.

"I know what we'll put him into," said Maria.

"What—trousers?" I asked eagerly, having Randolph's interests at heart.

"A saucepan," said Maria.

I turned away in disgust.

And now that Randolph is really grown up we have not, so far, definitely decided on his future. Maria is still all for the saucepan; I am all for keeping him as an ornament. The delicate yellow green which his complexion has assumed pleases my artistic sense. There may, I argued only yesterday with Maria, be further developments in his colour scheme. But meantime where to place Randolph has been a matter for somewhat acrimonious

discussion between us. He is too big to hang on my watchchain, and Maria has flatly refused to have him on the drawing-room chimneypiece, even under a glass-case. Personally, I think he would be quite as ornamental as the pair of over-elaborate Dresden groups that Aunt Sophia gave us.

Maria's brother Bob, who is at Balliol, says Randolph's future is a problem which *solvitur ambulando*, and after thinking it over since breakfast this morning I am of the opinion that he may be right.

I shall wait another few days, and if my suspicions, only slight at present, should be confirmed by another sense than that of vision, Randolph will be found in the casualty list among the "Missing, believed thrown away."

THE COMPENSATION.

[Lecturing on BYRON at the Harrow County School, on Saturday, October 2nd, Miss MARIE CORELLI lamented the absence of a national war poet. "We appear to have no great poet," she declared, "fitted to immortalise the magnificent courage that day by day adds lustre to our lengthening roll of honour. Feeble rhymes now and then appear in the Press, but a living poem is not forthcoming. If Byron were alive what a difference it would make! Had he been living now he would have given us England's Iliad as only Homer or Shakespeare could."

Compared to Byron, Tennyson was but a weak singer, Browning a clanking mill wheel, while Swinburne lost himself in redundancy of rhyme and metaphor.]

THOUGH myriads of minstrels environ
  Our soldiers with lyric and lay,
The War hasn't thrown up a BYRON
  To answer the need of "The Day,"
As matchless as MACHIAVELLI
  With passion and pathos in tons—
But no matter, we've M—— C——
    To frighten the Huns.

If BYRON had only been living
  Though a hundred-and-thirty or so
What beans he would daily be giving
  To Britain's contemptible foe!
And yet, though no rending *reveille*
  The patriot's tympanum stuns,
No matter, we've M—— C——
    To scatter the Huns.

We've plenty of BRIDGES and BINYONS,
  And bards of inferior sort,
Who, trusting to rickety pinions,
  The fate of young Icarus court,
But their voices are lost in the *mêlée*,
  They stir not the souls of our sons,
No matter, we've M—— C——
    To flatten the Huns.

Poor SWINBURNE was ruined by drowning
  His thought in a deluge of rhyme,
While the muse of the late ROBERT BROWNING
  Was void of all musical chime;
And TENNYSON'S verse was like jelly,
  A diet for prudes or for nuns,
But no matter, we've M—— C——
    To shatter the Huns.

We haven't a modern Tyrtæus
  Our shirkers and laggards to shame,
We haven't a MILTON to free us
  From fetters that hamper our aim,
We haven't a latter-day SHELLEY
  To sing of munitions and guns,
But no matter, we've M—— C——
    To hammer the Huns.



Sailor (who has slipped on a banana skin). "TORPEDOED, BY GUM!"

"Veal now practically disappears from the category of butchers' meat. To-day there comes into force Lord Selborne's Maintenance of Live Stock Order, which prohibits the slaughter of lambs under six months old."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Another trade secret revealed.

A Modest Ambition

"A girl, fond of dogs, with slight knowledge of kennel work, requires situation in lady's small kennel."—*Morning Paper.*

"Patients who are N.C.O.s ... will wear their chevrons if marked 'up,' and if confined to bed will be pinned to the wall of the marquee above their beds."

That should keep them quiet.

"The Russians will defend Novogeorgiewxyz to the last."—*Toowoomba Chronicle (Queensland).*

Even if it takes them right off the alphabet.

"Miss Ealine Rosenthal, a 19-year-old girl, is the new champion of the Western Gold Association."—*Jewish Daily Eagle (Montreal).*

We don't doubt the statement for a moment.



Landlady. "'ERE'S THE ZIPPELINS, SIR!"



Lodger. "RIGHT-O! PUT 'EM DOWN OUTSIDE."

KILLED IN ACTION.

RUPERT is dead, and RUPERT was my friend;
"Only surviving son of"—so it ran—
"Beloved husband" and the rest of it
But six months back I saw him full of life,
Ardent for fighting, now he lies at ease
In some obscure but splendid field of France,
His strivings over and his conflicts done.
He was a fellow of most joyous moods
And quaint contrivings, ever on the point
Of shaking fame and fortune by the hand,
But always baulked of meeting them at last
He could not brook—and always so declared—
The weak pomposities of little men,
Scorned all the tin-gods of our petty world,
And plunged headlong into imprudences,
And smashed conventions with a reckless zeal,
Holding his luck and not himself to blame
For aught that might betide when reckoning came
But he was true as steel and staunch as oak,
And if he pledged his word he bore it out
Unswerving to the finish, and he gave
Whate'er he had of strength to help a friend.

When the great summons came he rushed to arms,
Counting no cost and all intent to serve
His country and to prove himself a man.
Yet he could laugh at all his ardour too
And find some fun in glory, as a child
Laughs at a bauble but will guard it well.
Now he is fall'n, and on his shining brow
Glory has set her everlasting seal.

I like to think how cheerily he talked
Amid the ceaseless tumult of the guns,
How, when the word was given, he stood erect,
Sprang from the trench and, shouting to his men,
Led them forthright to where the sullen foe
Waited their coming, and his brain took fire,
And all was exultation and a high
Heroic ardour and a pulse of joy.
"Forward!" his cry rang out, and all his men
Thundered behind him with their eyes ablaze,
"Forward for England! Clear the beggars out!
Remember—" and death found him, and he fell
Fronting the Germans, and the rush swept on.

Thrice blessèd fate! We linger here and droop
Beneath the heavy burden of our years,
And may not, though we envy, give our lives
For England and for honour and for right;
But still must wear our weary hours away,
While he, that happy fighter, in one leap,
From imperfection to perfection borne,
Breaks through the bonds that bound him to the earth.
Now of his failures is a triumph made;
His very faults are into virtues turned;
And, reft for ever from the haunts of men,
He wears immortal honour and is joined
With those who fought for England and are dead.

R. C. L.

"BULGARIAN PEASANTS' FLIGHT
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."
Daily Mail.

We don't wonder.

Extract from police-instructions to property owners:—

"Keep supplies of water and sand available, especially in upper storeys and rooms at the bottom of wells."

These last are understood to be an official periphrasis for the offices of *Truth*.



THE HOHENZOLLERN HABIT.

Kaiser (*to his brother-in-law the King of Greece*). "YOU SEE, TINO, YOU'VE MARRIED INTO THE *FAMILY*, AND YOU OUGHT TO DO AS THE *FAMILY* DOES. WHEN WE ENCOUNTER A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT WE—TEAR IT UP."



Orderly Sergeant (who after dark has mistaken a barn full of sheep for his Company's billet). "NOW DON'T LET ME HAVE SO MUCH MOVING ABOUT WHEN I'M READING BATTALION ORDERS."

VIRGINIA, HANTS.

(*Being a reply to "The New Smoke."*)

SIR POET who rhymed so adroitly
  The praise of the Hampshire cigar,
The Planter's first daughter is out for
    your slaughter,
  Though quite unaware who you are.
You can't be a native of Hampshire,
  You hail from some county afar
Or surely you'd know, Sir, the plant
    that we grow, Sir,
  Could *not* make a Hampshire cigar.

The ignorance, Sir, of the public
  Is gross as concerning the weed,
For they think you can get a Young
    Turk cigarette
  By planting Virginia seed.
Let me tell you the climate of England
  Is just as adapted, indeed,
For growing Havanas as tropic
    bananas—
  We don't try what couldn't succeed.

We can grow a Virginia or Turkish
  High-class cigarette or a fag,
Pipe tobacco for clubmen or baccy for
    pubmen,
  Light golden or darkest of shag;
And all of 'em like our tobacco,
  Both wearers of petties and pants,
But my ear simply ramps when you
    talk about "Hamps,"
  And we don't grow cigars, Sir, in
    Hants.

MORE MASCOTS FOR OUR HEROES.

TORTOISES FOR THE TRENCHES.

THESE delightful pets possess the unique advantage of carrying their own bomb-proof shelters always with them. Regimental crests stamped on their backs at a small extra charge. Each tortoise provided by the firm is supplied with a small pair of scissors tied round its neck by a piece of ribbon. Primarily intended for the trimming of the pet's toe nails, these scissors will be found most useful for other purposes.

OUR SPECIAL LINE IN CHAMELEONS.

These fascinating little reptiles are well known to possess the valuable military attribute of assuming the colour of their surroundings. chameleon provided by the firm is supplied, at a small extra charge, with a box of paints and two camel's-hair brushes. This is for use should the little pet fail to keep pace with the change of environment during an extra rapid advance (or retirement).

OUR TAMED HIPPOPOTAMI.

In wet weather these placid brutes are well contented to recline for hours in the trenches with their backs showing slightly above the water level. Dry accommodation for a whole platoon on the back of a single specimen.

WATCH CATS FOR THE WATCH DOGS IN THE NORTH SEA.

These felines have been specially trained to give immediate warning of the presence of an enemy submarine in the vicinity. Every cat is supplied with eight spare lives, for which no extra charge is made. Insurance companies usually pay only on the ninth, or last life.

"Babu Jogodish said that as the accused's father died suddenly on Monday, they were handicapped. The accused's mother was then asked by the Magistrate as to who were to be called as witnesses on behalf of her son. She named Inspector Jennings, Mr. Walters and Mr. Monnier."—*The Englishman, Calcutta.*

Well, whatever the accused's crime may have been, three step-fathers at one blow was surely a sufficient punishment.

TERRORS OF THE DARK.

(Under the New Lighting Regulations).

A Correspondent of a provincial paper, quoted by *The Evening Standard*, having been knocked down in the dark by a perambulator, suggests that these vehicles should be compelled to hoot.

If this complainant of somewhat unstable equilibrium has his way, we may anticipate the contents of a charge-sheet in the Cimmerian evenings that are descending upon us:—

Bartholomew Buster, aged eight, no occupation travelling on one roller-skate between the hours of eight and nine p.m. in Hammersmith Broadway, without giving audible notice of his approach by a bell or other apparatus, and thereby endangering the safety of foot-passengers.

Montagu Fitz-Montmorency, aged ten, student at a Kindergarten - furiously coasting on a "scooter" down the incline of the Broad Walk, Kensington Gardens, failing to use gong or megaphone in the authorised manner, colliding with an old lady at the entrance of the Gardens, and putting his finger to his nose on being arrested by the keeper.

Belinda (alias Popsy) Bottlewell, aged one-and-a-half, spinster, and Peter (otherwise Baby) Bottlewell, aged six months unmarried falling asleep in their mailcart and causing an obstruction on the pavement outside Harrod's Stores, while their nurse was inspecting the Autumn sales and conversing with a soldier.

William Pipsqueak, aged nine, paper-boy proceeding along the unlighted portion of Amiol Road, W., beyond the regulation pace, jostling a householder on the point of leaving his front-gate, failing to sound his hooter, and using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

Queenie Quennell, aged five, training to be a Nurse at the Front pushing a toy go-cart containing a wounded soldier doll after dark without looking where she was going, impinging on a gentleman's gouty toe, and endeavouring to laugh it off.

Zig Zag.

CHANGES IN THE ARMY.

[New Regulations for officers' dress are announced.]

From War Secretary to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

October 10th, 1915.

I beg to inform you that after the 1st day of November the wearing of soft caps is prohibited.

For Secretary of State for War (or for North and South Command),
(Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Duly throw away soft cap.]

From War Secretary (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

November 2nd, 1915.

It has been decided to restore the use of soft caps. The wearing of stiff caps therefore is now strictly forbidden and will be visited with severe punishment.

[Throw away stiff cap, and find that, owing to lack of demand for soft caps, no more have been manufactured. Am capless.]

Extract from same letter as above.

November 2nd.

I also beg to inform you that after December 1st the wearing of any tunic except those of regulation cord is strictly forbidden. (Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Give away my fine serge tunic to my servant.]

From War Office (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 14th.

I beg to state that it has been decided that in future officers' tunics shall be made of fine serge only. The use of whipcord and all other varieties is prohibited.

(Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Throw away new tunic and then discover no more khaki serge manufactured, owing to fact it is not bought. Find myself tunicless. Obliged to wear British warm on parade. Demand fine serge tunic back from my servant. (Find he has sold it.)]

From War Office (or from North and South Command) to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 20th.

It is hereby notified for your information that it is forbidden to wear either black or brown Oxford shoes. Brown boots only are permissible in the future, and these must be of service pattern.

(Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Throw away all shoes—Oxford, Cambridge, Sheffield University and all others, however educated. Only two pairs much-worn brown boots remain. Find, owing to demand, further boots unprocurable.]

From North and South Command to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

December 26th.

I beg to inform you that it has been decided that in future the wearing of brown boots is forbidden. You are therefore expected to appear on parade in black boots of service pattern only.
(Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Instruct servant to put coat of black enameline on all brown boots.]

From North and South Command to 2nd Lieutenant S. O. Young.

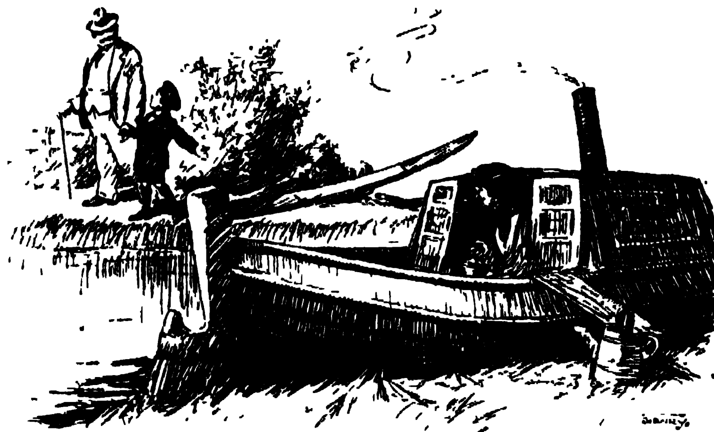
December 30th.

It is hereby notified for your information that in future no breeches, except those made of the new regulation whipcord, shall be worn by any officer. All other varieties of material are strictly forbidden. (Signed) B. E. Strict.

[Enquire at all tailors in the town regarding new regulation whipcord. Find it is not known. Whipcord of any kind unprocurable.]

Wire War Office.

Being unable to procure regulation cap, tunic, boots or breeches, have retired to bed. Please wire further instructions. S. O. Young,
(2nd Lieutenant 9th Diddlesex).



"Gran'pa, tell me is that the sort of thing old Tirpitz has to live in on his canal?"

The Way of a Maid with a Man.

"Can any one, wishing to get rid of car, supply young lady, who desires one to enable her to drive the wounded? Can be two-seater. Box . . ."—*The Times.*

"Man with wife and nine children in the army."—*Pembroke County Guardian.*

A nice family party for the trenches.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

[Lines by the Flag-Lieutenant, suggested by the quaint Admiralty custom of presenting a barrel of tongues to an admiral taking over a new command.]

If your Lordships feel like generous deeds
There are lots of things my Admiral needs—
Things that his happiness might ensure,
From a wife to a real sciatica cure.

Give him a fleet and let him slang it;
Give him a gun and a chance to bang it;
Give him some bright young brains to staff him;
Give him a Hun and a chance to straff him;

Give him a cook who knows his mary;
Give him a tactful Secretary;
Give him, oh, give him—I wish you would—
A Flag-Lieutenant who's *some* d—d good!

Shovel him this and ladle him that;
See that his sea is always flat;
But, if ever you've heard him stretch his lungs,
Don't go and send him any more TONGUES!



THE DAWN OF THE NO-TREATING ERA.

First Reveller. "MY HEALTH!" *Second Reveller.* "SAME HERE!"

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S experiment with *The Big Drum* seems likely to be leading to great changes in the drama of the near future. We hear of more than one theatre where, pending the production of an American "crook" play or a new revue, dramas are to be put up with a different ending for each night in the week. Critics are to be asked to attend each performance before registering their deathless verdicts, and the audience is to be provided with voting papers to record their views as to the most popular of the varied *dénouements*. These papers will not be inserted in the programmes, but handed to the audience as they enter, as it is wished that everyone shall have one. The most popular ending is not, however, to be played regularly, but merely more often than the others. It is felt that dramatic art, the aim of which is to give pleasure, will be conspicuously fostered.

* * *

A play to be produced at the Satiety next week, entitled *By Your Leave*, is also to have a fluid conclusion, the audience in this case being invited to make suggestions as to how things should be wound up. Prizes (to be paid by the author) are to be offered by the management to the devisers of the three best ideas, and the play will then have a second first night, with the best of these endings adopted permanently—using that word in its stage sense.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that no matter how young and gallant and capable the gentlemen of the chorus, and even some principals, in the theatres and variety houses may appear when on the stage, there is not one among them who, outside, is not either very old, very ill, or very short-sighted.

* * *

More revues are promised, each with a wittier title than the last. Among the most brilliant are *Higher up! Who said Rats? Keep your Seats, Make the Best of it* and *Who threw that Brick?*

* * *

American "crook" plays still hold the field, but what has been already seen in London is nothing compared with what that fortunate city has in store for it. Hitherto the crooks have been chiefly burglars or gunmen. In *The Super Crook*, which is promised for the Depravity Theatre and is the work of a Harvard student who has never missed a single lecture from the Professor of Dramatic Success in that university, we are to see a fascinating American figure of conspicuously taking personality who during the performance comes down the run in the centre of the stalls—sometimes called a "joy plank"—and undertakes every evening to purloin articles of value from the ladies and gentlemen present, which will be returned—or not, according to the popularity of the play—on the fall of the curtain. New York is said to have gone mad over this engaging novelty.

Smith Minor's Latest.

Est-il parti?—Tant mieux.
"Is there a party?—My aunt."

AT THE PLAY.

"Romance."

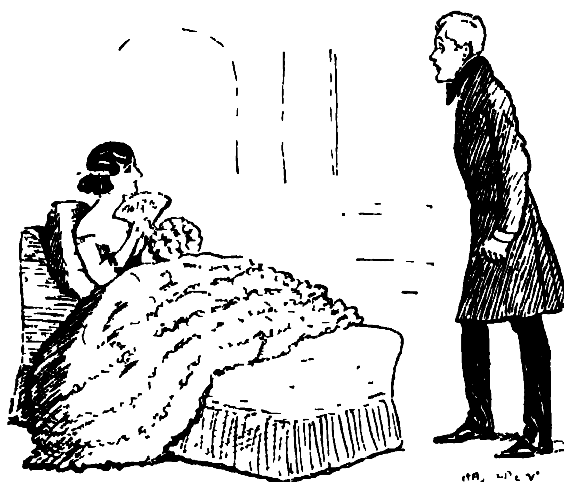
Our excellent American cousins have provided us with yet another sound loan—Miss Doris Keane, who presents herself in *Romance*, by Edward Sheldon, as a naughty wayward prima donna, the *Cavallini*, known for short as *The Golden Nightingale*. I liked Miss Keane and her two chief lieutenants a good deal better than the play, which began as a promising enough thing of its nice naive kind, and finally blew up in racket of sentiment, with a lack of reticence which affected my spine uncomfortably. Are there not things appropriately said at the revival meeting or in the confessional or the *cabinet particulier* which are not quite suited to the stage? Or is that only my confounded English stodginess?

Well, Miss Doris Keane has what (if only our pretty young actresses and their admirers knew it!) is the heart of the matter—personality; with plenty of pleasant detail in the unfolding of it · fire, and a pretty vivacity, a charming variety of moods, from gaiety to passion, while she uses gesture with a fair semblance of Latin fervour and precision.

As to the play, a prologue shows us a dear old bishop (none other than our Mr. Nares, the dominant stage beau and hero of our day) giving advice to his grandson, who proposes the unheard of unwisdom of marrying an actress. He sets out to tell the love lorn youth the story of his own early broken romance. So from this prologue we step back into three Acts set in the New York of the sixties, when the bishop is the young, handsome, and, if anything, over zealous Rector of St. Giles.

Comes the *Cavallini* to the house of a rich debonnair banker, *Van Tuyl* (Mr. A. E. Anson, a fine figure in resplendent clothes, the authenticity of which for the place and period I am inclined to doubt). The singer has been *Van Tuyl's* mistress; but the affair has ended, leaving only a very charming friendship in its wake (*I think* that's the idea), and certainly *Van Tuyl* is a good sportsman. The young Rector, struck all of a heap by the Nightingale, pursues her in a way calculated to cause considerable comment in a quiet parish. The *Cavallini*, who has always been good as gold at heart, sees true love beckoning. But of course she must renounce—or, at least, confess. So she confesses all but *Van Tuyl*; it is just the rumours about *Van Tuyl* that infuriate the Rector to the point of a most unsacerdotal violence. It is fair to say that this theme of the young padre's self-deception, his misreading a very primitive jealousy as zeal for souls, is a theme of promise. But, as I say, our author treats it with H.E. and reduces it to smoking ruins. The Rector, a little off his game it must be urged in extenuation by walking for hours in the snow in a thin overcoat, coming to save, remains to hurt, but is brought to his senses by the singer, who has learnt from him and *Van Tuyl* what real goodness is. The end is unexceptionable—the way a little devious and not a little questionable in parts.

It is a problem that may be commended to the curious as to how far the "movies" have influenced modern American dramatic technique. That old convention of looking backwards has come to its own again under the new inspiration. An enormous restlessness and a passion for interesting but entirely irrelevant incident are signs of it. But the convenient cinematographic method of switching off the players and switching on a short bald explanation of what has happened in the interval is denied to the dramatist, who must bridge his incidents by a longer (and in this instance, more tedious) method.



A PASTORAL VISIT.

Mr. Owen Nares as the *Rev. Thomas Armstrong*.

Miss Doris Keane as the *Prima Donna Margherita Cavallini*.

Miss Doris Keane, Mr. Owen Nares, both as old bishop and young rector, Mr Anson as the repentant banker, and Miss Gilda Varesi in a clever sketch of the *Cavallini's* duenna, put in some exceedingly good work. I should go and see this for myself if I were you.

I don't think love and life are the least like that, though Romance inspired by the cinema may very well be. Nor do I think it wise of Miss Keane to have admitted such a dispirited or dyspeptic monkey into her cast. *Adelina* indeed needs a course at Sir Herbert's School in the art of appropriate facial expression when being introduced to a gentleman friend. . . And *who* is the superseedsman who produced those prodigious white violets of the second Act? T.

WOMEN TO MEN.

God bless you, lads!
All women of the race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with steadfast face
The best they know.

God cheer you, lads!
Out in the bitter nights,
Down the drear days,
Through the red reeking fights
And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads,
Back to the motherland,
True laurels gained,
Glory in either hand,
Honour unstained.

Women of Britain's race,
As forth you go,
Wish you with proud glad face
The best they know:
God bless you, lads!

A Bare Living.

"Yesterday it became known that a curious hitch had occurred in connection with the filling of the Vicar of Renwick. The living has been twice refused."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

No wonder if it could not even provide sustenance for the incumbent.

One of Our Masters.

"Labourer—T. Hansford, Park Cottage, Beaulieu, thanks 47 Gentlemen and begs to say he is suited."—*Western Gazette.*

An Accommodating Animal.

Notice in a tea-shop:—

"Milk and soda-water fresh from the cow. 1*d.* per glass."

"In Champagne a German exploded to the north-west of Perthes without doing any important damage."—*Provincial Paper.*

Perhaps he was not fully loaded.

From a catalogue of second-hand books:—

"*On the Conversation of Energy*, by Balfour Stewart, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., with 14 illustrations, 1874."

Considering the scope of the subject fourteen illustrations are a scanty allowance. But we dare say the bookseller added another when he talked to his printer.

THE TOP HAT: WHAT WILL IT BECOME?

[It is thought that after the War the Top Hat will finally disappear from the head of man.]



WILL THEY BE BURNT WITH THE LEAVES OF AUTUMN?



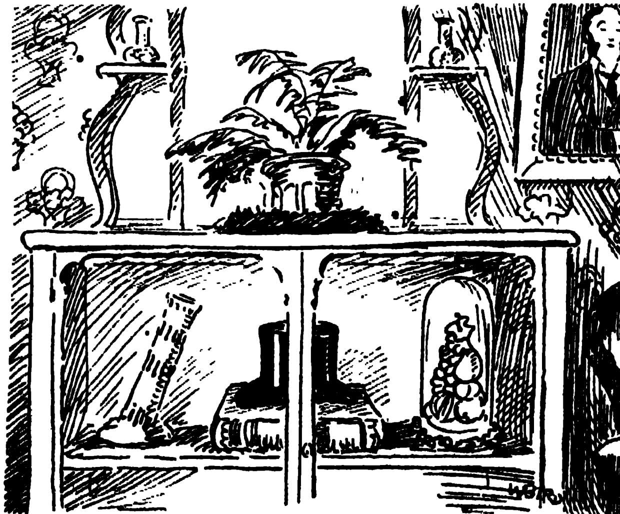
WILL SOME ENTERPRISING PUBLIC AMUSEMENT CATERER BUY THEM UP?



OR WILL THE PATRIOTIC OWNERS PLACE THEM AT THE SERVICE OF SOME OF THE HOME DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS TO BE USED AS TARGETS? THEIR RESEMBLANCE TO THE PERISCOPE OF A SUBMARINE WOULD MAKE THIS ENDING A SUITABLE ONE.



PROBABLY SOME CITY MEN WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PART COMPLETELY FROM SUCH AN OLD FRIEND.



SOME NO DOUBT WILL BE CHERISHED AND PRESERVED IN THE MUSEUM OF THE FAMILY.

THINGS HE MIGHT DO.

Mr. Winston Churchill's astonishing rise to fame within the short space of three months is the cause of quite a social sensation.

It seems that one summer day, Mr. Churchill, having nothing particular to do, was strolling among the shops, when in the window of one of them a lot of little tubes and brushes and things caught his eye. "What are those things for?" he asked the shopman. "For painting pictures with," was the reply. "Then I will take them," said Mr. Churchill, deciding there and then that he would be a painter of pictures.

In three months, so the papers tell us, he has become an accomplished artist, and he is likely to be an exhibitor at the Autumn exhibition at one of the galleries.

The only regret we have in connection with this new activity on the part of our great statesman is that he may find it necessary to enlarge that hat for which he is so famous, and to adopt a change in the shape of collar he wears.

But what is to be done with the rest of Mr. Churchill's time? He has become an artist in three months. What is he to do during the next three months?

May we suggest the flute? It is quite a nice instrument, and not too difficult. One can get twelve lessons for two guineas; and when time is an object the twelve lessons can be had on the same day, leaving a good period for practice. If Mr. Churchill would only adopt this suggestion, we might have the pleasure of listening to him play the old year out and the new year in at one of our fashionable restaurants at the end of 1915.

Three months, however, is but a small part of a man's life, and having conquered the flute, Mr. Churchill will be at a loose end once more next New Year's Day. For January, February and March we suggest either conjuring or poetry. We do not pretend to any knowledge as to which Mr. Churchill would most like to be, a conjurer or a poet. As the father of a young family, it may be that to produce a couple of rabbits from a bottle of ink would appear to be a more desirable feat than finding new rhymes to old words. We must leave the choice to Mr. Churchill, but, whichever he prefers to take up first, we hope he will not reject the other.

Thus we come to the end of June, 1916. There would remain to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster a variety of accomplishments to be achieved, if he felt in the mood. Singing, weight-lifting and balancing, fretwork, preaching, surgery, shorthand and typewriting—yes, there are plenty of things he could take up to provide him with that useful occupation which is so desirable for every one of us. And who knows that in one of those activities Mr. Churchill will not find his true life-work?

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE.

"Hullo, Arkwright, what is it?" The Captain spoke rather querulously to the Subaltern who had awakened him.

"Two bomb-dropping Taubes have been over, Sir, flying pretty low. The Archie—I mean Anti-aircrafts failed to drive them off, and I rather think they have spotted us."

The Captain swung his legs from the couch and sat up. "D—n!" he ejaculated wearily. "What infernal luck!"

Twice within the week enemy aeroplanes had got over his position, and twice had the heavy howitzers to be moved elsewhere.

"Right-O!" He shook the sleep out of himself. "I'll be out in a jiffy. If they have spotted us they'll send a battery aeroplane over first thing tomorrow, and that will fly about 10,000, and just mark off the range of the orchard. Go and telephone the observing officer that we're clearing out again. I'm not going to risk anything."

The Subaltern disappeared and the Captain reached for his boots. The room in which he had been resting was at the back of a farmhouse, and looked out into a small orchard where the two "Mothers" were well screened under the apple-trees. They had arrived thirty-six hours previously in the dark of night, and the following day had been spent busily in getting them registered on a target by means of abstruse calculation and an aeroplane. A good observation post had been found (not an easy matter) and five miles of telephone wire laid. As the Major, who was with the rest of the battery, had appropriated all the new wire, the latter job was no sinecure and bred a good deal of blasphemy. Also arrangements for billeting with Madame Bontout had been gone into thoroughly—no light matter either, and now it was all rendered useless. The Captain swore a few private and intelligent oaths as he hauled on his boots.

From the back door to the ever-present midden was but a step. The Captain, thinking of other matters, took it ankle deep with both feet. Round the corner a Sergeant appeared, and the monologue became a duologue as the Captain proceeded to issue his instructions. . . .

"Jack," said Gunner Slade to Gunner McCarthy after the Sergeant had passed on the orders of the day, "we ain't bin trained properly, we ain't. We orter 'ave bin brort up in a furnicher-removin' busniss, we ort." . . .

In the twilight the two howitzers, attended by their caterpillars, removed themselves to other quarters.

"*Au revoir et bon voyage, mon brave Capitaine,*" Madame Bontout smiled and nodded. "*Nous nous reverrons, n'est-ce pas?*"

"*Oui, oui,*" replied the brave Captain, wrestling with a Woolwich accent, "*j'espère . . . nous allons un peu distance. Au revoir.*" And, having done his utmost, he fled.

Next morning, when the night mist had thinned away, Lieutenant Arkwright, R.G.A., was made aware that the Huns were getting in a bit of hate about half-a-mile distant on his left flank. He picked up his glasses to locate their target, but could not make sure of it. "I do believe," he muttered to himself, "that the blighters are crumping that last position of ours."

He confided his views to the Captain, who, later in day, when the Bosches had settled down for a quiet afternoon, walked over to see what had happened.

When he arrived there was nothing to see: that is, nothing in the nature of a farmhouse.

The farm, the house and the orchard had vanished. There were half-buried blocks of masonry and trees sticking ridiculously root upwards from shell craters, there were pieces of furniture lying about, mixed up with bricks, apples, broken timber and the mangled remains of animals. That was all. That and a woman who sat upon the remnant of a shattered wall. She did not seem to see or hear the Captain until he touched her lightly on the shoulder. Then she turned, and he saw that she had suddenly become very old.

"Madame Bontout," he said quietly, and then, not knowing what else to say, he was silent.

But she understood.

"Yes," she whispered slowly, "the good God has so willed it, but"—and into her voice crept the unconquerable spirit of her race—"they did not get the guns—*they did not get the guns.*"

Masters of Modern Prose.

"According to Dr. George Evans that was the name of the fair-haired man whom I had seen saying how easy it was to use a snake as an instrument of murder while crossing on the boat from Ryde to Portsmouth."

The Story-Teller.



Bored Sentry. "COME ALONG! 'URRY UP AND TAKE A TURN AT WATCHIN' THIS BLOOMIN' TURNIP."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE 's something all but heroic in the way H. G. WELLS returns to his fine preoccupation with the theme of the confounded muddle and waste of our good round world in its bad square hole. Here in *The Research Magnificent* (MACMILLAN) you have *Benham*, a young nobody in particular, but wealthy and reflective, obsessed with the great idea that it must be someone's high job to put the whole mournful business right. He envisages a loose committee of aristoi (the *samurai* of his *Modern Utopia* in a new guise), dedicate, trained and courageous, of which he shall be the first. So he sets out upon his quest magnificent to study and observe. Passion and romance lasso him by the way, and he fights clear only at the cost of much suffering to others. One may reasonably distrust heroics of the far horizon which ignore plain duties of the foreground. And yet *Benham*, driven, at the last a blundering megalomaniac, from continent to continent in search of "data," is no contemptible if a pathetically futile figure. And then there's *Prothero*, the candid fleshly don, and *Benham's* brilliant fluttering mother. . . . And *Amanda*, a queer cross between Diana and her quarry. . . . Mr. WELLS'S own grand tour has no doubt given precision and conviction to his vivid descriptions of places and the spirit of places. I suppose him never actually to have met a tiger in the Indian jungle by night; yet, when you read of *Benham*, unarmed and fearful but controlled, putting to flight that sinister striped brute in the haunted dark, and all the convincing detail that precedes it, you feel that only a man who had actually done these things could tell them so. I can't recall a better piece of work of its kind in two decades of English fiction. . . . Let no one who likes his recreative reading laced with thought and fringed with imagination miss this book.

Miss Lambourne was an heiress who
Disdained a wealthy suitor,
One *Waverton*, whose blood was blue,
(I couldn't stand him. Nor will you),
And wed the latter's tutor,
An odd young man named *Harry Boyce:*
The county marvelled at her choice.

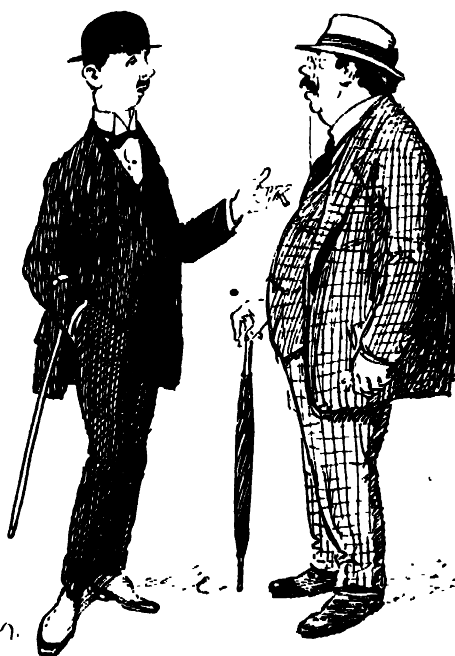
At first their happiness was great,
And life proceeded gaily;
But in a year, I grieve to state,
Her sneers had turned his love to hate.
(These chapters H. C. BAILEY
Has written with a forceful pen;
The publisher is METHUEN).

The scenes are laid in days gone by,
The days of the PRETENDER,
When MARLBOROUGH'S power still was high,
And good QUEEN ANNE had yet to die;
The plot is rather slender,
But Mr. BAILEY has no peer
(Or few) in handling atmosphere.

He has the knack of saying "Lud!"
And "La!" "Egad!" and "Burn it!"
The Highwayman 's a perfect flood
Of "Stap me's." Faith, it stirs the blood!
Where did the fellow learn it?
Myself (odds fish!) I'd rather swing
Than have to write that sort of thing.

Well, in the end it all comes right,
For *Mrs. Boyce* repented
When down Long Acre way one night
Harry was wounded in a fight;
And now they're both contented,
Meaning to bear with no more strife
The give and take of married life.

If it can be reckoned my duty to create an atmosphere suggestive of the book I am to talk about and the period with which it is concerned, the author—he signs himself Ashton Hilliers—has kindly supplied me with a recipe in which he places infinite reliance. It all lies in the little word "ye." Nothing else is required to convert the language of the modern daily Press into that of the blackguards, and of course the gentlemen, of the Prince Regent's Court. Suppose ye try how ye like it. That will find something to approve in the book itself is assured because, ranging as it does from such favourite old topics of the author's as the Society of Friends and forgiveness of one's enemies to despatch riding for Wellington and comic opera at the Horse Guards, *Demi-Royal* (Methuen) includes variety to suit all tastes. Not indeed that the writer is always equally at home. He would, I imagine, be the first to admit that in the detailing of lively adventure he does not easily catch that gallantry of movement and conviction that must come easily to come at all; if pressed harder than I, his sincere admirer, could wish, he might even confess to having condescended to make a convenience of those supposed gaps in his hero's manuscript which now and then do most certainly seem to omit what should have been a thrill, rather than to bridge a threatened dulness: but in the long run, and particularly in those later chapters where *George* completes her transformation from a lumpish German boy to a glorious Princess of the Blood, he too comes to his own, which is no mean thing. And so, notwithstanding his habit of reproducing details, big and little, that he has given before, or his abominable misuse of comments in brackets, I shall advise ye all to read him.



PEOPLE WE NEVER MEET.

The young man who says he has not joined the Army because he lacks pluck.

Agnes and Egerton Castle, forsaking the eighteenth century, have now turned their attention to the infinitely more thrilling twentieth. *The Hope of the House* (Cassell) is a story of the modernest of modern times. A very pretty story too—which you can take, according to your taste, as a compliment or not. It really divides itself into two parts. The first—and better, because the more moving and convincing—tells how *David*, the elder of the two *Owen* brothers, determines to endure a struggle with poverty in order to keep the old home and pass it on to young *John*. This episode, the success of *David's* effort and its tragic frustration with the death of *John* in the early days of the War, is sincere and strong. I liked less the subsequent developments, in spite of some pleasant comedy in the treatment of *Lady Celia's* relations with the two placid and eminently worldly guests whom she calls "my poor Belgians." There is a third refugee of a different stamp, *Vivianne*, whom *David* at very short notice falls in love with and marries. After the ceremony however he is going to understand that she is his wife "in name alone." Much have I travelled in the realms of fiction, yet saw I never a matrimonial difficulty of this kind that did not collapse in the last chapter. So that, even when a former lover turned up to claim her, I was never seriously anxious about the ultimate destination of *Vivianne* (indeed for that matter, if the authors wanted to withhold information about their climax, they should certainly have censored the picture on the cover). So it remains just a pretty story, with some pleasant wit and a deal of sentiment: a very restful mixture.

The infinite variety of Mr. W. E. Norris remains a thing to wonder at. Age and custom seem to have no chance against him. I notice that on the title-page of his latest novel, *Troubled Tranton* (Constable), he is described as author of three others, after which the publishers fall back upon the refuge of "*etc., etc.*" Perhaps if they printed the names of all Mr. Norris's former stories there would be no room for the present one; which I should have regretted, for *Troubled Tranton* is an admirable entertainment in its quiet way. *Tranton* was a house, and its troubles rose from the fact that the late owner, in defiance of justice and expectation, had left it, not to his own nephew and heir-presumptive, but to his niece-in-law, one *Mrs. Lynden*, a charming widow, who didn't want it. So *Nicholas Alder*, who should have had the house, refused all the usurper's offers of friendship and even restitution. Moreover, poor inoffensive *Mrs. Lynden* began to be agitated by the arrival of abusive and anonymous letters, threatening her with all sorts of penalties if she remained as mistress of *Tranton*. Naturally the district, and all those nice neighbourly people who abound in Mr. Norris's books, were greatly concerned by this; more especially when the unknown enemy set fire to *Mrs. Lynden's* summer-house, and even kidnapped the daughter of a local magnate who had been active in her defence. As to who the troubler really was, that in common fairness I must leave for Mr. Norris to explain; possibly you will not have read very far before penetrating the secret, which of course will only add to your pleasure on finding in the last chapter that your sagacity was not at fault. One captious question. Even in these unhampered days, would *Sir Augustus* have allowed his niece to journey unattended to London in order to interview a wholly unknown man about the purchase of a hunter? I can't help thinking that she went more to help Mr. Norris with the plot than for reasons of probability.

War Prices.

"Special terms for Commercial Gentlemen only, Tea Bread and Breakfast, 5/6."—*Hotel Advt.*

Apparently the weary traveller is expected to sleep on the sofa in the coffee-room.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Germans are still faithful to their national poet, SHAKSPEARE. MAX REINHARDT has just produced *The Tempest* on a monumental scale at the People's Theatre, Berlin. A modern touch was imparted to the play by the actor who was cast for *Ferdinand* being called upon at the last moment to appear as *Caliban*.

In a recent article in *The Daily Telegraph*, Dr. E. J. DILLON wrote that "King Ferdinand's hatred of Russia is as strong as his contempt for the Bulgarian politicians, whom he moves backwards and forwards like pawns on the political chessboard." This unorthodox treatment of the pawns furnishes a further proof that KING FERDINAND does not play the game.

There are signs of a chastened spirit in Germany. The IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR recently told an American journalist that "we cannot admit that the English are on an equality with us intellectually or morally"; and the *Hamburger Nachrichten* has refused to accept as authentic a telegram from Washington, "although it is disseminated by WOLFF'S Bureau."

The London County Council have set an example of economy to other public bodies by suspending all prizes for school-children until the War is over. A saving of £10,000 a year will thus be effected, and there will be no need to curtail the salary of M.P.s.

A Boer *Predikant* is reported in the South African papers as saying that "God trusted General Hertzog in the dark, but could not trust Englishmen in the dark, and that was why He caused the sun never to set on the British." We infer that the reverend gentleman has not recently been in London.

The Daily Mail asks, "Have we a Foreign Office?" We understand that a search-party is going carefully through Carmelite House.

It cannot be true that Lord NORTHCLIFFE is a time-server. You can buy his "6.30 *News*" at about 5 P.M.

We are indebted to a number of correspondents who have sent us a paragraph from *The Daily Mirror* stating that Miss ELLALINE TERRISS "hopes to raise £250,000 for the benefit of our blind and disabled soldiers by selling a million badges at 1s. each." We are informed that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has asked for an interview with the accomplished lady to find out how she proposes to do it.

The current complaint that the Cabinet is too large for the efficient transaction of business has not been entirely fruitless. Last week, one distinguished Minister spent some hours in the smoking room of the House of Commons while his colleagues were discussing important matters in the PRIME MINISTER'S room, and it is rumoured that Mr. ASQUITH would be glad to see this example extensively followed.



Nursemaid. "I'M GOIN' TO LEAVE THIS PLACE, MUM."
Mistress. "WHY? DON'T YOU LIKE THE CHILD?"
Nursemaid. "O YES, MUM. BUT 'E'S THAT AFRAID OF A SOLDIER I CAN'T GET 'IM NEAR ONE."

An officer at the Front writes: —"A new battery which had moved behind our trenches started registering the German trenches one afternoon. The first shell however landed on our own parapet, where a sergeant and some of my men were working. As it happened the shell did not burst and no one was damaged, but a large hole was knocked in the parapet. The sergeant, nothing amazed, just walked up to me and said, 'Please, Sir, would you mind 'phoning through to the battery and asking them to cease fire while I repair the parapet?'"

A person who ought to know better suggests that pessimists, being, as is well known, persons who have some thing wrong with their feet, ought to be handed over for treatment to a cheerupadist.

The good people of Nairobi, East Africa, were dreadfully disappointed when the last English mail arrived, and they learnt that we were not yet through the Dardanelles. Their local paper had informed them that the Montenegrin army was on the outskirts of Scutari, and that Scutari was "a town on the Bosphorus opposite Constantinople."

In the account of an officer being robbed by the Germans as he lay wounded between the opposing trenches it is stated that some years ago he was the tallest man in the Indian Army. And after the Germans had been through his pockets he was one of the shortest.

The well-known artist who advertised, the other day, his desire that gentle people having pretty children would allow him to see them, as he wished to paint a pretty child, is in treaty for the Albert Hall as a studio.

In conversation with a Socialist Deputy of the Reichstag the KAISER is said to have remarked, "with tears in his eyes," that he was sincerely sorry for France—France, which was "the greatest disappointment of his life." If the Walrus had been bitten by one of the Oysters he would have felt just like that.

"When replying to Advertisements, kindly mention 'The Watford Newsfetter.'"

It is the Censor's favourite organ.

"In the trenches near the observation station we met the general, who remarked: 'Nous sommes en train de la marmiter.' (They have been annoying us)."
Lloyd's Weekly News.

We find the translation rather free and prefer the closer rendering—"We are about to pot her" (meaning, no doubt, a Black Maria).

"The collection of Mr. Lloyd George's war speeches . . . contains, of course, the famous preface which so much disturbed the political atmosphere the other day. The interest of that is fleeting if violet."
Manchester Guardian.

One of Mr. GEORGE'S "purple patches," in fact.

TO FERDINAND, ON HIS PROSPECTS.

Between the Turk, your country's ancient foe,
  Whose butchers drank her blood like steaming wassail,
And him of Potsdam, who, if matters go
  Smoothly, will have you as his humble vassal,
You are the *tertium quid*, O Ferdinand, which
Conspires to make a most repulsive sandwich.

Here stands the Moslem with his brutal sword
  Still red and reeking with Armenia's slaughter;
Here, fresh from Belgium's wastes, the Christian Lord,
  His heart unsated by the wrongs he wrought her;
And you between them, on your brother's track,
Sworn, for a bribe, to stick him in the back.

Yet, spite of such a fellowship, your fate
  Won't be a steady round of beer and skittles;
Old friends are best; and love that turns to hate
  Is certain to acidulate your victuals;
For Russia, whence your land her freedom drew,
Will show that she who made can break you too.

And not alone that bright blade, hung o'erhead,
  Shall dull your cheer and poison all you swallow;
Uneasy sits the alien King who's wed
  To schemes his patriot folk are loath to follow;
So next your skin (for flannel won't avail)
You'd better wear a steel-proof shirt of mail. O. S.

DIVERSIONS OF THE CABINET.

We all know how Mr. Winston Churchill walked into a colourman's shop, three months ago, and purchased a manual upon *Pictures and How to Paint them*; and how already he has produced a number of "large and dignified landscapes," and is at work upon a "stately portrait of his wife." But it is not by any means so generally known—it may have been withheld by the Press Bureau—that this sort of thing is going on all over the Cabinet.

I had a talk yesterday, writes our representative, with a stall-holder at a forthcoming bazaar who was most enthusiastic about Mr. Bonar Law's poker-work. "The work is so realistic that you can almost smell the singe," she said, "and there is an enormous quantity of it. His industry is amazing. The unexpected adjournment of the House for a week over the Finance Bill meant the addition of three corner cupboards, a tea-tray and a small bedroom bookcase to my supply. His work is always unsigned. He picked it up, it seems, in a moment from an article on Parlour Crafts in a magazine."

There is no busier man in the country at present than the Minister of Munitions, and it will probably come as a surprise to his many admirers to learn that he contrives to find time to pursue his new hobby of Ecclesiastical Architecture. Visitors to Criccieth in the near future would do well to keep their eyes open for a rich example of Neo-Methodist-Gothic opposite the railway station, which has caused something of a flutter in the R.I.B.A. Mr. George apparently picked up the guiding principles of the art in conversation with an intelligent steel roller on the Clyde.

New distinctions would seem to be in store for Sir F. E. Smith. "I had a talk with his publisher," writes our representative, "one day last week, and he told me much that I feel bound to suppress in the public interest. But it is an open secret that a gigantic Book of Sonnets is already in the press which will give reviewers much food for thought. The story that Sir Frederick had picked up a manual entitled *How to be a Poet* is quite untrue. He was deep in study of the map one day when he was struck by a very singular coincidence. Fighting was going on in the neighbourhood of Dwinsk, Pinsk and Minsk. Although he had never before dreamt of writing verses the opportunity thus presented seemed altogether too good to miss, and as soon as he had made a beginning the rest was plain sailing. 'The wonderful thing,' added his publisher, 'is that he scans so well. One frequently comes upon several lines in succession with hardly a foot out of place.'"

Mr. Runciman has just completed a set of 117 orchestral variations on the Montenegrin National Anthem.

EVADING THE CENSOR.

"Dick has got his marching orders at last—off on Saturday," said Eileen. "Now I want you to find some way for him to let me know his whereabouts without being stopped by that horrid Censor."

"This," I said, "is a matter for reflection. What you want is some quaint and rare device which will not only dupe the Censor but can be guaranteed to furnish no information to the enemy. Imagine the excitement of the Ober-Offizier who intercepted a letter informing him that Lieutenant Richard Donkin was at ——. 'Here's most important news,' he would say. '*Himmel!* Lieutenant Donkin at ——! *Schnell!* order up three extra army corps at once!' . . . No, Eileen, we must avoid that possibility at all costs."

As it happened I lunched with a man the next day who had encountered exactly the same problem. His son had arranged a cryptogram, using the first letter of every fourth word to spell out the name of his whereabouts.

"And does it answer?" I said.

"Not very well. It was all right at first, when he was at the base, but as soon as he moved on there came through a string of highly improbable names which we couldn't find in any map on the market. The last one was 'Yttgau,' which suggests that he lost count, or else he'd been unexpectedly transferred to Russia."

Anyway Dick wouldn't hear of the plan. He said it would cramp his style. So I gave deep thought to the matter and at last conceived the perfect plan.

"What you and Dick must do," I said, "is to have duplicate maps. You must then agree upon two main towns, say Paris and Brussels, as bases. When Dick has finished his letter he places it over the map (letters from the Front are always written on flimsy semi-transparent paper), sticks a pin through Paris and Brussels, and a third pin in his own locality. Then when the letter arrives all you have to do is to pin the two fixed holes over Paris and Brussels in *your* map, and the third hole gives you Dick's whereabouts. It is also obvious that a mere letter with a few pinholes in it tells the Bosches nothing."

Well, Dick agreed to this, and soon after he left we received a letter with perforations indicating that he was in ——, a well-known town in Northern France which is familiar to all our readers. Then he moved on to ——, and there he stuck for several weeks; or at least, if Eileen's pinpricks were to be trusted, he fluttered round —— in a sort of jaunty spiral. And then at last there came a hint that he was approaching the firing-line.

A few days afterwards I found Eileen inspecting a letter with furrowed brows. Its appearance was most singular—simply riddled with pin-holes; rather like a target on our miniature range when I'm in my true form.

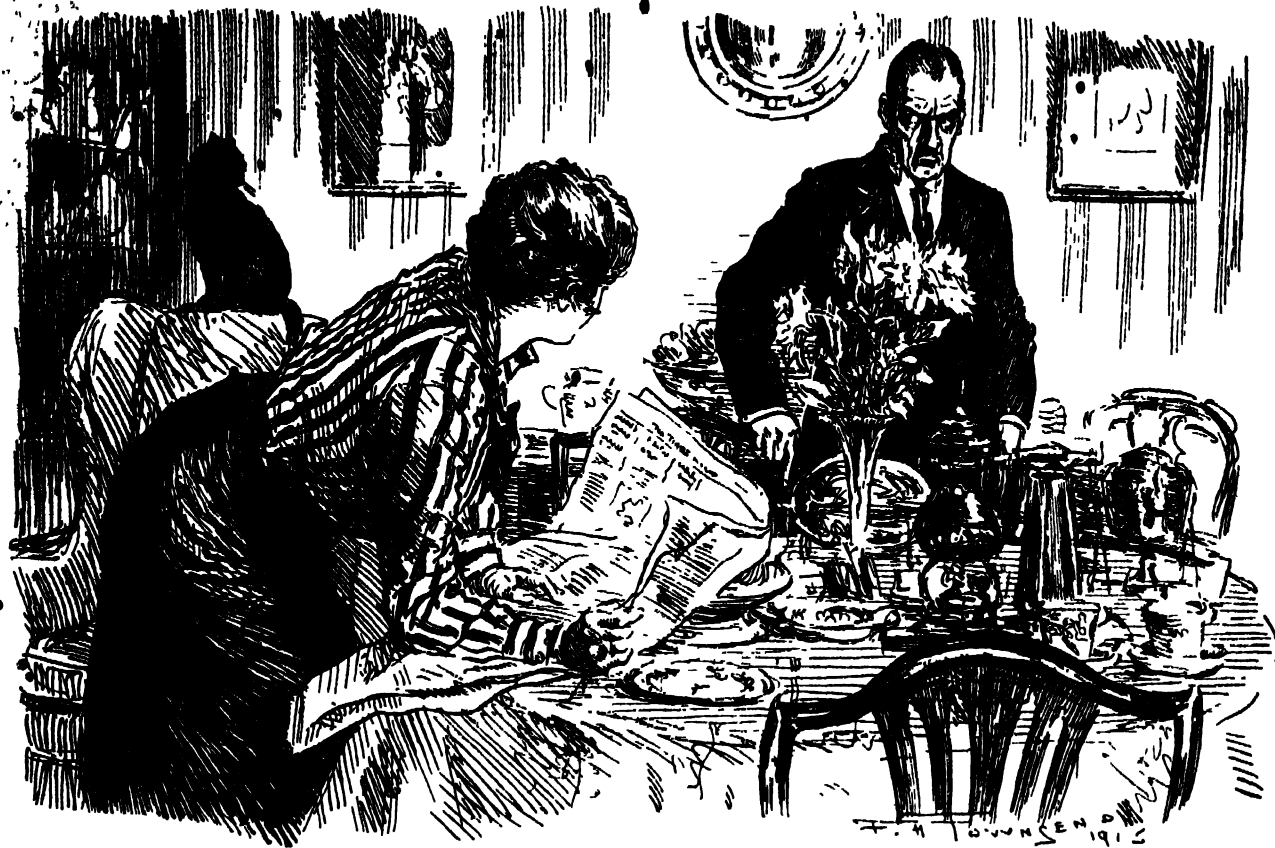
"Wait a minute," I said, "there's something on the other side."

There was a hastily pencilled line of unfamiliar handwriting. It ran as follows: "*The Censor is not such a fool as you seem to think!*"



REALIZATION.

["When I went to Bulgaria I resolved that if there were to be any assassinations I would be on the side of the assassins."—*Statement by* FERDINAND.]



Wife. "GRAND NEWS THIS MORNING, DEAR. WE'VE TAKEN SEVERAL THOUSAND PRISONERS."
Pessimist. "THEY'RE SURE TO ESCAPE."

MUNITIONS.

A CHANTEY.

IN days of old, so runs the tale,
  Where Etna smoked on high
The god Hephæstus did prevail
To hammer the shield and the Grecian mail
  For the Trojan lance to try;
So now sing we how arms are made
  With hammer and flame and forge
By the folk who follow Hephæstus' trade
  To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

Right wisdom old Hephæstus knew
  In Sicily's golden land;
He turned and said to his Cyclops crew,
"The front o' the fighting 's none for you;
  Stick to the work in hand.
And a rattling work it is," cried he,
  "With hammer and flame and forge."
Hephæstus said it, and so say we
  To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

Then cheer for Tyne and Thames and Clyde
  And the furnace blasts that roar
That our good ships may safely ride,
Our guns have plenty and more beside
  As never they had before;
For shell and bullet and hand-grenade,
  For hammer and flame and forge,
And the folk who follow Hephæstus' trade
  To the glory of good KING GEORGE.

TREASURE TROVE FROM THE TIN.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Chronicle* of the 14th inst., a Hull soldier, recently returned wounded from the Dardanelles, had occasion to open a tin of salmon, and to his surprise found inside a gentleman's silver watch in good condition. He immediately wound it up, and it started ticking merrily.

Had this been an isolated case, some incredulity might have been pardoned. But, as a correspondent has hastened to assure us, other similar experiences have occurred of late, showing the remarkable generosity of tinned food manufacturers and their genial desire to promote the happiness of the consumer.

Mr. Pulling-Legge, a well-known bath-chair proprietor at Sidcup, had recently occasion to open a tin of sardines. His surprise may well be imagined when he discovered inside the tin a rare quarto edition of the works of SHAKSPEARE, which he has since presented to Sir SIDNEY LEE.

Hardly less remarkable was the experience of Mrs. Hardy Phibster, the wife of the postmaster at Deochandoris, near Cromarty, who was helping her family to some Californian peaches, and to her profound amazement found at the bottom of the tin a small musical-box, which at once began to play "Tipperary." The matter is receiving the attention of the local medical authorities.

A correspondent suggests that the Suburban Gentleman" whose woes were depicted in a recent issue should change the name of his house from "Sans Souci" to "Sans Six Sous."

A Mixed Litter.

"Mme. Dumba, who accompanied the Ambassador, boarded the liner carrying a canary and a puppy born last night to her English spaniel."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Lieutenant-Colonel Druitt states that the cause of the imperfect signal being given . . . was no doubt owing to the wife of the advance starting signal at Crossmyloof being too tight, causing the semaphore arm to droop."
Evening Times (Glasgow).

Somebody or something seems to have had a drop too much.

TO GET THE MEN.

THE great conscriptionist controversy is entering upon a new phase. The burning question of the moment would appear to be whether the necessary men are to be compelled to volunteer or persuaded to be compulsorily enrolled. Both points of view are explained by a couple of letters which have just reached this office. We suspect that they were really intended for *The Manchester Guardian*, but as they have come into our hands we hasten to give them publicity.

DEAR SIR,—Whatever Lord KITCHENER may have said to the Labour Leaders—that is perhaps a sore subject and I don't propose to deal with it—we are all agreed that our army must be kept up to full strength till the War is over. But it is clearly ridiculous and altogether insane to suppose that the men cannot be got in overwhelming numbers by the Voluntary System (to which I take off my hat). It is by no means exhausted. Indeed it has only begun to work. We want no pressed men. We want nothing but men whose heart is in the job and who have freely and spontaneously come forward clamouring to offer themselves as recruits. And they can be got. Let there be no taint of compulsion in our methods, no encroachment on individual liberty. All that is necessary is to give new *opportunities of enrolment* to our willing masses.

Now that the National Register is complete we have all the facts before us and the authorities can get to work along rational lines. It is quite a mistake to suppose that there are any shirkers or slackers or shrinkers or skulkers among us. Eligible men have only to be firmly and tactfully approached to fall over each other in their eagerness to come forward. The best method of procedure would be the following:—

Let every eligible man receive a brusque summons in the name of the KING to present himself without delay. If that doesn't work a close house to house canvass should follow, in which every man of army age should be narrowly cross-examined and badgered and asked to give a full account of himself. (A policeman should be kept in the background—perhaps waiting in the street outside.) If the results are still disappointing, all those who have not responded must be called before a tribunal, presided over by the local recruiting authority, to state their case. If they still persist in getting out of it, other tactful methods of persuasion could very easily be devised. The voluntary system would be by no means exhausted even then. A recruiting poster might be stuck on their front doors and garden gates. As a further step the municipal water supply might be cut off from the house or even from the whole street (which would ensure pressure being brought to bear). Finally the obstinate should be disfranchised and confronted with an extra shilling on the income tax.

It ... assured that conscription is necessary we are ready to shoulder the burden. But the possibilities of the Voluntary System must be first exhausted. It must be given a fair chance. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ANTI-MILITARIST.



HIGHLY COMMENDABLE EFFORT ON THE PART OF A NEW RECRUIT TO DEAL WITH A VERY DIFFICULT QUESTION OF MILITARY ETIQUETTE.

DEAR SIR,—We are all agreed that the army must be kept at full strength during the coming year. And it is now perfectly clear to the most fatuous ... that the so-called voluntary system has broken down. Only by Conscription can we secure the necessary men in regular drafts as they are wanted. From the moment when the new system is introduced the War will be as good as won. Everything will change in a twinkling. Germany will crack up. The British conscript will strike terror wherever he goes. There need be no apprehension as to difficulties at home. The term Conscription must not be misunderstood. There will of course be exemptions. I should suggest, for the smooth working of the plan, that the following should be exempt:—

(1) All trade unionists.

(2) The whole of Ireland.

(3) Parts of Wales, England and Scotland—to be known as Exempted Areas.

(4) All those who can satisfy the authorities that they have a strong and genuine bias toward civilian life.

It is natural that we should prefer the voluntary system, but, as it is, compulsion is our only hope.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DRASTIC.

We have also received a pronouncement from a well-known novelist:—

DEAR SIR,—In one of those weekly articles of mine which throw a white light on the situation I pointed out a month or two ago that conscription could do little to help us, for the simple reason that, having already raised an army of some 4,000,000 men (by voluntary effort), it would hardly be possible for us to spare another half million. Again a week or two ago, in one of my many Last Words upon this question, I made it quite clear that conscription would be of no avail, for the simple reason that, having already raised an army of some 2,300,000 men (by voluntary effort), we could not with safety enroll more than another half million. There may be some little discrepancy, but I am not always lucky with figures—although I thoroughly enjoy them. Anyhow it is the principle that counts. Roughly speaking *there are no more men* that can be raised by conscription. The same does not of course apply to the voluntary system.

Finally, if Mr. ASQUITH were to say to-morrow that compulsion was absolutely necessary to the safety of the realm, I would acquiesce. I would really. And that would ensure the success of the new move. But Mr. ASQUITH will never say that. I know all about it.

Yours,

WAR EXPERT.

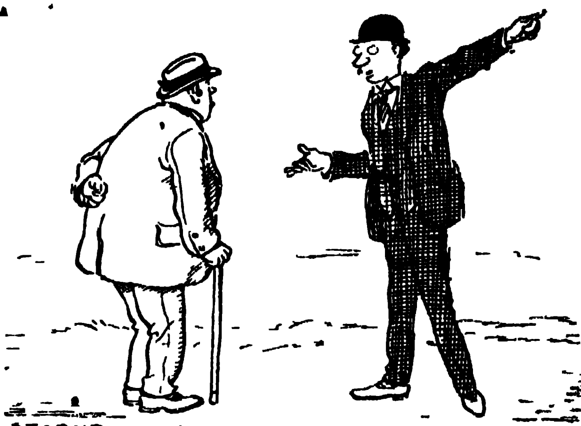
"Simla, 15th September.

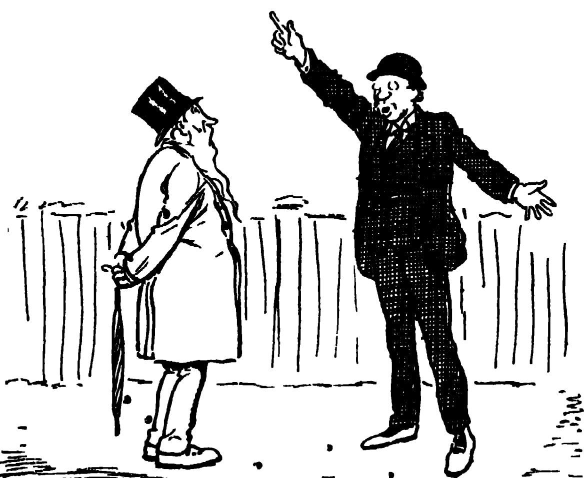
"The Hon. Mr. W. M. Hailey arrived at Viceregal Lodge to-day as the guest of His Excellency the Viceroy.

The Hon. Mr. W. M. Hailey arrived at Viceregal Lodge to-day as the guest of His Excellency the Viceroy."—*Pioneer.*

We were quite prepared to believe it even the first time.


FIRST TIME OF TELLING


SECOND TIME


THIRD TIME



FOURTH TIME.

THE MAN WHO HAD SEEN A ZEPPELIN.

THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

Is there a man can think that Europe's quarrels
Are barren bickerings and do no good?
There may be such; but let him see
The way in which Gallipoli
Affects young officers and moulds their morals,
And blow me if he could!

What kindness, what self-sacrifice was present
In that most painful of Peninsulæ,
If several of the eggs were tried,
Or some drab services required!
It was a joy to see how nice and pleasant
A Cambridge man could be.

With never a moan we munched the meanest ration,
We that of late were full of pelf and pride;
Swore not at all when privates erred
(Though Simpson said one *shocking* word),
And no one published, in pre-bellum fashion,
The state of his inside.

Moreover, we were bent on being fully
The same sweet gentry, men of model mood,
When parted from the scenes of strife
(If ever). We should laugh through life,
And never, by the bitterness of "bully,"
Complain about our food.

But it was vain; the soul is bound to stumble
When peace and plenteousness succeed the storm.
Each morning I become less kind;
To-day I had some fault to find
With Cook's fair fish-cakes, and they say I grumble
Quite in my ancient form.

Therefore with joy I hie me back to-morrow
To Turks and centipedes and all the pain;
I do not deem, as some have done
That, on the whole, it's "rather fun";
Life will be vile. But this shall ease my sorrow—
I shall be good again.

The Art of Expansion.

"The *Russki Invalid* states that the chief units of the Russian Baltic fleet are not in the Gulf of Riga, which is defended by lesser vessels and mines."—*Otago Daily Times.*

"General Russky, now an invalid, states that the chief units of the Russian Baltic fleet are not in the Gulf of Riga, which is defended by lesser vessels and mines."—*Dunedin Evening Star.*

We prefer *The Star's* version, with its personal touch.

In an appeal for workers to help in sorting out the "pink forms," *The Aberdeen Evening Express* says:—

"As the work is done in pairs, it will be a case of bring their 'pall,' if possible."

But we hope the work is not quite so deadly as all that.

ON THE SPY TRAIL AGAIN.

You know Jimmy's blood-hound, Faithful. Well, he has been right off German spies; you couldn't have tempted him with one not even if you had dangled it in front of his nose. Jimmy said it was the distemper, and made up some medicine to get him over it. After taking one dose Faithful got over the distemper all right; he also got over a six foot wall on the other side of the road, through three fields, across a churchyard, through the church door and up to the top of the tower. There's more air on the top of the tower, Jimmy says, that's why.

The church door was locked by the time Jimmy arrived there. You have to get the keys from a man who sits in a cottage close by having rheumatism. If you take him something for his rheumatism he will always let you have the keys this once.

Jimmy knows all about rheumatism, and he makes up an ointment for it out of the grease he gets out of the boxes in the railway wagons. Jimmy says the Indians always use it, and if you gave some to an Esquimaux he would eat it in his ignorance, and it's because of the temperature.

The last time Jimmy went up the church tower he couldn't get any ointment from the railway wagons, so he had to make some up out of some castor oil his mother had got for him to go with a few crab apples he had eaten. Jimmy says he likes putting things into castor oil, because it serves it right.

The way you do it is to get some ingredients, but he won't let you see him putting them in, because it wouldn't work properly if he did. Jimmy says you have to be very careful about the ingredients, because, if you didn't put the right ones in, it would cure something else that, perhaps, you hadn't got, and you would feel very puzzled about it. I saw Jimmy put one thing in, though; it was some stuff for making sheep dip that he found. Jimmy finds lots of things like that, and he always puts them carefully away in a box he has got in the summer-house, and then when he has any spare time he makes up bottles of medicine and ointment and different sizes of pills. Jimmy has got one pill which he made over a year ago; it is a very good pill, much stronger than the ordinary ones. There are so many things in it that Jimmy had to put some cobbler's wax in it to hold them together. Even then it often begins to rise up in parts, and you have to press it back into shape.

Jimmy says it is for a case of a mergency or something like that. It's not so big as it was, because Jimmy used some of it to take a wasp's nest. It is a very useful pill, because Jimmy showed me how you could mend broken plates with it. Jimmy once cured a lady's pug dog with a bit of it. The pug dog used to come and lie down in the middle of a bed of tulips which Jimmy's mother had planted. It liked tulips. It was a very fat pug dog, and had trouble with its breath; Jimmy said it was suffering from sleeping sickness and gave it a piece of the pill in some meat. Jimmy says the pug dog was surprised at its own activity; it tried to get away from itself and ran about very freely, Jimmy says. It cured the sleeping sickness all right, but it took all the curl out of the pug dog's tail.

Jimmy can cure anything like that; you'd be surprised.

He cured a man of water on the knee one day. The man came to the back door and asked Jimmy if he would like to buy some mohair laces or what not. There was only Jimmy at home, and, when the man knew that, he told Jimmy not to be frightened. Jimmy wasn't frightened. The man said he had water on the knee and that beer was a good thing for it, if Jimmy would fetch him some. He showed Jimmy his knee. Jimmy says it didn't look as if it had had much water on it. He told the man he had some medicine which would cure it. The man said he would take it if Jimmy would put it in some beer. Jimmy got the medicine, it was violet coloured medicine and looked very pretty. Jimmy always colours his medicines; he has a different colour for each day of the week. Saturday is violet, and he does it with some copying ink.

Jimmy says it is a very good medicine, because if you leave the cork in it blows it out in two days, and if you tie the cork down it bursts the bottle. Jimmy says the Indians use it when they are training to run races, and besides curing water on the knee it will kill weeds on the garden path.

The man drank the beer, but said he would have to have some more to take away the taste of the medicine. There was no more real beer so Jimmy made some of his own and put into a beer bottle he had found; it was the same kind of beer that he had once used for staining a rabbit hutch.

Jimmy says, when Faithful saw the man he began baying like anything, until he happened to catch sight of the empty medicine bottle, and then, after wagging his tail, he went and sat down where he could have a good view of the six-foot wall on the opposite side of the road. He looked very happy, Jimmy says.

Jimmy asked the man if his knee felt better, and told him he had some stuff which would ease it at once if he painted it on with a camel-hair brush. The man looked surprised and laughed. He said he had never heard that before; he said he never knew that camels used hair-brushes. Jimmy felt very glad the man had had the beer as well as the medicine, because he felt certain he was a German, or he would have known about a camel-hair brush.

Jimmy says very soon the man began to have doubts, they kept flitting across his face; so Jimmy went quietly inside the house and locked the door so that he could watch the water going out of his knee without being in his way at all. The man didn't seem to notice Jimmy; he seemed to be thinking; he looked as if he had a stomachache, Jimmy says. Jimmy says he doesn't know which reached the man's knee first, the beer or the medicine, and he thinks it must have been a near thing by the way he ran out of the garden and jumped over the gate. He forgot all about the mohair laces.

Jimmy followed the man as well as he could. He found him at the chemist's shop quenching his thirst with mustard and water. Jimmy says the chemist had already sent for a policeman because of the German which kept coming out of the man.

Jimmy says the chemist had a happy afternoon; he took Jimmy into his garden to show him the German, and said he felt he could go on mixing mustard and water for him all day.

Jimmy says the German looked very tame; you could have led him about with a piece of cotton.

Jimmy never charges anything for his medicines, he is only too pleased to let people have them who seem to want them.

Commercial Candour.

"For sale, rag and metal store; no more profitable business guaranteed."

Glasgow Herald.

"Wanted by experienced Teacher, examiner and performer, an appointment as visiting Piano Master in high-glass ladies' school."

Musical News.

What the man wants is a Conservatoire.

"It has been arranged to hold combined drills of the Richmond, Putney, Kew, and Barnes Companies of the Special Constabulary on the second Sunday in each week."

Barnes and Mortlake Herald.

Even the strictest Sabbatarian cannot object to this.



OUR UNINTERNED.

Mother (discreetly). "MY DEAR, MISS FINKELSTEIN HAS JUST BEEN TELLING ME THAT SHE'S CHANGING HER NAME."
Ingenuous Daughter. "OH, I AM SO GLAD. AND WHO—WHO IS THE HAPPY MAN?"

THE RECRUITING OF POPPETT MINIMUS.

MOTHER told me she couldn't afford a holiday this year, but that the doctor said I had to go to the sea because I was suffering from convalosceuce. Convalescence is a beastly thing to have; it's Latin really for feeling tired and living off rice pudding. It's not catching; so Parsons, my greatest chum, who's going in for the Church, was allowed up to see me. The doctor confided to my mother that I wanted rousing, and Parsons says I might have succumbed if it had not been for the boy next door.

When I was a bit better and able to look out of the window, the boy next door, who is a Scout and has to do one kind deed every day, called out, "Slacker!" It isn't true, as I can't join them before next term, but I was too convalescent to explain through a pane of glass. He is of a fiery nature with red hair, and, being Scotch, he can't understand people fooling about and doing nothing. Parsons says that MacWhirter didn't know about my convalescence, but I was so mad that I came down next day. I wanted really to send MacWhirter a challenge, but Parsons told me that forgiveness was the highest of all virtues, and that anyhow I was too weak to fight a cat So I said I would forgive MacWhirter till next term.

Parsons, who is going in for the Church, wouldn't hear of this, as he says it isn't quite playing the game for chaps at home to fight among themselves, and that I could easily wait till after the War. At the same time he reminded me how the doctor said I had to be roused and that MacWhirter had done it. He said it was really a merciful dispensation and that I ought to be grateful to MacWhirter for saving my life.

I hadn't looked at it in this light. Parsons knows already a lot of theology, and when he likes a thing he calls it a merciful dispensation, and when he doesn't it's an unscrupulous decree. As he says, there's no good grousing about either. In the last Juniors' cricket match Parsons made forty not out in the first innings. He wasn't a bit cocky about it, but said it was a merciful dispensation. In the second innings he was bowled by Loftus first ball, and he said it was an unscrupulous decree and that Loftus ought to have his head punched for bowling no-balls.

Parsons has relatives at the seaside, so his holiday only cost his people his train ticket. As we are great chums his relations asked me too. Parsons' mother said he had a weak chest, but Parsons confided to me in the train that he really had clergyman's sore throat. That's all nonsense, because you can't get it till you are ordained. Parsons got very angry when I said this, as he says it attacks chaps who are going in for the Church as well.

The last thing our people told us was to look after each other and do nothing but recruit.

We did our best, but we couldn't get one single recruit. Recruiting at the seaside is a very tough job. Perhaps



Wife of Officer (just starting for the Dardanelles). "My husband's got an inflated waistcoat."
Sympathetic Old Lady. "Dear, dear, dear! I do hope it won't involve an operation."

all the chaps we saw were convalescents We tracked a lot of likely cases some regular promenade nuts but they were always escorted by a convoy of girls, who beat off our attack I didn't care for these fellows myself but Parsons says they may be suffering from conscientious animus or an indisposition which keeps them from fighting You never can tell One of our chaps in the Upper Sixth who was the first to volunteer, was rejected for varicose veins, and he was simply furious about it and said there was no such disease

I sent in a report to headquarters signed by Parsons and myself I got a letter by return from the mater beginning, "You silly little boys" I had to show it to Parsons, and he was naturally hurt about it at first He said it was just the same with his mater He couldn't get her out of the habit of speaking as if he was one of the Lower Form kids though she knew he was to be promoted next term He said that "recruit" in the sense she used it in was slang really, and that he didn't like ladies to use slang

He thought the rest of the letter the silly girls with white feath
how wrong it is to judge other people, and how we ought to leave the Government alone and give them a chance, was quite good theology, and ought to be a lesson to me in future Very likely those fellows I had seen on the promenade were really as brave as lions but didn't read the newspapers

I said they would know about the War from their cinemas I thought I had Parsons there but you never can have him really, for he used to do Logic once with his sisters' governess He retorted that if they had heard about the War it would take a mighty lot of pluck to play the giddy goat as they do He said it was really a case of immoral courage

When school began again, we made up our minds after the mater's letter to regard it as an unscrupulous decree and not grouse this time After all, as Parsons says, some of the stuff they teach you like HOMER might be useful any day in the Balkans He says he knows as a fact we are going to start Kurds next term because he heard one of the masters say so. It sounds interesting and is perhaps instead of German for fellows that want to act as interpreters Parsons has been told that Kurds are the finest fighting men the Turks have got and there are millions of them in Asia Minor

Parsons knows a lot, he always scores on the General Knowledge paper, and if he wasn't going in for the Church he says he wouldn't half mind being an editor

For the Bantams.

"Officers marquee 25in by 20in used as officers' mess complete with inside lining"
Exchange and Mart

How to Please Everybody.

"The teams had met twice previously and won each time but on this occasion the result was reversed" *Ilford Recorder*

"The Germans declared that submarine captains had been ordered not to sink passenger vessels and undertook to adopt the greatest precautions to have the lives of passengers"
'*The Standard*' (*Buenos Ayres*).

Truth will out, even in a misprint.

"Mr Choate, who presided, declared that ninety out of the 100,000 000 Americans were in the fullest sympathy with the Allies"
Liverpool Echo

It is thought, however, that several of the other 99,999,910 are not actively opposed to us.



BOYS OF THE DACHSHUND BREED.

WILHELM (*to* FRANZ JOSEF). "WELL, WE HAVEN'T SUCCEEDED IN CRUSHING FRANCE OR RUSSIA OR ENGLAND OR ITALY; BUT NOW THAT WE'VE GOT FERDINAND TO HELP US WE MIGHT MANAGE TO SCORE OFF SERBIA!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 12th.—Premier not only habitually does the right thing but does it in the right way, a correlation of circumstance not too frequent. On reassembling of House after ten days' interval he called attention to fact that meanwhile four Members have given their lives for their country. He made no set oration, brought with him no script of prepared monody. No notice of his intention was published. Questions over, he rose and, resting his hands on the brass-bound box, spoke a few words of simple earnest sorrow for the loss of gallant comrades.

"The House," he said, "will, I am sure, acknowledge with gratitude the splendid example they have set."

When his purpose in rising became apparent, Members with one accord bared their heads in silent sympathy.

A whispered message, conveyed to Front Opposition Bench by Chief Whip, brought to his feet the right hon. gentleman who endows with dignity the post of Leader of a non-existent Opposition. In shortest speech ever made since, nearly half-a-century ago, a gay young buck with all the world before him where to choose, he came to Westminster to represent the county in which his ancestral home was set, Harry Chaplin supplemented the Premier's tribute.

Heroes all. "Young men of high promise," as the Premier said. Because I knew him best I most deeply mourn the cutting off of Agar-Robartes. He was in all respects highest type of an Englishman. Heir to a peerage, endowed with many interests intellectual and social, keenly but tranquilly enjoying the pleasant pathway through which Life led him, he at the trumpet call gave up everything, and went forth to take his turn in the trenches, his share of hourly peril.

The battle in which he fell was not his first. Courage of another kind was displayed in his political and parliamentary career. Returned unopposed by a Liberal constituency, he held views on Home Rule differing from those officially adopted by his Party. In such circumstances it is common practice for the conscientious dissentient to look out a corner seat below the Gangway, take every opportunity of asserting his independence and of denouncing mistaken views of his leaders and the majority of their following.—That not Agar-Robartes' way. Patiently suffering advice and rebuke he was content to obey dictates of conscience by unobtrusively voting against successive stages of Home Rule Bill.

In equally undemonstrative manner he set out for the Front as if he were going on a Continental holiday trip.



Nurse McKenna lets the Infant Samuel do his bit.

Business done—The Infant Samuel, bringing in a Bill dealing with postal and telegraph rates originally forming part of Budget scheme, announced amid general cheering that abolition of the halfpenny postal rates will not be insisted upon. Also (this concession not eliciting equal enthusiasm) press telegraph rates will be modified. American Loan Bill, on motion of Chancellor of Exchequer, carried through all its stages at single sitting.

Wednesday.—Prime Minister, engaged elsewhere on Imperial business, did not put in appearance at Question hour. This the more regretted since Arthur Markham had placed on the paper a Shorter Catechism, answers to which the House eagerly awaited.



THE ACCUSING FINGER.

Mr. Hogge.

Opened with pertinent inquiry as to payment of Members during progress of War and the colossal expenditure thereby involved. Economy the order of the day. Generally felt that economy, like charity, should begin at home. In flush of prosperity that spread roseate hue over prolonged period of peace, Members voted themselves salaries of £400 a year, payable out of National Exchequer. Total draft amounts to a quarter of a million per annum, a sum that might, among other things, create and maintain a useful fleet of airships. Markham wanted to know whether the Premier will propose that only Members who are able to make declaration that their income is inadequate to maintain their position shall continue to receive the salary.

Another point which he submitted for kindly consideration of Premier was the stoppage of pensions granted to certain ex-Ministers long retired from business. In one case an aggregate sum of £110,000 has been paid in the way of salary and pension on account of Parliamentary services. Beside this, Members' salary of £400 a year is alluringly moderate.

In absence of Premier, Questions postponed. Markham may be depended upon to take earliest opportunity of putting them.

By accidental, not less striking, coincidence, Montagu later in sitting made casual statement that luridly illuminates financial position. He reckoned that next year, if present rate of War expenditure be maintained, there will, in spite of heavily increased taxation levied by two last Budgets, be a deficit of 1,438 million sterling.

"Every citizen," he added, "should be prepared to put at least one-half of his income at the disposal of the State, whether in the form of tax or loan."

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time.

Thursday. - Foreign Secretary made promised statement in respect of invasion of Serbia and the intention of Allied Powers in matter of helping the gallant little nation. It suffered in point of interest owing to misunderstanding whereby it had been forestalled by one delivered by French Premier two days earlier.

Edward Grey further embarrassed by consciousness that as he spoke he

was closely and suspiciously watched by little group below Gangway to his right. Temporarily overcoming natural modesty, these statesmen have convinced each other that if conduct of foreign affairs were committed to their care, in supersession of the Cabinet, it would be better for the Empire and the welfare of the world. For the moment have concentrated attention upon Dardanelles. Placed on Order-book Resolution calling for appointment of Select Committee to inquire into initiation, conduct and actual position of campaign in that quarter. Mean to insist upon Government setting aside all other business and allotting day for discussion. Movement under joint direction of the PRAGMATICAL PRINGLE and a lineal descendant of the late OG, King of BASHAN.

Business done.—FOREIGN SECRETARY makes important statement on position in Balkans.

A SINGLE THOUGHT.

THE following letters (with accompanying gift) were sent to 2nd Lieut. Reginald Keley on the eve of his departure for the Front:—

From his Sister Beatrice.

DARLING REG, I do so wish you hadn't got to go, and yet of course, if you hadn't, I should go about saying it was a horrid shame. I can't write a long letter because it is all so serious, but I am sending you a periscope to use in the trenches and those salient and sector places that seem to be so dangerous; and I do hope you will always use it and not pop your head up. I wish I was not so far away just now, but I can't leave my patients even to see you off. Come back safe and sound to

Your loving B.

From Henry M. Saville, writing on behalf of several friends to their old schoolfellow.

DEAR OLD SPORT, - We had a little dinner last night to drink your health in—in barley water, I don't think. Jack was there and the Goat and old Hoskins and Jerry and me, and we thought we should like to give you some old thing to remind you of us and be a bit of use in helping you both to save your own life and remove that of as many Bosches as Heaven may send your way. Not that we are all so jolly flush—don't think that, I you. But you can tell that from the article itself, which is not precisely a pair of radium dumbbells. Anyway, it accompanies this letter and is the best kind of periscope I could find at the Stores; and we all wish you the best of luck and a big bag, and wish we had your luck in getting out. However, a time will come! So soon,

Yours, HENRY M. SAVILLE.

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that perhaps it isn't legal to *treat* another fellow to a periscope!

From his Uncle, Lieut.-Col. Sir Hector Ricardo.

DEAR REGINALD,—I have instructed Messrs. Boothroyd of Bond Street to despatch to you by passenger train, carriage paid, the latest and best type of periscope for use in the trenches, because I am convinced that in the present kind of warfare, very different from that which I was accustomed to, no officer should be without one. If by any chance you get it broken or it is mislaid, at once let me know, and I will replace it. If you are hit, hand it to one of your companions.

Your sincere Friend,
HECTOR RICARDO.

P.S.—When footsore it good plan to change socks. Whiskey poured in the boots is also a help.

From his old Nurse.

DEAR MASTER REGINALD,—I can't bear to think of you going off to the Front at this time of year, and you such a one too to catch cold. I wish I could come with you to take care of you and see that you changed your wet things, but of course that is not to be thought of. I should have knitted you something warm, only for the rheumatics in my hands, and so I am sending you instead something which my nephew, who is home wounded, says that every soldier ought to have and which I got the Vicar to get for me when he went to London. I am too old to understand such things, but they say you can see through this over the top of a trench without being seen yourself. Dear Master Reginald, I shall pray for you every day; and don't forget to take plenty of camphor pillules with you for when you are chilled.

Yours respectfully,
ANN LIVESAY.



Munition Worker (examining unexploded anti-aircraft shell which has damaged his garden). "THE WORST OF IT IS, MARIA, IT LOOKS BEASTLY LIKE ONE I MADE MYSELF."

From his Cousin, Miss Constance Sabin.

MY DEAREST REG.,—I am so proud to think you are an officer, with men all of your own, and I shall never cease to regret being so far away that I can't walk along the street with you and see you receiving salutes - at any rate not till you come back, which of course you are going to do. I have a feeling that you will, and I am very rarely wrong. And not wounded either, or only the teeniest. Do take care of yourself and keep your head down, and do always use the periscope I am sending you. I shall think of you so much over there.

Your cousin, CON.

P.S.- I am sure you will get either the D.S.O. or V.C.

From his Grandmother.

MY DEAR REGINALD,—I am greatly disappointed not to have had visit from you, but I suppose you have had no time. I should have come to your camp, but felt that old women probably were not wanted there. Having asked several persons what is the best present for a young officer at the Front and getting the same reply from all, I am sending you a periscope; and I hope you will make a point of always shooting through it. I also enclose a small cheque for anything else you may be wanting. God bless you, my dear boy.

Your affectionate GRANNIE.

The Veteran Errand-boy.

"OLD-AGE PENSIONER Wanted, active, to run errands, do light work."
Bradford Daily Telegraph.

This is what is meant, we suppose, by 'mobilising the nation."



Sergeant. "Now, then, my lad, you're asking for it. Why don't you use your periscope?"
Tommy. "I was using it, and twice I nearly got a bullet through it."

THE CROAKER.

About a year or more ago, when leading Unionists
Abjured all party rancour and left the party lists,
"Have we got an Opposition?" *The Daily Wail* inquired,
And bluntly recommended that its leader should be "fired."

Then came the Coalition, and *The Wail* awhile was dumb,
But very soon with fresh complaints began to make things hum;
And, concentrating upon shells, took once again the floor
With the question, "Have or have we not a Minister of War?"

• • •

And so from month to month at each successive crucial stage
We've seen this plague of questions fast and furiously rage,
Till now the Eternal Querist of *The Wail* desires to know,
"Have we got a Foreign Office?" and implies that Grey must go.

Now the questions that insistently suggest themselves to me—
And I'm sure that with my attitude most honest folk agree—
Do not concern the competence of Kitchener or Grey,
Or whether Mr. A. or B. or C. should go or stay.

In various forms my simple mind they harass and assail
With the ultimate resultant, "Must we have a *Daily Wail?*"
And I'm moved to meet the question with a most emphatic No!
For the reasons which I now propose to tabulate below.

We don't object to candour when it's tempered with goodwill;
We would not ban the critic with no venom in his quill;
But the candour that is prompted by a feverish desire
To provide a daily scapegoat moves our keen and righteous ire.

For the fretful Daily Wailer in his daily scapegoat hunt
Is forced to make kaleidoscopic changes of his front,
And the statesman who is praised to-day as good and wise and great
In a month or two is branded as a peril to the State.

If he only showed consistency in urging his complaints,
If the Sinners he denounces hadn't lately been his Saints,
We might tolerate the Wailer for the progress of the War
As a negligible nuisance or an acrimonious bore.

But the everlasting grouser who invariably claims
All the credit of the actions of the men that he defames,
Who blows his own tin trumpet high above the roar of guns,
Is a danger to his country and a helper of the Huns.

The Home of the Millennium.

"One of the windows in the City Temple was unveiled June 30, 1892, in commemoration of the fact that the thousandth anniversary of the Thursday morning's service was celebrated that day."
Evening Paper.

"Home (comfortable, refined) for one or two gentlemen; bath close tram." —*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

It wouldn't really save much time, you know. Why not have it *on* the tram?

NO TREATING.

"Two Brighton biscuits, please, Miss, on two plates," said the fat red-nosed man. Then, turning to his comrade, he asked, "What are you having with it?"

"Scotch," replied the other.

"No treating," murmured the barmaid automatically.

"This isn't treating, it's a meal."

"Go on with you," replied the barmaid.

"It is," protested the fat man. "What with income tax and super-tax, and war-profits tax and tobacco tax and..."

"Tea tax," suggested his companion.

"And tea tax," said the fat man, casting a grateful glance upon his friend, "I can't afford more'n a biscuit for lunch. Nor can 'Erb, and I owe him a lunch."

"Lunch at a quarter past three! Not much!" exclaimed the barmaid.

"Couldn't get away before," replied the fat man, adjusting his tie with scrupulous care. "Too busy in the office."

The barmaid was persistent. "A Brighton biscuit isn't a meal," she declared.

"It's all the meal I'm having," said the thin man. "Come to that, what is a meal?"

"Here you are, then—two Scotches and two biscuits." The girl gave the fat man his change and the two men sat down at a table, leisurely swallowed their drinks and made a pretence of eating their biscuits. When their glasses were empty they put the remains of the meal in their pockets and the thin man advanced to the counter.

"Two Brighton biscuits, please, Miss," he said, "on two plates, and two whiskies."

The girl laughed. "You can't have two meals running," she said.

"This is tea now," argued the thin man.

"No good," declared the barmaid briskly.

"Well then, give me a double whiskey and an empty glass."

"What do you want the empty glass for?"

"Never you mind," said the thin man sternly.

The girl's anger rose. "If you pour any of the whiskey into it I'll have you run in."

"Give me one whiskey, then," he commanded, and beckoned to his friend. "Bill," he said, "I bet you a tanner you've forgot 'Arry Wilkins's address."

"I'll take you on," replied the other. "'Arry lives at 29, Goswell Street."

"Right," said 'Erb sadly, pushing a sixpence to his friend.

"A whiskey, please, Miss," said the fat man, diverting the sixpence across the counter.

The barmaid glared but held her peace.

The talk of the two men turned to horses. They discussed current form with considerable interest and not a little heat.

"Ah," said Bill at length, as he drained his glass, "I rather fancy Ginger Girl for the two-thirty to-morrow, but my booky disappeared last week, after the Newmarket meeting, and I don't know of another one. Can you back it for me with yours, do you think?"

"Of course I can," was the answer. "How much?"

"Only a tanner," replied the fat man, producing the coin and handing it to his friend as he spoke. Then, noticing the girl's eye fixed upon him, he added, "I can't afford more. What with the income tax and the super-tax, and the tea tax and . . ." The barmaid turned her back upon him and stared haughtily at the bottles on the shelf.

"One whiskey, please, Miss," cried the two men simultaneously.

For the third time they were served, and they drank, talking of many things the while.

"By the way, Bill," said 'Erb, diving his hand into his pocket, "I forgot to pay you back that sixpence you lent me to put in the plate on Sunday."

"Why, so you did," answered Bill in a tone of great surprise. "Thanks."

Again came the cry from each throat, "One whiskey, please."

The girl's face was crimson as she served them. They gazed innocently at her helpless rage.

"Fine sermon, wasn't it, Bill?"

"Very fine, 'Erb, very fine . . . About these Russians, now . . ."

They launched into a long War argument.

The barmaid watched them as a fascinated rabbit watches a snake, and involuntarily half rose from her chair as they set their empty glasses on the counter.

"Well, 'Erb," said the fat man, taking his comrade affectionately by the arm and leading him towards the door, "if it weren't for these new regulations I'd stand you a drink, old man. Good day, Miss."

"BROWN EYES.—I think the best plan is to rub them with lemon-juice and to put them in the sun. I will not guarantee that this will whiten them, but it is the best thing I know of."—*Our Home.*

It sounds horribly painful, however. Did our friend CHIRGWIN go through all this to become white-eyed?

THE SOCIAL SITUATION.

DAILY ANALYSIS AND FORECAST BY OUR SOCIETY EXPERT.

(What we may expect if a present journalistic fashion persists in peace-time.)

MONDAY.—Among the most interesting events of the forthcoming week will certainly be the cricket-match between Eton and Harrow. I propose, therefore, with the reader's leave, to examine in some detail the conditions and probable result of the forthcoming contest. First, as to the all-important question of numbers. Here, a careful survey—aided by certain sources of information, authoritative, but the exact nature of which I am unable to reveal—inclines me to the belief that there will be little or no inequality in the actual numerical strength of the opposing forces. For *data* upon which to base our conclusions we are therefore compelled to turn to the factor of individual achievement [*turns accordingly for half a column*]. I have no hesitation in saying that Etonians can await the issue of the approaching conflict with unshaken equanimity. Eton will win.

TUESDAY.—Readers of this paper will be pleased to receive the first public intimation of a romantic betrothal. Sir John Brown, as I am exceptionally in a position to state, has during the past four-and-twenty hours proposed to Hon. Mary Jones, and been accepted. Miss Jones will be recalled as the popular eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Jones, at whose Welsh home the interesting event has just occurred. The wedding, probably a quiet one, is likely to take place very shortly so that the bride and bridegroom may be settled in town before the opening of the Autumn Session.

WEDNESDAY.—Striking confirmation of the news which I was able to give yesterday as to the approaching union of the houses of Brown and Jones, is afforded in the tidings that Lady Jones is giving an impromptu dance this evening at her house, 405, Hill Street, in honour of Miss Jones's betrothal. I hear that many smart hostesses are getting up boy-and-girl dinners for this interesting occasion. 405 is a delightful house for dancing.

THURSDAY.—The musical At Home given at 405, Hill Street last night by Sophonisba, Lady Jones (not, of course, to be confused with the wife of the Welsh peer of the same name), was in every way a brilliant success. Everybody in town seemed to be there. M. Breitmann, the well-known Dutch tenor, sang many songs; and the playing of the White Portuguese Orchestra was enormously enjoyed. By the way, speaking of the Joneses, you may take it from me



Dear Old Lady (with strict ideas of war economy, to her nephew, who has just been promoted from the ranks and has donned officer's uniform for the first time). "WELL, YOU DO LOOK NICE, REGGIE, DEAR; BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU MIGHT WEAR OUT YOUR OLD UNIFORM FIRST AND KEEP THIS ONE FOR SUNDAYS?"

that all the rumours contradictory of the approaching marriage between Miss Mary Jones and Sir John Brown are entirely without foundation. The wedding, I hear, will be celebrated at Tenby. This is exclusive and official, and may be regarded as absolutely disposing of all reports to the contrary.

FRIDAY.—The one innings defeat of Eton by Harrow can have come as no surprise to the readers of this journal. Other things being equal, it is obvious that the result of such a contest as this depends almost entirely upon the state of the wicket. And it has long been an open secret that the recent dry weather had rendered the wicket so fast that, if Harrow could muster their full strength in bats, the result was a foregone conclusion. Of course two days' steady rain would have sufficed to reverse this situation; but in cricket (as I have more than once pointed out) we are concerned with facts, not with far-fetched eventualities.

Sir John Brown, touching whose matrimonial prospects gossip has been so busy lately—and as usual utterly wide of the mark—leaves town this week for Central Africa, big game hunting. This disposes once and for all of various entirely futile conjectures concerning one of the most confirmed bachelors in Society.

SATURDAY.—The very quiet wedding of Sir John Brown to Miss Jane Robinson seems to have come as a bombshell to many of our amateur prophets. To those in the know, however, signs have for some time not been wanting that something of the kind was probable, though (for obvious reasons) we could give no more precise indication of our knowledge. The happy event took place at Salisbury, and the only bridesmaid, the Hon. Mary Jones—alas for ill-informed prognostication!—was charmingly gowned in blue and silver chiffon. Thus ends a crowded week. Of the events to be expected in the next we shall reserve information till Monday.

"Landing of the Allied troops coming to the assistance of the people of Serbia has begun and will take its curse."

Manchester Evening News.

These pessimists again.

"Our Day."

Mr. Punch begs leave to remind his generous readers that a special effort is to be made on Thursday, October 21st, to raise funds for the support of the splendid work that is being carried on by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem for our wounded at the Front and for those of our Allies. Among their many noble services these Societies have already sent out 5,000 Surgeons, Nurses, Stretcher-Bearers, Hospital Orderlies, Motor-Ambulance Drivers; £140,000 worth of Hospital and Medical Stores; £220,000 worth of gifts for the wounded, including nearly 2,000,000 articles of clothing; 1,000 Motor-Ambulances, Lorries, Cycles, &c., which require £200,000 for a year's upkeep; and 1,200 packets of food every week to Prisoners-of-war in Germany; besides establishing Hospitals, Hospital Trains, Rest Stations and Convalescent Homes abroad. It is impossible to spend money in a better cause.

THE BUDGET.

"Well, well," said Francesca, "this Budget of yours doesn't seem to be so popular after all."

"It's a way Budgets have," I said. "But why do you call this one mine? I hadn't the least bit of a little finger, let alone a hand, in it."

"No, you didn't absolutely *make* it; but you praised it up to the skies and said it was a proof of financial stability and inexhaustible resources, and a nasty smack in the eye for the Germans and all that sort of thing; and now you admit it's not popular. If it's all you said it was, people ought simply to be loving it and raving about it—but they're not."

"Oh, yes," I said, "some of them are. For instance, if you met Mr. McKenna you'd find him perfectly devoted to——"

"Oh, don't," she said.

"Don't what?" I said.

"Don't conjure up a vision of my meeting Mr. McKenna."

"Why not?" I said. "Mr. McKenna's a very able man. He once rowed in the Cambridge crew."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said; "but that was a good many years ago, wasn't it? It's had time to wear off. Now he's just bristling with figures."

"And a very good sort of thing to bristle with," I said. "If a man must bristle with something let him bristle with——"

"I daresay you're right," she said. "You sometimes are. But I own I like a quiet unobtrusive bristler—the sort of man who doesn't want to take you beyond ten times ten in the multiplication table. I'm sure Mr. McKenna couldn't be persuaded to stop there. He'd be into rule of three and vulgar fractions and recurring decimals before you could turn round, and he'd pile millions and billions and trillions on your head. Where should I be with a man like that? I don't even know what four and a half per cent. is on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three farthings. Nor for the matter of that do you—now do you?"

"Francesca," I said, "I will be quite honest with you. I do not know at this moment what four and a-half per cent. is (or are) on thirteen pounds seven shillings and ninepence three-farthings. The calculation is complex and difficult, but if you give me time and a pencil and a piece of paper I will start on it with every hope of carrying it to a more or less satisfactory finish; but I warn you not to be too sanguine about it. It won't be a large sum—something well under a pound, I fancy, in fact so small that it's scarcely worth worrying about. However, if you insist I'll have a shot at it. Only you must leave me alone in the room and come back in about an hour and a-half."

"And there," said Francesca, "you have the difference between you and Mr. McKenna. If I asked him a thing like that he'd rattle out the answer without so much as blinking. 'Eleven and fivepence and forty-one fifty-thirds of a penny,' he'd say, or whatever the real answer might be. 'Next, please.' And he could go on like that for ever, even if he had scores of wives in the room with him."

"Don't you think," I said, "that you are rather jumping at conclusions about the Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Well," she said, "if I see a conclusion simply staring me in the face I like to go for it quick. You like to go down on your knees and crawl up to it, and you generally find it isn't there when you get to it."

"At any rate," I said, "I observe the logical processes."

"There isn't time in these days for logical processes. Things have to be done sharp and slippy."

"Like taxation," I suggested.

"Yes, isn't it monstrous?"

"I remember," I said, "when that great statesman, Mr. Gladstone——"

"You don't seem to have thought so much of him when he was alive," she said.

"Anyhow," I said, "I remember when he proposed to abolish the income-tax altogether."

"And why didn't he?"

"Because the country wouldn't have it. The country scouted the mere idea and gave the old man a frightful knock."

"Oh dear," said Francesca, "I wish I'd lived in those days."

"Mid-Victorian," I said. "You wouldn't have liked them."

"I should have loved them," she said. "It would have been like living in Anthony Trollope's novels."

"Yes, and you would have fallen in love with the wrong man at the beginning of the book and would have kept on refusing me——"

"No; you'd have been the wrong man."

"You'd have kept on refusing me, in spite of your whole family, up to the last chapter but one."

"And then I should have decided to be an old maid, and so we should have gone on through half-a-dozen sequels. Yes, I should have loved those days."

"However," I said, "you can't have them back, and so it's no use crying over spilt novels."

"Never mind," she said, "there's always Mr. McKenna and his Budget."

"And the income-tax," I said, "and the taxes on pianos and motor cars."

"Yes," she said, "why do they want those?"

"I think I can explain that," I said.

"I wish you would."

"Well," I said, "when the balance of trade——"

"What's that?" she said.

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt."

"All right," she said, "go on."

"When the balance of trade is heavily against us; that is to say when the imports largely exceed the exports——"

"How naughty of them! What's an import?"

"An import," I said, "is something imported into this country from another country."

"I thought it was going to be that" she said. "Like guava jelly."

"Well, yes," I said, "something like that. So when there is a heavy excess of imports we have to check them."

"Why?" she said. "I like guava jelly. I don't want it checked a bit."

"Ah, but we mustn't spend our money on luxuries. We must learn to save," I said, "so as to——"

"I see," she said; "so as to be able to pay more and more in taxes. I've got it at last."

"Yes," I said, "that's about the long and the short of it."

"Well then," she said, "I want you to promise me one thing."

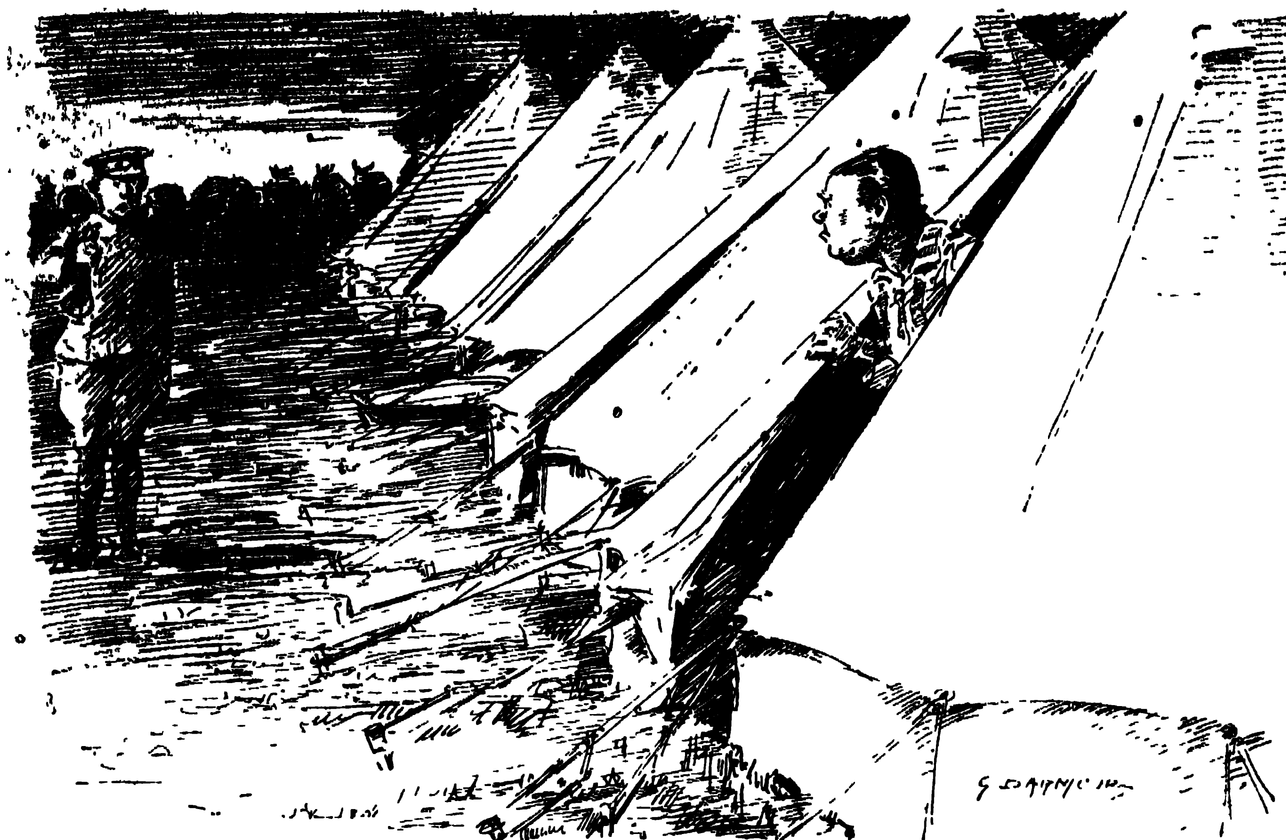
"It's promised," I said. "What is it?"

"Promise me, when you pay our taxes, to pay them, not grudgingly, but gladly. Don't merely look pleasant, but *be* pleasant. It's about the only way in which we can really help in the war."

I promised to do my best. R. C. L.

"But we do not forget the inexorableness of Anna Domini."
Sunday Paper.

Even Pope's "Great Anna, whom three realms obey," was nothing to this one.



Newly-joined Officer (at reveille). "CONFOUND YOU! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THIS WEEK YOU'VE WAKED ME UP WITH THAT DASHED TRUMPET OF YOURS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FOR this great while Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK has commanded the homage of those who like an interesting story told with a pleasant touch of distinction. But I am afraid that in her latest volume, *Mr. Broom and His Brother* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), though the story is there—indeed two stories—the distinction is sadly to seek. The fact is that the book is composed of a brace of pot-boilers, good enough by the measure of such things, but astonishingly below the level that we have learnt to expect from Mrs. SIDGWICK. Having said this, I will admit unblushing that I read every page of both tales and could have enjoyed more. The first is about a Prince who is bored with Princeliness, so he runs away and becomes *Mr. Broom*, travelling secretary to a pair of good-hearted vulgarians. It is also about a fair maid, rich beyond counting, with whom the supposed *Mr. Broom* falls in love. Finally it is about two very wicked villains, male and female, who are constantly endeavouring, for financial motives, to poison the heroine or push her over cliffs. I fancy somehow that Mrs. SIDGWICK, having done sufficient violence to her gentle nature in creating this astonishing pair, was at something of a loss how to deal with them. For one thing, the number of tries she allows them to have at poor *Patricia*, while the good characters stand about and watch, struck me as an excess of generosity. Finally, however, the villains run away unharmed (to bob up serenely in the next story and murder somebody else) and *Patricia* falls into the arms of *Mr. Broom*. So he puts on his smartest uniform, which with a fine prevision he appears to have brought with him on purpose, and everybody bows, and the curtain comes down on a blaze of regal splendour. All of which is agreeable enough, but hardly Sidgwickian. Nor is the second story much more convincing. I can only trust that the author, having shown what she can do with puppets, will now return to the humans whom she draws so delightfully.

If ever there was a book in which you might expect white-hot anger, and find instead a constraint and sobriety infinitely more eloquent, it is the volume issued under the auspices of the French Foreign Office, and published in England, with an introduction by the translator, Mr. J. O. P. BLAND, under the comprehensive title of *Germany's Violations of the Laws of War* (HEINEMANN). Here is an indictment of an army and a nation absolutely unanswerable; deadly in its direct simplicity. There are ten chapters in the book. Each of them deals with some special variety of crime, such as treachery, violations of treaty, use of forbidden agents, cruelty, theft and the like. At the head of each is quoted the undertaking given by Germany in the articles of the Hague Convention; below in grim contrast are the Deeds of Germany, such a record of infamy as can never fade from the recollection of thinking men. The charges are based partly on the signed and sworn testimony of responsible witnesses, more often on the writings of German officers and men, and of these writings, in the large majority of cases, a photographic fac-simile accompanies the printed version and translation. No method could be more utterly damning, for it allows no possibility of evasion or contradiction. Out of their own mouths Germans stand here condemned for all time as a people who have deliberately removed themselves beyond the pale of civilisation. Before such a record all prattle of excuse and allowances must sink to an abashed silence.

Litera scripta manet; these torn and mud-stained scraps of paper, fragments from diaries and pocket-books, have built a barrier that for generations will shut out Germany from the community of the human race.

To be able to depict a bore without permitting his personality to bore the reader requires an adroitness which very few novelists possess, and Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler shows in her latest story, *Ten Degrees Backward* (Hodder and Stoughton), that she is not one of them. For the purposes of the plot it was necessary to convince the reader that *Annabel Kingsnorth* was to an almost inhuman extent endowed with stupidity and lack of humour; and Miss Fowler does it by recording her every speech, with the result that before long one's dislike of *Miss Kingsnorth* becomes a comprehensive dislike of the book and everything in it. A great weariness falls upon one. It was possibly this weariness that prevented me from being able to assimilate the situation for which nine-tenths of the book was designed to prepare me. As a rule I am not an exacting novel-reader. Give me time, don't bustle me, let me brace myself up and make the effort, and I can swallow nearly anything. But the culminating point—what Americans call the punch—of *Ten Degrees Backward* was too much for me. On my honour as a Learned Clerk, it is this—that a wife dresses herself up in man's clothes, and passes herself off on her husband for a long period of time as his brother-in-law, and he has not a suspicion of the truth till she throws her arms round his neck and bursts into tears. It is true that Miss Fowler dwells on the fact that the wife and her brother were twins and that the husband's sight was defective. But no! It may be that I was so reduced by three hundred pages of *Annabel* that I was not in my best form; it may be that I am not the swallower I thought myself. The fact remains that this test of my gift for deglutition was beyond me. I am sorry, and shall try to do better next time.



Little Girl. "A loaf, please."
Shopkeeper. "Bread's gone up a ha'penny this morning."
Little Girl. "Well, give me one of yesterday's."

To say a book is excellent is one thing; to say it is excellent of its sort is a matter so entirely different that I am afraid I cannot expect Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey to value very highly an appreciation thus qualified; but really and truly, in regard to her latest venture, *Salt of Life* (Mills and Boon), there is nothing else for it. That the class near the head of which it is to be placed is large and familiar you will understand very readily on hearing that the story has to do with lots of nice little girls turning into nice big girls, not finding adventures or even many incidents in the process, but just discovering in the most natural way imaginable how pleasant it is to look pretty, how well arranged is a scheme of things that leads in the Victorian manner to warm homes and the smiles of *Baby Peter*. Once in the secret you will not be surprised to learn that the jolliest lass of the troop wrote novels on the sly, which in the end, though for a while one had quite good hopes to the contrary, promised to make her famous; nor that the prettiest had hectic cheeks which eventually required her to be sacrificed in the interests of pathos; nor, indeed, that her wraith overlooked the difference between Canadian and English time in appearing to announce the event. All this, I say, you might well foresee, but you might not by any means guess what a nimble way the authoress has of sliding about the pages, patting and coaxing her dutiful children to keep them all marching abreast; nor the lavish supply of dainty humour with which the whole procession is besprinkled from 1 to 400. It is this that makes me cry excellent, and as for the Sort—it is many people's sort, and very likely yours.

A title like *The Wife Who Found Out* (Werner Laurie), by the author of *The Secret Flat* and *The Wild Widow*, justifies one in supposing that one is meant to expect a dubious tale of domestic infelicity. Well, one gets it duly from Miss Wentworth-James. But what *Lady Carshutt* really found out was something much more tremendously thrilling than *Sir Clifford's* quite incidental if notorious aberrations. For she discovered why *Léonie*, or *la belle Refugiée*, as she is commonly called, who was alleged to have left her parents slaughtered in Termain, was devoted to such a singularly uninteresting person as *Sir Clifford*, the well-known inventor of the "mariscope," a dodge for detecting the approach of submarines. I dare not tell you that *The Wife Who Found Out* found out anything very likely; or that, in general, either incidents or setting have any plausible relation to life as it is lived; or that *Léonie*, who knew no English to speak of, was a credible spy or a tactful; or that *Sir Clifford* behaved in any way remotely resembling a member of the Naval Board." But, after all, what is Art for but to conceal Life? I find no other sufficient recommendation for this ingenuous narrative, which from its general character, its boneless anatomy and its division into palpitating convenient lengths I should judge to have begun life as a *feuilleton*.

The Scapegoat.

"From cotton, through Gallipoli to the resignation of Venizelos we have a chain of disasters absolutely staggering in their fatuity. I think the public must now ask firmly: 'Who is responsible?'—Austin Harrison."—*Sunday Pictorial.*

We should never have dared to lay the blame on him.

"Major Yates fell wounded. Comley, who was also wounded, saw him fall, and getting up started to run fifty years to the major's side."—*Evening Paper.*

"He himself was within ten years of a German '77' gun."—*Morning Paper.*

No wonder people ask how long the War is going to last.

"Last Thursday and Friday the German positions were battered continuously for fifty hours."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Soldiers have often said that the day at the Front seemed longer than it does at home, but this is the first intimation we have had that it is actually longer.

CHARIVARIA.

AN American, recently returned from Germany, asserts that in order to protect the KAISER from capture or injury four soldiers made up to resemble him travel about in duplicates of the Imperial car and receive the cheers of the populace. It is charitably supposed that one at least of the dummies has gone beyond the passive *rôle* assigned to him, and that this accounts for some of the strange utterances attributed to the KAISER.

* * *

After declaring that the KAISER fires the imagination of every German "because in him there live again the combined spirits of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Charlemagne," the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* asserts that "we Germans would gladly follow his lead through the very gates of hell, were it necessary." The qualification is surely superfluous.

* * *

Miss MARY BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, says that at one of the base hospitals in France, when a wounded man is to be sent home, three pieces of tape are tied at the foot of the bed, and from that moment the patient can think of nothing else. A similar phenomenon has been observed in some of the Government offices at home.

* * *

After the success of a Maubeuge factory chimney in killing a Zeppelin crew, it is reported that Sir PERCY SCOTT is about to build a ring of similar structures all round London.

* * *

The publishers of J. R. GREEN'S *Short History of the English People* announce "a new and final edition." This indication that British annals will shortly be closed has given great pleasure in Berlin.

* * *

Mr. APPLETON, secretary of the General Federation of Trade Unions, is reported to have said that "those who were in favour of conscription were not playing cricket." He might have added, with at least equal truth, that some of those who are opposed to conscription are still playing football.

* * *

According to Sir HERBERT TREE (as reported in a Birmingham paper) "only the force and calm of humour could stay us from crossing the borderland which separated despair from madness." But where are we at present?

* * *

On learning from *The British Medical Journal* that the heart is "insensitive to direct stimulation" several of our minor poets have retired from business.



THE PROFESSIONAL SPIRIT.

Garage Assistant. "THERE'S THE ZEPPELIN, SIR—RIGHT OVERHEAD! COME IN, OR SHE'LL HAVE A BOMB ON US!"

Enthusiastic Engineer. "MY! AIN'T HER ENGINES RUNNING SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!"

A Mitcham woman was fined £5 at Croydon recently for taking a bite out of a police-sergeant's hand. For the same money she might almost have had a whole cheese sandwich at one of our night clubs.

* * *

The Chicago Times reports that JACQUES LEBAUDY, "Emperor of Sahara," has consented to undergo treatment in an American asylum for what he calls "those sudden ideas." Some of our War experts are made of sterner stuff.

* * *

In an otherwise appreciative notice of the new play at the Kingsway Theatre, the writer observes, "As yet, of course, there are plenty of signs of immaturity." It is a nice word, but we should have been inclined to reserve it for a musical comedy.

* * *

It is expected that the distribution of the Nobel Prizes will again be suspended this year. This will be a great disappointment to the KAISER, who had counted on getting one for his efforts in the cause of peace.

BALKAN NURSERY RHYMES.

(*After* Tennyson's *lullaby in "Sea Dreams."*)

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at break of day?"

What does little Ferdie say
In his tent behind the fray?
"I'm afeared," says little Ferdie,
"I shall lose my head some day."
Ferdie, wait a little longer
Till the hate of you grows stronger,
And your nose a little longer—
You shall lose your head some day.

What does little Tino say
In his chamber, Athens way?
"Let me off," says little Tino,
"I don't want to join the fray."
Tino, what of Salonika?
Though his *fides* may be *Græca*,
For the sake of Salonika
Tino too shall join the fray.

What does little Mehmed say
In his harem, far from gay?
"Since you ask me, I was thinking
I should like to run away.
Whether England knocks me silly,
Or I wipe the boots of Willy,
I shall end by looking silly;
I'm a loser either way." O. S.

THE GRAND FLEET.

(*With acknowledgments to the American author of the articles, "With the Grand Fleet," written for "The Times" of London, Eng.*)

The sea!

Salamis looked on it, William the Conqueror crossed it, Lipton and Dewey have sailed it, Brighton is situated on it, Jonah was thrown into it, and I myself have been sick of it on my way to Europe to write articles.

There are different sections of the sea, and it is not to be inferred that this part of it is identical with anything scheduled above. On the contrary, it is another section. But it is the same sea—breezy, wet, briny, with little waves that splash and big waves that do rather more, and undulations that bring the throbbing heart of a journalist nearer to his palpitating mouth. And on this sea—this well-known, time-honoured, immemorial sea—what do I behold? A Fleet!

For some reason, unfathomable as the waters, I am permitted to go round this Fleet. And I will tell you all about it.

As a Dry Goods Store is directed by a Wanamaker, so is this Fleet directed by an Admiral. Jellicoe is his name, but Jellicoe is not his nature.

An American might well expect to find in him some physical resemblance to Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square, but he would be disappointed. The column would hurt you if it fell on you; Jellicoe is not like that.

The Commander-in-Chief walks the deck of the *Unsinkable*. Like his great predecessor of the *Pinafore*, he carries a telescope under his arm. When he wishes to see anything distant he applies the telescope to his eye—not to a blind eye, as did Lord Nelson, but to a seeing, hearing, watching eye. He paces the deck, and as he paces a tense air of attention seems to spread galvanically amongst his men. They stand alert and upright; they do not slouch; their hands are not in their pockets; their backs are not turned carelessly on their Admiral.

Yet Jellicoe is not a harsh or brutal tyrant; he is a good and kindly man. He is strong and yet gentle, clean-shaven and yet devout; and capable, so they say. His men love him, and his country will learn to appreciate him now that I have told it of his real worth. And always remember that he bears gladly with neutral journalists.

From the contemplation of Jellicoe I pass on to other ships and other men. And here let me tell you that the Captains and Admirals are chiefly remarkable for this, that they are not senile; and that life for them is one ceaseless round of duties. Would you have thought it if I had not told you?

And the ships! Here lie the giant *Hyena* and the massive *Gnu*, with their glossy guns and shining Midshipmen. Young men too, these latter, with not a grey hair amongst them. Here is the *Lady* Squadron—the good *Queen Anne*, the saucy *Bloody Mary*, the *Susie* that does not sew shirts. Here rises the *Insoluble*, hard hit in the Balkan Peninsula. The shell made one hole as it came in and another as it went out, but both apertures are now closed up—such is the wonderful thoroughness of naval organization. Here roll the tiny Destroyers, grey as their own sea, black as their own coal, white as—no, not white as. And, mind you, every ship has its complement of well-trained men—not a German amongst them—and every gun its adjunct of shot and shell!

At moments I felt that I must be on my own North American Fleet, and there came like a flash to me that memorable phrase of one of my countrymen—"Blood is thicker than water."

I see it all, not as in a dream, but in a waking reality—great vessels melting into horizons and looming out of distances; gaunt guns and slumbering torpedoes; winking yard-arms of wireless; decks a-scrub and spars a-shine; canvas that passes in the night. It is all there.

And through the haze, and the sea, and the sun-rise and the sun-set, and all my bag of journalistic tricks—above and below all this, what is the inner meaning of this mighty sea and this storm-tossed Fleet? To me it is clear. Its message—its meaning—is this: that over the bosom of this selfsame sea, and under the guns of this selfsame Fleet, a neutral country may render its invoices and ship its goods and haul in its dollars in perfect safety and happiness—yea, even trade its Christmas purchases with Germany!

Some Fleet!

Hounds of War.

Mr. H. A. Cruso recently had a poem in *The Westminster Gazette* on the subject of the "impatience" of our ships:—

"Greyhounds we
Of the old grey sea,
Straining and tugging our leash to be free.
Hark! hark!
Do you hear us bark?"

He went on to show that these barking (*sic*) greyhounds are very anxious to follow the scent (*sic*) and chase their quarry to its lair (*sic*). We fear that Mr. Cruso must have been some time on his desert island and missed the Waterloo Cup meetings. Or perhaps there is a difference between Waterloo and Trafalgar greyhounds.

Le Mot Juste.

From a story in *The Christian World*:—

"She fingered her copper tresses gingerly."

"Private —— has had a series of misfortunes. He lost his hat and his money on coming home from France, he missed his train going back (and was delayed until last Tuesday), and now he has just missed losing his life."

Wolverhampton Express and Star.

Private —— is understood to be bearing up under the last misfortune with remarkable fortitude.

"According to press reports German troops and artillery are being transferred from Galicia to the Siberian front."

Liverpool Evening Express.

The Russians, we understand, are giving them every facility in the way of railway-trains and escorts.

"Desirous of making the whole Chamber acquainted with the military and diplomatic situation in the East the Committee on Eternal Affairs unanimously decided to arrange a preliminary meeting for to-morrow."

Morning Paper.

The Everlasting Eastern Question is now in the right hands.



OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY.

John Bull (*very calmly*). "AH, HERE HE COMES AGAIN—MY BEST RECRUITER."



Wounded Soldier. "IT ACHES SOMETHING CRUEL."
Visitor. "HAVE YOU TOLD THE DOCTOR?"
Soldier. "NO. I DON'T TELL HIM MUCH OF HOW I FEELS—IT ONLY DISCOURAGES HIM."

THE CENSOR AMONG THE POETS.

PUBLIC attention was recently drawn to the action of the Government Censor in excising the words "and the kings" from the well-known line of Mr. KIPLING's "Recessional"—

"The captains and the kings depart."

The alleged reason was that no kings could depart as there were no kings there; but the excision was really made on the ground that the Censor could not admit any reference to the movements of Royalty.

As journalists, however, in spite of the privileges accorded to them, continue to indulge in the miscellaneous citation of English verse, with complete disregard of military consequences, we understand that a large number of instructions are about to be issued by the Simple Simons of the Censorship, for the guidance of those who insist on quoting familiar lines. Thus—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Delete "with thine eyes," as suggesting defective water-supply.

"Come into the garden, Maud."

For "garden" read "basement." *See Official Directions.*

"It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done."

Delete second line as calculated to encourage unfavourable view of English industry. *Old Kaspar* should be represented as working overtime at newest munition factory.

"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light," &c.

Delete phrase about light. Fond memory should not bring a light of any kind at this hour. *See Police Regulations.*

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee."

Cancelled as direct incitement to baby-killers.

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade."

Delete second line as likely to assist enemy in location of important national buildings.

"Mary had a little lamb."

Delete last three words as suggesting shortage of food supply.

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where."

Delete second line, which might be taken to indicate inaccuracy of anti-aircraft marksmanship.

Aunty Aircraft.

A married daughter living "somewhere in London" was asked to wire home if safe after Zeppelin raid. The following telegram was received in reply:—

"Aunt talked so hard we heard neither bombs nor guns."

"The vessel [a Zeppelin] seems to have lost its bearings, for it had apparently been cruising about the Zuider Zee before the fusillade of the centuries brought its commander to realise his position."

He felt then that time was against him.

"The lowest price consols has reached was in 1797, when, owing to the meeting at the Nose, the figure fell to £47¼."
Teesdale Mercury.

The delicacy of feeling which prompts this veiled allusion to the Mutiny at the Nore will be much appreciated in Naval circles.

A GENERAL RISING.

The telephone began it. I walked, after my custom, briskly into the call-box, raised the receiver and asked for the number—a thing I have done for years. I then extracted from my pocket the two pennies which had been carefully placed there for the purpose and waited.

The girl's voice at last sounded: "Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she said.

You could have knocked me down with anything.

"Put how many?" I asked.

"Three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she replied.

"Why three?" I inquired icily.

"The price has gone up," she said.

"Why?" I asked. "What is dearer?"

"I don't know," she said. "Everything's gone up."

"But it's a swindle," I declared. "It's— —"

"Put three pennies in the slot and turn the handle," she broke in.

"I can't," I said. "I've only brought two."

"Then you can't telephone," she replied. She had the grace to add, "I'm sorry."

"But I'm an old customer," I said. "I'm one of your best customers."

"I can't help it," she replied.

"Mayn't I owe you a penny?" I asked.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be done," she replied.

"All right," I said. "You can tell them that in future all I have to say I shall write on halfpenny postcards. They've lost a good friend." And I came away.

This bitter experience proved to be a fitting prelude to a disenchanting day.

Going next to my tobacconist for a new half pound tin of what used once to be harmlessly and playfully called "Plutocrat Mixture," for which I have been in the habit of paying at the rate of sevenpence an ounce, I put down two half-crowns, expecting fourpence change.

"I'm very sorry," said the tobacconist, "but it's gone up. It's tenpence an ounce now."

"Why?" I asked.

"The new taxation," he said.

"I don't believe you got this stock in since the Budget," I said.

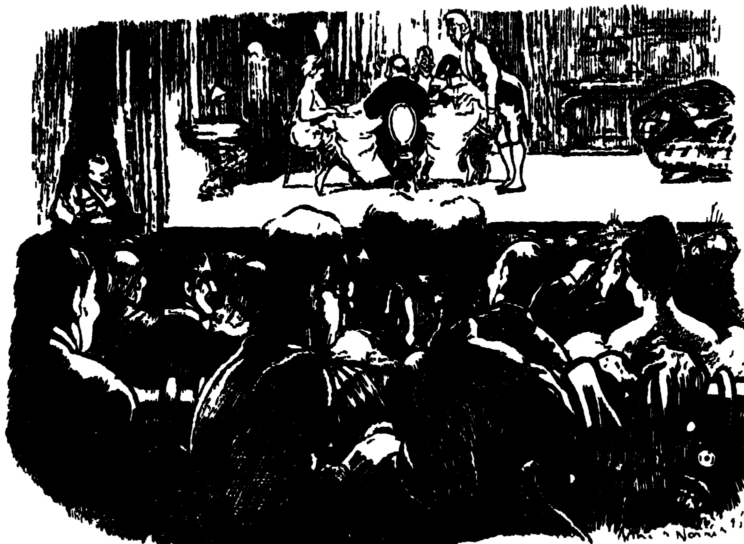
He averted his eyes, and I perceived that I had hit the truth.

"It's old stock," I said, "and you ought to give an old customer the benefit of it. If you haven't paid extra on it why should I?"

He said it was impossible for him, doing the trade he did, to know what was old stock and what was new. All he knew was that the tax on tobacco had gone up and he would shortly be ruined.

I bade him a permanent farewell and in another shop purchased a cheap tobacco which burnt my tongue and is burning it even now as I write.

Then, having a cold, I went to the chemist's for some aspirin. For a tiny bottle of tabloids he asked two shillings.



"My dear! Champagne in war time!"

"Absurd," I said.

"You won't get it cheaper," he said. "It's gone up. It's going up more too."

"I used to get that for tenpence or less," I said as I left the shop. "Two shillings! Pooh."

But I had to pay two shillings before I had done, or go without. That's the worst of things that one really wants, the shopkeepers always got you in the end. In spiting them you merely cut off your nose.

I then went to be shaved.

"I'm sorry," said the barber, "but we've had to add twopence to the charge. The War, you know."

I said I knew it.

"How?" he asked.

"It's in the air," I said.

"Oh, no, Sir," he replied, "not the air. In the lather. Lather's gone up."

It was now due to fulfil with extreme reluctance an old engagement in the electrocuting—I mean—dentist's chair.

Having taken my seat I asked him if he had heard of the great advance.

He stopped in whatever diabolical task he was performing at his box of tricks and turned round excitedly.

"Has there?" he said. "Where? In France?"

"No," I said, "in price. Everything's dearer."

He completed his grisly preparations, and then, having got me well into his power, he began to talk. He said that it was an awful bore and he was very sorry, but he and his partner, much against their own wish, had been forced to - ah - slightly augment their fees.

"I suppose forceps are much dearer?" I inquired.

"Well —ah——" he said.

"And hot water," I continued, "I'm sure that's risen."

He finished my poor mouth in silence, which, at any rate, was something to be glad about.

Such was by now the state of my nerves that I literally sobbed with joy and relief when, on entering a post-office and inquiring of the young lady the price of a penny stamp, she replied, "One penny." I felt as if I would never buy anything else. Is the gum, I wonder, nutritious enough to support life?

That evening I sat down and wrote a letter to be sent to the editors of all the papers to which I succeed in contributing articles.

"Dear Sir (I wrote),—I beg to inform you that in consequence of the War and the rise in the cost of paper, pens and ink, I have been reluctantly forced to increase my price from one penny to one penny farthing a line."

But I did not send it. Literary men have no courage. Also they are not necessaries.

"Two young Ladies (at present Tailoresses) desire change of occupation; would not object to taking gentleman's position."

Eastbourne Gazette.

Another triumph for the sex! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but only two tailoresses to make a gentleman.

"Would a Lady, giving up her school, sell her boarders, Girls, to a first-class Inland School, 20 miles out of London? Liberal terms."—*Morning Paper.*

The Anti-Slavery Society ought to intervene to get these boarders enlarged.

MEATLESS MAGIC.

[In *Health Without Meat* Mrs. Eustace Miles gives various recipes, in which, amongst other ingredients, appear "emprote and "embovno."]

How happy the lot of the veg-er,
 Who, nursed in the ethics of Smiles,
Has never attended the Leger
 And feeds in the manner of Miles
Rich luncheons that cost half-a-sov. no
 Attraction exert on his mind,
But he loves his "emprote" and
  "embovno"—
   So cheap, yet refined.

Disasters are certain to flatten
 Beyond any hope of relief
Carnivorous people who batten
 On gobbets of mutton and beef;
The downfall of Warsaw and Kovno
 Struck many a meat eater dumb,
But, thanks to "emprote" and "embovno,"
   I didn't succumb.

What fruit or what plant they are torn
  from
 No layman can ever divine;
What Milesian soil they are born from
 I cannot discover; in fine,
What they make these ingredients of no
 Poor doggerel bard can make clear,
'Tis enough that "emprote" and
  "embovno"
   Enrapture the ear.

ZEPPELINS AND OTHER "MUCK."

I recently selected a remote East Anglian village for the purpose of a short holiday and much-needed rest. My one recreation was to discuss with the inhabitants the Great War, of which I found some of them had heard. Indeed, the visit of a Zeppelin had struck terror into the heart of at least one old woman. "Them there Zett'lins," she said—"I almost shruk as I heerd the mucky varmints a-shovelin' on the coals dare! dare! How my pore heart did beat."

"But they weren't likely to trouble you?" I suggested, for she lived in the centre of three isolated single-room cottages dedicated to the poor.

But the old lady thought "them Jarmans" might mistake these picturesque little dwellings for the homes of the gentry. So she crept for safety, she said, into her next-door neighbour's bed o' nights, for she dasn't sleep alone. The German frightfulness had struck home here right enough, which would doubtless bring much joy to the Teuton bosom, were it known.

A bomb from the Zeppelin had dropped near the church, which it lit up. An onlooker informed me that it "fared to him like the body of the chach a-floatin' away—that it did and all! It made a clangin'," he added, "like a covey of lorries with their innards broke loose"—not an inapt description to one who had some personal recollections to draw on.

Another inhabitant, with a face as expressionless as the "turnots" he was hoeing, informed me that he had two boys fighting. "One on 'em is in France, wherever that might be," he said, "and Jimmy's in that hare old Dardelles." This, be it noted, is a land of contractions, and the old inhabitant invariably clips out of recognition the names of familiar places.

"When did the elder go out?" I asked. "I can't rightly say," he replied after much cogitation, "but it might be a yare ago come muck-spreadin'." The word "muck," like the article itself, is of universal application in Norfolk, and the local calendar usually starts from that odoriferous season. On condoling once with a young woman, wearily waiting for her defaulting lover, I saw tears in her eyes as she said, "We girls are just so much muck; we have to wait till the men come and cart us away."

A Belgian family had been imported into the locality, though since removed. I inquired if they were liked. "Well enough," was the answer, "but they only spoke that hare Blemish, which in course no one could rightly understand."



Special (to Citizen retired for the night, whom he has called up). "Your ground-floor window's open; and now I must report you for showing too much light."

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVII.

My dear Charles,—You are not to assume from this long interval of silence that I have conceived a sudden dislike for you. So long as you continue to purvey cigarettes I shall always love you, and for all that I have bettered myself by moving from a platoon to an army I am still not proud.

I don't know exactly how my change of situation got started, but I know that the affair was conducted through the "usual channels." Have you ever met the "usual channels," my friend? Have you ever tried to correspond from the bottom to the top of the military machine? If you want to experience the sensation, you had better take the first opportunity, there aren't many wars long enough for the purpose.

I incline to think that the fellow who first started my affair, light-heartedly coining the now immortal text, "Lieut. Henry, transfer, proposed for, of," has lived to regret his folly, and that the only reason why I am left where I am is that all concerned eventually got so tired with the process of getting me up from a platoon to an army that none could be induced to take the pains to get me back from the army to another platoon.

Be that as it may, the idea, when first mooted, caught on; it became a vogue. All the people who matter had a dip in it. A.B.C.'s and Assistant A.B.C.'s, X.Y.Z.'s and Deputy X.Y.Z.'s formed the daily habit of bandying my name about amongst them for each other's information, please; for each other's guidance, please, for each other's necessary action, please. No one said, "This correspondence must now cease," and only I was kept out of it, never so much as a picture-postcard coming my way.

Now you may go on increasing correspondence as long as buff slips and indelible pencils hold out, and no one (in war-time) will say you nay. But the time arrives when the clip becomes unequal to the duty for which it is attached. In my case the papers happened to be in the hands of the Adjutant when the clip struck further work. The Adjutant had not the necessary daring or initiative to divide the bundle in two. There seemed to be nothing to do but to lose the lot and risk being lost himself . . . and then, by chance, he caught sight of me, which reminded him that the "Reference" of the minutes and it was, after all, a "reasonable cr[illegible] in existence," capable of bearing its own troubles. And so at last the documents (in a parcel) came to me with a note, "For *your* information, guidance and necessary action." No "please," mark you!

Being then a child in these matters I read the correspondence right through, starting from the top and working down to the bottom. From the chaos only one thing at all definite emerged: this Lieutenant whom all the trouble was about would eventually have to report to someone. The never-to-be-forgotten maxim of the advertisement occurred to me: "Do it now!" But to whom to report? The Adjutant being out of the question, I thought of our regimental Quartermaster, a kindly and intelligent man; I reported to him. He told me that on these occasions there were two alternatives only, the one being to read from the bottom to the top, the other not to read at all. For the future he strongly recommended the latter; in the present instance he was not concerned and didn't propose to be. There's no getting round Quartermasters, so I went along to the nearest rail-head to do some more reporting there. I got in touch with the R.T.O., and, ignoring his air of detachment, I kept in touch with him till lunch-time, stood him a good meal and then took him and forced him into my confidence. In his anxiety to work off some of his own papers on to me he forgot to return the original pile, so I left him without another word, though I should have liked to take him to task for describing me, in my Movement Order, as a "consignment."

It was now clear to me that, having a movement order, it was up to me to move. Judging from the pace of the train *it* had no movement order or, at most, a very slight one. The motto of trains in the zone of the armies is "*J'y suis; j'y reste.*" Passengers have just to sit still and watch themselves being overtaken by battalions on the march, using their own judgment to decide whether the train has stopped and, if so, whether for good or just temporarily for a day or so. For my own part I was prepared to stay where I was for eternity, and had nearly done so when I found myself at the town, necessarily anonymous, at which G.H.Q. resides. Feeling that what is good enough for G.H.Q. is good enough for me, I got out. Fresh from my long period of rest, I began reporting again, starting with a Military Policeman and ending with a General, not one of your generals of everyday life but something out of the way.

G.H.Q. proposed to put me into another train, but I urged that I was a man with a lot of dependants and not much constitution; so they relented and put me on a motor-bicycle instead. They told me where to go to, started the engine, wished me luck, and left it to Providence or the process of attrition to effect the necessary halt. A fortunate skid brought me to a standstill at my proper destination, and, having indicated to an orderly the direction in which the bicycle was proceeding when I last saw it, I brushed the mud off me and looked about. Above all else, a notice-board with *Camp Commandant* printed across it made an irresistible appeal to me.

He fixed me up with a billet and a mess and then took steps to get rid of me. I explained, with submission, that to go now only meant to come back and report again later, so he settled down to the matter and made out a list of further likely victims for my relentless persecution. I asked him to name the likeliest. He put his money on the "G" Office, as being the most recent indentors for nibs, blotting-paper and a new chair and table. So I stepped across to the "G" Office, frowned at the orderlies, smiled at the Sergeant-Major, shook hands with the Lieutenants, saluted all the others, and, before I realised the grim horror of it, found myself at work, where I've stayed ever since, although you might have supposed that this is *war*, not work.

But it isn't all in an office, far away from the smoke and dirt. No, there are two great phrases for which the historian of this war will have a rubber stamp; the one is "to circulate," the other "to function." But there are advantages in having a home to return to of an evening. And it all has something to do with the War, as I'll hope to show you in my next letter or two.

Meanwhile I do wonder what the R.T.O. did about that correspondence. Probably he made a dozen efforts to get it "Passed to you, please," received it back time after time, and eventually in despair set it alight and cast himself into the flames.

Yours ever, Henry.

Belles Lettres.

"Wanted, well-bound books for library bookshelves; contents immaterial if binding in perfect condition."—*The Lady.*

Trench Uniform.

"I really could not face John when he returned from the front in last winter's narrow skirts obviously widened with unexpected bits put in."—*Morning Paper.*

Another Impending Apology.

"For sale, 800 good sound sleepers; may be viewed at St. —— Church, Ealing."

Middlesex County Times.



First Recruit. "What do you think of the Major, Bill?"
Second Recruit. "He's a changeable kind o' bloke. Last night I says to 'im, ''Oo goes there?' an' he says, 'Friend!'; an' to-day 'e 'ardly knows me."

HER GRACE'S HOSPITAL.

With that close secrecy which seems inseparable from all things military, it was not until nearly the end of an all-day train journey that our destination was divulged to us. It was the Duchess of Blankshire's Hospital, ——. Well, that was fitting at least, and I tried to forget my wounds in framing a suitable greeting to her Grace when she met me on the platform. "Ah, Duchess," I would say, "but how kind of you to come down." Beyond that I could make no progress. I decided to leave the rest to the inspiration of the moment. The last hour was an Irish mile, and by the time I reached —— my strength, temper, patience and courtesy were utterly exhausted. I was carried out and into the ambulance. All sense of decency was then thoroughly shaken out of me, and I was brought to the door of the Hospital thirsting for someone's blood. And the Duchess hadn't come to the station. She must have been misinformed about the train. I prepared to talk down her apologies. "Not at all, my dear Duchess; how *could* you tell?" etc.

Taken out of the ambulance I was carried to the ducal entrance-hall. Here I came in contact with the System (with a capital S) which dominates the place. A huge ledger, a lady clerk, an assistant lady clerk, an imposing young officer directed their united efforts on me. But where was my hostess? I specially wanted to work in that casual "My dear Duchess." I had practised it so well that it would sound as if I used the title every day.

"Name?" said the I.Y.O.

I told him.

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Regiment?"

"Sixth Blankshires."

"Ah, Territorials," he said, as if a wounded Territorial was not *quite* the same as a wounded soldier.

"Well, I have T. on my tunic, haven't I?" I snapped.

"Yes, yes," he said hastily and confused. "Age?"

"Still twenty eight. I'll let you know the minute I have a birthday."

"Where are you wounded?"

"Head, back, thigh, calf, foot."

I was taking no risks of clumsy handling from orderlies.

"Date?"

"September 5th."

"Tetanus injection?"

"Yes."

"Date?"

"September 4th."

He looked puzzled. I knew that would beat him. He didn't know I'd been wounded on different days.

"The day before the wound?"

"Yes. You see I heard it coming. Long range shrapnel, you know."

Then they carried me to my ward and there came to meet me quite the youngest thing in nurses you could imagine. She looked about sixteen, but I suppose she was more as they don't let them loose so early. She had pencil on lip, paper in hand, and withal a serious and inquiring look on her round face.

"Oh, what's the matter with you?" she asked, as if expecting me to say I had fallen off a lorry or tried conclusions with a taxi. I looked at her solemnly as I explained: "I've got wounded in this War that's going on—against Germany, you know." It was perhaps too bad. She was covered with confusion.

The large ward was glittering white. Graceful girls moved about and looked



"I suppose that old gentleman's awf'ly afraid of being run over. D'you see, Mummy? He's got his kerbs whitened."

quite busy. Then one in blue-and-white came to me and smiled. She asked about my wounds. Nothing could have been more soothing than her eyes—blue and clear. I sank in them for a bit and then she melted away into dreamland . . .

"You see it was this way, Duchess," I was saying over a cigar as we sat together on the verandah after dinner. . . "Time to get washed," said a fierce voice in my slumbers .

Yes, it was full of system. It took me two hours and five different applications to get some soap and water outside the routine. But I got it. It was a triumph. Then the curtains. They must all be pulled to one particular side. I got mine put in the middle for the sake of my eyes. All day long I recited to each successive rectifier of the curtain how the light hurt my eyes. Of course I was asleep sometimes and they got it put right. Then it appeared that one's nose must be in line with the centre fold of the bed mat. I was glad I had a straight.

On the following afternoon, was feeling a little exhausted after many curtain, pillow and blanket disagreements, there came a lady with a friendly greeting. I didn't see what her job was, so I said sternly and suspiciously, Have you been here before?"

"Oh, yes," she said cheerfully, "I'm often here."

"But have you come to see me before?"

"Yes, I have," she answered.

Then I saw her eyes. Splosh! I was in again right over the ears.

"Yes, I remember you now," I said dreamily, "you were dressed in blue. It suits you better. Won't you always come in blue?"

"Well, I'll think about it," she laughed. "How are things going?"

"Oh, not badly at all, but of course in some minor matters I could tell the Duchess how to improve things."

"Tell me," she smiled.

"Well, she didn't come to meet me yesterday, and wasn't even in the hall. Of course it may have been the War Office that was to blame. They do say Kitchener is very busy these days."

"That was too bad; but hasn't she been to see you since?"

"No," I said gloomily.

"Well, next time you're wounded she'll make a point of going to the station, I'm sure. Now, what else?"

"Well, these plates are made so that they spin round and round on the tray, making it difficult, if not impossible, to eat with one hand. You see, you can't corner the stuff with your fork." And I told her many things of equal importance.

"All right. I must fly now, but I'll not forget anything you've said."

* * * * *

"Nurse, who was that?" I said when she had gone.

"Oh, that's the Duchess of Blankshire," answered the daughter of ——, K.C.

I turned over and groaned. And I hadn't managed to work in "My dear Duchess" at all. Still, it's not everybody who has told her Grace of Blankshire, on an acquaintanceship of a few moments, that she looks best in blue.

"Young Lady Wanted immediately, to take child of 3 to walk from 9.30 to eleven and from two to five."—*Morning Paper.*

She must be in good condition, too, or the infant will over-walk her.



HEROIC SERBIA.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 19th.—Of a hundred and twenty-one Questions on the Paper twenty-five addressed to Prime Minister. Covered various controversial points. Put down chiefly by his nominal supporters, the Providences that sit below Gangway and look after the higher welfare of the poor P.M. Seemed to promise lively interlude. Premier would either snub his esteemed but inquisitive followers, or he would make statements on a succession of important problems.

The unexpected happened, as it not infrequently does in House of Commons. Of all men Henry Herbert is on the sick list, he who as Premier beats the record in length of time for not having been absent a single day from work owing to illness.

Handel Booth disconsolate. Ground out mournful note of inquiry as to how long Premier likely to be absent and whether meanwhile Minister of Munitions, man of leisure upon whose hands time hangs heavily, might not undertake to gratify patriotic curiosity of Members below Gangway by replying to miscellaneous inquiries.

Speaker did not know how long Leader of House likely to be away. Could only hope "the time would be very short."

General cheer expressed concurrence with this desire. Bad time just now for the captain to be off the bridge.

Carson another absentee at Question time. When Colonel Sir F. E. Smith, having doffed his khaki, presented himself to reply for Attorney-General he was greeted by hilarious cheer. Being inarticulate its precise meaning was left undefined. Understood to be "Ha! Ha! We know all about what has happened in the Cabinet during the last ten days, and why Carson, most amiable, unassertive of men, could stick it no longer."

Questions disposed of, House got into Committee on Budget Bill. As usual, real business thus entered upon served as signal for emptying of House. Amid bustle of departure Herr Ginnell came to front with motion to exclude Ireland from imposition of Tea Duty. Genially announced intention to move analogous amendment in respect of subsequent clauses imposing for War purposes new taxes or increase of duty.

Summed up situation in Ireland in pregnant sentence. Most of the money raised by these taxes imposed upon Ireland was, he said, spent in England on production of munitions of war. *Argal*, in absence of employment thus brought about, young Irishmen were compelled to enlist and fight for young Englishmen who stayed at home and worked in the munition factories.

Facts not precisely accurate; in respect of rules of logic argument faulty. But Committee felt that Herr Ginnell had more nearly hit nail on head than



"Where on earth is Carson?"
Sir F. E. Smith.

is his habit when he, not infrequently, takes hammer in hand.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. Procedure marked by incident, long unfamiliar, of divisions. No fewer than three taken, minority numbering in succession 20, 26 and 36.

Wednesday.—In accordance with immemorial custom a Cabinet Minister, having resigned his connection with



"Here I am!"
Sir Edward Carson.

the Government and being desirous of explaining his motive, seats himself at Gangway-end of Bench immediately behind that where his former colleagues sit. Thence, thirty-five years ago, W. E. Forster rose, driven out of office by the untiring animosity of the Parnellites. Later in the same year John Bright resigned the important office now held by the Artistic Winston, and from this corner seat explained inability to agree with his colleagues in that British intervention in Egyptian affairs which has proved an untold blessing to a tyrant-ridden impoverished race.

Edward Carson, having resigned Attorney-Generalship and withdrawn from Cabinet, made to-day unique record. Returning to old quarters on Front Opposition Bench, he thence, like *Truthful James*, "rose to explain."

A ready, practised speaker, he on this solemn occasion did not trust himself to make a speech. He read a paper. Essay composed in excellent taste. Not a word of argument or criticism, much less of recrimination. Paid personal tribute to unvarying courtesy of Prime Minister. Would not suggest that his views about difficulties arising in Eastern theatre of war might possibly be compared with those of men who have much more experience and greater wisdom in dealing with such situations. At same time they were "very strongly held, conscientiously and patriotically."

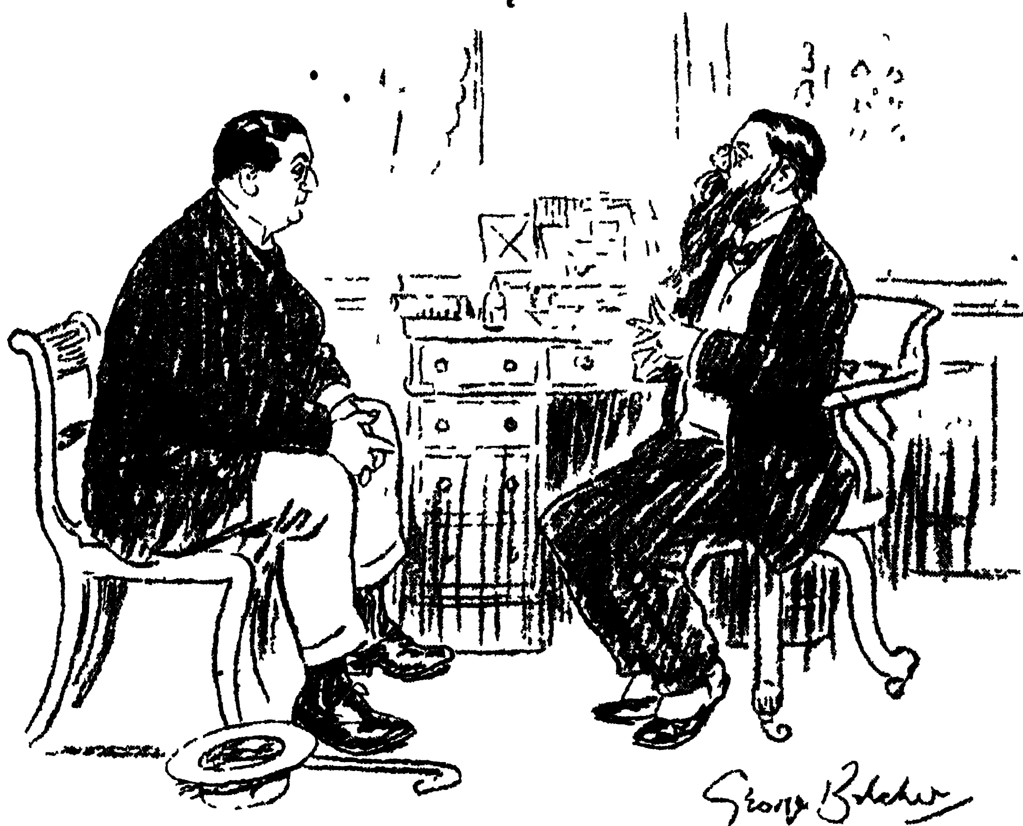
In such circumstances he thought his continuance in office would be rather a source of weakness than of strength. Therefore he had withdrawn.

Outburst of applause that greeted his rising was confined to political friends on Opposition Benches. On resuming his seat a general cheer paid tribute to the excellent tone and temper of his remarks.

Business done.—Sat up in Committee on Budget Bill till a quarter past one in the morning. The stage still unfinished.

Thursday.—Fresh hue-and-cry after the anonymous but immortal Censor who has been severely sub-editing Kipling and Browning. House particularly anxious to know whether it be possible that this century has produced two such geniuses. Did one deal with Kipling, whilst the other tackled Browning? Or was one mighty mind equal to both triumphs? The Home Secretary, alike cautious and agile, would not commit himself on this point. Really couldn't say; believed there might be two of them.

Business done.—Postal and Telegraph Rates Bill went through Committee, was reported and read a third time.



Patient. "I feel lumbago awfully badly, Doctor. Do you think you can do anything for me?"
Doctor. "Well, I ought to know something about it. I've been a martyr to it all my life."

AT THE FRONT.

If you should happen to get into one of these wars and someone tells you to take over a farm, don't you have it without a character. You've got no idea how farms vary.

There is the Never-been-crumped kind and the Not-been-crumped-for-months kind, and the May-be-crumpeds and Will-probably-be-crumpeds, and the Sure-to-be-crumpeds. If on inquiry you find that the farm they are trying to cajole you into belongs to either of the last two classes, you will do well to send on an advance party with a ton of gun-cotton and then report farm non-existent on arrival, or to apply for a transfer to the Voluntary Munition Workers' Guild.

On the other hand you may enjoy in the healthier types an epoch of sylvan peace. Dead Spy Farm is in the second class. Except that we have to supply working parties of one hundred-and-fifty nightly—which is a difficult sort of trick to bring off with a garrison of one hundred-and-three—we are left undisturbed to the contemplation of autumn tints.

Whoever the deceased spy was, he had some taste in farms. His moat is an object lesson in how much duck-weed you can get in without crowding out all the water. Round the moat runs an avenue of trees in "Fall suitings" that recall the glories of Addison's Walk. The buildings themselves are portly, circumstantial and four-square, as all good farms are. There is a garden, not all it used to be, a well, and three cats, sole representatives of the late tenant. The mushrooming and ratting are satisfactory, and recent bags include a moorhen and a foreign-looking cat suspected of espionage. The whole intact except for three shell-holes and portions of window glass.

Talking about working parties, there is a report that our battalion is to be sent to some other country where there is still good digging to be had. Hereabouts digging resembles the ploughing of some immemorial field, one rather wonders whether there is anything about the original trenches in Domesday Book or Magna Charta.

Take F. 107. We first knew F. 107 as an unrevetted communication trench with a sandbag floor. A brigade fatigue traversed and footboarded it and called it "King's Road." An R.E. party dropped in one night with firing-steps, and altered the name to "King's Castle." Three days later it rained for ten minutes and the sides fell in, and it was known as "The Marsh" and officially disused, until one day a very high sort of officer came round the lines and said all disused trenches in the system must be reclaimed.

This order was not popular, as it would have entailed the prolonging of the War to about 1977. However, we began on "The Marsh" and laboured bitterly sixteen nights with hurdles and sandbags, and piles for the footboards, and called it "Half-done Terrace," to immortalise a sound beginning. The immortalisation lasted a fortnight, when a new official programme of the trenches fixed it until further notice as F. 107. Now we are fitting it with model dug-outs. Of course the trench is not occupied, but it may be some day, and in the meantime it is bad for the troops to be idle.

This affair of picks and shovels has interested us as proving that the Angels who retreated from Mons are not the only incident in the War that defies normal explanation. It happened that on a certain Tuesday there came a



HORRORS OF WAR.

Corporal (before entering the trenches). "NOW, LOOK 'ERE. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS SECTION, AND IF ANY OF YER GETS IT IN THE NECK THROUGH FOOLISHLY EXPOSIN' OF 'ISSELF—I'LL GIVE HIM WOT FOR."

wire to the Company requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on the Company charge. We reported. Later, on the same day, came a second wire requesting a report of all tools on Company charge. We re-reported. On Wednesday morning arrived a wire explaining that Reference No. 19 of Tuesday report was not required after all. We were very relieved to hear this. On Wednesday afternoon we received a message requesting an immediate report to Headquarters of all tools on Company charge. This time we were roused and had the message repeated. They very kindly repeated it. We re-re-reported. At 7 P.M. we received a wire cancelling demand for report on tools. The Company Commander did not go sick, however, until Thursday morning, when a wire arrived: "Reference No. 7 of Wednesday: why have you not reported?"

Super-Patriots.

"A season of French plays was opened at the Court Theatre last night in the presence of an Anglo-English audience."—*Morning Paper.*

SIC TRANSIT.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."
So sang her Poet, loving well
That Hellas of the days of yore,
By whom the Persian despot fell,
Whose puissant sword at Marathon
Of its own prowess Freedom won.

He sang: she woke—too fallen in pride
To strive unaided—still she woke,
And England, Russia, France, allied,
Brake from her neck the Turkish yoke;
At Navarino's glorious Bay
On Hellas dawned a second Day.

Lo, a new curse—the Teuton bane!
Again rings out the trumpet call;
France, Russia, England, joined again,
For Freedom fight, for Greece, for all.
And Greece—shall she that call ignore?
Then is she living Greece no more!

Commercial Modesty.

"—— Steak and Kidney Pies. Our bread is generally good also."
Advt. in "Cape Times."

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Palace Theatre of Varieties Miss —— had to complete her last song in darkness, and two other items on the programme had to be deleted. No one was hurt."
Manchester Guardian.

"NIGHT CLUBS.
BILL INTRODUCED BY THE HOME SECRETARY."
Star.

We certainly think that one of Bill's less exalted pals would have sufficiently served the purpose.

From an auction advertisement:—
"Grand piano in rosewood case, fine 'cello by Filius Antonii Faciebat."—*Surrey Comet.*

"What may I say, gentlemen, for this fine instrument by the celebrated maker, Alonehedidit?"

Cherchez la Femme.

"A subaltern on active service who was stated in the Divorce Court yesterday to have joined the forces when the war broke out on his wife's suggestion . . ."—*Morning Paper.*

And all this time we have been blaming the KAISER.

AT THE PLAY.

"Iris Intervenes."

Without wishing to boast, I may say that I have never lived in a house with a hedge only three-and-a-half feet high to screen me from my neighbour's garden. Perhaps that is why I have never been on really intimate terms (such as would be encouraged by this lack of privacy) with any Russian lady who has done time for knifing her husband and retreated to a British suburb to give her reputation a rest. I am not therefore in a position to say whether *Iris Olga Ivanovna*, as depicted by Mr. John Hastings Turner, was true to type But if one who is no judge of these exotics may hazard an opinion she seemed to me to have her farcical moments. And I could well understand how her tempestuous intrusion into the next-door household, which contained, among other strange things, a morbidly impressionable youth, would convulse *Mr. Henry Cumbers*, a thorough-paced *épicier*, with a fixed "standard" of morality and a particular horror of necks exposed to the eye of day.

And indeed she was a bird of so rare a plumage that she might easily have astonished a man of riper experience and more open mind. For in addition to a ravishing beauty, to whose seductive and troublous quality she was never tired of alluding, she claimed a record of unsullied virtue, and, if you questioned it, she was on you like a tigress. *Cumbers*, for one, threw doubt upon her past, and the play is the story of his punishment. After her first fury, she was content to stimulate the infatuation of the weedy stripling, his son, but this was too easy fruit, and she turned to a more difficult and noble revenge. A certain precious document containing the design of a new motor car had been lodged, for reasons that carried no sort of conviction, in the keeping of *Cumbers*. On its safety depended his career and the fulfilment of an ambition which embraced a residence in Kensington—no less. Over the dividing hedge, to whose inadequacy I have referred, she was witness of the theft of these papers and set herself to recover them. The breakdown of her pursuing car entailed a night in the sole society of *Cumbers* on the open Dover Road. Out of this enforced intimacy a mutual understanding was born. "You never get to know one another," said *Iris*, in one of her rare lapses into probability, "till something ridiculous happens." Her tears of genuine distress (it was *Cumbers'* one human weakness that he could not stand a woman's tears) moved him to sympathy. They exchanged confidences. From him she learned that, however narrow a man's prejudices, if he can inspire trust in his fellows he has achieved something. And she knew that she had never inspired trust in the men that had come under her spell. By her, in turn, he was taught that the devotion of his wife deserved a better reward than the proprietary tyranny with which he repaid it.

And so all ended well. The document was recovered; *Cumbers*, his night-out explained, returned to a chastened



Henry Cumbers (Mr. A. E. George) to *Iris* (Miss Lena Ashwell). "Come, come, don't cry. Things might be worse. We're well on into the Third Act, and haven't had any Zeppelins so far."

appreciation of his wife's merits; and *Iris* married a fellow-countryman, who, if he knew her too well to put a very perfect trust in her, had biceps enough to control her explosions at need.

Miss Lena Ashwell played *Iris* with a most contagious vivacity, and carried off the preposterousness of everything with a delightful assurance. Mr. A. E. George, in the part of *Cumbers*, was too bearish at first in the family circle; but his human qualities came out in the end. Miss May Whitty as his wife was human all the time. Sound work was done by Mr. Henry Deas, whose utterances were stuffed with American slang to the point of congestion; by Miss Auriol Lee, whose appearance, much too fleeting, gave distinction to the part of a suburban lady a little above her environment; and by Mr. Owen Roughwood, *Iris's* betrothed, who was a model of restrained and confident muscularity.

Mr. Turner has a promising gift of humour, but now and then a pretentious epigram showed that he had not escaped the snare of young authors. One of these days he may give us a good character play, or a good farce or a good melodrama. Even this medley of all three had many attractions.

It is most regrettable that his first production should have collided with the Zeppelin season. It was no fault of his or of the players that the audience was so small. For myself, I took comfort in the thought that the moon was nearing her full circle; that Artemis, in fact, as well as her sister Olympian, Iris, was "intervening."

"The Case of Lady Camber."

Lady Camber's case, though it very nearly came to the Old Bailey, in actual fact got no farther than the nursing home run by *Harley Napier, F.R.C.S.*, in Brook Street, for titled people who had lost weight (which made me wonder where his surgical qualifications came in; had his patients needed their weight reducing I should, of course, have understood at once).

Now this *Napier* was a strenuous fellow; he had a "life-work." In addition to the fattening of the leaner aristocracy by his novel (surgical?) methods, he had contrived to solve a problem which has engaged the attention of ambitious experts all down the ages. He had discovered *halene*, a poison without taste, colour, odour or reaction. Apparently all he did with it was to give it the place of honour in his poison cupboard for Mr. Vachell to hang his tale on. A friendly fellow too. I have invariably found medical men strangely reticent about the technique of their craft, which cannot always have been due to ignorance. But *Napier* was always delighted to postpone any important weight-producing operation or to leave a patient like *Lady Camber* in the article of death to the attentions of the obviously inadequate *Sir Bedford Slufter, F.R.C.P.*, in order to explain the precise properties of his entirely irrelevant invention *halene*, or to prophesy with regard to his patients exactly and in highly technical terms what would happen if all went well. When it didn't, with superb resource he would hand his case to *Slufter*, who would promptly lose it.

All of which would not have been noteworthy if it had not been for *Nurse Yorke*, who loved our too preoccupied *Napier* besides helping him to manufacture *halene* and mismanage his cases; and *Lord Camber*, a handsome and capricious villain who had once sug-



THE USES OF A ZEPPELIN.

Social barriers broken down.

gested to *Esther Yorke* a liaison as the price of some service he had done her. Why, after having the nerve to ask this young lady of birth, breeding and beauty to be his mistress, he should thereafter have been so unworldlywise as to make an impossible dancer his wife no sort of adequate suggestion is offered; nor why, even after his welcome release from *Lady Camber* at the hands of *Shifter*, *Napier* and *Nurse Yorke*, he so decidedly refuses ever to consider the question of marrying that entirely attractive young lady, but merely repeats his insulting suggestion. A complex character, our *Camber*. *Napier* is also complex. Not till he suspects *Esther Yorke* of murder (this is where *halene* comes in; she keeps the key of the poison cupboard) does he begin to love her. The proof forthcoming that *Lady Camber's* death is due to entirely natural and professional causes, *Esther* and *Napier* are united and *halene* goes back to the shelf.

The play was admirably cast. You could well believe Mr. H. B. Irving was a distinguished surgeon and poison manufacturer; he is artist enough to play no pranks with his challenging personality, and his reward is the smooth and balanced performance of the whole piece, without purple patches. Mr. Holman Clark, as *Sir Bedford*, adroitly suggested that he could lose a patient with a better grace than his friend. Mr. Ben Webster, as *Lord Camber*, performed the always clever feat of making a strictly unreasonable part appear plausible. A conscientious and finished piece of playing. Miss Jessie Winter's *Esther Yorke* was well studied and charmingly accomplished. Miss Leslie Stuart made a difficult *Lady Camber* possible and likeable. Clever Miss Pollie Emery's *Peach*, the dresser, was a treasure of broad (but not unsubtle) characterisation. If Miss Kate Bishop wasn't at her clever best I think that was Mr. Vachell's fault, who had dealt hardly with the part. But on the whole authors and players make an excellent case. T.



A VERY SOFT ANSWER.

Dr. Napier (Mr. H. B. Irving). "You've helped to kill the patient, not to mention my reputation; you've failed me; you're a rotten bad nurse. What have you to say for yourself?"

Esther Yorke (Miss Jessie Winter). "I think you're simply splendid."

The Gods and some Mortals.

"The German authorities have resumed traffic to Sassnitz, but instead of the two valuable steam ferries withdrawn on the 4th inst., two old steamers have been hired for gods and the other for passengers."
Shetland News.

A very proper distinction.

"Every class of we Britishers have our peculiarities in forms of speech."
Grimsby Daily Telegraph.

And this is a very good example.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXIX.

(From the King of the Hellenes.)

My dear William,—I think you are pressing me a little too hard. You must remember what my situation is. The mass of my people have no love whatever for your people or for the Austrians. That may strike you as being both strange and deplorable, for I know what your opinion is of the mild virtues and superlative attractiveness of the Germans, and how firmly you believe that all these virtues and all this attractiveness, with ten thousand other glorious and lovable qualities, are concentrated and embodied in yourself. I have often noticed how angry it makes you to be told that somebody doesn't like you, and your sister Sophie has often warned me that in your presence I must pretend to believe that you are universally beloved, not merely on account of your splendour and power and wealth, but rather and chiefly because of your own innate goodness and geniality and benevolence. "If they won't like me," I have heard you say, "I shall certainly smash them; and if they keep on not liking me I shall only smash them more and more." That is one way, certainly, of ensuring your popularity, though I am not convinced that it is always a very efficacious way. You tried it in Belgium, and the only result, so far as I have been able to judge, has been to make the Belgians detest you with a hatred which it will take years to mitigate and centuries to abolish. And, even when centuries shall have passed, I can imagine how some Belgian of the future will point out to a stranger the ruins and the graveyards which are the country's monuments and will explain to him how they were caused by an Emperor who had a passion for popularity and chose this method of gratifying it.

Remember when I speak in this way I am not expressing my own personal opinions so much as those of any detached and impartial observer, and it is with him that you must be angry rather than with me. For my own part, since I married into your family I have tried to live a quiet life by schooling myself to think of you as you think of yourself. I cannot say it was an easy task, for, to tell you the truth, you are, like *caviare*, something of an acquired taste, and the palate must be educated to relish you. Whether I have arrived at that perfect and enthusiastic liking which you seem to demand I cannot say, but I know I have done my best, and some gratitude is due to me.

But at present, as I say, you are pressing me a little too hard. Venizelos—forgive me for mentioning his name—was supported by a majority in the country and in the Chamber. He was determined to act the part of an honourable man and to regard also the honour and the interest of his country by carrying out the provisions of our treaty with Serbia. I intervened and dismissed him from his post as Prime Minister, and appointed in his place a man who would be willing to stand by with folded arms while Serbia, the heroic but unfortunate, was crushed to the earth by yourself and the false brigand of Bulgaria whom you had suborned for your purpose. All this I have done against the will of my people, not knowing from day to day how long I might be able to hold them in hand, since they are a gallant people and have a clear sense of justice. Therefore you must not press me to go any further, for a throne in these days is an unsteady structure for those who would attempt to secure themselves in it by imitating the autocratic methods of a German Kaiser and War Lord. Be satisfied with the allies you have—with Ferdinand the fox of the Balkans, and with Turkey, the ruthless assassin of the Armenian nation.

Your affectionate Brother-in-law, Tino.

THE WOES OF A WOUNDED.

The Hazards of Home.

They said, "You will not mind the Zeppelin
Who know so well the sound of iron shards;
You will not blench when breakages begin
Who stood to battle with the Sultan's Guards."

But they were wrong. And when the guns went off,
And undeterred the sausages came on,
While gay civilians bustled out to scoff
And happy crowds occurred in Kensington,

I said, "For these intrepid citizens
It's well enough to carry on like this;
They view through habit's minimising lens
The menaced doom of their Metropolis;

"But to an officer who only knows
The milder dangers of the Dardanelles,
It is too evident that foes are foes,
And these old bombs much worse than many shells.

"Shells are so sensible, for from afar,
Shrill sibilants, they make their onset plain;
You hop into a hole, and there you are
(And there, indeed, you probably remain);

"While here, it seems, with mute ungoverned sweeps
Rude bolts in 'buses bruise you unaware,
Or, at the least, unpulverised one creeps
Home to his house to find it is not there.

"I liked the Turk's humane terrestrial bomb,
Which decent cricketers would catch with ease,
And hurtle it back with cover-point's aplomb;
I should not like to try it on with these.

"I am no coward, but the days are done
When English soldiers perished in a square;
And here I cannot even hurt the Hun;
I think I should be happier elsewhere.

"And when it's whispered that the gasbag brings
To many a mild unmilitary clod
A sudden zeal to join the strife of Kings—
The news is nice, but it is scarcely odd.

"Blessed, indeed, I deem the soldier's lot
In happier hazards far across the foam;
I doff my hat to those who seize it not,
The staunch dare-devil souls who stay at home."

The New "Treating" Order.

You must always "take the meal with the malt."

"'Find the Woman,' followed by 'A Pair of Knickerbockers,' in which Mr. Arthur Bourchier will appear."
Manchester Evening News.

And very nice he will look in them, we feel sure.

"The King of Bulgaria recently received a Green gentleman named Themistoklis, who handed his Majesty an autograph letter from King Constantine."—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

We understand that this is not the first interview of the kind that Ferdinand has given in the course of his negotiations with the Powers.

Immediate result of the meeting held in London to advocate reprisals upon helpless German women:—

"Our artillery in the same region dispersed the enemies' working parties."—*Evening News.*



AFTER THE DRIVE.

Tommy (used to targets, acting as loader to unsuccessful officer). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'VE MADE AN 'IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALREADY Christmas is not far below the horizon, and those of us who have the good fortune to be uncles will shortly be reminded of the great problem of presents. It is safe to suppose that the pictorial wrapper that covers *The Book of the Thin Red Line* (LONGMANS) will attract many eyes. The volume within it could hardly be bettered as a present for a British boy. In his pleasant preface Sir HENRY NEWBOLT explains that, although the stories of six great soldiers which comprise the book are historically true, he has "tried to tell them as adventures." No one certainly need be afraid of dulness in these heart-stirring records, which range from the exploits of ROBERT BLAKENEY, gazetted ensign to the 28th when he was fifteen, to those of STONEWALL JACKSON, concerning whom the chaplain's prayer at the unveiling of his monument ended with the tribute quoted here: "When in Thine inscrutable decree it was ordained that the Confederacy should fail, it became necessary for Thee to remove Thy servant, STONEWALL JACKSON." Briefly, this is a book of real heroes, written in precisely the way to appeal to the hero-worshippers for whom it is intended. Not the least of its charms for lads young and old will be the spirited illustrations in colour and line by Mr. STANLEY L. WOOD. There is one picture especially, of the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, so full of the spirit of battle that I shall be astonished if countless schoolrooms do not award it the thumb-mark of highest popularity. A most timely book.

I suppose there can be few men more fitly placed for the composition of a volume of entertaining gossip than Mr. LESLIE WARD. Therefore it is only natural that his book, *Forty Years of "Spy"* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is as pleasant a collection of cheery and amusing memories as any that this reminiscent age has provided. For forty years Mr. WARD has been the observant chiel' in English society, taking notes of its prominent members; a chiel' not only observant but witty, as the stories in the present book go to prove. It is a work of which criticism is quite impossible. One can but mention that it contains reproductions of dozens of Mr. WARD's most famous drawings, with in many cases some apt and illuminating anecdote about the subjects—victims, the author usually calls them. As an instance of his own sly turn of humour, I liked especially the comment that accompanies a singularly pleasant sketch of Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST: "I did not discuss the subject in which she was so absorbed lest by adverse criticism I might disturb the charm of expression I found in her face." There surely speaks the perfect gentle caricaturist. Elsewhere we find a wonderful store of recollections about every kind of celebrity—human, I was going to say, and divine; certainly the Church is remarkably well represented, Bishops in their shovel hats being (in the words of W. S. GILBERT, concerning whom, by the way, there is that rarest thing now, a quite new story) plentiful as tabby cats. Clubs, colleges, and governments are equally reviewed, not to mention distinguished foreigners and dramatists (there is a delightful tale of CHARLES BROOKFIELD trying to persuade the editor of *The Lancet* to publish a Christmas number)—in short, every phase of social life has yielded material for this most witty and welcome *espionage*.

As, being an American, he would no doubt have put it himself, you have got to hand it to *Major Sidney Vandyke*. He certainly hit on one of the most ingenious dodges for getting rid of a rival in love, and at the same time putting himself ace-high (as he would also have expressed it) with the loved one, that I have ever encountered in fiction. There was trouble between the United States and Mexico. American guns were at El Paso, Texas, their muzzles pointing across the Rio Grande, ready for trouble if it should come. The situation was tense and a single injudicious act would precipitate war. In command of these guns was *Major Vandyke;* under him his rival, *Captain Eagleston March*. The Major sent the Captain an order to fire the guns. No sooner was it done than he appeared, raging; denied having ever given the order, and made a spectacular dash across the river to soothe the Mexicans by explaining that it was all a mistake. *Major Vandyke* was thus a hero who had averted war. *Captain March* was either a knave or a fool who had nearly caused it. He was dismissed the Service, and *Lady Diana O'Malley* married the Major. That is the kernel of *Secret History* (Methuen), the new novel by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, which starts with imitation war in Mexico and ends with real war in Belgium, where *Captain March*, as *Monsieur Mars* the airman, retrieves his reputation. Told racily in the first person by *Lady Peggy O'Malley*, the very lovable half-sister of the beautiful but shallow *Diana*, it moves with the dash and speed that one expects in a Williamson story. It is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of the long list of their collaborations. It differs from most of the others in having no motor-car interest. There was just one critical point at which I could see the authors wavering, when *Peggy's* party started off for a motor trip to California. It must have required resolution on their part to keep themselves from abandoning the plot in favour of a description of the tour, but they resisted it. The trip takes place off the stage, and the story moves on without it.



Instructor (to novice practising the call to dinner). "You 've got the notes all right, and your time isn't bad; but you don't put the right *feeling* into it. There 's no need to suggest compulsion."

It was bound to happen. I know that with so many of our male novelists producing vast volumes about the life, the whole life, and nothing but the life of their heroes, we should not have to wait much longer for ompanion feminine picture. Well, now Miss Netta Syrett has done it, or perhaps I should more correctly say begun it, since on the last page of *The Victorians* (Fisher Unwin) she hints darkly that "the story of *Rose Cottingham* is to be continued in the near future." So far as the present volume takes us, we get *Rose* through infancy and schooldays—more than two hundred pages about them—to the period of her first proposal and the publication of her first book. It is all rather well done, with observation and the kind of truth that one cannot help feeling springs from personal experience. Especially is this the case with the picture of Minerva House and its dominating mistress, the "awe-inspiring little woman" whose "efforts had revolutionized the whole system of education for girls." There seems a recognizable portrait here. Good too is the queer home of *Helen*, the friend with whom *Rose* goes to stay, and its artful and crafty mixture of Morris wall-papers, meetings for working men, sage-green gowns and movements generally. I should explain that the date of the story is given as thirty years ago; and from this I am forced to believe that the designer of the attractive wrapper of the volume has been somewhat led astray by the title. We were undoubtedly "Victorians" thirty years ago, but with all the vehemence of the middle-ageing I must protest against the suggestion that we came within the era of crinolines and ringlets. However, let it pass. The book has its own charm and interest as a minute analysis of young womanhood, and the author has built up in *Rose* a character sufficiently attractive for us to bear the prospect of further revelations with equanimity.

No doubt it was because Mr. F. Frankfort Moore admired (as we all do) the wonderful and self-sacrificing work performed since the War started by our amateur nurses that he set out to write a book that should commemorate some of their difficulties and triumphs. He may conceivably have been influenced by the consideration that as everyone is more or less concerned with nursing nowadays there would be a safe welcome for a volume about it. So far excellent. But I am sorry that he decided to produce it in the form of fiction. Because my honest impression of *The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital* (Hutchinson) is that, while the hospital part is interesting enough, the romance is boresome to a degree. As a story also it contains certain features that, to say the least, leave me unconvinced. The first of these is the attitude of the hero, who, having been told by two doctors that he had an enlarged heart, let concealment of this blameless fact prey on his damask cheek because he "shrank from the stigma of rejection through being medically unfit"; and then was furious with all the other characters for the excusable suspicion that he was shirking. Frankly, I find myself as little able to admire as to believe in him. Naturally, however, the laws of fiction require that he shall eventually perform prodigies of valour. Indeed the Red Cross Hospital is founded to his memory, after he has been supposed to have perished in rescuing people from a shipwreck. As a matter of fact he hadn't perished at all; but that is another story. My second charge of incredibility against Mr. Moore is based on the fact that he makes an educated woman of to-day suppose the "theatre" of a hospital to be a building for the production of plays. Name, please!

Diner de guerre means *guère de diner;* or, in English, warfare means war-fare.

"To Gentlemen.—Advertiser (refined) desires acquaintance with motor car."—*Western Morning News.*

We could introduce him to a Rolls-Royce, in slightly reduced circumstances, yet quite affable; but he might prefer something humbler and more chatty.

CHARIVARIA.

As a counter move to our offer to Greece of the Island of Cyprus, Germany is understood to have offered her the Island of Great Britain.

* * *

The Daily Chronicle suggests that the new recruits should be called Derbys, to distinguish them, we suppose, from the other Darbys who, with their Joans' consent, have joined the Volunteers.

* * *

Herr BALLIN, who was recently informed by the KAISER that German merchant shipping could continue in the future to count upon "my especial interest and my Imperial protection," would have preferred a phrase containing more U's and fewer E's.

* * *

"Greetings to ex-President ROOSEVELT, who is sixty-seven to-day," said an evening paper last Wednesday. How rapidly the War ages some people! Last year Mr. ROOSEVELT was only fifty-six.

* * *

Mr. WALTER LONG says that when he reads carping criticisms upon the conduct of the War he looks through his window at the people in the street and is always surprised to see the quiet steadfast manner in which they are going about their business. It is a good plan, but not always successful. The KAISER got his view of the Irish people through a Casement, and it was entirely erroneous.

* * *

Giving evidence about a dog, a witness at West Ham said, "He goes behind children, bites their legs, and walks on; no noise, no nothing." These West Ham youngsters must be included among our silent heroes.

* * *

It is feared that the "No treating" regulation may lead to an increase of wife-beating among persons of an economical turn of mind, for, as one Scotch labourer said to another, "If I treat my wife I'm fined £100, but if I ill-treat her I get off for 5s."

* * *

It is stated that representatives of working-men's clubs are discussing with the Board of Liquor Control a proposal that members' wives should be made honorary members in order that they may be able to pay for their own refreshments. The Board, before giving its decision, is endeavouring to ascertain whether the proposal emanated from thirsty wives or parsimonious husbands.

* * *

The popular novelist who in consequence of over-indulgence in golf has had to have one of his ribs removed, is comforting himself with the reflection that his literary style may thereby be improved. Every Sunday-school boy knows of a case where an operation of this kind was immediately followed by a striking development of the feminine interest.

* * *

Under the new lighting regulations the local authorities in Kent have decreed that at night-time perambulators must carry rear-lights. It was thought at first that hooters would also be necessary, but it has now been decided that sufficient warning will be given if, when a collision is imminent, the nurse pinches the baby.



Conscience-stricken Little Slacker. "IT ONLY WANTS THEM TO START RECRUITIN' FOR THE POLICE FORCE TO DRIVE ME TO DO SOMETHIN' DESPERATE!"

* * *

The number of Censors employed at the Press Bureau being exactly forty, and their minute knowledge of English literature having been displayed on several occasions, Sir JOHN SIMON is contemplating their incorporation as an Academy. They will be known as "The Immortals—for the duration of the War."

* * *

In the debate on the War-profits tax Mr. McKENNA said that "nobody would propose a tax of this kind as a permanent part of our fiscal system." We hope this may be taken as an indication that in the opinion of the Government the War is not going on for ever.

* * *

A clerical correspondent writes that he is glad to see that the visit of the Bishops to the Grand Fleet is having its effect, as he has lately heard of several converted cruisers.

* * *

Here is a pendant to our recent story of the polite sergeant:—A British shell had just landed in our own trench without bursting. Two minutes later a corporal with the offending shell under his arm presented himself to the Artillery Forward Observing Officer: "Excuse me, Sir. With the Sergeant's compliments: he thought you might like to fire it over again."

* * *

Moved by a statement in a Foreign Office report that there has been a large increase in the export of eggs from Italy, a correspondent suggests a motto for Italian hens:—

I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!

* * *

In order to obtain copper for war purposes the municipality of Kiel has ordered that local cable tram-lines in the less busy parts of the city shall be broken up. The inhabitants have suggested that there are several apparently useless warships in the immediate neighbourhood which would supply a larger amount of metal with less inconvenience to the public.

* * *

The author who advertises that he will be pleased to supply three copies of his new novel, together with 500 cigarettes, to any Service hospital that applies for them, is surprised at the number of secretaries who have written to ask whether it is absolutely necessary to accept the offer *en bloc*. He had no idea there were so many non-smokers in the Army.

* * *

In an appreciation of "W. G." by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE we read:—"When he was well on towards his sixtieth year, I have seen him standing up to LOCKWOOD when man after man was helpless at the other wicket." This is perhaps hardly just to the other batsmen. What could they do while "the old man" had the bowling? Or are we to infer that, contrary to the laws, LOCKWOOD was bowling at both ends?

"Lady pinning a flag on an Australian back from the front."—*Morning Paper.*

It sounds difficult as well as painful, but presumably she used a hat-pin.

HOW TO REVIEW WAR POETRY.

(With acknowledgments to "'The Times' Literary Supplement.")

There are abundant reasons, obvious enough to the critical faculty, why very little of the verse occasioned by the War is likely to survive. In the first place, poetry for its production demands a state of mind removed from all immediate pressure and excitement. This accounts for the failure of Tyrtæus, of all the poets of the great Elizabethan age of adventure, of Rouget de Lisle, who wrote the *Marseillaise*. Just now it is almost impossible to enjoy that perfect calm, that indifference to one's environment, which is the very breath of all great poetry. The noblest of all lines ever written about Victory—the concluding lines of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*—were composed some time after the tragic death of the veteran anti-Philistine.

It is the same with the passion of Love, which bears a close resemblance to War, all things being fair in each. Poetry, as Wordsworth said, is emotion remembered in tranquillity. If the expression of the sentiments uttered under stress of immediate emotion in Michael Drayton's passionate sonnet—

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—"

had been postponed to a period of subsequent tranquillity, he would have made a much better job of it. And so, when Peace returns, as we hope it may some day, we shall look for a revival of pure song. The Palace of the Hague should be a veritable aviary.

Another source of weakness in our War poetry lies in the fact that the poet does not speak from his own heart ("By thine own tears thy song must tears beget"), but as the accredited mouthpiece of the nation. The War may or may not have touched him personally—we will generously admit that we have known cases, even among poets, of personal grief and personal patriotism induced by the War—but as a general rule the writer has been weighed down by a sense of responsibility to the State, of the claim made upon him to speak for England. Wordsworth was suffering from the same unfortunate obsession when he wrote—

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee!"

Egotism, which is the essence of true poetry, should never be merged in the choric "we," sacred to editors and crowned heads. What poet ever wrote in the first person plural? One has not forgotten Matthew Arnold's lines:—

"We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line,
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign";

but one cannot recall any other authoritative case of this assumption of plurality by a recognised English poet.

Again, how can a poet write about things he has not seen, even if by an effort of will he persuades himself that he has felt them? Sincerity is only possible when it is the outcome of experience. It is no good for a thing just to happen; it must happen to the poet himself. When Walt Whitman wrote that most moving of all War poems, his dirge for two veterans—

"O strong dead-march, you please me.
O moon immense, with your silvery face, you soothe me"—

he must with his own ears have heard the actual music; he must with his own eyes have seen the moon in question. But how many of our War poems have been written at the Front? If Shakspeare had been in a position to assist at the Battle of Agincourt, he might have written more worthily of St. Crispin's Day. As it was he had to fall back upon his imagination, that last resort of insincerity.

It should further be remarked that the fact that everybody is thinking the same thing at the same time constitutes a fatal difficulty for our War-Laureates. If an obscure friend of the poet dies peacefully of a zymotic disease, the theme may well furnish him with a genuine inspiration; but if a distinguished General falls gloriously on the field of honour, or some national hero is borne to his last resting-place in St. Paul's or the Abbey, any memorial tribute that the poet may write is bound to be insincere because it gives form to a sense of loss that is universal. That, of course, was the trouble with Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of Wellington."

Finally, we would say to our poets: Do not yield to the very natural temptation to give expression to those emotions of the common heart that cry for articulate utterance. Just write from yourselves and to yourselves. Distinguish between singing because you must, and going out of your way to find something to sing about. Do not go out of your way just because the War is there. Do not change in a world of change. Keep on steadfastly in the old way, like the Racing News in another column. For so, however long we others may have to wait for Peace, you will know even now the true peace that can only be found in artistic detachment.

O. S.

PAMBI.

(An Oriental Seaport.)

Now all you gay young fellows, who fight so bold and free
And grouse at things in the trenches, hark to a Man of the Sea;
"R.N.R." comes after my name, and what do you think I do?
Port Officer of Pambi, with fever from ten to two.

A million miles of red-hot sand and a hundred yards of slime,
And mosquitoes as thick as the German guns getting you every time,
That is the country of Pambi, and never a soul to see,
And I'm the sanctified Officer, with fever from nine till three.

Port? Well, maybe there used to be, but there's nothing but silt to-day,
And once in a year a boat comes by in a hurry to clear away;
And the Captains all cry, "Strike me dead, is this character still alive—
Port Officer of Pambi, with fever from eight till five?"

It has its points, for I never shave and I need no clothes or boots;
I worry along by the grace of God and the blessing of cheap cheroots;
But, if you fellows are fed with your job and want an exchange—all right!
Here is the Port of Pambi and fever from morn till night.

You get the glory, and so you should, for it's you who carry the brunt,
But there's many a man in Pambi who'll never get near the Front,
And so, when you're feeling a bit depressed, please open your mouths and sing,
"Flanders is bad, but Pambi's worse," and so—God save the King!

"As the Italian humourist remarked of another story: 'Si non è Verdi, è bene Trovatore!'"—*Evening Paper.*

Eh, mon! Yer Italian sounds varra Scotch!



ON THE TRACKER'S TRACK.



'By Jove? Isn't it low? I believe I could hit it with my gun!'
'Oh, please, dear, don't do anything to irritate it!'

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

Everything would have passed off admirably but for his lack of *savoir faire*. Some excuse, perhaps, ought to be made for him. It is not everybody who is capable of rising to a great occasion or one that furnishes a severe test of good-breeding. Still he has nothing of the parvenu in his character, and indeed his pedigree is long and flawless, so that it was the more surprising that he should fail at the pinch.

He must have known from the first that there was something unusual in the air. The laughter at the breakfast-table may have put him on the alert, signifying that the strain of the last few dreary months was relaxed. He had been irritatingly restless the whole morning, following one or the other of us about, upstairs and down, in and out of the garden, as if he felt afraid of being left out in the cold. When anybody opened the front-door an hour too soon and went down the steps to look along the road, Nigger was always beforehand, wagging his tail and gazing up with an alert, perplexed, pathetic expression of inquiry; and when the critical moment actually at last drew near and we were all collected in the hall he tried obtrusively to force his way between us to the front. When we heard a hooter at the corner and the taxicab came into view with his master's face at the window, he ran to meet it, barking recklessly by the side of the wheels till it stopped; but then his voice died suddenly away. He was obviously uneasy in his mind, although for the next few minutes, until we were all assembled in the dining-room, it was impossible for him to get a look in. When his turn at last came and he was put to the proof he dismally failed to rise to the occasion.

As for the rest of us, we tried to take it as a matter of course and should have succeeded if it had not been for Nigger's complete want of tact. We shouted and laughed and shook the old fellow's left hand as if he had never had another to shake; we pushed the easy-chair towards him and kept on saying how delighted we were to have him home again without a word of mitigation, asking innumerable questions without waiting for answers, for really the only thing that mattered at the moment was before our eyes, and although it was different as far as appearances went from what it used to be—well, there it was nevertheless.

That was where Nigger proved such a miserable disappointment. He alone seemed unable to accept the situation. We talked more persistently than ever as he rested his fore-paws on the arm of the chair, sniffing suspiciously; then in the most tactless manner he gave vent to a prodigious sigh, as he laid the side of his black head on the empty sleeve.

TO A PATROLLING BALLOON.

O mighty globe! O gas-filled shape!
  That swayed so lightly in mid-air,
I gazed on you with mouth agape,
  Wondering what perils man will dare.

Nor recked of mine till someone's hand
  So lavishly, as you sped South,
Dropped overboard that surplus sand
  Into my patriotic mouth.

Compulsory Liquidation?

"An angry melting of shareholders in Ltd. has been held."—*Adelaide Paper.*

FLYING COLOURS.

It was Red Cross Day, and as I was preparing to go to the City Joan came into the hall with Rip.

Rip is a new acquisition. He had formerly been our doctor's property, but his wife had declared that she wouldn't have a large dog in the same house with the small baby that had just joined the home circle, and the doctor, after much anxious thought, had decided to keep the small baby and get rid of the large dog. Thereupon we offered a refined home, full board, freedom of the hearth-rug, and occasional use of rat in tool-shed, with the result that, a few weeks ago, Rip came to us with a completely new outfit (collar with our address engraved upon it—the doctor's parting gift), and is now one of the family. For the past week he had been rigidly trained every day with a view to assisting the Red Cross funds.

"I want Rip to have a rehearsal," Joan said, "to see if he knows his part. Now try and look as much like a stranger as possible, and then advance and buy a flag."

I walked to the hall door, while Joan, with Rip at her side, stood at the threshold of the breakfast-room. Assuming what Stevenson (I think) calls "a glad morning face," I strolled up.

"Will you buy a flag, Sir?" said Joan, stepping forward.

"With pleasure," I replied. "How much?"

"As much as you like to give." (The above dialogue is taken from life.)

"Will five shillings——"

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Then lend it me, will you?" I remarked. "I've left all my money on my dressing-table. Ever since you gave me that trouser-press on my last birthday I've——"

"Oh, you mustn't talk like that!" cried Joan in dismay. "Remember you're a stranger."

That doesn't ease the financial pressure a bit," I said as I ran upstairs. And a minute later I had discharged my liability by placing two half-crowns in the box which hung round Rip's neck, while Joan took a flag from the pincushion which she had fastened saddlewise to his back.

"Now he has to bark a 'Thank you,' hasn't he, and offer me the right paw of good-fellowship?"

A sharp bark sounded as I spoke, and a paw was timidly lifted for me to grasp. I took it. We made a pretty, though not original, picture—the intelligent well-trained hound and the stern yet kindly-looking man. The coloured Christmas Supplements have made fortunes out of it. "Oh, you *dear*!" Joan exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"Not at all," I said, wiping my hand on my trouser-leg.

"I meant the dog," observed Joan. "He knows his part perfectly. I only hope it won't rain. People won't want to shake hands with him if his paws are wet and muddy."

"Well, take my old gloves," I suggested. "Patrons can put them on for the ceremony and then hand them back. Heavens! I must run. Good luck!"

"Don't forget you're coming home to lunch," called out Joan as I reached the gate, "and you are to fetch me from my pitch outside our bank."

"Which bank?" I inquired loftily. (We have a small sum in the custody of the Postmaster-General).

"The one where our account is always overdrawn," Joan cried back.

* * *

It was on the stroke of one that I reached the bank. "How have you got on?" I asked, as Joan, having successfully negotiated a sale with a tall stout gentleman, was anxiously watching the united efforts of her customer and our faithful and highly-trained dog to bridge the gap of physical disability that parted them, and seal the bargain in the prescribed manner. "Splendidly!" she replied. "I've just emptied my box for the third time. One sovereign, three half-sovereigns, and any amount of silver. Poor old Rip's neck must ache dreadfully. I wish everyone did as that stout man did. He put in a five-pound note; and, just before, a nice old lady and her daughter put in two one-pounders. . . . Hallo! Here comes the doctor. He *must* buy a flag from Rip. There, he's gone past!"

The doctor, obviously in a hurry, had whizzed by in his car and was already up a side-turning. And so too was Rip. The sight of his old master was too much for him. With a yelp of joy he was off like an arrow, and the air round us simply rained little red-and-white flags. In response to Joan's piteous appeal I started in pursuit of our richly-endowed dog, but I was hopelessly outclassed from the very start. No sign of car or dog could I see when I reached the corner, and I dejectedly retraced my steps. For a quarter of an hour we waited in melancholy silence. Then Rip reappeared. His collecting-box had fallen off, and the flagless pincushion had slipped round under his tummy.

"It's all my fault, Rip," Joan said; I ought to have provided against such a contingency. But our duty is clear," she added, turning to me. I looked into her face and read there what was already in my own mind. Then together we entered the bank and increased our overdraft by seven pounds.



Under the new regulation it is an offence to serve intoxicating drink to any person who is being "treated," unless he is also being "treated" to a meal. It is not always easy to tell when a "treat" is taking place.

But the Non-Treating Regulation Patent Clip, holding one meal within the meaning of the Act, to be attached to all tumblers and glasses, makes the publican feel perfectly safe. We also supply Regulation Meals in neat packages, extra serviceable, sterilised and practically everlasting, if dusted from time to time.—*Advt. The Publicans' Friendly Idea Society*

"The war has seriously affected this traffic; and hotel keepers in some of our Irish resorts were almost threatened with distinction."

Dublin Evening Mail.

From our recollection of Irish hotels we fancy most of them would escape.

"Even if the Germans should be able to rush as far as Constantinople, they will alway shave to maintain two fronts."

Glasgow Evening Times.

That is one of the drawbacks of being double-faced.





STUDIES IN NERVES (NOVEMBER 5).

Before the War. Now.

A LOST LUXURY.

Where are they gone, the old familiar writers
 Whose lucubrations once adorned the Press,
Voluminous, industrious inditers
 Of serious letters upon cheese or chess,
On cabbages or kings, on mice or mitres,
 Phonetic spelling or reforms in dress—
Some eminent for their extreme urbanity,
And others for their exquisite inanity?

I mean not those who to their screeds appended
 An alias expressive of their mood,
According as they were displeased, offended,
 Or moved and prompted by solicitude
That some abuse should be at once amended,
 Some policy should promptly be exhumed;
For still we labour underneath the yoke
Of these indignant, curious, anxious folk.

No, I refer to those alert quill-drivers
 Who underneath no bushel hid their light—
Those conscientious and persistent strivers
 Who loved to set the peccant public right,
And, to the bottom of truth's well like divers,
 Were always plunging, always full of fight,
And utterly regardless of the jibes
Of irresponsible or ribald scribes.

But now from Early, Late, or War Edition
 Their once familiar signatures are gone;
No longer they fulfil their blameless mission
 Of argufying on and on and on;
Vanished is Kipling Common's erudition,
 And hushed the priceless voice of Algernon
Ashton, who left on all he touched the trace
Of his sepulchral and funereal grace.

Only one lingers yet, whose mind capacious
 Pours out a flood of miscellaneous lore,
The sole survivor of the group sagacious
 Who cheered us in the days before the War,
For single-handed, like the good Horatius
 Who kept the bridge in the brave days of yore,
Great Lowther Bridger, aptly named, continues
To brace and stimulate our mental sinews.

Long may his style, excelling in bravura,
 Fulfil our souls with delicate delight,
Long may his wit, a psychic Angostura,
 Correct our literary appetite,
Long may he live to combat atra cura
 And put that melancholy fiend to flight,
Himself serene, indomitably bland,
 The last and wordiest-named of all his band!

Commercial Generosity.

"A new journal, *Questions*, has been established. It is a threepenny monthly periodical for Belgians in England. Belgians in Letchworth who will mention The Citizen may have the journal for three months for a shilling."—*The Citizen (Letchworth).*

"Scotch Nanny in milk two pints, fawn and white, £3 10s." *Leeds Mercury.*

No, we are not taking any. It is too expensive; besides we don't like brindled milk.

THE BATTLE OF THE ELBE.

["A Lloyd's telegram states that the British steamers Auk, Iris, and City of Berlin, which were detained at Hamburg at the outbreak of the war, have been sunk by the enemy."]

"I'VE maintained ... time," said Jack to Cheeks, the Marine, "that the German Navy is threatened with a certain liveliness."

"I'm fair sick of your rumours," said Cheeks.

"This ain't a rumour, Cheeks. We've got reality at last. There's been a big engagement."

"Suppressed by the Censor, I suppose," sneered Cheeks.

"Not at all. The bare details have been published. Now I'm going to give you the story in full.

"You know what a lot of changes there's been lately in the High Canal Staff. Well, Cheeks, those changes ain't been in vain. The new blood has done what the old blood simply never thought of. But, to give credit where credit is due, a thing most marines don't understand, it was Herr BALLIN who had the big idea first.

"He was chattin' one day with VON WIEGAND, the well-known journalist, otherwise famous as a nootral, and VON WIEGAND starts tellin' Herr BALLIN what a great man he is. They were sittin' on the banks of the Elbe, sighing for a capful of wind, like all good sailors, and thinkin' of names for the units of Germany's new merchant fleet."

"You ain't 'alf got a comic imagination," said Cheeks.

"P'raps so, but I've been proved right often. Well, VON WIEGAND was a bit sad. He'd just come off the *Moltke*, which recently had a nasty attack of torpeditis in the jaws, and hummin' in his head was the German sailor's constant refrain, 'When will the British Fleet come out?' He points out to Herr BALLIN that the despondency in the German Fleet is something awful. What with worrying over the enemy when he don't come out, and what with chafing with anxiety over him when he does, the German sailor, Cheeks, is a mere shadow.

"Just at that moment Herr BALLIN sits up. He's all a-shiver with excitement. 'What's that I see before me?' he asks in a husky voice, like Petty Officer Lloyd's when we done *Hamlet* last Christmas. VON WIEGAND couldn't see nothing, and he feels for his Iron ticket. But Herr BALLIN don't give in. 'I'm right,' he says, 'I'm not dreamin'. It's the British Fleet!'

"When they found the hole which WIEGAND had chosen for his reverie, Herr BALLIN had got it schemed out; and it's him, Cheeks, that gets the prize this month for a comic imagination.

"You see, lyin' in the Elbe off Hamburg was three British steamers, what had the bad luck to be in dock there when the War broke out. There was the *Auk*, the *Iris* and the *City of Berlin*. For the last one I have some sympathy, Cheeks. She was handicapped at her christening. Well, it was a matter of a few days only, Cheeks, fixin' up those poor steamers with canvas and wooden guns and givin' them the look of the most ferocious British cruisers. They painted new names on 'em too, callin' them the *Lion*, the *Tiger* and the—and the *Ring-tailed Ranunculus*. Anythin' more desp'rate than those ships had never been seen near Hamburg, not since HAGENBECK set up his institution for the great Herbivores. All right, Cheeks. You can read the book if you like. Perkins pinched it out of the Warrant Officers' mess.

"At last the great day arrived. The German Fleet was brought round the corner, and many scenes of light-hearted joy was witnessed. Some said 'At last!' and them that didn't said 'Der Tag,' and a few butted in with 'Deutschland Ueber Alles!' Stokers shook hands with each other and a few popular fellers were even thrown in the furnaces.

"Well, Cheeks, the action started at 9.47 A.M., the first gun being fired by the *Limburg*, in case you didn't know there was a ship with a name like that. The KAISER and VON WIEGAND was on board, the former gentleman grittin' his teeth and the latter makin' notes besides grittin' his teeth.

"The German Admiral—maybe VON BEHNCKE, but I ain't seen the *Gazette* lately—begs the KAISER to go below, but he says simply, 'My place is beside my brave sailors.' VON WIEGAND was quite as brave. When they impressed upon him the danger he just smiled contemptuously.

"Well, after half an hour the first hit was made. Who done it nobody knows. Perhaps it was the *Pommern*, so called because old TIRPITZ ain't above havin' a mark or two on 'Solly Joel's Selected,' war or no war. Some holds that it was the *Moltke*, but you couldn't say because they was all dashin' about so much and firin' on the cigar or cocoanut system.

"Well, Cheeks, the fight was awful; and the German darin' what the papers call a by-word. Old sailors said there had been nuthin' like it since the bombardment of Scarborough. The noise of the guns was frightful and the smell of the firin' was just like gunpowder.

At 12.29 P.M. the *Auk* went down, and the KAISER sent up a signal to the masthead, '[illegible] price Britannia rules the waves?'"

"Stow it," growled Cheeks.

"Then, Cheeks, you disbelievin' Thomas, the cheerin' broke out just as it did at Trafalgar and La Hogue and other German naval victories. But suddenly the KAISER became grave. There was stern work yet ahead. 'Let the guns speak,' he said, and VON WIEGAND put it down.

"Well, the *City of Berlin* went next, torpedoed by a submarine what crept recklessly in under her port quarter. The *Iris* stuck out to the last, and some of the German Fleet piped off for lunch simply because they were sick of the sight of her. Somehow she wouldn't sink, although she lay bottom upwards with the German Fleet all round her. And if it hadn't been for the happy thought of an Admiral, who had her pushed down with a boathook, I believe she'd be a danger to navigation now, Cheeks.

"That's the whole of the story. Yes, want a moral? Well, I reckon we're lucky to have nothing worse to grouse about than WINSTON CHURCHILL."

PUNCH'S WAR CARTOONS.

In drawing the attention of our readers in our issue of September 1st, 1915, to the Edition de Luxe *Punch* Cartoons, we inadvertently made use of the word "WHATMAN" to describe the boards on which the Cartoons were mounted. We are informed that this description was not accurate, and that the name "WHATMAN" is the registered property of Messrs. W. & G. BALSTON, Limited, to whom we tender an expression of our regret.

Commercial Candour.

"You should not miss a visit to the Ice Cream Soda Fountain. A splendid variety of hot drinks is always obtainable here at very reasonable prices."

"An attractive, detached Gentleman's Cottage Residence. To Let, Furnished."

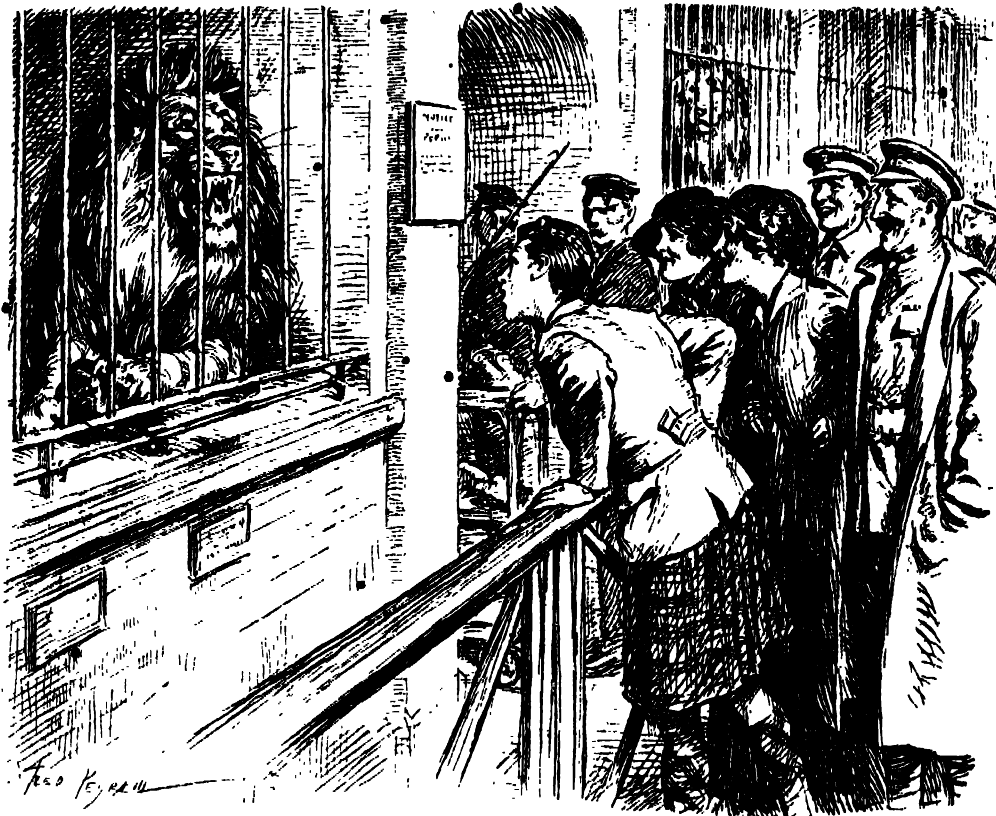
Attractive, yet detached? We fear she must have thrown him over.

Cricket in Roman Britain.

From *The Westminster Gazette's* memoir of W. G. GRACE:—

"In the 'sixties it was no unusual thing to have two or three shooters in an over; nowadays you scarcely get one shooter in a season. At this time the Marylebone ground was in a very unsatisfactory condition—so unsatisfactory that in 164 Sussex refused to play at Lord's owing to the roughness of the ground."

We understand that the St. Andrew's Committee have lodged a protest against this statement in the interests of the Royal and Ancient Game.



FEEDING TIME.

Jock (accustomed to the formula of Orderly Officers). "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

BALKAN INTELLIGENCE.

(How we are enlightened on the situation in the Near East. Any Day's News. Any Daily Paper.)

Amsterdam.

THE Salonika Correspondent of the *Tijd* telegraphs that important developments are expected ere long.

Bukarest, viâ Athens and Lucerne.

A long interview took place yesterday between M. Butteriano, Leader of the Conservative Democratic Party, and M. Margariano, Leader of the Reactionary Radical Party. It is thought that the interview may have an important bearing on Roumania's future action; or, on the other hand, that it may not.

From the "Petit Parisien's" Correspondent at Sofia, viâ Madrid, Buenos Aires, Pekin and Stockholm.

(Delayed in transmission.)

German agents are watching the kitchen of M. Radoslavoff's house day and night, to see that no food is served to the Premier which might possibly affect his present mood or weaken his determination to carry, to the utmost limits Bulgaria's co-operation with the Central Empires.

"We learn," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "from an inspired quarter in Athens (*viâ* Trieste and Berlin), that it is not too much to say that events in the Greek capital may move rapidly ere long. Meanwhile M. Zonopophographos is confined to his bed with a chill.

"King CONSTANTINE granted an audience to the Peruvian Minister to-day. This has given rise to much comment in diplomatic circles.

"Yemyil Bey, of the Young Turk Party and Special Envoy of the Porte at Athens, speaking at a dinner given in his honour by the Old Greek Party last night, declared that the historic friendship of the Greek and Turkish peoples left no doubt as to the ultimate issue of the present situation. Greece must never forget what Turkey and her great ally, Germany, had done on behalf of small nations struggling to be free."

Amsterdam.

The Copenhagen correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* learns from Salonika, *viâ* Lemnos and Nijni Novgorod, that in high official circles in Bukarest it is rumoured that in Constantinople the situation is considered grave. Too much credence must not be given to this report.

Rome, viâ The Hague.

A highly-placed neutral just returned from Constantinople informs the *Secolo* that the SULTAN has conferred the Order of Probity (Ninth Class) upon the acting German Ambassador.

Tokyo, viâ Petrograd.

The Washington correspondent of the Christiania *Morgenpost* telegraphs from Salt Lake City that three-fifths of the Bulgarian army have crossed into Serbia, two-fifths are concentrated on the Greek frontier, while the remaining fifth is to adopt a watching attitude with regard to Roumania.

Nish.

The Austro-German army is deleted [BY CENSOR].

Athens, viâ Berne.

The return of M. VENIZELOS to power is hourly expected.

Athens, viâ Buda-Pest.

M. VENIZELOS' retirement may be regarded (so Reuter's New York correspondent wires) as definite and permanent.

A telegram from Sevastopol, *viâ* Rotterdam, casts doubts on both the above statements.

STOP PRESS.

Bukarest.

The diplomatic situation is appreciably the same.



Mother (to her small son, who is doing a jig-saw puzzle on the Sabbath). "BOBBY, ARE YOU SURE THAT'S A SUNDAY PUZZLE YOU ARE DOING?"

Bobby. "WELL, YOU SEE, I CAN'T TELL UNTIL I'VE DONE IT."

AT THE FRONT.

A MILITARY humourist remarked the other day that trench warfare was becoming a constant drain. Last winter the privilege of being able to write home and say you were up to your knees in water was so highly esteemed that no one ever suggested such a sacrilege as the draining of a trench. This winter we are reformed characters. What remains of the trenches is as dry as the routine order prescribing for them, and on this theme there is nothing to write home about. The British Army has made four drains to every trench, so we have every prospect of a rainless winter.

Talking about constant drains we are so reduced that I have had to take over a company, just for a few days, until they can get an officer. Nevertheless, except that I have stopped speaking to platoon commanders, I don't put on a bit of side about it.

On the other hand you must not imagine that I regard my duties lightly. Only yesterday I built a new mess kitchen. It is completely self-contained, and when it grows up and we borrow the electric range from the Hun opposite it ought to turn out anything up to an eight-course dinner in less time than it takes to persuade the enemy to retaliate.

We are also making a new recess to match the kitchen, a palace with all the requirements of a coal-cellar except the coal. Our half-hoop roofings are creating quite a furore round about. These *derniers cris* of this season's fancy ironwork were discovered loitering suspiciously among the ruins of a barn. For months every officer looked at them appreciatively as he passed, and observed to his friends, "Fine stuff for roofing a dug-out! We must use them as soon as we have a battalion to spare for carrying them." I ended their hopes by discovering that a company could carry one at a time comfortably. Now I write under the shadow of their spreading eaves, and our only trouble is that one of those Generals who keep popping in may want to know why we've been wasting time that might have been spent on draining.

Two evasions present themselves. In the first place there is always a good chance of passing the mess off as a drain. Alternatively I may remark lightly, "My dear General, that old bungalow of ours was positively unfit to receive company in—much less to command one. When I became liable to the honour of your visits, I felt it my first duty to run up a salon worthier of your rank." By the time I have finished this pretty speech the General will be at the end of my line. On the word "rank" I shall salute smartly and fall out.

There are still some Germans somewhere round; they are of the Prussic sort and very acid. They seem to be experts in organized frightfulness, which they get off their chests in short rushes as it were. Thus from 10 to 10.30 A.M. comes a shower of rifle grenades; from 2.30 to 3 P.M., an assortment of shells; while we have two brisk half-hours of rifle and machine guns after dusk. In the small hours of the morning the air is full of the noises of bombous projectiles. I rush up as slowly as I decently can to the sap-head to inquire who is hit, and am informed by a very unconcerned and obviously contemptuous listening-postman that the nearest bomb fell fifty yards short. As the hours of the morning grow larger we return to a shell and mortar diet; and so it goes.

There was once a very old-established company commander in our sector who, having had to furnish the brigade with reports on drainage, coke issue, sniperscopes, a wire-cutting patent, the health of his command, and a new anti-frostbite slush, and being further asked, on the same day, to "report on enemy's attitude," sent in the following illuminating wire:—"Enemy's attitude hostile." Anon came a brigade reply:—"Please amplify your report on enemy's attitude." Whereupon the company commander amplified:—"Enemy's attitude distinctly hostile." This correspondence was then closed.



TO LIGHTEN THE SHIP.

Asquith (*Skipper of the good ship "Cabinet"*). "BELOW THERE! A DOZEN JONAHS WANTED!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, October 26th.—LANSDOWNE realises with increasing conviction that the life of a Leader of a Coalition Ministry, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. Representing Party Government at least you know where you are. The Parliamentary host is ranged in two camps. You and your men fire into the fellows opposite, and they fire into you. There is a simplicity about this arrangement that lends it attraction.

Lamentable difference for Leader in either House when Coalition Government directs National affairs. Such a body has natural unattractiveness of the Hermaphrodite. It excites no healthy encouraging enthusiasm. On all sides it makes enemies, overt or covert. Old friends and former colleagues remain seated on Opposition benches watching Ministerial manœuvres superciliously if not maliciously. This lack of support from old chums is not compensated for by loyalty on the part of new companions. A life-long Conservative seated on Ministerial bench in either House is chilled by consciousness that he is *suspect* in the eyes of the party to which he has attached himself.

This afternoon LANSDOWNE, with his back to the wall, his practised rapier showing no lack of skill or strength in the handling, found himself and the Government of which he is a distinguished Member assailed from all sides. LOREBURN, in most pragmatic mood, began it. Neither House nor country has recently heard anything of the ultra-Radical who, making his way to the Woolsack, in brief time so far commended himself to Noble Lords, lay and clerical, as to dispute in their estimation the personal supremacy of that stern unbending Tory, Lord HALSBURY.

During occasional visits to House he sits in silence, brooding over inefficiency of a Government deprived of his collaboration. With grudging assurance that he did not desire to hamper the Government or to damage the State by putting questions which, even if not answered in detail, would gratify the enemy, he submitted a series suggesting that expedition to Salonica had been rushed, without the approval of the Government's highest naval and military advisers, and that full provision had not been made for its communications and supplies.

In guarded reply LANSDOWNE pointed out that KITCHENER, called to office of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR by public acclaim, is present at every meeting of the Cabinet, and is a party to all its decisions.

"It would," he added, "be almost grotesque to suppose that he allows himself to be deflected from his course by pressure of civilian colleagues."

In the other House this commonsense refutation of irresponsible gossip



"HIS BACK TO THE WALL."
LORD LANSDOWNE.

would have been approved by hearty cheer. The Lords are not in cheerful mood just now. The majority to whom a couple of years ago LANSDOWNE was a revered, almost idolised, leader heard him throughout in chilling silence.

Business done.—Commons made further progress in Committee on Budget.



"OTHERWISE ENGAGED."
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—Burning desire for presence of WANDERING WINSTON suddenly developed. Question 25 on paper, addressed to him by MOLTENO, inquired what he referred to in his communication to the Navy League, when he stated that "through our long delays the enemy had seized a new initiative in the Near East." How were those delays brought about? MOLTENO anxious to know, and who was responsible for them?

When Questions began WINSTON was seated on Treasury Bench chatting with LLOYD GEORGE. When Number 25 on the list was reached, lo! he was not. MOLTENO appealed to SPEAKER to know whether there were any means of getting an answer.

"Certainly," said the SPEAKER; "the answer will be circulated with the Votes."

Doubtless. But that is not what MOLTENO wanted, or what would please the Pragmatical PRINGLE and the Hustling HOGGE, who hurried to his assistance. They desired to see WINSTON in person, hear his explanation of what was certainly a curious remark from a Cabinet Minister, and put a few Supplementary Questions. There was the Sergeant-at-Arms in his chair; why was not he despatched to bring in the errant Minister, handcuffed if necessary?

SPEAKER, calling on next Question, made this little pleasantry impossible.

Meanwhile WINSTON was otherwise, perhaps more usefully, engaged. Had brought down with him easel and palette. Seated at favourable point of view on Terrace was placidly engaged in sketching Westminster Bridge in full tide of traffic. Relieved from strenuous work at Admiralty he has given himself up with characteristic thoroughness and impetuosity to pursuit of Art. Hopes MOLTENO and his other friends below Gangway will like his "View of Westminster Bridge from the Terrace of the House of Commons" when next May they see it hanging on the line at the Royal Academy.

Business done.—Sitting devoted to progress in Budget Bill.

Thursday.—Another word ruled out from Parliamentary usage. It is "stampede." OUTHWAITE inadvertently elicited judgment from the Chair. Amid random talk about raids by Zeppelins, he, addressing HOME SECRETARY, casually inquired, "Is the Right Hon. Gentleman aware that last night there was a stampede by Hon. Members from this Chamber because they heard of a Zeppelin raid?"

SPEAKER sternly objected to the use of the word "stampede."



MADE IN GERMANY.

"Mabel, go on with your work, and don't gnaw your pencil."
"But, Miss Finch, I'm only gnawing off 'Bavaria.'"

Alleged incident of Members bolting at a critical moment explained by Arthur Markham. Also addressing Home Secretary, he asked whether he was aware that two Members actually left the House?

"I was speaking at the time," he added. That explained everything.

Subject accordingly dropped. Revived by Outhwaite, whose ruffled appearance suggested that in the meanwhile, in the Lobby and elsewhere, he had had rough time with Members accused of fleeing in affright when they heard a Zeppelin was coming. He now "desired to make most absolute apology for having conveyed impression that Members left on account of fear." What he meant to say was that they ran off to protect their wives and children.

"I myself," he added, "left on account of a gas-bag which was not a Zeppelin."

This another unfortunate remark. Members seated near him below Gangway looked inquiringly at each other and angrily at him. Certainly was a case that might have been put differently. There are no gas-bags below the Gangway.

Business done.—Night Club Bill passed final stage.

Motto for Diplomacy.—"First make sure that you're too late, then go ahead."

"Mr. Balfour said in no circumstances did the authorities consider that adequate defence against night attacks by Zeppelins could be provided by aeroplanes. On Wednesday, the 13th inst., the weather conditions in the London area rendered it inppopspsipble for any large number to go up."
Gloucester Citizen.

This gives you some idea of the difficulty.

"Wanted a Home for healthy Baby Girl, four months."—*Hull Daily Mail.*

A healthy appetite too, we imagine, with such accommodation.

"The weighty article in the *Manchester Guardian* of yesterday, from which we give extracts elsewhere, is the handwriting on the wall to those who shut their eyes to the truth."—*The Times*

But unfortunately they don't see it.

"To-morrow (Sunday).—Church parade 'Fall in' at Barnes Pond, 10 a.m. (without rifles)."—*Barnes and Mortlake Herald.*

Whatever may happen to the men their weapons are very properly to run no risks.

A RONDEAU OF REGRET.

(For the 5th of November.)

An effigy—a strange affair
Of ancient clothing, past repair,
All stuffed with straw; and for a head
Old rags, to which is sewn with thread
A mask grotesque with baleful stare.

Thus limned amid the bonfire's glare
We see you, Wilhelm, as it were
In proxy; in your royal stead—
An effigy.

We but regret, Imperial Herr,
You're not in person frizzling there.
You thing of straw, with stuffing fed,
Were your existence forfeited
On such a pyre, then who would care
An f-i-g?

"I met the captured German cannon at 9-30 this morning being brought by the Royal Artillery on to the Horse Guards Parade, at the Birdcake Walk end."—*Daily Despatch.*

The Bird Cake-walk (we prefer this arrangement) is only used on triumphal occasions and is the British version of the German goose-step.



Irish Sergeant (sleeping in a ruined farmhouse somewhere in France). "HERE, BURKE, JUST SHLIP OUT AND SEE IF THERE'S A FRONT DOOR; AND, IF THERE IS, SHUT IT!"

W. G.

So W. G. is no more! Cricket itself has suffered the cruellest wounds since August of last year, and now the Father of it is laid low. And his place will never be filled again. There could not be another W. G.; there can be, if the Fates allow the game to recover, great cricketers, but there can never be another so immeasurably the greatest—never another not only to play cricket as GRACE did, but to be cricket as GRACE was.

Cricket and W. G. were indeed one. Popular superstition and the reporters had it that he was a physician, and it is true that, when a wicket-keeper smashed his thumb or a bumping ball flew into a batsman's face, first aid would be administered in the grateful shade of the "Doctor's" beard; but it was impossible really to think seriously of his medical activities, or indeed of any of his activities off the field. Between September and May one thought of him as hibernating in a cave, returning to life with renewed vigour with the opening of the season, his beard a little more imposing, his proportions a little more gigantic; so that each year the bat in his hand, as he walked to the wicket with that curious rolling tumbling gait, seemed a more trifling implement.

With the mind's vision one sees him in many postures. At the wicket waiting, striking and running; and again bowling, in his large round action, coming in from the leg, with a man on the leg boundary a little finer than square, to catch the youngsters who lunged at the widish ball (his "bread-and-butter trick" W. G. called it). One sees him thus and thus, and even retiring to the pavilion, either triumphantly with not, of course, a sufficient but an adequate score to his credit—or with head bent pondering how it was he let that happen and forewarning himself against it next time. But to these reminiscent eyes the most familiar and characteristic attitude of all is W. G. among his men at the fall of a wicket, when they would cluster round to discuss the event and, no matter how tall they were, W. G.'s beard and shoulders would top the lot. Brave days for ever gone!

Of late years, since his retirement, the Old Man, as he was best known among his fellow amateurs, was an occasional figure at Lord's. More than a figure, a landmark, for he grew vaster steadily, more massive, more monumental. What must it have been like to have that Atlas back and those shoulders in front of one in the theatre! At the big matches he would be seen on one of the lower seats of the pavilion with a friend on either side, watching and commenting. But the part of oracle sat very lightly upon him; he was ever a man of action rather than of words, shrewd and sagacious enough, but without rhetoric. That his mind worked with Ulysses-like acuteness every other captain had reason to know, his tactics were superb. But he donned and doffed them with his flannels. In ordinary life he was content to be an ordinary man.

Although sixty-seven, he did not exactly look old; he merely looked older than he had been, or than any such performer should be permitted to be. There should be a dispensation for such masters, by which W. G. with his bat, and JOHN ROBERTS with his cue, and CINQUEVALLI with his juggling implements would be rendered immune from Anno Domini. Almost to the end he kept himself fit, either with local matches, where latterly he gave away more runs in the field than he hit up, not being able to "get down" to the ball, or with golf or beagling. But the great beard grew steadily more grizzled and the ponderous footfall more weighty. Indeed towards the last he might almost have been a work by MESTROVICS, so colossal and cosmic were his lines.

Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The days of GRACE are ended.

AT THE PLAY.

"Mavourneen."

When a nation is busy fighting for its existence it is well that it should be constantly reminded of its noblest traditions. And here the maker of national pageants comes in. It is his part, with the assistance of the costumier, the wig-maker, and sometimes even the actor, to add flame to the country's ardour. This thought, no doubt, is active in the brain of Mr. Louis N. Parker, and it would therefore seem that it must have been through mere inadvertence or else a temporary aberration that he allowed his choice this time to fall upon the corrupt and frivolous Court of Charles II. To suggest that the chance of bringing together the Merry Monarch and the *Merry Widow* (in the person of Miss Lily Elsie) diverted him from the right path would be to cast too cynical a reflection upon his patriotism And certainly it could not have been the male costumes of the period that attracted him, for nothing could well be uglier or more ridiculous.

The comedy of *Mavourneen* is a very simple thing. Apart from the usual allowance of pageantry it concerns itself almost solely with the fortunes of *Patricia O'Brien*. To escape marriage with a detestable man, assigned to her by a detestable father (neither of these villains appeared, so we had to take them on trust), she journeys to London in boy's attire, with the idea of putting her case before the King, the most natural person in the world to consult on a domestic matter of this kind. Here, her mission at once forgotten amid the novel diversions of the Court, she finds favour with the poor dusky Queen (very homesick for Braganza), and then attracts the roving eye of the Monarch. Her innocence, however, defeats him, and in a spasm of generous virtue he resigns her to the arms of the only honest man in his *entourage*. Plot there is none, unless we are to count the customary misunderstanding between the lovers. It arose from an exhibition of the lady's legs before the assembled Court in Whitehall Palace. There had been a question of rivalry in the matter of stockings and the shapeliness that they covered; and *Patricia*, who was in the habit of wading through her native bogs with lifted skirts, failed to see how her innocence could be damaged by this simple demonstration. Why, indeed, it should have come as a shock to so hardened a Court I could not conjecture; she had danced before us at Castle O'Brien, in the First Act, with both her stockings off and we hadn't blenched.

Miss Lily Elsie—a very popular resurrection—was always a delight to the eye, and, boy or girl, she played with a fine assurance. Happily for us she was there most of the time; for in her absence there was little enough to entertain us, though Mr. Harker's scenery afforded a pleasant distraction.



THE HOUSE THAT PAT BUILT.

Patricia O'Brien . . . . . Miss Lily Elsie.
King Charles II . . . . Mr. Malcolm Cherry.

Mr. Cherry did his best to convey the devastating seductiveness of the Monarch, and Mr. Gerald Lawrence (as *Buckingham*, with a taste for improvisation); Mr. Edward Sass (as *Mr. Secretary Pepys*); Mr. Gayer Mackay (as the fatuous *Arlington*); Miss Alice Crawford (as the notorious *Lady Castlemaine*) and the rest of the courtiers made a brave show with their convential tags and improbabilities.

By contrast there was a refreshing humanity in Mr. C. V. France's *Father O'Rafferty* and the *Queen Catherine* of Miss Athene Seyler, a very charming little sketch. Mr. Reginald Owen, whose natural voice and manner lack adaptability, was not very happy as *Patricia's* lover.

I ought to add, in justice to Mr. Parker, that there was War in the air (talk of it, I mean, not Zeppelins); but what with the scandals at Whitehall and a masked rout at The Pantiles, nobody had time to worry about the Dutch question.

O. S.

OUR SUPER-OPTIMIST.

Though some people cry you nay
Now and then,
You 're a fascinating way
With your pen;
For your style grows never stale,
And to every weekly tale
Even pessimists can wail
An Amen.

When our armies over-sea,
You admit,
Down along Gallipoli
Have to sit,
Are you ever once put out?
Do you harbour any doubt
As to what they 're all about?
Not a bit.

If the Russians backward glide
From the foe,
Or the turning of the tide
Seems but slow,
Do you ever cease to write
Of the triumph soon in sight
When the dawn ejects the night?
Oh dear, no.

By "successes" of the Hun
Never awed,
You insist that ev'ry one
Is a fraud;
Soon for peace, you say, they 'll sue,
For you take the "forward view";
And I quite agree with you,
Colonel Maude.

"The bride's travelling dress was a khaki coat and skirt, and she wore a large picture."
Whitby Gazette.

Artists hard-hit by the War are hoping that the new fashion will become general.

"The Editor regrets very much that no completely correct solution of the Acrostic set in the last issue of the Quarterly was completely correct."—*Navy League Quarterly.*

So the Editor has very kindly set the competitors another puzzle, as above.

"There was one child of the marriage, a boy aged three years. He had been wounded three times at [illegible]t, and had taken part in eight bay[illegible]. He had now recovered and wa[illegible] turn to the front again."—*Morning P[illegible]*

Sir Arthur Markha[illegible]ho h[illegible]s condemned the enlistment [illegible] boys, ought to look into this case.



"Ha[illegible] '*Sporting Life*'?" *Bookstall Clerk (at lonely country station).* "Not very!"

THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET.

Oh, she's in from the deep water, she's safe in port once more,
With shot-'oles in the funnel which were not there before;
Yes, she's 'ome, dearie, 'ome, an' we've 'alf the sea inside!
Ought to 'ave sunk, but she couldn't if she tried.

An' it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she'll bring us 'ome some day,
Rollin' both rails under in the old sweet way,
Freezin' in the foul weather, fryin' in the fine,
The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

If she'd been built for sinkin' she'd have done it long ago,
She's tried her best in every sea an' all the winds that blow,
In hurricanes at Galveston, pamperos off the Plate,
An' icy Cape 'Orn snorters which freeze you while you wait.
She's been ashore at Vallipo, Algoa Bay likewise,
She's broke her screw-shaft off Cape Race an' stove 'er bows in ice,
She's lost 'er deck-load overboard an' 'alf 'er bulwarks too,
An' she's come in with fire aboard, smokin' like a flue.

But it's "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she gets there just the same,
Reekin', leakin', 'alf a wreck, scarred an' stove an' lame;
Patch 'er up with putty, lads, tie 'er up with twine,
The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

A bit west the Scillies the sky was stormy red,
"To-night we'll lift Saint Agnes Light if all goes well," we said,
But we met a slinkin' submarine as dark was comin' down,
An' she ripped our rotten plates away an' left us there to drown.

A bit west the Scillies we thought her sure to sink,
There was 'alf a gale blowin', the sky was black as ink,
The seas begun to mount an' the wind begun to thunder,
An' every wave that come, oh, we thought 'twould roll 'er under.

But it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, an' she'll get there after all,
Steamin' when she can steam, an' when she can't she'll crawl,
This year, next year, rain or storm or shine—
The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

We thought about the bulk-'eads, we wondered if they'd last,
An' the cook 'e started groanin' an' repentin' of the past;
But thinkin' an' groanin', oh, they wouldn't shift the water,
So we got the pumps a-workin' same as British seamen oughter.

If she'd been a crack liner she'd 'ave gone like a stone,
An' why she didn't sink is a thing as can't be known;
Our arms was made of lead, our backs was split with achin',
But we pumped 'er into port just before the day was breakin'!

For it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh, she'll bring us 'ome some day,—
Don't you 'ear the pumps a-clankin' in the old sweet way?—
This year, next year, rain or storm or shine—
She's the resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

THE DIARY.

"Francesca," I said, "what was I doing yesterday?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," she said. "I don't keep a watch on your incomings and your outgoings. I've got quite enough to do to look after myself."

"I do not," I said, "perceive in you that willingness to help the distressed which is one of the most precious jewels in the crown of womanhood. You might brush up your memory a bit and help a chap."

"But why does a chap want to be helped?"

"A chap," I said, "wants to be helped because he's posting up his diary. I give you my word of honour, Francesca, my mind is a perfect blank as to what I did yesterday. I can remember quite clearly things that happened fifty years ago, but about yesterday I'm utterly lost."

"Very well, then," she said, "I'll dictate. Are you ready? Go. 'After breakfast, wrote an epic in twelve books'—they're always in twelve books, you know—'wiped out HOMER and put MILTON on a back seat. After luncheon called on Lord KITCHENER at the War Office and submitted my plan of campaign. He seemed much impressed, but——'"

"I wish," I said, "you could manage to be serious for about half a minute You don't seem to realise what this means to me."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I do. I know your happiness depends upon getting it right. However, if you don't like my first effort, I'll try again."

"No, don't," I said; "it only puts me off."

"Then you'll have to be put off. Listen: 'Got out of bed late. Shaved with safety razor. Gashed myself twice. Spoke gently but firmly. Had a bath. Put on blue serge suit and black boots. Breakfasted - eggs and bacon. Read *Times*. Gloomier than ever. Then —'"

"Hurrah!" I said. "I've got it. Don't speak to me. Let me write it down quickly before I forget it. There, it's down."

"How frightfully exciting," she said. "Read it out at once."

"Yes," I said, "here it is: 'Went to London by the 11.12 train.' You can't think what a relief that is to me. It's so jolly to feel that one still has a memory."

"It must be," she said. "But it won't do to put too great a strain on it, you know. It's a gallant memory, but you must ride it gently."

"There you go again," I said.

"Do I?" she said pensively. "I'm wondering how it feels to have a memory like that It must have taken a lot of training."

"Oh, no," I said, "not much. just does it."

"And that," she said, "is how diaries are made, is it?"

"Yes," I said proudly, "that's how."

"But what's the point of it?" she said. "Why do you want to put a thing like that down in your diary? It doesn't seem to be so tremendously important, after all."

"Oh, Francesca," I said, "don't you see? Some day, years hence, you and the children—they'll all be grown up then, by the way, but no matter—you'll all be sitting round the fire in the library, and Muriel will say, 'Let's have a read of Dad's diary,' and you'll fetch it out of its box and perhaps you'll pitch on this very entry and read it out: 'Went to London by the 11.12 train.' And then after a moment or two Nina will say, 'That was Dad's favourite train,' and Alice will say, 'What a good train-catcher Dad was. You don't find many like him in these days;' and Frederick will say, 'I wonder if he wore that funny hat of his;' and so you'll all spend a very pleasant evening over the old diary and the 11.12 train."

"You touch me deeply," said Francesca. "I see there's some use in a trivial diary after all."

"I'm glad of that," I said. "I will now complete the record for the day. Let me see: 'Lunched at Club with Billington. Returned home by 5.50 from Paddington. Drilled with platoon of Volunteers after dinner.' There's the whole day for you."

"What a good driller of Volunteers Dad was!" said Francesca with a smile.

"He did his best," I said. "And let me tell you, Francesca, that if you ever drill a platoon there's one thing you must beware of."

"What's that?" she said.

"As you value your peace of mind," I said, "don't try and get them rear-rank in front. If you want to break up a column of fours into its component particles all you've got to do is to shout out, 'On the right form platoon' (or left, as the case may be—whichever ought to bring the rear-rank in front) and watch the result. It's enough to make a cat laugh, let alone a Sergeant-Major."

"But Sergeant-Majors don't laugh, do they?"

"Not much," I said. "How can they? They pass their time in a world where everybody is always making mistakes and nobody is ever as smart as he ought to be."

"Have you ever," she said, "tried your Sergeant-Major with your diary? He might get a smile or two out of that."

"He'd have to remind it to form two deep first. That would be an absolutely essential preliminary."

"I'll remember that," she said, "when next I drill my weekly books."

R. C. L.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

["The military and naval fo[illegible] for tattooing has spread to many young women in London, who are [illegible]ing the name and often the regimental badge of their swains indelibly marked on their arms."—*Daily Express.*]

Amelia, I am haunted by the thought
 That this distressing news refers to you:
That, tiring of the commonplace, you sought
 For something new,
And rushed off in a mad impulsive mood
To do this foolish thing—to be tattooed.

A fashion that would shock the common throng
 Is just the thing in which you would delight;
I hope with all my heart that I am wrong,
 But, if I'm right,
Your folly will effectively prevent
My showing off my one accomplishment.

For out here, in the midst of War's alarms,
 We sometimes have a sing-song, and, you see,
I always sing, "I know of two white arms
 Waiting for me;"
But if those arms with pictures are bedecked
I sing no more. My repertoire is wrecked.

Note added by Officer censoring letters.

Dear Madam, this intrusion may seem rude,
 But I, alas, have suffered with the rest.
If up to now you *haven't* been tattooed,
 Might I suggest
You go and get it done without delay.
Send us the bill. We'll very gladly pay.

A Bath Revival.

"At 4 o'clock one morning the Fire Brigade arrived and washed its imposing front, which is much the better for the process."



AT THE PANEL DOCTOR'S.

Gentleman (who has been steadily reading for the last hour). "YOU GO NEXT, MA'AM. I'VE ONLY COME HERE TO FINISH A STORY I STARTED LAST WEEK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN these days a fairy fantasy by Mr. F. ANSTEY comes like a breath from the old happiness. How many years is it that he has been compelling our laughter with that delightful jumble of magic and modernity of which he owns the secret? And here the latest story, *In Brief Authority* (SMITH, ELDER), shows what I may call the ANSTEY-formula as potent as ever. Take a stodgy family, types of latter-day Suburbia; add a fascinating governess (Mr. ANSTEY, if he will allow me to say so, seems something of a specialist in nice governesses—this one is own cousin to her who married *The Man from Blankley's*), and translate them all to fairyland as rightful heirs to the throne of that kingdom. There is your scheme. But only the author, in his own grave-faced way, can tell you the countless solemn absurdities of its working out. Myself, of all the *Wibberley Stimpson* family I got most fun out of the daughter, who had been taken unwillingly from a course of lectures on literature, and was frankly bored with the pomp and circumstance of a fairy court. A boredom entirely reciprocated by her attendants, till they cheer up on hearing from the royal note-book that it was "after he had come under the spell of Petrarch and Boccaccio that Chaucer produced his wondrous Tales." Though even then, says Mr. Anstey, "it appeared their interest was due to a misapprehension." But I will not try to describe the trials of this ill-suited family, nor their endeavours to propitiate their subjects by knitting woollen vests for the gnomes, or floating a company for the sale of tables replenishable by magic. Nor again, since I have told you about the governess, need I say who eventually turns out to be the rightful claimant. It is all excellent fooling, with, in one place, just a suspicion of allegory thrown in as ballast. And what a theme for a Christmas Play!

I am inclined deliberately to call Miss MARJORIE BOWEN the first of our costume novelists. I know of no one who can so fill a book with the atmosphere of the past, or whose characters wear their fine feathers with so compelling an air of custom. Her latest story, *Because of These Things* (METHUEN), is the strongest, though not the most pleasant, work she has yet given us. It is a tragedy of clashing temperaments, with an old plot, told often before by many writers, in many settings, from the author of *Othello* onward. The husband here is *Francis Moutray of Glenillish*, a Calvinistic Scots lord, who, coming as a fiercely disapproving visitor to the gay life of eighteenth-century Bologna, is surprised by an overmastering passion and elopes with the young *Giovanna*, a lovely Papist, daughter of a notorious patrician house. What follows is what inevitably must have followed such a union. The instrument of the catastrophe is the child, whom *Giovanna* has secretly received into the Faith which love for her husband had made her outwardly renounce. When *Moutray* learns of this he kills his wife and virtually his son also. Thenceforward the tale moves by darkening paths to the end that was foreshadowed at its start. All

this latter half of the book is pervaded with such a sense of doom and horror that the effect of it is almost unbearable. That is why, though I congratulate Miss BOWEN wholeheartedly upon a piece of imaginative writing that reveals unsuspected power, I cannot exactly recommend the result to those in search of cheerful entertainment, or a bedside soporific. Certainly not the latter, for the dullest reader would be bound to stay awake till the turning of the last page—and probably afterwards. So don't say that I didn't warn you.

I am one of those weak-minded persons so lacking in morals that, if a criminal came to me and told me his latest exploit and seemed to expect my sympathy, I am sure I should say, "Splendid, old man!" or words to that effect. I am afraid I must have taken the wrong point of view when reading *The Man in Motley* (MILLS AND BOON). The story opens with *Ulick Shreeve* plotting and achieving the murder of his rich cousin, whose heir he is, and goes on to relate his subsequent apprehensions lest the crime be traced to him. All the time that I should have been recoiling in horror from *Ulick* I was making myself his accomplice. I followed him about, saying, "Ass, you've forgotten to hide the revolver!" and "Don't leave that obvious clue, you idiot; it's the first thing they'll look for;" with the result that, as the net closed more and more securely about him, I became quite depressed, and felt, when he finally shot himself—there is no capital punishment for murderers in fiction—that I had lost a friend. It was wrong of him, of course, to allow an innocent man to go to prison in his stead, but we plotters cannot bother about trifles. I have not yet got rid of the feeling that poor old *Ulick* had rotten luck. The late TOM GALLON, whose posthumous work the tale is, had the knack of story-telling. He was never slow off the mark, and, once started, he did not allow his readers' attention to flag. *The Man in Motley* is a book which, if you read that sort of book at all, you will finish at a sitting. It is an ingenious story; indeed the trouble with *Ulick* was that he was far too ingenious. I told him at the time that he was making the thing much too complicated, but he would not listen to me.

Lt.-General Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, in *My Adventures as a Spy* (PEARSON), gives abundant proofs of his resourceful courage, and his little book is most genuinely welcome as the work of a man who has again and again held his life in his hands. So long as he is telling us what he has done and why he did it, and is teaching us how we may do some of it ourselves, I am with him all the time. It is only when he begins to generalise that I cease to extend to him my approval. Nothing seems more unnecessary than to say of two brave types that one is braver than the other, and when "B.-P." claims that the courage of a field spy is something greater than "the ordinary bravery of a soldier in action" he may be right, but he ruffles me to the last feather. Anyhow, if, as he says, "the pluck of the man who goes out alone, unobserved and unapplauded, and at the risk of his life, is surely something more admirable," it is time we had a new word for this class of patriot. So infamously disreputable has the word "spy" become that I would suggest that our amateur military experts should cease from their self-imposed labour of telling us how the War ought to be managed and find an honourable name for those brave men (on our side, of course) whose observations are of so vital a value.



THE RULING PASSION.

EVEN IN THE ACT OF SURRENDER THE LANDSTURMER DOES NOT FORGET HIS COMMERCIAL INSTINCTS, WHICH HAVE MADE HIM WHAT HE IS.

I am very much obliged to Mr. ROBERT A. HAMBLIN for introducing me to himself and *The Heart of Joanna* (LONG). I pass on the introduction, feeling pretty sure you will really like the author on this first acquaintance, dismal enough though most of what he says may be; and quite certain that the lady he has charmed into existence will win your hearts and make you, or almost make you, forgive the gloom she is called upon to illumine. Seeing that beyond denial the life of a struggling undertaker and his family in the East End is liable to be a sordid one, to read all about it with enjoyment requires, besides truth in the writer, which is here triumphantly present, some inward contentment, none too common these times, in the reader. So I shall advise you to wait for an evening of good news, with a bright moonlight, before discovering how *Mr. Krewser* went bankrupt, say, and *Mrs Vane* went hungry. After agreeing to accept, for Art's sweet sake and fortified as above suggested, a story that is depressing because, in spite of a sort of happy ending, its prevailing tone of drab tragedy is so remorselessly possible, you will very likely go on, as I did, to grumble at one or two minor things—questions ecclesiastical, where one would like to raise a point of order, for instance, and a matter of poison that seems rather a pity, and of a ballet girl that is rather more than a pity. But I think you will agree in the end that *The Heart of Joanna* is a book of real value and even of power, and *Joanna* herself delightful.

'A PLACE IN THE SUN' COMPANY.

"WANTED shortly, smart Actor for small but important part in above; must be capable of giving a delicate, gentlemanly drunken scene. Wife not objected to if capable of speaking two or three lines."
The Era.

In the circumstances described most wives would regard this as an absurdly inadequate allowance of tongue.

CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has admitted that twenty-seven of her submarines have been caught in English nets and has complained to neutral Powers of this method of capturing them. She considers that it would be more in accordance with the traditions of British sportsmanship if they were taken on the fly—the GREY-fly for choice.

***

One of the most popular toys this year is a submarine which fires torpedoes at a German warship. The great charm of it is that the ship, though temporarily shattered, can be put together again in a minute. The KAISER is greatly taken with the notion, and is trying hard to get a specimen for Admiral TIRPITZ's Christmas tree.

***

It is rumoured that in view of the increasing preponderance of women in the Fatherland "plural marriages" will shortly be authorised. Having set out to be super-men the Germans may end by being super-Mormons.

***

By an arrangement of long standing the KAISER acts as godfather to the seventh and eighth sons born in succession to any of his subjects. With the desire of encouraging the production of "cannon-fodder" for future use he has now extended the offer to seventh, eighth, or ninth sons, even though a daughter or daughters may have intervened. If the present shortage of food continues there will soon be many Esaus in the Godfatherland, ready to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

***

Among the news-items circulated by the Embassy in New York to show Germany's staying-power is the announcement that the subscriptions to the German Derby for 1917 are one hundred and forty-five, or nearly as many as for this year. But the Americans are believed to be more impressed with the number of entries secured for the British DERBY.

***

The future of Constantinople is causing some anxiety to the KAISER. He has offered it to Greece for keeping out of the War, and to Bulgaria for coming in, and to Russia if she will make a separate peace, while Turkey has been promised that the integrity of her Empire shall be preserved. As he hates going back on his bond it will save him a lot of trouble if the Allies capture the wretched place for themselves.

***

A Parliamentary chronicler informs us that as the PRIME MINISTER talked of the low percentage of losses under naval transport Mr. BALFOUR slowly leant forward and solemnly touched the wood of the clerk's table. But, if we were to believe all we hear in the daily Press, the head of some colleague would have served his purpose just as well.

***

It is stated that the Primate of HUNGARY has offered to the military authorities all the church-bells in the country in order that they may be transformed into cannon. Residents in certain parts of the Metropolis are hoping that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY will be equally patriotic.

***

We regret to learn from Mr. and Mrs. EUSTACE MILES that after the December issue the publication of their entertaining magazine, *Healthward Ho!* will be suspended until the War is over. Among the reasons for this step is the number of subscribers that have gone to the Front; or, in other words, the shortage of "nuts."

***

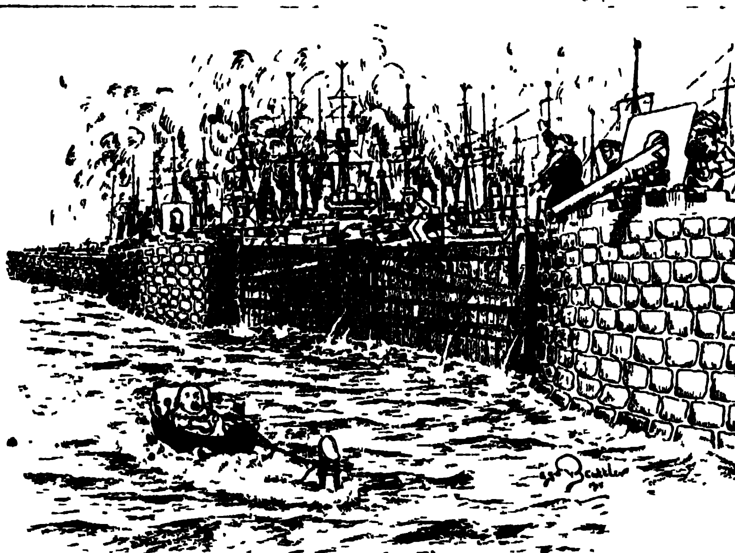
It is a mistake to suppose that the official restrictions placed upon Fifth of November celebrations were due to fear of Zeppelins. The fact is that recent debates in the House of Lords have persuaded the Government that the criminal intentions of GUY FAWKES have been grossly exaggerated.

***

In an appeal for recruits issued by a certain London battalion it is stated that "men joining have the knowledge that it is one of the best-fed regiments in the Army, six meals a day being served." We learn from the Front that in preparation for the advent of these Gargantuan heroes the communication-trenches have lately been widened.

***

Following upon a Press campaign in favour of "Polar meat" a Berlin restaurant is now supplying "*Walfischschnitzel* (whale cutlet), *Walfischrücken* (saddle of whale), and *Walfischbraten* (whale steak)" on the days when butcher's meat is forbidden. A customer who tactlessly asked for Walfisch Bay was informed that it was "off."



A HINT TO OUR ADMIRALTY.

DUMMY BABY DESIGN TO TEMPT THE GERMAN FLEET TO COME OUT.

The Literary Touch.

"Mr. Parker . . . has not attempted to accommodate great events to a dramatic tale. History is merely his background for a story drawn from his imagination. While he was about it, he might have drunk more deeply of the Hyperion Spring, &c., &c."—*Globe.*

"It is officially announced that a Russian fleet in the Baltic Sea to-day bombarded the batteries and harbour works at Varna."
Morning Paper.

They must have borrowed "the guns 9,000 feet high" which, according to another journal, the Italians have been using.

"The unsuccessful might paraphrase Byron thus. 'Never the cheap buying chance, the dear selling opportunity, and the capital together.'"—*Manchester Guardian.*

But surely BROWNING has already parodied BYRON thus: "Never the time and the place and the loved one all together."

"I also invite my friends to partake of supper quite *al fresco* in place of the bountiful high tea which is the usual custom of my class and district." *The Weekly Telegraph.*

Romantic, but a little chilly at this time of year.

A Sinecure.

"CAPABLE Mother's-Help. Comfortable home. No children." *The Lady.*

"The Sandwich Islands are separated from other lands by a broad expanse and great depth of sea . . . The unique position of the islands in mid-Atlantic is of vast importance."
The Wireless World.

Oh, this world-war! Even the Sandwich Islands appear to have abandoned their Pacific attitude.

MOF.

I LITTLE worry when I'm told
That my orthography is *gauche:*
I spell it "Bosch," though scholars scold
And all the leading linguists hold
I ought to spell it "Boche."

Let every pedant have his fun
And every learned prig his fad;
By any name beneath the sun
It's my opinion that the Hun
Would smell about as bad.

Thus, where the border-fence is laid
Between the Belgians and the Dutch
(And when you strike it in the shade
Electrocution's artful aid
Deletes you at a touch),

The Netherlanders, lying low,
But taking neutral leave to scoff,
Have found a name by which to know
The Teuton beast, the common foe -
They call the thing a "Mof."

This word (I like it well enough:
The spelling's Dutch, but let it pass)
Means, being tantamount to "Muff,"
A cylinder of hairy stuff,
Also a silly ass. O. S.

REX OF THE TRANSPORT.

IN the dark ages, when the battalion was still uncertain of its fate and the men returned nightly to comfortable billets and long evenings, he was doubtless the property of some up-to-date brewer, who regarded him without enthusiasm as an item on the asset side of his balance sheet. Among so many others it was not to be expected that he should attract special notice, but one likes to think that even in those days he bore himself proudly, as a king should. Other horses may have been sullen or restless as their moods prompted, but he stood aloof, removed in thought above the things of earth, serene and stoical like MARCUS AURELIUS of old. Perhaps he felt that his hour was soon to strike, perhaps he was up-borne by faith, intuition, second sight—call it what you will; or perhaps his own calm strength alone sustained him. Certain it is that he came to us without hesitation and without fear, but also without rejoicings. It was as if he had but stepped into the place prepared for him, which he knew was his by right.

From the very first his claim was never questioned. For this he was partly indebted to the dignity of his bearing, and partly to the beauty and immensity of his vast frame. "He strode our little world like a Colossus," and to us of the Transport Section, watching the smooth play and ripple of his mighty muscles, he seemed indeed less suited to perform the menial tasks allotted to him than to delight the pure soul of the artist. But most of all I think he owed his supremacy to his eye. Large, dark and compelling, it seemed to combine the wisdom of centuries with the naïve wonderment of a child. There were times when one could read in it the pensiveness that is born of knowledge, and times when it seemed to look out on the world with an air of gentle surprise. Thus, when, standing at ease during the loading of his G. S. wagon he heard the regimental band strike up within a few yards of him, he merely turned on it a gaze of mild inquiry. Yet in that gaze there was an unquestionable tinge of mute contempt for beings who could derive pleasure from such useless and undignified pursuits.

Where we, however, thought to discern a mystic aloofness from common interests and desires, his companions saw only a firm concentration of purpose, a rapt intensity of thought, which they dreaded but could not understand. Because of this no horse would face his glance. It is rumoured that at night-time, from his place of honour on the right of the line, he quelled disturbance by a turn of the head. It is certainly true that since his coming no picket has had to face the fear of a stampede in those dreaded small hours before the dawn, when the grass begins to rustle mysteriously and long shadows creep about the horses' feet. Equally is it true that no picket has ever seen him sleep. Sometimes in the chill of early morning he has been noticed slowly and solemnly alternating his weight from one hind foot to the other, but for the most part he stands four-square and motionless throughout the night, keeping watch and guard over his subjects. Sleep he doubtless must, even as every living thing, but it is a concession to the flesh which he makes grudgingly and in secret, as though ashamed of his own weakness and afraid lest he should be found unworthy of his trust. Always he succeeds in retaining such a measure of his faculties as will enable him to be found awake at each recurring inspection of the line.

When at last Reveille summons the world to another day's work, he submits to having himself groomed without protest but with evident boredom. The only evidence of interest in the proceedings which he displays is when, his rug having been loosened, he reaches round and drags it carefully from his back. It is his one parlour-trick, his sole expression of gratitude, his solitary tribute to the superior intellect of Man. By it he admits his dependence on the powers that guide his life. Failing it we might have admired his strength and respected his serenity, but we could never have loved him. Because of it we know that his detachment is that of the philosopher and not of the cynic, and that beneath his grave exterior there beats a warm heart.

Some day, when the War is over, he will return to civil life. His brief reign ended, he will take his place once more among the obscure and civilian legions of the prosperous brewer. Will he look back with regret on the days of his kingship, or will the memory of them, like a bright jewel, help to sustain him through the dark years that must pass before he goes down-hill with his last load? Time alone can tell but we who knew him in his greatness and must desert him in his poverty wish him the best wish we know: a painless dropping of the traces and, when the time comes, a dreamless sleep.

"The Minor Horrors of War."

"The following list of articles sent gives some idea of the work of the Committee in respect of the Royal Scots during the past twelve months:—Socks, 14,161 pairs; gloves, 3404 pairs; shirts, 5797; mufflers, 2788; helmets, 2126; handkerchiefs, 2780; Tommy's cookers, 1000; insect powder, 1700 tons, &c., &c."—*Scotsman.*

"We return to find the University yet further depleted in numbers, though not far short of 1,000 undergraduates are at present in residence. The 600 odd dons also still about thus enable us to muster quite a respectable total."—*Cambridge Magazine.*

The senior members of the University have their uses, then.

"£3 REWARD.—LOST, Oct. 21st, about 10 p.m. in taxicab, between Hippodrome and Great Titchfield-street, brown FUR STOLE, Minx."
Morning Paper.

It is to be hoped that the loser deserves a better sobriquet than she gives herself. And is "Minx" sure that the fur was stole?



BANQUETING AS USUAL.

Gog (*to Magog*). "WELL, HERE'S TO WAR-ECONOMY!"



Ruby. "Mother, how old is Dad?"
Mother. "Forty-three, dear. Why?"
Ruby. "Oh, I'm glad. I was afraid he'd [illegible]"

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

[*We have had the extraordinary luck to intercept, on its way to "The Daily Telegraph," the following despatch from the Sphinx of the Balkans.*]

It is right that the British Nation should be apprised of the crucial fact that the whole question of Italian activity in the Balkans turns upon the peremptory need of establishing in how far belligerent action may prove to be congruous with the resources at the disposal of the Consulta and in how far they may prove to be proportionately adaptable to the realization of Allied aspirations. This truth was revealed in a telegram which I have just received from a source that I am not at liberty to divulge; but I have first-hand knowledge to guide me, if any guidance were desiderated. And the conclusion tallies exactly with my forecast of last May—unfortunately overlooked at the time. On this point the Giolittist *Stampa*, the Salandrist *Giornale d'Italia* and the Briandist *Figaro* are all in agreement; and satisfaction is expressed that the Dillonist *Daily Telegraph* approves their attitude.

Other extraneous considerations of an influential character, which it would be inopportune to analyse at present (though I am not precluded from expressing the opinion that they may soon reach the highest attainable degree of intensity), also press for recognition. Their sufficiency may be chimerical, but it can with truth be predicated that their influence must tell, though I am unfortunately not free to enter into details the knowledge of which would dispel those appearances that lend colour to the opposite belief.

The attitude of Roumania is still the subject of much misapprehension in Allied diplomatic circles in spite of my article of February 13th last. And here let me say, in passing, that on those days when nothing new from my pen is received in London the diplomatic atmosphere might well be lightened by the reprinting of daily instalments of my former contributions during the past five years. This should prove a safeguard against a dangerous lapse into bewilderment on the part of civilian opinion in the Allied countries. For though much has happened since those pronouncements were made there has been nothing to vitiate their conclusions, or what I may call their continuous applicability or adaptability to future conditions which had yet to be created and which differ materially from those obtaining at the moment when my opinions were adumbrated.

Whether or no Roumania will display any velleity with regard to joint action with the Central Powers is known to certain judges who have watched the diplomatic contest at close quarters or mentally reconstructed it, and whose views are at my disposal. In any case it would be a rash assumption that such endeavours as I may have made on my own part to influence the course of history in negotiations that may be published elsewhere have proved infructuous.

I earnestly hope that the pregnant facts here emphasised will be duly weighed and reckoned with.

Meanwhile Athens is positively weevilled with Germans.

"Should your umbrella turn inside out, don't try that 'old woman's trick' of pushing it against the wall. Grasp it at the ferrule end with the right hand, then place it behind the body on the left hand side. Next, place the left hand on the hip with the arm encircling the stick, then simultaneously pull with the right hand and push with the left arm. This sounds rather complicated but is really very simple in practice."
Everywoman's Weekly.

It may be for Everywoman; but to the mere man it seems like jiu-jitsu.

THE GAP.

I always try to be neighbourly, but people who keep hens which are not chained up are a nuisance.

There is a small paddock at the bottom of my garden belonging to a man named Petherton, and, owing to the Statute of Mortmain or some other silly old enactment, the hedge dividing this field from my garden belongs to Petherton. Of course it does not on that account refuse to act for both of us. It does its best to bound my garden.

But the other day I noticed a fair-sized gap in this hedge. I have no objection to such a gap *as* a gap, but when it acts as an early door for poultry to enter my garden from Petherton's demesne, it is time to see about it.

I saw about it. I wrote to Petherton as follows:-

My dear Sir,- I have hesitated to draw your attention before to a small matter which is causing me some annoyance, because I dislike complaining, because I hate writing letters, and because I had not sufficiently direct evidence till to-day that any dependants or chattels of yours, call them what you will (I have called them several names), were the cause of the annoyance.

This morning, however, I found my wife's favourite flower-bed torn up, and several feathers (enclosed) adhering to my side of the hedge (if either side of a hedge belonging to you can be said to be mine) at the bottom of my garden

If your hens wish to dig themselves in, could you not give them some facilities for doing so on your own premises, or at least prevent their doing so on mine by repairing the hedge, which, according to cap. Vic. (the complete reference escapes me at the moment), is your concern and yours only?

Trusting your late potatoes or early onions, whichever it is that I can see from my windows, are doing well,

I am, Faithfully yours,

Henry J. Fordyce.

As I didn't get any reply to this, I thought perhaps my letter was not sufficiently friendly, so I tried again.

Dear Mr. Petherton,—What a wet day it has been to be sure! My garden is all mud and feathers, thanks to the rain and the inroad of a battalion of star-spangled Wyandottes, or blue-pencilled Leghorns, which attacked my premises at early dawn and retired before my boot batteries had time to get into action.

I am writing merely to prepare you in case a similar raid should be made on your property, especially as the predatory force was seen to be marching in single file through a breach in your own defences. How are your artichokes? Yours sincerely,

Henry J. Fordyce.

This elicited the following from Petherton:-

Sir,--I have received two absurd letters from you and am as yet undecided whether or not to [illegible] them to the notice of the Lunacy Commissioners. Personally I think you are quite mad.

In reference to your imaginary grievance, if you would give your wretched cat more to eat it would not



Fond Mother. "Ay, dear lad, there's not a day passes but what I think of you in that awful sub'arine, with only the periscope to breathe through."

be compelled to dig for food. The noise it makes at night is appalling and keeps both me and my poultry awake.

The feathers you enclosed, and which I return, are evidently either out of your wife's boa, which I noticed last Sunday is moulting, or belonged to some victim of your poor starving cat.

Your imagination in the early morning is too vivid. You should consult a doctor. Yours truly,

Frederick Petherton.

P.S.--I don't grow artichokes, potatoes or onions.

I must be yet more friendly, I said, for the sake of the garden.

Dear Petherton (I wrote), Thanks for yours of unevén date (his figures were illegible), and in reply I am sorry to hear that you and your charming fowls are such light sleepers. I know that my cat is in the habit of meeting his friends after closing time, but so far their conversations have never disturbed my rest.

As regards your anxiety about Thomas's internal affairs, I will make further inquiries into his food accounts and let you know the result. By the way, I notice that Parsons, in the High Street, has some odd lengths of wire netting for sale. You might care to have a look at them.

Yours ever, Harry Fordyce.

Petherton's reply, after a few days, was brief:—Go to the deuce.—F. P.

I thought I would try one even more friendly letter before resorting to sterner measures, so gave off the subjoined:-

My dear old Chap,—So many thanks for your kind invitation, which however it is absolutely impossible to accept for the present, as I find on reference to my engagement book that I am very full up for the next week or two.

By the way, old man, you were right about Thomas, after all. It comes of leaving these matters to servants. However, I have taken the matter in hand myself at last. I have changed his diet to Indian corn and hot porridge, and I have put up a dinky little garden house for him, with two or three cosy hay-lined nests, and in each nest a new golf ball. The result is astonishing. The dear old thing is showing his gratitude in the only way he can. He lays one, two and sometimes three eggs a day. My wife is delighted, as really fresh eggs are so high in price just now.

So there is no need to worry about the hedge, especially as I find that by going down on all fours and peering through the gap I can obtain a delightful vista of meadow land, and such a vista is always an attraction, don't you think?

Yours to a cinder, Harry.

As I was shaving I saw Petherton this morning blocking up the vista. Selfish brute!

A Vocal Phenomenon.

"Miss Bertha Lewis, the D'Oyly Carte contralto, who is so rapidly coming to the front, is in private life Mrs Herbert Heyner, the young baritone who has done such good work in classic concerts " *Leicester Mail.*

"Over the whole basin of the Atlantic there is spread an enormously thick covering of what seems to be mud, but is really a mixture of tiniest shells, either perfect or in pieces, that need the microscope to be seen. This is called Globigerina Ooze—just as if it were a girl." *Cumberland Evening Mail.*

We ourselves should never think of giving a girl a name like that.



G. L. Stampa

Sentry. "Halt! Who goes there?" *Rustic.* "Friend!"
Sentry. "Pass, friend. All's well." *Rustic.* "Thankee, Sir. I'm sorry to 'ave woke 'ee, Sir!"

ANOTHER GREAT SCANDAL.

DANGERS OF MOON. ACTION DEMANDED.

The Globe has ever been in the foremost rank of vigilant critics of affairs. *The Globe's* motto, taken from the immortal works of CHARLES DICKENS himself in his attacks on the Circumlocution Office and the methods of the Court of Chancery, no mean forerunner of "C. P." is, to quote *Mr. Weller*, "Ain't nobody going to be wopped for this here?" and *The Globe* intends to be true to it, come what may.

In pursuance of our policy of watchfulness we are forced to-day to protest with all the eloquence and fervour left over from our great Reprisals Meeting at Croydon against the appalling and perilous folly on the part of the Admiralty—or is it the Home Office? but certainly one or other of those mutually elusive criminals—of allowing the moon to be seen from the Eastern Counties. Nothing could be more calculated to upset our nerves than this singularly obsolete although intrusive planet. *For by some curious chance it rides over the City exactly like a Zeppelin.* Think of the feelings of a citizen who suddenly looking up sees above his head what at the first blush is nothing but a highly illuminated air-ship obviously filled with bombs. How can such a man go about his business with a rightly balanced mind? How can he carry out the delicate tasks demanded of him and of all of us if the War is to end in our favour? He is deranged, unbalanced, and everyone must suffer.

We wish to bring no Government down, but we say with conviction that if the moon is not eclipsed the Cabinet will be, and justly too. For several days every month the moon is not visible. What the *Globe* demands to know, and insists upon learning, is this: *If the moon can be hidden for part of the time, why cannot it be hidden for all the time?* The matter is of tremendous importance strategically, because so clever are our enemies that very shortly they will be sending to England a Zeppelin so like the moon that we shall make no effort to stop it, and then where will London be? We call upon Mr. BALFOUR to act immediately, or, if it is not Mr. BALFOUR, then Sir JOHN SIMON.

The moon must be extinguished. Surely the task presents no real difficulties. Placed in the hands of Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE, who spoke so nobly at Croydon, although no one outside *The Globe* has been permitted to read his remarks, the thing could be done. The fleet of aircraft could be so disposed that they formed a sufficient screen between London and this dangerous luminary. We shall return to the subject again unless something is done. Never will we rest until the Admiralty or the Home Office has done its duty. C. P.

P.S. We are aware that the moon is alleged to keep Zeppelins away, but we have started this scandal and can allow no argument to stop us.

An International Affair.

"BRITISH SUBMARINE'S CLEVER EXPLOIT.
ITALIAN LINER SUNK.
GERMAN APOLOGY TO SWITZERLAND."
Provincial Paper Headlines.

The Simple Life.

"Wanted, Shepherd; must be used to feeding on roots."—*The Hereford Times.*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

GEORGIAN AND OTHER REVIVALS.

Beaunash Wells.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—There's quite a little vogue this autumn for our home-made Spas and Wells, and this place in particular is full of people one knows. But you mustn't think here merely for a holiday. No, my Daphne, we're all, in a sense, "broke in the War" - that's to say, we're suffering from the effects of War-work of some kind Myself, I'm being treated for munition wrists. Beryl and Babs have shell-makers' crouch to such an extent that Sir William Kiddem orders them to lie flat on their backs for ever so long each day. In the intervals of our treatment, however, we're giving back its youth to this dear old place. We crowd the Pump Room, we stroll up and down Quality Walk, and we shop in Farthingale Street.

It was *my* idea to adopt the manners and so on of the poor dears who enjoyed themselves here ages ago, and I lead a set who carry quizzing glasses, and say, "La, you now!" and "My dear creature, I'm infinitely obleeged to you," and all those darling old fancy-dress phrases, and we have ridottos at the Rooms, and dance minuets (they begin as minuets, but they generally end as something livelier). Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who's being treated for Zeppelin eye (through looking up into the sky too long with a telescope), tries, as usual, to outdo us all in digging up the past, and has herself carried to the Pump Room in a Sedan chair. She had a little trouble with her chair-men one day when they set her down farther from the door than she wished. "Marry, come up, varlets," she said (rather mixing up her centuries). "Oddsbodikins, 'tis a plaguy wet day." And the men said they wouldn't have such language used to them, that they were respectable working men, and they'd lay the matter before their trades union, and I don't know what would have happened if Norty hadn't been just coming out of the Pump Room. *He* settled it and pacified them

Yes, Norty came here during his short leave (you heard how he's distinguished himself as a flight-commander, dropping somethin on something somewhere and being decorated by our darling French allies). He threw himself heart and soul into our eighteenth-century pose; set up a snuff-box and took delicate pinches out of it, and said "Foregad!" and "Gadzooks!" and "You divert me vastly, child," and was altogether [illegible] Horace Walpoley, with a dash of BEAU BRUMMEL thrown in.

Sir William Kiddem, who comes to see after us regularly, says it's a *particularly* happy idea to revive the past, as it's *imperative* that our thoughts should be taken off the *present* during our cure. He's sent some immensely complicated cases here—dear Stella Clackmannan, for instance, who was suffering from neuro-committee-itis. She was chairwoman of dozens of committees; and at last the breaking point came, and Sir William sent her here. She's to amuse herself as much as possible, has electric head-massage every day over the part of the brain that's used for organising, is never to see anyone knitting or sewing, and the word "committee" is never to be said in her hearing. The dear thing is better now, but at first she was in a *ghastly* stat Every night she dreamed of knitted mufflers and mitts, and once, she told us, she had a frightful nightmare, when the *whole world* seemed to be made of purls! And whenever and wherever she saw a number of people she tried to form them into a committee! We used to persuade her to go home then and take a tabloid.

My dearest, do you care to hear a storyette with just a little *creep* in it? *Écoute, donc.* I drove out to Oldpark one afternoon, and among the callers was a certain Colonel who's in command of a certain camp not a thousand miles away. He's a rather grim and very, *very* military Colonel, *enormously* keen on recruiting, and considered by many people (himself included, I believe) to resemble a very Great Man indeed. We , Eleanor Oldpark was chatting to some of us, and she happened to say that, while some people were staying there lately, they all amused themselves one evening by dressing up in some of the antique velvets and brocades out of the historic Oldpark wardrobe. The Colonel, who was silently and busily drinking tea and eating sandwiches, suddenly weighed in with, "That must have been the evening I trespassed on your grounds, Lady Oldpark. I wanted to take a short cut over to the depôt, and I passed across your lawn, below the terrace, and saw one of your masqueraders; what's more, I spoke to him and tried to scoop him in you know I never lose an opportunity of scooping 'em in. Did he mention it by any chance?"

"No," said Eleanor, and added, "There were no shirkers in the party, Colonel." Glad to hear it," he answered. "But when I saw my fine young gentleman, with a wigful of great long curls and a little fancy hat atop of it, and a long flapped waistcoat and wide-skirted coat, and shoes and stockings, and a play-sword by his side, I couldn't help saying, 'Young fellow, my lad, are you doing anything for your country?' and, as he didn't answer, I said a word or two more. Sorry if it was undeserved, but he should have said so."

Eleanor looked puzzled. "None of them was dressed in the fashion you've described. Indeed, we've nothing of that exact period in the wardrobe."

"But, my dear lady, one of them must have been dressed so, for I saw him," persisted the Colonel; "he came down the steps of the terrace to get some cool air *after* dancing, I suppose a tall, well set-up young fellow; I saw him quite plainly in the moonlight, with his long curls, and his silks and velvets and his shoe-buckles and all. When he didn't answer my first question, I told him this was no time for dancing about dressed up in the trumpery of the past; that he ought to be in the dress of to-day—khaki. But he made as if he didn't hear, and went off across the lawn and vanished in the shadow of the trees."

Eleanor Oldpark had turned quite pale; she looked at us all, and said, with a strange little laugh, "My dear Colonel, you are indeed zealous in scooping 'em in! You've tried to recruit our Family Ghost!"

A delicious creep went through everyone but the Colonel, and Eleanor continued, I've never seen him, but others have. It's Gervase, second Baron Oldpark, who lived in ANNE's reign. He's seen on a certain autumn evening, the anniversary of the duel in which he fell. The story goes that, instead of finding somebody's wife or sister (whichever it may have been) at the trysting-place, he found somebody's husband or brother, and the fatal duel followed."

The atmosphere got so eerie that I tried to lighten it by saying, "How consumedly interesting!" as we should say at Beaunash Wells. "But, my dear Colonel, I should have thought you were the *last* person to see a ghost!"

"According to Lady Oldpark, I *am* the last person to see one," retorted the Colonel, taking another sandwich (either he thought Eleanor out in her facts, or is absolutely ghost-proof). "But why didn't the fellow tell me what a good reason he had for not enlisting? Two hundred is a good bit over the military age!"

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The modern Herod has seen the writing on the wall." —*Morning Paper.*

Just as if he was the ancient BELSHAZZAR.



Regimental Humourist (arriving with the relief just as mortar goes off). "BLIMEY, BILL! THESE TRENCHES AIN'T SAFE!"

HOLDING THE LINE.

THIS, let me say at once, and thus avoid all false pretences with those readers whose appetite for military matters is never satisfied, is not a military article. The line is not a line of entrenchments on any of the many fronts; and the article therefore contains neither instructions to officers how best to hold it (although no doubt, being only a layman, I could give them priceless counsel), nor a description of the way in which it is being held. I regret and I apologise; but there it is. The line, on the contrary, is the telephone line which several times a day some one tells me to hold; and if I were asked to specify the minutes of my life which I most regret, which have been most irremediably misspent, I should name those occupied in this way.

You know the formula. First you get the number, and then the reply, and then you ask for the person you want and who, of course, has not come to the instrument.

"Is that Mr. Blank?" you say. (This is not really his name.)

"No."

"Is Mr. Blank there?"

"I 'll see." Then the deadly words: "Hold the line."

Now the dreary interlude sets in. You sit still with the receiver at your ear, gazing at nothing, waiting and waiting. Sometimes you hear echoes, faint reflections, of other people's talk. You hear muffled calls at the exchange. You change hands. You drum on the table with the disengaged fingers. You yawn. You click your tongue. Then the voice of the operator says sharply, "Haven't they answered?" and you explain your horrid situation.

You want to read, but there is nothing within reach, and you daren't let go of the receiver. You want to write, but with only one hand this is impossible because the paper slips about. You wonder how a country can expect to win a war if it can't even invent a simple ear clip for such occasions, liberating both hands.

More muffled bells; more faint voices. Then the voice of the operator says, "Have you finished?" and you suppress the temptation to tell her more or less what you think of her impatience, and indicate that, so far from finishing, you have not yet begun.

You attempt to visualise the idiotic person at the other end who is, or is not, trying to find Mr. Blank. Where can Mr. Blank be? Upstairs, downstairs? How can any living man be so long? Perhaps he has suddenly died. Perhaps the intermediary is dead. You get very cross and wish a terrible doom to fall on telephones and their inventors. You wonder what life would be like if the telephones were abolished how soon one could readjust oneself to the old happy pre-telephone ways. You change hands again. You see things in the room that you have never seen before—patches on the ceiling, stains on the wall. That will mean a decorator's bill. You grow despondent and realise that everything that made life possible is over and done with. Nothing now but dreariness and probably ill-health. You hate



LE MOT JUSTE.

"I DON'T LIKE TO SEE A LADY DRESSED LIKE THAT, DO YOU, MUM? IT MAKES HER LOOK SO *suspicious*."

everybody, but most of all Mr. Blank and his criminal clerk or servant or whoever it is that he has selected to answer calls and humiliate you.

The operator again asks if you have done, and you daren't trust yourself to say more than a passionate "No." You change hands again. You begin to say, "Are you there?" but without hope. You would like to rattle the thing the receiver holds down, but you are afraid it would get you cut off. You become stupid and numb.

And then suddenly you are snatched out of a state of stupor and helplessness by a voice at the other end which makes you jump infernally and informs you that Mr. Blank cannot be found.

Such are some of the miseries of holding the line.

In default of a simple contrivance, either for fixing the receiver to one's ear or arranging the receiver on a rest at an angle so that one could leam one's ear against it and have free hands, cannot something be done to relieve the tedium of this bitter process? Could not the Post Office provide broadsheets, in the manner of *The Times*, but more sparkling, printed on cards on one side only, suitable for grasping with one hand? Now that the monstrous sum of threepence is charged for a call there should be a balance for such things. Every telephone subscriber to be provided with a packet each week. They might be called "Holding without Tears." But, perhaps, to improve the instrument were simpler.

If, when the time comes for me to die, I am still not ready to relinquish this odd fever called life, and a good fairy appears at the bedside and offers a boon I shall ask for the restitution of all the time I have spent "holding the line." Then I shall practically live for ever.

The Nessus Brand.

In the *Board of Trade Journal*, under "Openings for British Trade," we read:—

"Machinery for making adhesive paper shirts . . . (Greece)."

Our Experts.

"Instead of withdrawing troops from the Turkish zone of operations, we must increase them; we must cease making war in driblets; instead of regiments, we must pour in battalions."—*Mr. A. G. Hales.*

THE SEVEN SPELLS.

A ROMANCE OF THE NEAR EAST.

It sounds like a fairy story, but it is only the way *The Manchester Evening News* spells the name of a certain Serbian town; and all in one edition too:—

"Kraguyevatz. Kraguyvatz. Kraguievatz. Kragievatz. Kraguyevac. Kragujevacs. Krabujevacs."

From a report of Mr. ASQUITH'S speech in an evening paper:—

"How has this gigantic force been got together by a nation which has never aspired to be a military Poker?"

The Germans believe it is by sheer bluff.

"In the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith made his promised statement on the military situation. The chief points in the speech will be found on p. , and the text on p. ."
Scotsman.

The PRIME MINISTER will have a word with the Censor about this.

"5s. Reward paid anyone finding large black and white cat, busy tail."
Leicester Daily Mercury.

The description hardly seems sufficiently distinctive; all cats have tails like that.



THE SELF-INVITED GUEST.

Sultan (*with resignation*). "ALLAH'S HAND IS INDEED HEAVY ON HIS CHOSEN."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 2nd.—In anticipation of speech of Prime Minister House thronged as it is only on historic occasions. Seats being appropriated by early comers, Members overflowed the side galleries; clustered at the Bar, remaining standing through full length of Premier's longest recorded speech; a few old stagers accommodating themselves on steps of Speaker's Chair.

Notable among Peers in their gallery was Jack Fisher. Had satisfaction of hearing two tributes paid to him by Head of Government. Rumour, current at the time, that First Sea Lord had "doubts and hesitations" about sending Fleet to force Dardanelles without co-operation of Army was confirmed. Also it is to the inventive genius of Lord Fisher, operative in anticipation of events in the Mediterranean, that "the Admiralty built specially constructed vessels that have done magnificent work."

Premier usually manages to compress within space of forty minutes his most momentous speeches. This afternoon spoke for two hours less ten minutes. One of opening sentences struck predominant note. If, he said, any thought it was his duty to appear in guise either of a criminal in the dock making best possible defence of doubtful past, or even of white-sheeted penitent with candle in either hand doing penance and asking for absolution, they would be disappointed.

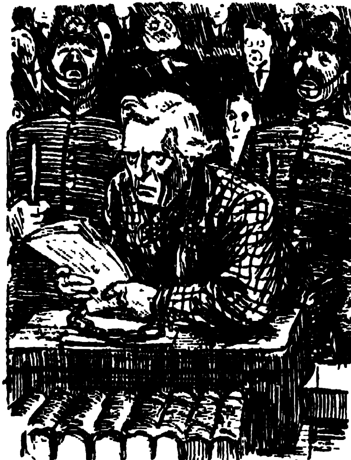
Who such expectants were he made clear in what he called a passing notice of "a small coterie of professional whimperers who keep us supplied and keep our enemies supplied with a daily diet of falsehood."

This the sole reference made under provocation—not unparalleled, since Pitt in analogous circumstances more than a century ago suffered similar assault, but discouraging for an overworked statesman.

For the rest, after plain statement of situation in the Dardanelles, in course of which he vindicated Winston from charge confidently made that he was personally responsible for plan of campaign, he frankly acknowledged that disappointment had attended diplomatic action of the Allies in relation to the Balkans; undertook, amidst outbursts of cheers, that Serbia will not be abandoned; protested that he had no insurmountable objection to compulsory service in time of war, if voluntaryism proved a failure; announced devolution to small Committee of direction of strategical conduct of the War; and declared more confidently than ever that a righteous cause would be carried to a triumphant issue. For himself, he was not going to shift the burden laid upon him until he was satisfied that he could not bear it or that it could be better borne by others.

Greeted with friendly cheers when he entered House after nearly a fortnight's absence from illness, and again when he rose to speak. Applause loudest when he concluded a luminous and spirited story.

Business done.—Prime Minister made long-expected speech on War situation. Interesting, occasionally animated, debate followed.





MISSED OPPORTUNITIES.

How the Prime Minister might have brightened Parliament by appearing as criminal or penitent.

Prodigious.

"'FÉ,' as he is still called, reaches his latest exalted position at the early age of 4. There have been few more striking instances of rapid promotion."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Few, or even none.

"Traveller wanted to push dressmakers in town; liberal encouragement."

Glasgow Herald.

Ought the Glasgow police to allow this sort of thing?

"Herr Karl Rosner, special correspondent of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* with the western armies, gives some interesting figures as to the colossal expenditure of French and British shells. Some Staff statistician has enabled the correspondent to state that on a front breadth of twenty-five yards one shell per minute, or 3,080 per hour, was the average."

Morning Paper.

"Some" Staff statistician, indeed.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BOOTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—What the nation needs above all else at this juncture is unity and a clear lead. It is ready to be led but it can no longer brook shilly-shally and divided councils and confusion in high places. A point of the greatest moment has arisen with regard to the Duke of Wellington's boots, in which connection I for one find myself completely bewildered. In a recent number of *The Spectator* a quaint and instructive little story was related. The Duke of Wellington, we were told, was on board a passenger ship in a storm. He asked the Captain if there was any danger, and, on being informed that there was, he replied, "Then I will go downstairs and put on my boots." (The Duke was a soldier rather than a sailor, or he would never have said "downstairs.")

The Spectator, improving the occasion with its usual pointed skill, went on to say with splendid emphasis, "Let the nation go downstairs and put on its boots!" Now that, Sir, was all right; we knew where we were. But unfortunately in the next number of the paper appeared a letter from a correspondent who gave another version of the story. The Captain of the ship, it seems, informed the Duke that she was likely to founder. And what did the Man of Iron reply? "Then I need not take off my boots."

But my own recollection is—though it is a long time since I heard the story—that what the Duke actually said, on hearing that the ship was sinking, was this: "In that case I must take off my boots" (the better to swim).

Now, Sir, there can be no doubt that the Nation is quite ready to follow the lead of so happy a combination as the Editor of *The Spectator* and the Duke of Wellington. But we must know where we stand with regard to these boots. Are we to put them on, or to take them off? To go downstairs for them, or to go to bed in them?

May I implore you to elicit for us without delay an authoritative pronouncement? I am, Yours faithfully,

A Willing Patriot.

"Old Week-end Cottage.—Kent (about one-and-a-half hours by rail, two-and-a-quarter miles by road)."—*Country Life.*

Good old South-Eastern!



Visitor. "HOW TERRIBLE THIS WAR IS, MRS. WILKS!"
Mrs. Wilks. "HUSH, MISS! MY OLD MAN WON'T HAVE IT THAT THERE IS ONE."

WAR'S SURPRISES.

My friend Adolphus when at school,
Though always a persistent trier,
And not exactly held a fool,
Was never reckoned as a "flier."

Perhaps it was his ducal name,
Perhaps his undistinguished features,
That marked him out for satire's aim,
For schoolboys are exacting creatures.

He wasn't bad behind the stumps,
And would have played in the eleven,
But an untimely bout of mumps
Debarred him from that schoolboy heaven.

He never shone at other sports;
He wasn't brilliant or uproarious;
And nearly always his reports
Summed up his work as "meritorious."

And so, whatever he essayed,
In spite of conscientious striving
He never thoroughly allayed
An unguessed passion for "arriving."

Too negligible to be feared,
Too inconspicuous to be courted,
His blameless way he safely steered
Until to Oxford he resorted.

Within his *Alma Mater's* gates
He neither stirred our praise or pity;
He took a Third in Mods and Greats
Then gravitated to the City.

He passed completely from my ken—
Excepting at an Old Boys' muster
In *ante-bellum* days - and then
Emerged in unfamiliar lustre.

His trench had been severely shelled,
Two shots bang in the midst had landed,
But when the wave of onset swelled
He bombed ten Bosches single-handed.

He got his D.S.O. all right -
Some thought he'd earned a higher guerdon
But still it broke the spell and quite
Relieved him of a lifelong burden.

No longer could his fellows rate
His worth at little more than zero,
One golden hour "beyond his fate"
Had raised him to a full-blown hero.

Therefore believe him not who says
The past must be the present's measure;
The War-test works in wondrous ways
And brings to light undreamt-of treasure.

School verdicts often turn out wrong,
And boys we thought were "small potatoes"
We now admit were all along
Potential paladins or Catos.

Notice.

In a recent article in *Punch*, entitled "Tomlinson's Progress," there was introduced a character of the name of Miss Withers, and there was mention of a house called Rosedene. It appears that an actual Miss Withers, in whose neighbourhood there is a house called Rosedene, is under the impression that she was referred to in the article. In point of fact the character was purely imaginary, and the author is neither acquainted with this Miss Withers nor with the neighbourhood in which she resides. Mr. Punch absolutely repudiates all responsibility for what was a mere coincidence arising out of the use of familiar names. At the same time he regrets any annoyance that may have been suffered by the lady.

Commercial Candour.

Heading to an Indian catalogue:—

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.
ALL PREVIOUS LISTS ARE HEREBY CANCELLED."



Lady (to policeman on duty). "Oh, have you seen the Zeppelin? Which way did it go?"
Policeman (in best official manner). "Up the street opposite, Madam, and first turning on the left."

A GIFT SHELL.

I didn't like the look of the thing from the first. When Celia had removed the two sandbags and the dirty straw in which it had been packed, and it lay revealed in all its frightfulness in the biscuit tin, I said, "I wish he hadn't sent it."

Celia seemed to think me rather ungrateful.

"He must have gone to awful trouble to get it past the Censor," she remarked, shaking the box gently.

"Yes, I noticed the outside wrapper had 'soiled linen' on it—— Don't do that! If you value our lives, the house and all this side of the street for about a hundred yards either way, don't bang it about."

"It must have been banged about in the post," she said very reasonably, "and I want to see if there's a note in with it."

"Suppose," I said, "all the rough handling it has been subjected to has raised it to—er, boiling point. The works inside, you know—very sensitive, I expect."

Celia took a step back and sent Barbara to play in the garden.

"I'm sure there's a letter underneath it," she said.

"Very well, then," I replied, and I carried the box and its sinister contents up into the spare bedroom.

We turned it out very carefully on to the feather bed. Nothing alarming happened, except that Celia dropped the empty tin and frightened me rather unnecessarily.

Then we looked for the note and found nothing.

It was just after Celia had raised the pointed end that I heard the noise.

"Listen," I shouted, pulling her away. There was an unmistakable clicking noise.

The next moment, while I was rapidly considering what to do, Celia dashed at the window, and for some unaccountable reason flung it open, and dragged me from the room by my coat pocket.

When we had everybody safely in the cellar I gave the gardener instructions through the grating. "The tulip bed must be sacrificed," I said firmly, "and as much of the lawn as you think necessary. It must be at least eight feet deep."

In half-an-hour I went out and warned Brown next door. He seemed rather anxious about his new summer-house and asked if it would be possible to turn the business end the other way. I explained there and then that it was *all* business end, but sacrificed another eighteen inches of the lawn in his interests.

After lunch we brought it down. The mattress was rather awkward at the turn on the second landing, but we managed all right until we reached the bottom of the back staircase.

Then the gardener slipped, fell two steps, let drop his corner, and the shell rolled off.

Cook, who I always said would distinguish herself some day, caught it. We got it back on the mattress again just before she fainted.

The evening post arrived as we were all stamping down the tulip bed. Celia read the letter, standing (the irony of it) where the lawn had been.

"I bought the shell," she read, "off a French soldier. When you turn the fuse cap (the brass knob on the point) the clock face appears in the opening at the side. I expect you've discovered the way it works by now. Awfully ingenious, these French fellows—"

"One can never be too careful," I said.

Celia smiled. I suppose there must have been something funny in Harry's letter. He rather prides himself on his humour.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXVIII.

My dear Charles,—I hope this finds you, as it leaves me, in the pink at present. My letter is to be about Headquarters. Later I'll tell you what I see and hear when I circulate.

Any man can picture officers sharpening their swords on the soles of their boots, leaping lightly over parapets and dashing into frays; and, if he can't, there are artists enough to do it for him. But no illustrated Sixpenny Press has ever done justice to the stirring picture, in all its gruesome detail, of *A Staff at Work*. I am not staff, mark you; I am but a very poor relation of the great Brass-hat family. For the moment, however, I live among them and share their hard lot, and, what's more, I am prepared to stand or fall with them. Yes, Charles, there *are* those who will tell you that Headquarters in general exist merely for the purpose of prolonging the War. I felt that way myself in my troglodytic past; but not now.

To the ladies the staff-officer is a tall good-looking man who bestrides a horse with a long tail and is never far away from his Field-Marshal; to the reader of *feuilletons* he is a man of steel nerves and cast-iron expression who pores over maps, as often as not in an ill-lit tent, and deals hourly with questions of life and death in large round numbers; to the junior regimental officer he is an unknown quantity in a motor-car, always to be saluted, whatever his rank, on the you-never-know-and-its-best-to-be-on-the-safe-side principle; to the senior regimental officer he is an enviable nuisance. This is all very well, but what are the facts? What is an M.G.G.S.? What is a B.G.R.A.? How does a D.D.V.S. get to work? What are the habits and peculiar characteristics of an A.M.S.? Distinguish carefully, extra marks being given for neatness, between a D.A.Q.M.G. and a D.A. *and* Q.M.G. Which would you sooner be, and why —a D.D.S. and T., a D.A.D.T., or a D.A.D.R.T.? What relation, by blood or marriage, is a D.A.D.S. to a D.A.D.O.S.? If an A.D.A.P.S. meets a D.A.D.M.S. which calls the other 'Sir'? An army being greater than a corps, and a major being senior to a captain, the candidate for honours is asked to suppose a difference of opinion between an Army Staff Captain and a Corps Staff Major and to spot the winner. Lastly, if a Lieutenant-Colonel is removed from his office of P.M. and returned to his regiment (to command it), do you congratulate him warmly as upon an achievement or do you hush the matter up as being a first step on the downward path?

Most men would answer these riddles, if not in the words, at least after the manner of the sentry whom you ask to direct you to the G.S. Office (the gate of which he guards, if he did but know it). "I don't rightly know, Sir. I've only been in these parts a few weeks."

My servant, having wanted a new tunic a very long time but having failed for all his efforts to come by one, was at last told by an old soldier, "There's a knack about indenting, my lad, and if you haven't got that you're never likely to get anything else." So I believe, it requires a very high order of brain and years of patient industry at the Staff College to learn the system, let alone how to work it. In fact, when you've proved yourself brilliant enough to know exactly what a Staff Officer is, you become, *ipso facto*, a Staff Officer yourself.

You wonder how I, whom you know much too well to suspect of any intellect, can keep my end up in such an atmosphere of knowledge? It came about like this. On September 25th last an affair began which you may recall; it was officially known as "Giving the Ger-dog the cold stomach." It was an affair of some dimensions, but it was no mere coincidence that it happened all along the line at the same moment. It wasn't that all the Generals, French and English, chanced to lose their temper with the enemy simultaneously. No, Charles, strictly between ourselves, *it had all been arranged beforehand*. But it was a dark, a very dark secret; only those who had to know knew, and there was more woe waiting for anyone of them who let it out than there was even for the Bosches. And the secret was kept, and but for accident and considerable tact I might to this day be reckoned as one who knows nothing, never knew anything, is never likely to know anything.

It fell out about that time that I was getting due for leave; that is to say, at the end of August my Colonel asked to name the happy day. He thought I'd be off at once; but for some private reason which I myself have never been quite able to fathom, I must needs select September 25th of all dates. What's more, I stuck to it for all his efforts to put me off. He said I'd be late for the partridges; he said I'd be early for the pheasants. I replied that I was going to spend my time in London, and there was no close season for Zeppelins as far as I knew. "Very well, then," he said hurriedly, "September the 5th be it." "The *twenty*-fifth, Sir," said I. "Right," he said, even more hurriedly; "I'll put you down for the 25th of October." "*September*, Sir," I said.

Even in the G.S. office of an Army at midnight a crowd will gather round; and about my Colonel, in his sore dilemma, assembled a little group of interested listeners. They became aware of my existence, even of my leave. When did I propose to take it? "I had thought of September 25th," I explained; "but there seems to be something ..." My Colonel blushed deeply, firmly closed the conversation, and there ensued the stoniest silence I ever remember to have been mixed up in.

My duty takes me with messages to most of the people who matter, and it is their habit in the kindness of their hearts to interest themselves, at the conclusion of the interview, in my private affairs. To all of them I mentioned my leave and September 25th. I confess that after the first time or two I did this on purpose. It was apparently an excellent jest. It induced them to smile mysteriously at me. When people do that, I always, on principle, smile mysteriously myself. At the mention of that date they would look anxiously at the door, to see if it was shut, and then would ask me in an offhand manner questions which only the inmost inner circle could be expected to answer. In matters of opinion ("How long will the War *really* last?") I would say my say: in matters of fact I would say briefly I didn't know. In both cases I got infinite credit for extraordinary knowledge, but more especially in the latter.

And so my reputation was created in the highest quarters; it very soon spread down. When September 25th arrived and the supposed inwardness of all my mysterious smiling with regard to it became apparent to all, I was a made man. Nowadays, when other people are asked to say what they think, I am asked to say what I know. At present I am unpopular, but pleasantly unpopular, for my meanness, exceeding that of the Bulgarians even, in not warning people what was about to take place in the East.

Very well, Charles, disbelieve me if you will. But, say, how do *you* account for my present official address, which is (omitting, so to speak, the number of the Street) Intelligence, ——, B.E.F.

Yours ever, nevertheless, Henry.

From a notice of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences of Gladstone:—

"Immediately after Miss Tennant's departure he, as was Mr. Wemmick's custom on an occasional afternoon, dropped into poetry."

Sunday Paper.

Shade of Silas Wegg (bitterly). "And this is fame!"



Newly-arrived Subaltern. "IS THAT OUR WOOD?"
Captain. "WELL, NO. BUT WE HAVE THE SHOOTING OVER IT."

RUM.

THERE is a nectar, not distilled
  Where England's gods and princes come,
Rather by men of meaner build
In needy streets is sometimes swilled
  At no excessive sum;
But here I deem it no disgrace,
When Sol sits down in Samothrace
And Father Achi hides his face,
  To fill my flask with rum.

In this hush'd hour the peasant Turk,
  The other side of yonder steep,
Walks home, I ween, from vineyard work
Through rock-strewn scrub where lizards lurk
  And snakes are going cheap,
To where in some deep-delvéd cell
His best Falernian goat-skins dwell,
And does himself extremely well
  And settles down to sleep.

But it is now, when peasants play,
  That soldiers' toils in truth begin;
We may do nothing all the day
But feebly wave the flies away
  And let the best fly win;
But with the dark arrive our rigours,
The bags, the bombs, the ceaseless diggers,
While foemen madly work their triggers—
  And that 's where rum comes in.

It cheers me when the night is chill,
  Or things particularly grave,
When only one lone sentry still
Is wakeful and prepared to kill
  If Moslems misbehave;
Or, while I crawl where no trench is
And spiteful missiles round me whizz
From someone in those cypresses,
  It makes me almost brave.

And when I wake from some brief doze
  To hear the great Red-Hats have writ
That they have reason to suppose
This is the night our frantic foes
  Intend to do their bit;
And we sad souls till dawn must act
Like men about to be attacked,
And not a thing occurs, in fact—
  I shall be glad of it.

At other times my tot I raise
  And take it gingerly, like snuff,
Not with the wild convivial ways,
The deep long draughts of Oxford days;
  It is not good enough;
For, though in kindly terms I touch
On this rich stimulant, as such,
I cannot say I like it much,
  Indeed I hate the stuff.

"Paper handkerchiefs are to be provided for the infants at Church Street School."
Woking News & Mail.

Tishoo-paper, of course.

IN THE SUNDAY MANNER.

XIII.—BOMBY AND THE LION.

BOMBY walked along with his bow and arrow as proud as a terrier with two tails. Can't you see him, children, in the mind's eye? And then—what do you think?—suddenly appeared a monstrous lion.

Was Bomby frightened? Not a bit. He merely slipped behind a bush and waited.

"What is it?" asked the Fluffy Child.

"It 's a lion," said Bomby.

"What you going to do?" asked the Fluffy Child.

"Shoot it," said Bomby.

"How splendid you are!" said the Fluffy Child.

"Aren't I?" said Bomby.

The lion came on and then suddenly it began to purr.

"It 's purring," said Bomby. "It 's not angry at all."

So they got on its back and rode home.

Wasn't that delightful, dear children? Wasn't Bomby splendidly brave? Isn't this a terrific story?

[Next week another equally exciting and thrilling adventure of Bomby and the Fluffy Child.]

THE FOUR-POSTER.

"There he is," said Francesca. "I can hear his step on the gravel."

"I'm glad he's come at last," I said. "This suspense has been very trying."

"He's wearing a top-hat," said Francesca, peeping through the window, "and a very nice-looking overcoat. Run and open the front-door for him."

"No," I said, "let the front-door be opened in the usual way.

"No," she said, "you do it. He'll give us a better price if we're polite to him."

"If he thinks we're grovelling to him he won't give us anything at all."

"Pooh," said Francesca. "I bet we shall get a hundred pounds for it."

"I bet on a hundred-and-fifty," I said. "You must remember it's of the best period."

I ought, perhaps, to explain that this conversation referred to the old four-poster bed, the gift of Francesca's grandmother, which for nearly twenty years had occupied the greater part of the floor-space and wall-space in one of the spare bedrooms. It was as lofty as it was otherwise immense and gloomy. Any guest who occupied it seemed to dwindle away to a speck on its vast acreage. It is related that a young nephew, spending part of his last holidays with us, overslept himself one fine morning, and that the bed was duly made over his body without his presence being noticed or suspected. In consequence of Mr. McKenna's budget it had now been decided that the bed was to be sold, and Messrs. Spindlewood and Sons, the celebrated furniture people, had sent their Mr. Jacobson down to inspect and appraise it.



"Their Master's Voice" record of the Kaiser's famous adaptation of the American poem (as applied to the Crown Prince): "I wish I'd raised my boy to be a soldier."

I welcomed Mr. Jacobson in the hall and immediately felt that paralysis of all the mental faculties which is apt to overcome me in the presence of an expert.

"We will now," I said, "go up-stairs and I will show you the *corpus delicti*."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Jacobson, "I thought I was to see a four-poster bedstead."

"So you are, Mr. Jacobson," I said, "so you are."

"But the *corpus?*" said Mr. Jacobson. "I think you mentioned a *corpus* of some kind?"

"Quite right, Mr. Jacobson," I said. "It's been in the family a long time, and that's our pet name for it."

We had now reached the bedroom passage and in a moment I had thrown open the door of the spare room and had introduced Mr. Jacobson to his victim.

"There it is," I said, "as large as life and twice as natural, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Jacobson. "I shouldn't say it was *quite* as large as all that. They sometimes run a good bit larger. We got a bed two years ago from Lord Oldbury's house in Staffordshire—you may possibly have been there?"

"No," I said, "not exactly, but I've often heard about it."

"Ah," said Mr. Jacobson. "Then I daresay you heard his bed mentioned. I don't think I'm wrong in saying that bed would give yours [illegible] length and a foot in breadth."

"Indeed?" I said coldly. "I shouldn't have thought that was possible."

"Dear me, yes," said Mr. Jacobson. "I know of a bed in Hampshire that you could pack this one up in and forget all about it."

"Still," I said, "size isn't everything in four-posters. This one is of the best period."

"Yes-um-yes," said Mr. Jacobson, "that's just what I'm wondering about. There's some good work in that left-hand post at the foot—late eighteenth-century, I should say, half-way up—but the rest of it's been put in bit by bit. I can see where it's been joined up. Now this part at the head——"

"Ah," I said, "I've always understood that to be the pride of the bed."

"It may be," said Mr. Jacobson dubiously; "but for my own part I should say it's a recent imitation of a post of about 1740. He went up to it, tapped it with his knuckles, scraped it with his thumb-nail and inspected it with a little magnifying-glass which he took from his pocket.

"I thought so," he said. "Not a day earlier than 1860."

"But," I said, "they did good work in 1860."

"Oh yes, I daresay they did," said Mr. Jacobson, "but it's not the kind of work that adds to the value of an article. You see, Sir, this bedstead of yours is made up of several different periods. It hasn't, so to say, got a proper period of its own. If I was to describe it to you, or to anyone else, for the matter of that, as belonging, say, to the eighteenth century I should be—er—misrepresenting the facts. It looks handsome in a way, but it's really too much of a botch-up to command much of a price."

"But," I said desperately, "I thought four-posters were always sure of a ready sale at a big price."

"Ah, Sir, there was a time when *connoisseurs* were after them very hot, and many inferior articles were put upon the market to meet the demand; but that time's over long ago. Nobody wants to sleep in them and very few people want to buy them now."

"That," I said, "is very depressing, Mr. Jacobson. What do you advise me to do about it?"

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Jacobson," you could break it up, you know, and either keep the posts as ornament stands or give them away for wedding presents. Or we could take it in part payment for two of our best walnut-wood bedsteads. Or, if you like, we can put it into one of our sales and make a try to push it up to five pounds."

Shortly afterwards I said good-bye to Mr. Jacobson and reported the result of his inspection to Francesca.

"What," she said indignantly, "break up Grandmamma's four-poster, or exchange it for two modern beds, or put it in a sale? Never! We'll keep it."

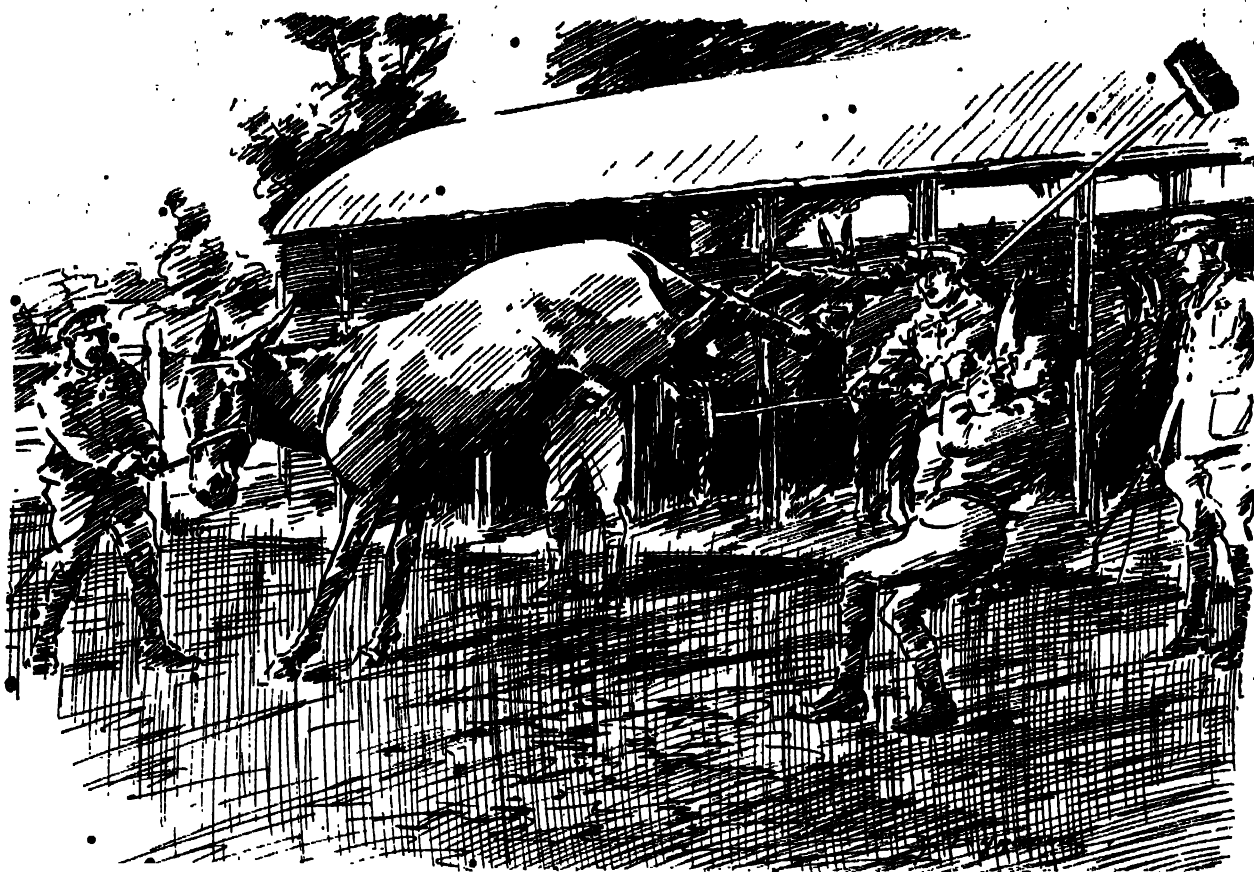
"Yes," I said, "and I'll go on telling people it's of the best period."

"I shan't do that," said Francesca. "I shall say that some good judges have attributed it to Grinling Gibbons."

R. C. L.

A Handful.

"Wanted.—Good Plain Cook, House-Parlourmaid, and Nurse-House-Maid to look after one little girl of five."—*Hants Chronicle.*



HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT DEPÔT.

LONG-DISTANCE GROOMING.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

IN *Eltham House* (CASSELL) Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD returns to her pleasant field of high politics in an expensive setting. *Alec Wing*, heir of a fabulously wealthy and detached Whig peer, runs away with *Caroline*, the beautiful wife of an odious wooden baronet. He marries her in due course, and after a decorous interval she comes back to be mistress of the great Whig palace which old *Lord Wing* has generously put at the disposal of the brilliant young couple. Outraged society and the Nonconformist conscience determine that *Wing* shall not get into the Government and that no other women than an eccentric duchess, the ladies of the Embassies, and exotic dancers shall appear at Eltham House. *Wing* succeeds to the title and so cannot be kept out of politics, but fails in his attempt to bribe and intrigue himself into place. In his failure he deserts his adorable *Caroline*, who, after trying to rival the Salon of the Lady HOLLAND of the beginning of the last century, dies of something like a broken heart. *Caroline* is a charming pathetic figure, dexterously suggested. *Wing* is a bumptious ass, with little trace of the high talents claimed for him. It is a curious trick of fate which has set Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD to boomerang-making. Not once, but thrice in these last four years she has written books which seem to bring damage by inference to the causes and conditions she has at heart. I take it she approves and thinks impressive the atmosphere of Eltham House, gilt and marbled and pillared, lined with the family portraits of three centuries and stuffed with rare treasures of art; with its glitter and bustle; its starred and beribboned statesmen and ambassadors; its political chatter and anxious wire-pulling, even though she deplores the vagaries of its headstrong young master, *Lord Wing*. But in fact she contrives to make it all a little empty, unmeaning and unseemly—a good deal too much cry for so little wool. And I conceive that, run as a serial by one of our wrecking journals, the whole novel might have a quite considerable success, in addition to that more flattering welcome which the loyalty and gratitude of readers and the author's competent handling of her well-dressed marionettes assures her. One shining merit is that she is herself alertly interested—always an infectious quality.

There is little point in attempting comparisons between the various war-books that have appeared during the past year. Each has its individual excellence. If I were asked to name the chief characteristic of *War Pictures behind the Lines* (SMITH, ELDER) I think I should say cheerful common sense. Mr. IAN MALCOLM, M.P., writes of the War on the Western Front as it appeared to him during his very energetic employment with the British Red Cross Society. That he happened also to be a trained observer and the owner of a literary style were, so to speak, fortunate accidents. The book is, as its dedication to the writer's constituents says, primarily a record of work done. The things seen come by the way. Part, a noble and terrible part, of this work was concerned with the identification of the graves of those who had fallen in action. This task at

times led the party into dangerous places. Their reward was the comfort they were able to bring back to many mourners at home, especially in their testimony to the love and reverence with which these graves are tended by French peasants and privates. There are many moving instances of this. But the book is not wholly grave. Mr. MALCOLM has to the full the brave optimism of the busy worker, the very quality that he notices approvingly in others. The illustrations are a very attractive feature of the volume; they range from reproductions of German bread-tickets to pictures and drawings by French artists bearing upon the War. Of these latter, one especially, a crayon drawing by OCHS of two amateur critics, entitled, "*Si j'étais à la place de Joffre*," is a masterpiece of good-humoured satire.

An Irish story from Mrs. FRANCIS BLUNDELL (M. E. FRANCIS) possesses the added charm of novelty. But *Dark Rosaleen* (CASSELL) shows her as much at home in Connemara as in Wessex or Lancashire. There is indeed an unusual beauty in the setting of this tale; and that feeling which she always shows for the place-spirit, by which the surroundings of her characters become an actual influence in their development, has never served her to better purpose. The mist-laden hills, the wet winds and surging seas of Western Ireland have all been brought into her pages, so that the haunting, exasperating appeal of them is like that of the country itself. This being said, I have to confess that the actual story seemed to me unequal; there are scenes in it that could hardly be bettered, others that leave one unsatisfied. Perhaps this is because its motive is religious; and religion, which cannot always make a good man, generally makes a bad novel. *Dark Rosaleen* is the tale of a mixed marriage, between Ultra-Protestant *Hector McTavish*, and Catholic *Norah Burke*. *Hector* and *Pat Burke*, peasant lads both, had been brought up almost as brothers, till the former is taken away to the North by his Protestant father, and the latter becomes a priest. Exquisitely sympathetic and tender is Mrs. BLUNDELL's telling of the scene in which *Patsy's* mother and dying father kneel to receive the first blessing of their son. These chapters, indeed all the Connaught part of the book, are a delight to read; but later, when *Hector* has married *Norah* and taken her with him to Ulster, though the contrast is well suggested, I could not but feel that the story had suffered from the change of air. The end, which I do not mean to tell, is unexpectedly grim, but the horror of it is redeemed by a fine touch of imagination.



Proprietor of Dullboro' Emporium (with admirable presence of mind). 'MR. BINKS, FORWARD!'

Mr. GERALD LASCELLES, formerly Deputy-Surveyor of the New Forest (under the Crown), may have had his worries, as every deputy-surveyor (under the Crown) must have, for tenants are always tenants and related in one particular (so other landlords tell me) to the daughters of the horse-leech, to *Oliver Twist*, and to the patrons of the present Ambassadors' revue. But there is plenty of evidence, in Mr. LASCELLES' *Thirty-five Years in the New Forest* that his life had its compensations too. For an hour or so in refusing to build a new bedroom or a lighting plant (or even in complying with such demands), he could mount his pony and shoot deer, or call out his spaniels and shoot pheasants, or even loiter among the flowers of his pleasant and historic old King's House, Lyndhurst. One thing is certain from popular testimony, and that is that the New Forest was never in more capable or more sympathetic hands than in his long regency; and this book proves that the Forest never had a better lover. As an author Mr. LASCELLES is easy-going and communicative, and his volume, as the record of the life of an English country gentleman of sound sporting tastes, and a right dislike of egg-collectors and the destroyers of rare birds, takes its place among the more excellent out-door literature.

In *Penelope's Postscripts* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) it seems to me that Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN has striven at all costs to be "bright" in the peculiar sense that Americans give to that word. *Penelope* herself almost admits this when she writes in the last chapter, "And where is Herself, the vanished Penelope, you ask . . . Well, if she is a thought less irresponsible, merry and loquacious, she is happier and wiser;" and I could wish that I had met her after her reformation instead of before it. For the fact of the matter is that in those *Postscripts* Mrs. WIGGIN's sense of humour has been employed upon material that has been already roasted, hashed, minced and turned into potato-pie until one is weary of the very sight of it. Neither Mrs. WIGGIN nor anyone else can squeeze fresh fun out of the idiosyncracies of the Welsh language or the difficulties that the Briton has in coping with the speech of Latin countries. I wish with all my heart she had not made the attempt, because in these days to abandon faith in a humourist is to take a knock in the very vitals of friendship.

"WHY ZEPPELINS COME HERE AT WILL."

Morning Paper Headline.

But they don't come at him; they come from him.

From a book catalogue:—

"60. Sinclair's Satan's Visible World Discovered.
61. Sinclair's Fifty Years of Newspaper Life."

Mr. PUNCH, on behalf of his contemporaries, begs to assure his readers that the two things are not necessarily identical.

"First-class companies have been booked throughout the season, including such as 'Diplomacy,' 'Mr. Will Grumpy,' 'Pearl Girl,' 'Potash and Perlmutter,' 'Girl from Utah,' 'Marriage Market,' 'Oh, Oh, Delphine,' and other London successes."

Official Guide to Rhyl.

We regret to see no mention of "The Man Who Stayed at Rome."

CHARIVARIA.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet, the First Lord of the Admiralty said that the whole strategy of the Allies is based on the Fleet. This will, we hope, dispel the notion apparently current in certain quarters that it ought to be based on Fleet Street.

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In replying to the toast of the Services Mr. Balfour showed something less than his usual felicity of diction when he said that "in ordinary peace-times the Navy and Army are drunk as part of the ordinary routine of any public ceremony."

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We read that the Bulgarians obtained much valuable booty in Nish, which, in a telegram of congratulation to its captor, King Ferdinand described as "a general castle of treachery and lies." This is the first intimation we have had that the Bulgar was running short of those commodities.

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A certain public department recently sent to headquarters the usual requisition form for office necessaries. In reply came a circular emphasizing the need for economy, and a letter explaining that every article but one had been reduced by one-half. The exception was Red Tape, another proof of the indomitable persistency of "the thin red line."

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The latest variant of the classical phrase runs: *Timeo Danaos et dona petentes*, and may be idiomatically rendered: "I am a little uneasy about very benevolent neutrality seeking a loan."

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A sheep carrying in its shoulder a small fragment of shell realised five pounds six shillings at a charitable sale the other day; and oyster-sellers are contemplating a sympathetic rise in the price of their commodities.

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After quoting Mr. Asquith's words, "I am determined to win this war," *Der Tag* observes sarcastically, "These words will be immortal. They will cause his memory to live so long as the history of nations and of their wars remains on the records of time." For once *Der Tag* has probably deviated into accuracy.

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By a strange mistake the establishment of a new glove industry in Newcastle is described as an outcome of the War. In reality we are just taking the gloves off.

To combat espionage the French Government has put up notices: "Don't Talk," "Be Discreet," "Enemies are Listening," in public places and vehicles. In the circumstances a contemporary's comment upon the internment of Mumm, the champagne-grower—that his name "was synonymous with everything French—except the four letters it contained"—was singularly inappropriate.

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According to a Dutch paper the reprieve of Count Hemptinne, a Belgian nobleman sentenced to death by a German court-martial, was due to the fact that his relatives paid a ransom of two million francs. The Germans spared the hemp and kept the remainder.

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Overheard in the "Eastern Counties" *à propos* of a recent air-raid: "They're in a terrible state at ——. My Aunt's been under the kitchen table for a fortnight."

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The darkened streets of London are said to be responsible for the abandonment of the annual show of the London Cage Bird Association, the oldest bird club in the United Kingdom. We ourselves have noted a decided disinclination on the part of old birds to be out late these nights.

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Climatic conditions, we are told, prevented the King of Bulgaria from making a flight in the Zeppelin which arrived at Sofia the other day. Poor Ferdinand is a perfect martyr to cold feet.

The New York World says that President Wilson never dared to press the *Lusitania* case "lest Germany should flatly decline to disavow it and reduce his noble diplomatic victory to kindling wood." This seems to us an unfair reflection on an excellent material. After all, kindling wood is often used to kindle something, especially when accompanied by a few scraps of note-paper.

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All the romance is going out of life. At an American maternity hospital they take a print of the foot of every child within an hour of its birth, with the result that it is impossible for any of the infants thus treated to be "changed at nurse." If this sort of thing is allowed to go on a large number of deserving novelists and dramatists will find that they have been literally stamped out of existence.

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One of our Ministers has a grievance against *The Observer*. He started to read an article headed: "The Great Churchill," and then found it was only a Life of the first Duke of Marlborough.



"Why don't you open the window, Grandfather, and let some of the smoke out?"

"Not likely! Look what I've got to pay an ounce for it now."

Delikatessen.

"Congratulations were offered to Lord De Ramsey on his safe return from Germany. His Lordship made a brief acknowledgment, and remarked: 'Roast goat and sour trout are not very good things to eat.'"
Peterborough and Hunts Standard.

"Girl Wanted to take out daily little boy, aged 3."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

In his daily mail-cart, we suppose.

"Mr. Lansing is trying to arrange with the British authorities with a view to publication of the Note on Morning morning."—*Scotsman.*

And Sir Edward Grey, breaking into the Scottish vernacular, replied "I will do it the morn's morn."

Suggested War-song for those members of Volunteer Corps who want to go to the Front:—

"Tommy, make room for your Uncle."

"The farmers take a great pride in their hedges, which are fenced on the inside with two lines of wife to prevent the cattle from eating the foliage."—*Northern Echo.*

In imitation of the Germans' methods in Belgium.

"The Cabinet is being strongly pressed to invite one or more French generals to sit on the new General Staff."
Evening Times and Echo.

It is believed that the Cabinet itself effectively sat on the old one.

WAR NOTES.

The report, published in the evening Press of last Wednesday, that a meeting was being arranged between the Kings of Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania, at Bukarest still lacks official authority, though it has since been confirmed by the Panama correspondent of an Amsterdam paper, and by our own representative at Monte Carlo, the latter adding the further interesting statement that this conference of Balkan monarchs has been summoned by Lord Kitchener.

The enthusiasm aroused by President Wilson's latest Note to Great Britain has distracted the attention of the American public from the case of Herr Fay and his accomplices. It is felt that, while any attempt on the part of these gentlemen to blow up American ships at the instigation of the German Foreign Office should be discouraged, the matter is one of minor importance as compared with the necessity of insisting that Great Britain should adopt the German ideal of the freedom of the seas.

In view of the familiar behaviour of its captain and crew, the opinion is widely held that the submarine which sank the *Ancona* was a German U-boat masquerading under the Austrian flag, and the Italian Government is gravely considering whether, now that Germany is at war with Italy, the friendly relations between these two countries can any longer be usefully maintained.

The advertisement given to *The Daily Telegraph* in the buckmasterful speech from the Woolsack (subsequently endorsed by Lord Robert Cecil) has given great satisfaction to the staff of that journal, who now sing every night a chantey beginning, "Buck, master, buck! On, Stanley, on!" Unhappily this gratuitous *réclame* is said to have caused considerable umbrage in Carmelite House, and it is doubtful whether *The Daily Mail* will see its way to continue extending to the Government its whole-hearted support.

The rumour that Mr. Annan Bryce, M.P., whose recent activities in the House at Question-time have been exceptional, has been invited to join the Serbian Headquarters Staff in an advisory (civilian) capacity is still unconfirmed, but in the meantime it has been well received in British Ministerial circles.

Our Plenipotentiary at Eleusis reports that an Iron Cross is about to be conferred upon King Constantine by his Imperial brother-in-law. Following the precedent of his namesake, the Emperor Constantine, the inscription will run: *In hoc signo vinces.*

We have it from our representative in Stony Arabia that a special camel, of thoroughbred extraction, is now in training for the imminent entry of Kaiser Wilhelm into Baghdad.

Sir Herbert Tree, in his lecture on "Humour in Tragedy" (reproduced in the current issue of *The English Review*), gives the following advice: "When the hour [of victory] strikes let the note be solemn. Let us have the humour to go forth to greet the Angel of Peace with anthems rather than with comic songs." It is not everybody who could be trusted to appreciate the subtlety of this facetious homily, but we feel confident that the Angel of Peace, whose keen sense of humour is notorious, will be vastly tickled by it.

O. S.

THE TELEPHONE AT THE FRONT.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have not yet received my seco[illegible] pip. I know fellows who were gazetted days [illegible] have two, while I remain, in spite of my pe[illegible]cations, a mere Second Lieutenant. Clarence, for instance, has two, and he merely lets out mo-bikes. As for explaining how a telephone works to a red-hat, why, he wouldn't know which end to speak into; and I don't think he ever bumps into the Staff at all.

On the other hand, I suppose I know more about the ways of Staff Officers than they do themselves. Of course, that's my *métier*. You know the man at home who comes to the back door with a little black bag and a two days' beard, and says he's come to mend the telephone; and you say, "Oh, very well, I suppose it's all right; let him come in, but keep an eye on the spoons." Well, that's me—out here.

I am the man who brings the telephone to the Staff. They all want it—the D.D.M.S., the A.P.M., the R.T.O.—all of them, and I have to take it to them and show them how it works.

The other day I built a telephone line out to Divisional Headquarters at ——. On the terrace of the château was a Staff Officer in full bloom—all gold and crimson in the October sunshine. I saluted smartly.

"Good morning, Sir; I've brought you a telephone."

"By Jove," said the Staff Officer, "splendid. That's just what we want—what? I say, you know, can we talky-talky on it?"

"Yessir."

"I say, ripping; by Jove—what?"

"Where shall I put it, Sir?"

He showed me where he wanted it. I connected up the leads and rang up the Corps.

The Staff Officer was delighted.

"What a jolly little bell! And what's that little handle for?"

"That's to ring them up, Sir."

Going up to the instrument he worked the handle round in the wrong direction until he had unscrewed it. He turned to me pathetically, with the thing held up between his thumb and fore-finger.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry; have I broken it?"

I screwed the handle on again and showed him how to turn it. Half-an-hour later, when I left him, he was becoming quite proficient.

I am never technical with the Staff; they don't understand it. A week or so ago I took a 'phone into an office—the Director or Deputy-Director of something or other, at the moment I didn't notice what. He told me to put the telephone on his desk. After I had joined it up, I explained to him how to use it.

"This end," I said, "you put to your ear; the other end you speak into; and while you're speaking you must keep the spring there pressed down. And mind, you can't ring them up until you've put the receiver back here."

I also showed him how to ring the bell.

He seemed a little impatient. When I had finished he said, "Your excellent exposition in telephony has been invaluable to me. Good morning." But there was that in the tone of his voice that I did not understand, and as I went out of the office I glanced up at the little wooden notice-board above the door. On it were the letters D. A. S.

I have not told these things, Sir, to any but you.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

The Only Subaltern who has instructed the Director of Army Signals in the use of the telephone.

P.S.—I am still awaiting a second pip.



DERBY'S DAY.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING.



DURING A ZEPPELIN RAID.

PREDICAMENT OF AN UNSTARRED MAN WHO HAS TAKEN THE FIRST AVAILABLE COVER.

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

CHIVALRY.

I WAS sitting by my friend, Private Dash, on the top of the motor-bus. Having enlisted at the beginning of the War, on the impulse, he has had his full share; but though he has been at the Front for some months and has been in many engagements he is so far unhurt. He was at home on short leave and riding on the bus-top rather for enjoyment and to see more of that strange foreign city, London (it was a fine day), than of necessity, for he is a landowner in the Shires, and he will have a good four-figure income to his name, even after the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has done his worst with it. He has his own reasons, into which I need not enter, for remaining a private. For a man of his temperament they are sound enough.

Well, we had not much more t established ourselves at Piccadi Circus, going West, when an old lady on the seat in front of ours leaned back and spoke (—, ——). She was one of those old ladies whose curves are all very soft. She had pretty grey hair and gold-rimmed glasses, and the voice which, from its kind intonation, is usually called motherly. Turning half round she asked my friend what regiment he was in. He told her. And had he been wounded? No. But he had been in the trenches? Oh, yes. And he was going back? Directly almost.

And here the conductor came up with "All fares, please." We felt for our money, but the old lady interposed. "Young man," she said to the Squire of ——, "I can't let you pay for yourself. I should like to pay for you. It 's little enough one is able to do for our brave soldiers."

Poor Dash, he was embarrassed by her praise and for a second staggered by her action; but there was a fine light in his face as he thanked her and watched her extract his penny as well as her own from the old-fashioned purse in her reticule.

"There," she said, as she handed the two pennies to the conductor—"it would be a shame to let you pay that yourself."

These are the awkward moments. It was so comic and so beautiful; and I was glad when my friend, although we were far from our destination, stood up to descend.

On the pavement he spoke. "Another minute and I should have ——"

"Laughed," I supplied.

"No, cried," said the hero of a year's campaign

Our Acting Adjutant again.

"BATTALION ORDERS.

No. 8621, Pte. P. Jones with No. 9812, Pte. T. Smith and four mules will be attached to the Forty-'leventh Brigade for rations and discipline."

Mules have not yet reported the result of the discipline.

"As an outcome of the war, a new globe industry has been started in Newcastle-on-Tyne."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

Just as an old *Globe* industry has been stopped (only temporarily, we hope) in London.

"Watch them as they perhaps feed piece after piece of metal into a machine with one hand, pull a lever with another, and push a third with a foot—all at a rate that makes one giddy to watch. As one of our guides would tell you, girls acquire soon a quickness and deftness and aptitude for this kind of work that few men can attain."—*Morning Paper.*

So few men have three hands, unfortunately.

CHANGING THE BOWLING.

It begins to look as if the supply of Greek Premiers is going to run out. They must be getting near the point when the wicket-keeper takes off his pads and goes on to bowl. All past and present news from the Balkans being now severely censored, any telegraphic information that we publish upon this topic will have to be of a prophetic character.

January 1st, 1916, *Salonika.* — A political crisis has been precipitated by the resignation of M. Venezelos and his Cabinet owing to a triumphant vote of confidence.

Later.—M. Michelidakis has consented to form a Government. It is believed that the crisis is already over as the new Premier, commanding a strong minority, should have no difficulty except a numerical one — in meeting the Chamber. M. Venezelos has given an undertaking that he will support the new Cabinet for not less than two weeks. M. Michelidakis, who is a convinced pro-Montenegrinist with anti-Bessarabian sympathies, has stated publicly that, in his opinion, King Constantine is the greatest living strategist. The policy of the new Premier is described as being one of Tender and Affectionate Neutrality towards the Entente Powers. There is no truth in the rumour that he contemplates conveying the benevolence of his neutrality from one side to the other. Athens is calm.

January 15th.—The crisis which followed the fall of the Government is regarded as being at an end. M. Coundouriotis, the new Premier, is very popular in Greece. His attitude is understood to be one of Malevolent Impartiality towards the Central Powers, and the idea that he will transfer his impartiality from one side to the other is scouted by the well-informed. Interviewed last night by an Italian journalist he is reported to have said that he regards King Constantine as the finest of living Diplomatists.

Later.—The list of Ministers with their portfolios is published, and reveals the striking fact that it contains the names of no fewer than four men who have never during the past year held the post of Premier. M. Venezelos has retired from public life.

February 3rd.—The defeat of the Coundouriotis Cabinet by 97 votes and its consequent resignation has caused little surprise. Parliament will be immediately dissolved. Athens is bored. M. Venezelos has gone to Crete.

Later. — The King has sent for M. Ralli, who has undertaken to form a Cabinet. The attitude of the new Premier is said to be one of Inert Cupidity toward all the belligerent Powers. He has long been known as a personal friend of King Constantine, whom he has always held to be the greatest living Naval Commander. The Government can count on the active co-operation of M. Venezelos (who is returning from Crete). Athens is getting used to it. The Army has been demobilized.

February 19th.—Owing to the political crisis the Army has been prorogued. The defeat of the Ralli Government by 168 votes was anticipated. M. Venezelos in his great speech on the constitutional situation explained that he considered that he had given this lot a very fair run. The King has sent for M. Theokitis. M. Venezelos has gone to Cyprus.

Later.— The new Premier's attitude is officially stated to be one of Genial Inability. Parliament is to be instantly demobilized. M. Theokitis has ordered a new set of portfolios, the others being worn out by constant handling. In the meantime his colleagues will join him as Ministers without portfolio. "The position of Greece as a strictly Continental Power," he points out in an open letter to his wife, "must ever make her chary of operations on the sea-board."

March 9th.—Following upon the re-mobilization of the Chamber which was quietly effected during the adjournment of the Army, the Theokitis Cabinet fell without a division this afternoon. It just toppled over, while M. Venezelos (who has returned from Cyprus) was out at lunch. Athens remains unmoved.

Later.—The King has sent for M. Venezelos.

Later still.—M. Venezelos, in an interview with an American reporter, has categorically stated that he considers King Constantine the greatest Dodger in Europe.

Extremely late.—M. Venezelos has formed a Cabinet. He will meet the Chamber this afternoon.

Latest of All.—The scene in the Chamber to-night points to the final abandonment of Parliamentary government in Greece and the establishment of a Dictatorship. M. Venezelos, in an impassioned speech, has frankly stated that he finds it impossible to conduct the affairs of the nation, encumbered as he is with a majority in the House—a position so hopelessly at variance with all the best traditions of Greek government. Athens is quite indifferent. The attitude, which had been already foreshadowed, of the Dictatorship is stated to be one of the Strictest Pusillanimity.



THE BROKEN MIRROR.

Paddy (who has had his periscope smashed by a bullet). "Sure, there's seven years' bad luck for the poor divil that broke that, annyhow."

An Accommodating Animal.

"Gelding, bay, 16 hands, good vanner or carter. Suit any tradesman. 10 guineas. A reasonable trial or warranty. The same bay Gelding, thick set, 8 years, 15 hands. Used to round, 16 guineas. The same bay Gelding, thick set, 16 hands, 6 years, 40 guineas."—*The West Sussex Gazette.*

Not content with announcing the fall of Nish, *The Evening News* has lost two more capitals on the same day, *vide infra*:—

"Mr. G. Tyrwhitt Drake, the mayor-elect of Maidstone, who lives at Cobtree, the manor farm of Dingley Dell, referred to in the 'ickwick apers,' is the owner of one of the largest private collections of caged wild animals in England."

"No. 26 Owlstone Road, bath (h. and c.), gas, and bell, suitable for sidecar."

Cambridge Daily News.

Sidecar (to servant answering bell). "Bring me my driver."



"HULLO, BILL, WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH YOUR TROUSERS?"
"THAT'S HOW I FOUND 'EM THIS MORNING. THE OLD GIRL I'M BILLETED WITH WANTED HER BOY TO HAVE A KHAKI ARMLET."

AFTER-CARE OF THE BLINDED SOLDIER.

Mr. Punch ventures to call the attention of his generous readers to the moving appeal contained in this letter:

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Men who have been blinded in fighting for us, and who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in one of the many forms of industry taught there, are now starting again in life for themselves.

We who have been engaged in their training feel very strongly that our responsibilities should not end with the completion of this training. The blind home-worker has little chance of becoming a useful self-supporting member of the community if he is left to himself. The purchase of raw material, the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of excellence and the marketing of articles made represent, collectively, a task which is beyond his powers to accomplish satisfactorily.

So it has been arranged with the Council of the National Institute for the Blind that they shall establish a branch, the primary object of which will be the after-care of these men. Its headquarters will be in London, and it will be under the management of Mr. THOMAS MARTIN, Superintendent of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage.

But very considerable funds will be needed to carry out this plan in a businesslike and satisfactory manner. I feel sure that there are many among your readers who will feel that, in spite of the numerous calls to which they have so generously responded of late, this is another to which they will readily respond. In doing so they will be showing the measure of their appreciation for the blinded soldiers who have so bravely taken up the burden which has been laid upon them and have fitted themselves to fight the battle of life as gallantly as they fought the battle of their country.

Contributions sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland Street, W., should be made out to the After-care Branch of the Institute. Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,
Chairman Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee; President National Institute for the Blind.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

[*Imitation eggs and butter and many other food-disguises have made their appearance in Germany.*]

IF your very patient nation
Does not raise an angry shout
At each nauseous imitation
Of the things it does without;
If it shows no wish to mutter
When you bid it do its best
To eat imitation butter
With an imitation zest;

If it feels no need to question
Whether Culture which ordained
Such a strain on its digestion
Is not similarly feigned;
If it really is contented
At its various dinner-hours
With the masquerade presented—
That is no affair of ours.

But one thing we *have* a voice in:
Be your skill however great,
There is one thing we rejoice in
Knowing you *can't* imitate:
When the struggle is concluded
And the sounds of battle cease,
Europe shall not be deluded
With an imitation Peace.

THE INGRATITUDE OF PRIVATE WILLOCKS.

Scene.—*Behind the firing line somewhere near "Wipers." Various Tommies scattered about in picturesque attitudes.*

Enter Private Bert Willocks, *late wounded, now returned to the Front.*

Chorus. "Ooray!" "'Ere we are again!" "Our Bertie!" "Room for the wounded 'ero!" etc., etc.

Private Greens. An' w'ere 'ave you bin, eh?

Private Willocks (a trifle embarrassed). Oh, well, tell ye the truth, I bin down at the Countess's for a bit.

[*Derisive and profane chorus.*

Private Greens (truculently). Wot Countess?

Private Willocks. Countess o' Sandown. Nice place down Sa'sbury way.

Private Greens (struggling to cram a patent tobacco cartridge into an undersized clay pipe). Wot was you doin' there?

Private Willocks (with an attempt at bravado). Wot would I be doin', Vegetable? Con-vale-escin'.

Private Greens (objectionably). Convalescin', was you? Strike me pink, an' what had yer folks done, eh?

Private Mule (Company humourist). Oh, come orf it, Cabbage; you're be'ind the times, you are. Ain't you never 'eard o' our Bert's family, eh? Long-lost heir maskyradin' as a privit . . . romance of the trenches. Wot?

Private Willocks (uneasily). Cheese it, Moke. It wasn't none o' my doin'. (*Darkly*) They come for me—to th' 'orspital.

Private Greens. They must 'a' bin 'ard up. Wasn't there no orf'cers 'andy?

Private Mule. They thought as 'e *was* a orf'cer. W'en they sees 'is moustache they says——

Private Willocks (roused by sore subject). 'Ere, that'll do. Wot d'ye all want to start on a chap for? I can't 'elp 'avin' bin at a bloomin' Countess's, can I?

Corporal Jebb. Well, never mind about the Countess. 'Ow did ye find old Ginger an' the girls?

Private Willocks. Well, tell ye the truth, didn't 'appen t' see Ginger, some'ow.

Corporal Jebb, Privates Greens and Mule, ensemble. Wot!

Private Willocks. Well, wot abaht it, eh?

Private Greens. Nor yet the girls neither, I suppose?

Private Willocks (still trying to carry it off). Neither I did. Leastways—(*gives way*). Look 'ere, boys, don't be 'ard on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was—strite. We was goin' along in the motor (*attempted interruption by Private Mule suppressed*), bein' taken from th' 'orspital like, an' I looks up sudden like, an' there was Liza standin' on the pavement wavin' 'er 'and. "'I, Bert," says she, "'arf a mo'." An' Lady Eva Blessingham, she was at the wheel, an' she turns an' says, "That an admirer o' yours?" an' I couldn't say nothin' for a 'alf-mile or so, seein' Liza suddenlike like that. An' at last I says, "Yes, Miss," says I, "that's a fair peach, that is—that's a bit o' all right;" an' next minute I could ha' bitten my tongue orf. "Oh, re-ally," says she like that, nice and agreeable. Rotten it was o' me givin' things away.

Private Greens (after a brief silence). Then I don't suppose ye saw Mrs. 'Ookey, neither?

Private Willocks (irritably). Course I didn't. I tell ye I saw none o' 'em. 'Ow could I see Mrs. 'Ookey, me bein' at Sa'sbury?

Private Greens. 'Ookey'll love yer. Wot abaht them messages 'e give yer? "You give 'er them words exact," sez 'e, "or I'll show yer whether I'm a sergeant or not."

Private Mule (with humorous intonation). And 'e will.

Corporal Jebb. Willix not bein' a married man, 'e don't understand them things. Wot's on at the 'alls anyway, Bert?

Private Willocks (gloomily). Didn't see no 'alls.

Corporal Jebb. My 'at! Pore beggar! Wot did ye do, then?

Private Mule. 'E goes out motorin' with Lady Eva, an' 'e says——

Private Willocks. You're askin' for trouble, you are. (*Impressively*) We 'ad Greeshyan dances.

[*The derisive and profane chorus is repeated.*

Private Willocks. You can laugh if yer like. You don't know nothin'. Very pretty it was.

Corporal Jebb. Did the Countess do 'em, Bert?

Private Willocks. Not the Countess—she didn't. But the Lady Eva an' all 'er lot.

Private Greens. Rather see Mah-ree Lloyd meself. But there's no accountin'.

Private Willocks. An' there was a little kid come there. Only five she was. The 'Ighgate Wonder, they called 'er. She sang "Tipperary" dressed up in the Union Jack.

Corporal Jebb (shuddering slightly). Should ha' thought ye'd 'ave liked a change. Mule 'ere, 'e's about fed me up with "Tipperary." 'Adn't they nothin' new?

Private Willocks (reminiscently). There was garden parties. Tea an' cikes. All very well for them as 'as the gift for it, but I didn't seem to catch on to it proper some'ow. Kept droppin' things abaht, I did.

Corporal Jebb. Did they do you well?

Private Willocks. Top 'ole an' don't you make no mistake abaht that. Wot with myonise an' cave-ier an'——

Private Greens. 'Ere, stow it. We don't want that kind o' talk 'ere.

Private Willocks. All right, Cabbage; thought that might fetch yer. We 'ad music at the garden parties.

Private Greens. Wot kind o' music?

Private Willocks. 'Arps an'—an'—well, 'arps.

Private Mule. Jews' 'arps or Welsh 'arps, Bertie?

Private Willocks. You don't know nothin'. (*With some lack of conviction*) That was good music, that was.

Private Greens (moodily returning to the charge). But d'yer mean to say as yer didn't see no one at all? Wot a time! Wot did yer talk abaht?

Private Willocks. Oh, that was all right. They was thunderin' kind to talk to. There wasn't no manner o' difficulty there. Though o' course (*a shade regretfully*) it wasn't quite like bein' with our own lot.

Private Greens (with disagreeable emphasis). I should bloomin' well think *not*.

Corporal Jebb (reaching out for his mouth-organ). You there, it fair makes me sick to 'ear yer. 'Ere's these folks goes and puts themselves abaht to be kind to yer, doin' everything in 'uman power to give yer a good time, an' 'ere's you, an' wot do *you* do? Grouse, grouse, grouse for yer low 'aunts an' yer old vulgar 'abits. Yer make me tired. (*He begins to play with much feeling "The Swanee River."*)

Private Greens (for the first time with genuine enthusiasm). 'Ere's 'Ookey.

Private Willocks (nervously). Well, cheer-o, boys; I'll see you again.

[*Exit.*

Corporal Jebb (pausing in his melody). Grouse, grouse, grouse! Low-minded, that's what I calls yer. Not but what there's some sense, Greens, in wot you was sayin'. But Willocks—'e's ungrateful.

More Pessimism.

"*The Daily Mail's* Bird's-Eye Map of the Front covers the whole of our advance near La Bassée. It measures 4 ft. by 2 ft. 4 ins."

On a proposal to hold a Sunday concert:—

"Mr. Sheehy said they would not like to turn Skibbereen into a Paris, where they don't recognise Sunday at all."

Cork County Eagle.

According to our latest information Skibbereen is still—Skibbereen.



Popular Actor. "I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO JOIN THE ARMY. AFTER ALL ONE MUST REMEMBER THAT ONE IS ONLY A LUXURY."

RHYMES FOR ALL TIMES.

THE subjoined interesting letter, though it was addressed to us, was apparently intended for a contemporary in whose columns the question of ingenious rhymes has recently cropped up. But we make no apology for availing ourselves of the opportunity of appropriating so luminous and instructive a contribution:—

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, more years ago than I care to remember, JOWETT often expressed his dissatisfaction with the famous rhyme to Timbuctoo, which he considered much overrated, and one day, at a breakfast party, appealed to me to improve upon it. My effort, a genuine impromptu, ran as follows:—

"One day, while hunting near my villa
Upon the plains of Timbuctoo,
I shot a very stout gorilla,
I shot a very slim buck too."

JOWETT was delighted, and for days afterwards was found repeating my quatrain at the most incongruous times and in the most unsuitable places—even in chapel, so it was said. For a fuller account of the incident I may refer your readers to my *Dialogues with the Departed*, chap. xi., p. 534-9.

Stimulated by the correspondence in your columns I have, after a long interval of abstention, been moved to try my hand once more at an exercise of ingenuity in which as a youth I gained some small repute, and venture to send you the results:—

"Italia boasts her SILVIO PELLICO,
England relies on gallant JELLICOE."

"Worse even than the Suvla Bay loss
Has been the fall of VENIZELOS."

"I'd rather be caged in a leonine den with
The brave prophet DANIEL than COURTNEY OF PENWITH."

"Mr. GLADSTONE, who tried to talk Basque with
The Basques, paid a visit to Fasque with
His gifted disciple, young ASQUITH."

"Fasque," I need hardly remind your readers, was the seat of Mr. GLADSTONE's brother, Sir THOMAS GLADSTONE, of whom some characteristic anecdotes will be found in my *Conversations with Elder Statesmen*, vol. iii., p. 952.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.
Megatherium Club.

"The booty captured at Nish up to the present amount to 42 guns, thousands of rifles, much ammunition, 700 railway marriages, and many automobiles."

Morning Paper.

A case of "marriage by capture" or "automatic coupling."

THE JEUNE PREMIER.

How oft, my queen, in quest of the romantic,
Ere war began we watched the Thespian art
Of Vivian Vere! How positively frantic
He drove you with his Fair-Young-Hero part!
While I—I found your taste a trifle rotten—
Was quite forgotten.

To-night, when once again in youthful garb he
Spread out his lures for us, they left you cold,
Your silence said, "Begone to good Lord DERBY,
Shirker, be off, and get yourself enrolled!"
It seemed your high regard for that young hero
Was down to zero.

You wronged him, fairest. Vivian would be willing,
No doubt, to quit his triumphs of the stage,
Could those who offer one the regal shilling
But overlook his most unmartial age:
That lad, in whom erewhile you found a heaven,
Is fifty-seven!



Wife. "'AVEN'T YOU BROUGHT ANY RELICS 'OME?" *Husband.* "AIN'T *I* ENOUGH?"

TO PATRICK, AGED TWO.

WHEN Patrick howls, the moping owls
Hoot weirdly, and the Banshee yowls;
Groans issue from the chimney cowls;
Sly Reynard murderously prowls
In search of unprotected fowls;
And masons strike and "down" their trow'ls,
And ev'rybody frowns and scowls—
When Patrick howls.

Contrariwise, when Patrick smiles,
Sunshine prevails from Scotland's Kyles
To Afric's White and Azure Niles;
Lame dogs, unhelped, leap over stiles;
Prospectors strike the richest iles;
At Question time Sir WILLIAM BYLES
No more the Opposition riles;
And BERNARD SHAW no more reviles
The overrated British Isles—
When Patrick smiles.

But, whensoever Patrick grins,
Cynics grow gay as harlequins;
Contentment reigns among the Finns;
Kind thoughts preoccupy the Djinns;
And busy barbers, shaving chins,
Deal gently with the tenderest skins;
No more the hardened sinner sins,
Or bullies kick their victims' shins;
Business is good with COUTTS'S & GLYN'S,
And all financial paladins;
Port mellows in secluded bins;
In fine the round world smoothly spins,
War seems a dream and Peace begins—
When Patrick grins.

FOR VALOUR.

[Austro-German soldiers are said to be compelled by their superior officers to swallow pills to induce courage.]

THE use of these pills to promote bravery is likely to be followed by the employment not only of rival specifics but of other contrivances for obtaining effects not easily produced in the military Teuton by ordinary encouragement. We give a few sample advertisements of such articles:—

COWARDS BECOME KINGS,
FUNKS BECOME FILBERTS,
by means of
DR. WILHELM'S PANIC PILLS FOR PALEST PIP-SQUEAKS.
(*Similar to those advertised in Punch's Almanack*).
THE BEST COURAGE-PRODUCER ON THE MARKET.

A Company Officer writes:—Since I began giving your pills to my men I have not had to flog more than half-a-dozen a day for flinching.

COOL-AS-CUCUMBER SOAP
MAKES THE SKIN IMPENETRABLE.

A little rubbed into the scalp prevents the hair from standing on end.

BLUSHING (for one's country). Do you suffer from this painful malady? If so what you want is Mother Eagle's Soothing Syrup. A dose does wonders.

Herr Schmidt writes:—The *Lusitania* incident brought on a painful attack of blushing, but one or two spoonfuls of your remedy soon made me absolutely shameless.

GRIP NUTS.

Take them daily and your step will be springy and your nose high.

Crowds in Unter-den-Linden will break up to let you go by when you move with the Grip-Nuts swing. Civilians do not wait to be jostled; they are in the gutter before you can say *Eitel*.

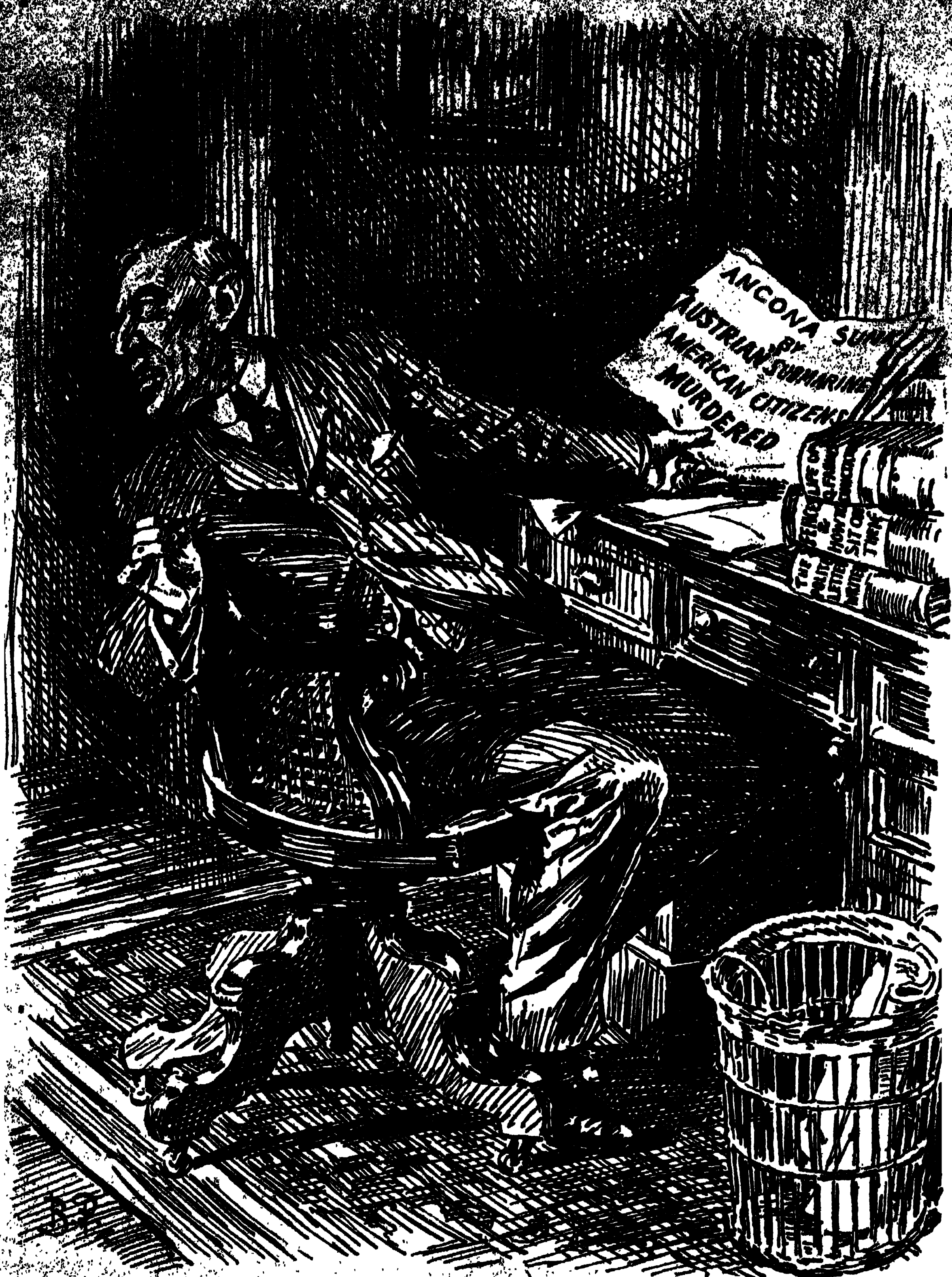
SUBALTERNS OF THE GERMAN ARMY secure INSTANT PROMOTION by eating
CAPTAIN'S BISCUITS.

The biscuit for the purpose. Produces such complete confidence in the field that your superiors give you your third star while you wait.

HOHENZOLLERN'S POTATO PORRIDGE.
MAKES YOU CONTENT WITH ANYTHING.
TRY IT!

German readers should beware of FRENCH'S British Expeditionary FORCE, which is a highly dangerous preparation.

Potato Porridge is what you want (and what you will get). Eat it.



A MATTER OF ROUTINE.

President Wilson. "THIS CALLS FOR A NOTE.——MR. SECRETARY, JUST BRING ME IN A COPY OF OUR No. 1 NOTE TO GERMANY—'HUMANITY' SERIES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.—At time of national crisis the Commons dally in prolongation of week-end holiday. Noble Lords, heedless of personal convenience, assemble to discuss affairs.

"Reminds me," said Member for Sark, looking on scene from Commons' Gallery below Bar, "of pretty story of troubadour's lady-love:—

'Sadly she thought of him
Whilst others slept.'

Whilst we of the Commons make holiday here are the Lords, sadly thinking of their country, gathered together to save it. A little unkind of Lansdowne, after sitting through three hours of the talk, to remark, 'There has probably never been a more discursive debate.'"

Jeremiah, first Earl of Loreburn, led off with chapter of Lamentations. Looked back on story of fifteen months of war and, behold! it was very bad. A Cabinet three years ago deprived of priceless counsel and companionship had blindly blundered along.

Speaking later, Courtney mingled his tears with Jeremiah's.

"Whether," he moaned, "we look at home or abroad, our old civilisation, which we had built up through long generations, is almost destroyed."

In vigorous speech Milner brought debate to bear upon actualities of the hour, with special reference to situation in the Balkans. Admitted he trod on unsafe ground. Murmur of sympathy ran over benches when he alluded to himself as one 'who called a spade a spade with a rope round his neck."

Useful purpose of debate at length appeared in sharp commentary on organised custom whereby, as Milner, fearless of the rope round his neck, bluntly put it, "such war news as is published has from first to last been seriously misleading." Such as it is, it is withheld from the public till after interval of time that makes it ancient history.

Curzon replied to this and other criticisms. Hinted at possibility of promptly publishing accounts of engagements without going into details useful to the enemy. After two or three weeks, might be supplemented with names and details.

A clumsy device, but anything better than the present grotesque, unavailing, ostrich-like system.

Business done.—Talked for three hours round the War. No Resolution being submitted, got home in time for dinner.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—House heard with profound satisfaction statement made by H. W. Forster on behalf of War Office with respect to woeful waste of food in Training Camps throughout the country. Cheery prospect of being mulct to extent of one-half his income does not chill taxpayers' resolve to carry on the War to its appointed end. He sees with concern, but without approach to downheartedness, the daily cost mounting up from three millions a-day to five millions.



Though on unsafe ground, Lord Milner boldly calls a spade a spade.

He will pay to the uttermost farthing. But, with national business instinct, he wants full return for his money.

To hear or read of wholesale wanton waste of good and costly food, the result of lack of system and plan of administration almost incredible in its unintelligence, rouses just anger. No complaint is made of wastage at the Front, where it is inevitable. It is in the Home Camps, where no such excuse or extenuation exists, that a scandal prevails which invites peculation.

According to Forster the War Office, waking up at end of fifteen months, has resolved to deal with the matter.

"A complete organisation is now in existence," he said, "with result that the messing has been improved, economy has been effected and waste reduced."

At Question time little bout between ex-Colonel Lynch, late of South Africa, and Parliamentary Secretary to Admiralty, who daily answers questions for his absent chief. Macnamara declined an invitation extended by Member for West Clare to discuss details of defences of London against Zeppelin attacks.

"Does the answer of the Right Hon. Gentleman," persisted Lynch in one of those Supplementary Questions that are responsible for much ill-feeling, "show his inability to reply, or does it really mask gross incompetence in his department?"

"The answer means what it says," was Macnamara's sharp response.

Business done.—Remaining clauses of original Finance Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—A full House to hear the Premier's speech on moving new Vote of Credit, the fifth since War began. Lord Courtney, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, looked on, sole occupant of the Peers' Gallery.

In speech of less than an hour's duration Premier stated that total Votes of Credit amounted to hitherto unheard-of sum of £1,662,000,000. Now one would carry us on till the middle of [illegible] is [illegible] note in this [illegible] occurred when he expressed hope that the sum would suffice.

Later there was another gleam when he declared his conviction that "the fine spirit and resources of the Allies will bring the War to a triumphant conclusion."

Business done.—New Vote of Credit for £400,000,000. Sitting came to abrupt conclusion with adjournment of the House at a quarter-past ten, by way of rebuke to Premier and his colleagues in the Cabinet absent from Treasury Bench throughout debate.

"As far as can be ascertained the intention of the Federal Government is to float a loan of only £500,000,000 before Christmas. The other instalments will be left until next year. This will make much less disturbance in financial circles than the £20,000,000 loan."

Albury Banner (New South Wales).

Mr. McKenna is now contemplating emigration.

"It is announced that an American conference at New York unanimously decided to recognise the German Government in Mexico."

Egyptian Gazette.

Judging by what we have read of Mexico in recent years the confusion is pardonable.



Conflicting views of the present personal appearance of Wilhelm II.

THE ECONOMISTS.

Happening to mention at lunch that I had just come from the International Society's Exhibition and liked a picture of three women "mid nodings on," I was eagerly asked whom it was by. (They said "who.")

"I don't know," I answered.

"Well, the catalogue told you, didn't it?" my hostess remarked.

"I didn't have a catalogue," I had to confess.

"Didn't have a catalogue!" "How quaint!" "How extraordinary!" It was generally agreed that not to have a catalogue was one of the oddest things.

"Then you don't know who painted any of the pictures?"

"Oh yes, I do," I said. "I know some."

"How?"

"Well, some artists have the decency to sign their names. Their names in full and clearly, I mean; not just a scribble or N, like the man who painted the jolly Indian bull. And then for the others I have two ways. Either I go to the desk, give the number and inquire the price, or I look over the shoulders of people who have bought a catalogue."

"Don't they object?"

"I don't do it so crudely as that," I explained.

"But why don't you buy a catalogue?" some one else asked.

"I can't do it," I said; "I can't bring myself to do it. It's an expense I shrink from, and I can't overcome the shrinking. I can go to a picture-gallery in a taxi, pay to enter, and leave in a taxi, and yet be unable to put down the shilling or even sixpence that the catalogue costs. I could even buy a picture, but I can't buy a catalogue. It's a sign of madness, no doubt. But there is a mild madness in our family."

"Everyone has a blind spot of that kind," said another of the company, and then we got to work on our pet economics.

One man could not take a taxi beyond one-and-fourpence. No matter where he was he had to get out there and then and either walk or take a bus.

Another, a lady, could not buy flowers. It seemed to her so monstrous, such an outrage, that flowers should be charged for. They ought to be given away. They just grew and grew beautifully out of God's earth (you know this type?), and for money to pass and profit to be made was horrible. Horrible.

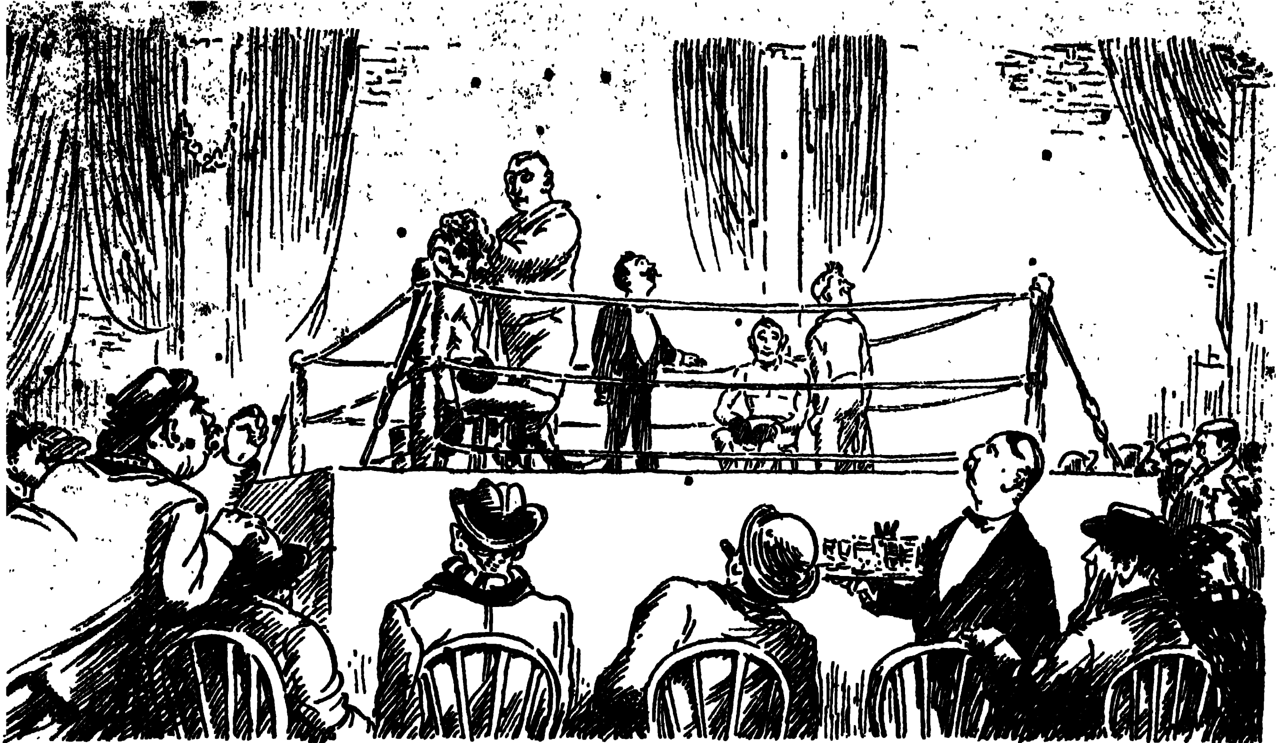
We all agreed.

Here a man interposed, saying if we felt like that about flowers, what about weeds? Eh, what? For his part he struck at paying more than three-pence each for a cigar so long as the War lasted. He used to smoke Havanas, but now he didn't mind what it was so long as it had the outward semblance of a cigar.

And so we went on until, after a particularly precious avowal of pet economy on the part of a lady in neutral-tinted butter muslin (or something very like it), we all had a rude shock.

"I quite understand that feeling," said a young man in khaki who was at home for just a week. "I have exactly the same abhorrence of buying large quantities of radium. Two or three pounds' weight is as much as I can force myself to get at a time. Very absurd, of course, because a cellarful would be much more economical."

That was the end of it. This ass always ruins serious discussion with his ill-timed jokes.



Sportsman (to the man he has backed, who has been receiving all the punishment). "Why aren't you at the Front? Slacker!"

FAMILY TIES.

(*On the way to the "Plough and Horses."*)

"Well, Tom, ol' son, these be strange days when a father bain't at liberty to ask 'is son to 'ave a glass wi' 'm over 'is safe return, wi' no more 'n a wound as is nearly 'ealed."

"Wouldn't matter so much if a father could accept a glass 'long of 'is son 'oo 'alf 'is time never thought t' see 'is ol' mug no more."

"An' I guess y'r pockets be warmly lined?"

"We ain't 'ad much time, some'ow, for shopping over there."

"Well, may's well 'ave a drink—wishes 'll be the same 'oever pays. But it don't seem so 'omely like, an' not the sort o' thing to keep a family together, same's I 've been used to see 'em kep'."

"If I was to pay you so much extry for m' grub at 'ome—weeks I 'm 'ome—'ow would that be? An' leave you to settle 'ere."

"'Tis pretty plain as you 'aven't been used to English ways o' late. Things can't be run like that—not now. Each man 'e's got to 'and out the money for the beer 'e drinks. That be law."

"Then if I adds to m' board Saturday night what you drinks to-night, 'oo 's to stop me doing that?"

"You 'd better make it a penny more or less—something to set 'em off the scent if they gets nosing round."

"I 'll make it sixpence more for luck an' because o' the times. I never thought to see y'r ol' mug no more."

"Sixpence 'll fair baffle 'em, I should say. Let 's go in an' 'ave a drink over y'r safe return."

* * * * *

"A quart for me—that be sixpence, an' a quart for you—that doubles it—a bob. Then that 'ere sixpence as you threw in for luck makes eighteenpence. Doing it that way I don't see 'ow Government can ever get wind o' it—nor I don't. You 'and the eighteenpence to me Saturday night same time you 'ands y'r mother y'r board money, an' I shan't be one to split on you, neither!"

"I see you be the same ol' grab-all as ever; war ain't changed you at all. I said as I 'd pay for you, but I 've paid for myself already, ain't I now?"

"You paid landlord; that 's very like——"

"Didn't you see me doing of it?"

"I saw you doing of it; I don't mind owning to that."

"Well, then!"

"But surelye you ain't going to say as you grudge me the money for beer as was drunk to y'r own good-'ealth? Your paying landlord ain't doing me a favour, is it now?"

"Paying twice over, though, would be once too often for me."

"Then yours ain't the large-'earted spirit of 'elpfulness as our good King 'ave enjoined on us in fighting times? You wi' the chance o' earning a pot o' money an' next to nought to spend it on, an' y'r poor ol' father wi' nothing but a penny on this an' twopence on that to cheer 'im on 'is way."

"I see you be the same as ever—the one to talk a man up an' down till 'e be ready to gi'e you ought as 'll shut y'r mouth for you. If I agrees to pay eighteen-pence on Saturday for this night's well-wishing, will that satisfy y'r avaricious ol' soul?"

"That 'll be more in keeping wi' the way I 've always 'eld a family should be kep' together. Families did ought to go 'and-in-'and, not so much o' 'this be mine an' t' other 'issen.'"

"That be a thought o' mine, come along in m' blood, belike, as I got from you. I 'll gi'e the eighteen-pence to Mother, come Saturday, long o' m' board-money, an' between you an' me all 'll be settled an' done with comfortable."

"You gi'e it to me, Tom; if your mother gets 'old of it she 'll stick to it like glue, she will. Fat lot o' good 'twill be to me!"

"But I 'ave your thoughts so wrought into me I can't get away from what flesh an' blood 'ave meted out. Families didn't ought to 'ave so much o' 'this be mine an t' other 'issen' about 'em. All comes o' bein' your son—honour, I never chose m'self. An' now difference between paying you an' paying Mother is a thing I bain't able to see; only some'ow I fancies most to pay '*er*."

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXX.

(From the Tsar of Bulgaria.)

Most Highly Venerated Brother,—I cannot refrain from writing to you, though it is highly probable that we shall soon meet in what has been described as the tented field. For that meeting I have made all the necessary preparations. Your life and your welfare are of such high importance to our Common Cause that I shall take care not to expose them to any foolhardy risks. I know that, like myself, you are panting to be in the very front line of the battle, wherever the danger is greatest. That, as I say, was my desire, but Radoslavoff dissuaded me. "Sire," he said, "at this crisis in the affairs of Bulgaria we cannot afford to lose your wise counsel and your diplomatic ability even for a single hour. Think of the joy that would be spread amongst our foes if you were wounded. Moderate your ardour and remain where there is some slight prospect of immunity from the dastardly attacks of the Serbians and their Allies. At a distance of twenty kilometres from the Front you can always direct us without losing that calm which is essential. While our soldiers and officers do the rough business of fighting you can, at that distance, smile upon their efforts and reward their merits with your august approval. But above all things, I repeat, moderate the ardour which is natural to a soldier and a Tsar." That was his advice, and, though I must not altogether endorse the flattering terms in which it was conveyed, I was forced to recognise its wisdom and I have therefore adopted it.

What glorious days we are living in! If anyone had told me when I first accepted the Bulgarian throne that it would some day be possible for me to spring to the assistance of your Empire and that of our poor old friend, Francis Joseph, I should have been frankly incredulous. I could not have believed that you, the son of the peace-loving Emperor, Frederick, and I, the grandson of Louis Philippe, the Citizen King of the French, should ever be associated together in the greatest warlike undertaking that the world has ever known; that we should be within reach of a position from which we two together shall be able to dictate laws (or, shall we say, to impose lawlessness?) on the whole universe. Yet here we both are, lifted by time and our own efforts to the highest pinnacle of earthly success. He indeed spoke truly who declared that the Prussians were the Bulgarians of Europe outside the Balkans. You yourself will, I am certain, recognise the appropriateness and justice of this pithy declaration, now that Bulgarian valour has again been tested against Serbia, our hereditary foe.

There is only one matter in regard to which I take exception to your proceedings, and on this I will speak openly as a Tsar may properly speak to an Emperor. You have lately caused a woman to be shot in Belgium by a sentence of court-martial. It is true that she was an English nurse and that she had broken the German military law by aiding English and Belgian soldiers to save their lives by escaping from Belgium. Still, the fact remains that she was a woman, and that in the course of her merciful employment she tended the wounded of your nation as well as those of her own. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better and more expedient to spare her life. I do not want you to think that I am squeamish or that I shrink from ruthlessness when ruthlessness is necessary. My record in Bulgaria should relieve me from such an accusation. But even I am clearly convinced that it was wrong to have this woman killed. The deed has stiffened the resolution of our enemies, and has cast disgrace on our cause in neutral [illegible], where Germans are now denounced as butchers of women. [illegible] agreeable to me, for I wish to shine in public [illegible] for chivalry no less than for glory. I know [illegible] to hint this to you in order to make sure that [illegible] so harmful to our reputation, shall not [illegible] everything else I am your profound admirer.

GENTLER WAYS WITH THE PRESS.

In the House of Commons, the other day, some questions were being asked about the police raid on the offices of *The Globe*, when the honourable Member for the Pacific (Sir William Byles) asked whether there was not some gentler way of dealing with erring newspapers.

We deplore the burst of laughter which greeted the question, because we are quite sure that several less drastic expedients might have been tried before the sudden intrusion of the police in force.

The gentle word has been known by some of our picturesque writers to break down the most stubborn resolve of even the hardened wrongdoer. To have its full effect it should be spoken by a sweet-faced white haired old lady, or some frail and fair young thing with moist eyes. Surely somebody at Scotland Yard has a mother or a sister who could have entered *The Globe* office timidly and, placing her hand on the arm of the Editor or the foreman of the machine-room, or whoever it was, appealed to him affectionately to stop it. Or a fair haired laddie of six summers might have done it if properly coached, without all that trampling of heavy police boots about the place. Surely the heads of the police have had brought to their notice the potency of the little innocent child in melting the heart—the curly headed boy and the burglar, little Stephen and the wife beater, being cases in point.

Then, again, birds or white mice might have been tried. Surely it would not have been beyond the powers of Scotland Yard to introduce a robin into *The Globe* offices. Ere now strong men have wept at the sight of the little red-chested fellow and have resolved thenceforth to lead better lives.

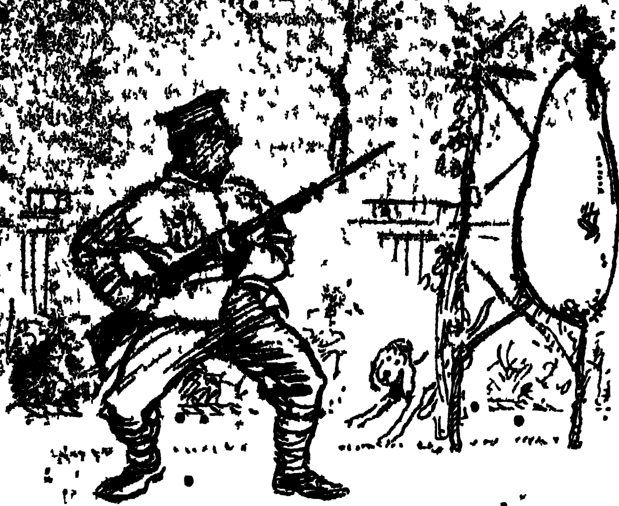
Art and poetry should have been brought to bear. Is there no policeman artist who would have lent his masterpiece, "Sunshine in the Home" or "Telling the Story to Mother," to be placed in the Editor's office for a while to exert its silent influence? And, if it was not convenient for a policeman-poet to turn out a few rhymes at the moment, the works of Ella Wheeler Wilcox can easily be obtained at reasonable prices, and would have had some effect.

Or why was not persuasive eloquence tried? Among the special constables of the division in which *The Globe* offices are situated are numbers of able barristers. Why were not their services employed?

And there is music. The message of music reaches the heart even more swiftly than the spoken words of a barrister. Couldn't the police band have gone round to the office and played a few selections?

"Information now available indicates that M. Briand will become foreign minister as well as premier, with Jules Cambon, who was a Mr. Togery at the outbreak of the war, as his principal secretary."
Norfolk Ledger and Dispatch (U.S.A.).

The correspondent who sends us the cutting kindly explains it as follows:—"The cable as received, in describing M. Cambon, said he was 'AMR TO GERY,' which is, of course, Reuter's abbreviation for 'Ambassador to Germany.' The local editor, however, apparently thinking that the passing by the Censor of such a phrase was too good to be true, gave us the thrilling version set out above."



A LITTLE



BAYONET



EXERCISE



KEEPS



ONE



FIT.

AT THE FRONT.

OUR only consolation nowadays is to look with enjoyable contempt on troops who sometimes go into billets. For our part we hop round from one bit of line to another, making the parapets sit up and planting forests of wire.

The last Company Commander I took over from was more than commonly proud because he had heightened his parapet two feet to stop dropping bullets. We went to have a look at it, and then, unfortunately, just as I was saying, "By Jove!" or "The way you chaps work beats me," or something sympathetic and suitable, I went and sneezed—and the top two feet fell in. We never really settled whether the fault lay with my sneeze or his parapet. At all events we have now made the latter sneeze-proof.

One of those happy little touches that make war so awfully jolly came along a few days ago. We had a Corporal of another branch of the service attached to us. At least he knew he was attached, but we didn't. Taking advantage of this one-sided arrangement he invaded our mess kitchen at an early hour on the first morning of his attachment and conveyed therefrom sundry edibles and utensils, most notably a glorious brazier that is the object of our cook's pride and affection. When any especially large shells burst in his simmering soups—or as near as makes no matter—his brow clouds for a moment only, and then he looks at his brazier, and the thought of it brings back the sunshine to his soul. Hence the loss of this trophy was no common bereavement. Our cuisine for twenty-four hours was damnable—we could have fed better in Soho. A search-party penetrated wherever it might and asked questions of the Corporal, who knew nothing about it. But he had counted without our cook's pertinacity. The search was renewed next day; the Corporal's dugout was entered in his absence and the brazier recaptured The staff came to me clamouring for blood. I sent for the Corporal, who loudly protested his absolute innocence. I examined him, and just as I had extorted a complete confession a note arrived. It had originated in Corporal Blank, prisoner at the bar, and passed through Corporal Blank's officer, through the Brigade, through our Adjutant. It consisted of a request that our servants should supply Corporal Blank, attached, with wood and coke on demand.

It is odd that your proper soldier, who should be a blunt man, hates calling a spade anything short of "shovels, g.s., 1." His mind takes pleasure in figures and rejoices in cryptic initials. Witness the attitude adopted by the military post-office to a letter addressed to the C.O. in terms of revolting clearness. The addresser, no doubt a civilian, had written on the envelope words such as these:—Lt.-Col. Thingummy, D.S.O. (that is not our C.O.'s real name, nor is the remaining address an infringement of censorial rights), 275th Infantry Brigade, 91st Division, 14th Army Corps, Sixth Army, British Expeditionary Force.

As this was written without any abbreviations, the military postmen were naturally very much upset. For days they kept the letter and pondered over it. They sent for consulting postmen from London, an X-ray apparatus from Paris, and four leading detectives from Scotland Yard. The conclusions thus arrived at were handed over to the intelligence branch at G.H.Q.'s, who had KITCHENER over for the week-end. Finally they faced the envelope fairly and squarely, and some leading man among them erased the original address and substituted: "Try 275 I. B." It only remains to tell that this wild shot in the dark succeeded, and the envelope, now treasured by the C.O., records the monumental sleuthiness of our soldier-postmen in the most discouraging circumstances.

Of late we live in a marsh handed over by a sister division as a trench area. On our occupation the rain began its winter session, and we ran up against a simple little bit of arithmetic: "If two inches of rain per diem brings down one-quarter of a company's parapet, and one company, working about twenty-six hours per diem, can revet one-eighth of a company's parapet, how long will your trenches last—given the additional premisses that no revetments to speak of are to be had, and that two inches of rain is only a minimum ration?

We have indented for a fleet; and even a few auxiliary cruisers and some packets of torpedoes would be better than nothing, which is what we have got so far. We are buoyed up—and we need it—by the reflection that the Huns must be even worse off, as they are not in a position to mobilize their canal garrison, or spare any that remain of the U class.



MISS KENSINGTON GORE AS SHE WAS ——AND IS.

Functus Officio.

"Mr. Grime withdraws from the Cleansing Committee."
Manchester Guardian.

"There is confusion in the minds of proprietors of *Delikatessen* shops as to when cold meat may be sold."—*Morning Paper.*

The question leaves us in the same condition as the meat.

"CHAUFFEUR Wanted, over military age, for Tooting."
East Grinstead Observer.

It sounds an easy job.

"Paris, 2 novembre (contrôlé).
Le journal 'Les Dernières Nouvelles de Munich' dit que l'ordre a été donné aux sous-marins allemands de tenter le blocus des porcs grecs."—*Le Télégramme.*

To make up for the shortage of German sausages.

"There may have been another reason for the lack of that buoyancy which we usually associate with the Premier on a 'pig occasion' like this."—*The Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

Perhaps he felt that Mr. HOGGE would have done more justice to it.

"Every one should keep cheerful: any old frog can croak. . . ."

"Anniversary Week will begin with the Sermon, which will be preached by the Rev. —— ——, of Birmingham, on Thursday, April 18th, and will last until Thursday, April 20th, inclusive."
Congregational Magazine.

Perhaps we ought to say that these two items, though appearing on the same page, have absolutely no connection with one another.



Squadron Sergeant-Major (who has been told to ascertain the qualifications of an applicant for a commission). "WHAT KIND OF AN EDUCATION 'AVE YOU 'AD?" *Applicant.* "PRETTY GOOD."

Sergeant-Major. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'PRETTY GOOD'?" *Applicant.* "WELL, YOU SEE, I'VE GOT MY B.A."

Sergeant-Major. "B.A.! NEVER 'EARD OF IT. WHAT STANDARD 'AVE YOU PASSED?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

OF course you have not forgotten *Dick*, that wholly delightful study of school-boyhood by Mr. G. F. BRADBY. You will therefore be glad to hear that his author has now written more about him. Beware, however, of leaping to either of two conclusions, both wrong—first, that the new volume will be as amusing as its predecessor, secondly, that it will try to be so, and fail. One knows the old tag about sequels. In my own opinion the present *Dick* is not only entirely worthy of the earlier, but marks by far the highest level that Mr. BRADBY has yet reached. Its title is *For This I Had Borne Him* (SMITH, ELDER), and the opening date is July 22, 1914. You see now that this will be *Dick* with a difference, the great difference indeed that has fallen upon us all. It is exactly here that the very delicate art of the book is shown. It realizes, more poignantly than anything else I have read, the atmosphere of those terrible August days when the world was crumbling to pieces amid the pleasant preoccupations of holiday time. At first nothing seems changed. They are all back at Theresham for a lazy summer on the Broads: the diarist, his charming practical wife, *Dick*, grown to nineteen now with the delights of Oxford ahead, *Betty* the maid, old *Grapes*, and some equally pleasant new characters. Then comes the crisis, and at once there enters that strange feeling of unreality that we all remember—a breathless hush in which, though laughter and the happy trivialities still persist, they sound, as they did then, like the voices of birds in the silence when a great thunderstorm is creeping swiftly up the sky. So the comedy of *Dick* reaches the end that the title will have foretold you. In spite of it I hoped against hope that Mr. BRADBY might spare us the final sacrifice. But its treatment, when it comes, raises the story to a fine level of dignity and courage. It is not too much to think that this little book will live long as a witness to the spirit of England in her dark hour.

If there exist a more artificial story than *The Immortal Gymnasts* (HEINEMANN), by MARIE CHER, I have not read it, nor do I think that I want to. Something of the author's fitness to tackle life and of her peculiar psychology will be conveyed by the statement that the two real heroes of the book—one good and faithful, and the other not so good, with a roving eye—are named *Vivian* and *Ambry*. Their Christian names, if you please. *Ambry*, having trifled with little *Anne*, forsakes her for her more dashing sister *Estelle*, and by degrees *Vivian*, who is a budding art critic and only less beautiful to look at than *Ambry*, having placed *Anne* with his mother (whose Christian name is *Gita*), to have her heart mended, takes *Ambry's* place in that organ. There is no more story than that, but it is eked out by the parallel romance of *Quin* and *Bina* in the abode of *Bina's* father *Panta*, who keeps a pet of a milk-shop in a London street. Have you guessed who they are? *Quin* is Harlequin, *Bina* Columbine, and *Panta* Pantaloon, now in retirement, but busy with mere mortals' love troubles! It is all

like a phantasmagoric dream after seeing SCHUMANN'S *Carnival* given by the Russian ballet, reading metaphysics, and eating lobster and cucumber salad. There is clever writing in the book, but it is wasted.

Anthony Sorel, the juvenile lead of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S latest novel, *The Passionate Crime* (CHAPMAN AND HALL)—I call him that because in his dedication Mr. THURSTON distinctly threatens a dramatization of the story—was a wild, romantic poet who lived all alone on the Irish hills, and in at least one of his poems made "dawn" rhyme with "morn." It was not for this, however, that he was sentenced to death and hanged, though I have no doubt that it carried a good deal of weight with the jury, but because he murdered *Anna Quartermaine*. She was a great lady living in the neighbourhood, and she visited him in his hut one night disguised as a peasant-girl. He mistook her for a fairy, and when he discovered —appropriately enough in what he would call the dorn —that she was not he stabbed her with the bread-knife. If this seems a flippant summing-up of what thousands of men and women (but principally women) are sure to consider a "beautiful" story I can only say in self-defence that genuine beauty in a story has never yet made me feel flippant. It may be that the monotony of the first part of the book prejudiced me against the second, where the story really begins. I resented the persistent intrusion of Mr. THURSTON in the capacity of showman. The first hundred-and-ten pages deal exclusively with the difficulty which Mr. THURSTON had in extracting the facts in the case from a series of uncommunicative peasants, and might have been condensed into a preface, reading, "I had the deuce of a job getting this story out of the fellows who had first-hand information." I am perfectly well aware that these hundred-and-ten pages establish atmosphere, but to my mind they are as great an offence to a novel-reader as an hour's lecture on the manners and customs of the Irish peasantry, delivered by Mr. THURSTON in front of the curtain before the first Act, would be to the audience which assembles to see *The Passionate Crime* when it is produced as a play.

After reading *Old Delabole* (HEINEMANN) my conscience compels me to apologise to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS for having once asked him to give the West Country a rest. Here, it is true, he has left Devonshire, but only to make a small jump, which has landed him most happily upon his feet, to the other side of the Tamar. It was, I think, a fair criticism to pass upon some of Mr. PHILLPOTTS' later work that the by-play was apt to ov[...]nce or, at any rate, to interfere with, the main [...]. His natives, if always amusing, were also too voluble. But this would not be a fair criticism to make of his romance of the Cornish slate-quarries. From beginning to end the interest is concentrated upon two points: first, the slate-quarry itself, which throbs with life as vividly as any human being, and, secondly, upon the love-story of two fine men for one woman. To the last moment the doubt as to which of these men is to marry *Edith Retallack* is kept up, and legitimately kept up; but unfortunately this long suspense gives us time to discover that she was not quite worthy of either of them. *Old Delabole*, both in grasp of plot and manner of telling, is Mr. PHILLPOTTS at his best; but all the same I must pick one little bone with him. Long experience of Cornwall has convinced me that it would be impossible for any young man, however secretive, to "walk out" with any young woman, however artful, for a few days—let alone weeks—without every other soul in the village knowing all about it.



WITH APOLOGIES TO THE WAR OFFICE POSTER.

Perhaps you are already familiar with the name of Miss CAROLYN WELLS—if you are an American you certainly know her, and know that, besides being the author of various popular stories about murders and detectives, she is that much rarer thing, a student and anthologist of humour, with moreover a very flattering regard for the English variety. Naturally, therefore, one approaches her latest story, *The White Alley* (LIPPINCOTT), in a spirit of comradeship. It concerns a further adventure of Miss WELLS'S pet creation, the detective *Fleming Stone*, one of those super-deductors who are so pleasant to read about but would be so exasperating to employ in real life. The problem of the tale is ingenious enough. The owner of an estate, so carefully encompassed by watchmen and electric alarms that no one could enter or leave it unobserved, suddenly vanishes. Perhaps you think that *The White Alley* will prove to be some secret-subway to the house of mystery. Far from it. The *Alley* in question is a kind of marble such as is played with by boys, and a specimen of it is found in a disused cellar close to the corpse of the murdered protagonist. Puzzle, to make the marble explain the corpse. Having paid my tribute to the ingenuity of the task and its solution, I wish I could add that the style in which the book is written is worthy of my regard for its author's nice discrimination in other matters. But the fact is that these murder-mysteries are levellers of style; with their formula of clues and inquests and examinations they tend so much to common form that there is scarce a writer who can endow them with distinction. This consideration apart, *The White Alley* remains an excellent example of its kind, from whose bewilderments, if you like these mysteries, you may derive a very pleasant and expectant afternoon.

CHARIVARIA.

Field-Marshal von Mackensen is reported to have told King Ferdinand that the booty captured by the Germans in Serbia will be handed over to the Bulgarians. This confirms the belief that the Serbians left little of value behind them.

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A London borough council has decided that rate-collectors are "indispensables" and cannot be allowed to enlist. This unpatriotic decision has deeply grieved a large section of the ratepayers.

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"Popping," as a synonym for pawning, is a phrase no longer heard in the best East-end circles. They speak now of "mobilising securities."

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Omnibuses and tramcars are so dimly lighted now that conductors complain that people frequently tender farthings for sixpences in payment for their fares. The same mistake would no doubt have occurred just as frequently with half-sovereigns had not most of them been out of circulation.

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A London coroner states that when walking in the darkened streets he always carries a white newspaper to prevent people bumping into him. Unfortunately he omitted to advertise the particular organ he prefers for this purpose. The Lord Chancellor would never have missed this chance.

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As official statistics have been produced showing that there is no shortage of food in Germany, it is odd that the *Vorwärts* should think it necessary to print particulars of the symptoms by which starvation can be recognised. Some of its readers, we suppose, take a morbid interest in rare diseases.

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An ex-soldier has enlisted at the age of 78, and Sir Arthur Markham is understood to be preparing a protest against the enrolment of recruits in their second childhood.

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Several correspondents have called our attention to a statement in *The Spectator* that "to hunt with the hare and run with the hounds must always prove a failure," and seem to think that there is something wrong in it. We have, however, such a high regard for our contemporary as an authority on natural history that we unhesitatingly accept its dictum.

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In an article on "The Public Schools" *The Morning Post* spoke recently of "The mediæval tradition of service and self-sacrifice, plain living and high thinking, discipline and devotion, which produced Thomas à Kempis, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Philip Sidney, to name only these flowers of English spirituality." Somehow we find it difficult to think of the first of these worthies as quite English, although he certainly made a splendid *Imitation*.

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The War is working havoc with our metaphorical expressions. A sergeant-major who has just been awarded the D.C.M. for bravery at Loos, was a carpet-salesman before he joined his regiment. As a term of derision "carpet-knight" is now defunct.



Farmer. "Still on home service, then?" *Yeoman.* "Yes."
Farmer. "Supposing the Germans came to England, what would you do?"
Yeoman (*indignantly*). "Why, volunteer for foreign service at once, of course."

Dr. Dugald Clerk, F.R.S., has explained that Germany's failure is due to the fact that her philosophers have invariably been of the deductive type. The deductive brain, he added, allied to stupidity and a curious irrelevance, was characteristically German, and often produced absurd results. A certain statesman's "spiritual home," we understand, is now to let, unfurnished.

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Commenting upon the popular demonstrations in Athens on the arrival of M. Denys Cochin, a French paper remarked that King Constantine "has just heard the voice of his people." Prior to this, of course, it was simply so much Greek to him.

TRENCH-HUMOUR MADE IN GERMANY.

"*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*"

["There is in England no real soldiers' humour such as we have." *Cologne Gazette.*]

WHAT badinage is this that rocks the trenches,
What *jeu d'esprit* or military jest
That strains the Bosch's ribs, and rudely wrenches
The quivering fabric of his lower chest?

What is this note of mirth whose echoes tingling
Through barracks where the lager runs in spate
Bring down the roof and set the beer-mugs jingling?
It is the humour of the "Hymn of Hate!"

Full of elusive fun and swift surprises,
In every jocund phrase and joyous fitte
This gay and sparkling anthem crystallises
The essence and the soul of German wit.

We've nothing like it. In the dull stagnation
Induced by British humour's sad decline,
Thomas, relying on a loose translation,
Sings it (*allegro*) all along the line.

Thanks to a nature singularly plastic,
Blent with a humble willingness to learn,
He soon assimilates the light fantastic
Touch of the Teuton's favourite comic turn.

Thus pluck we wrinkles of the foe's imparting;
He taught us gas work in our guileless past;
And so with humour though behind at starting,
We still may smile the loudest at the last.

O. S.

THE NAVY IN A NUTSHELL.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. A. H. POLLEN in "Land and Water."*)

THERE have been no purely naval activities this week that require comment, but I have none the less matter of the greatest moment to discuss. For I regret to say that my critics have been throwing doubt upon some of my conclusions. That is a question which I must go into at once and in detail. Not that I wish to hold myself above criticism; I know very well that any one who has reached a pinnacle as a Naval Expert must be prepared for it. But, holding as I do that the views that I put forth in this journal are of national importance, I cannot allow them to be assailed. One of my critics, writing in the Press, has—I deeply regret to say—brought to light an old story against me which I had hoped was safely dead and buried. It worries me: now that the cat is out of the bag it worries me confoundedly. He declares that I am not a sailor. Well, I must face it It is true, I am not. It is not, strictly speaking, my fault. I trust the public will not jump to the conclusion that it was either my fault or my parents'. In any case, deeply as I deplore it, it is now too late to do anything. I lie awake at night and think about it. I would give almost anything—except my position on this journal—to be a sailor. But my laicism is chronic.

All the same, though I am not a professional, I am not to be branded as an amateur. I am thoroughly well grounded; I *have* got the thing up; I do know my subject. And I may add in self-defence that I have been entertained—in peace time—more than once on board a battleship. I could call plenty of witnesses to show that the Navy has always been my special hobby. I have quite a passion for calibres and displacements and things, and have had ever since I was at school. There is no deception about it. I can only hope therefore that the public will receive the shock of my laicism without flinching.

Another critic draws attention to a passage in which I stated that the Navy will be perfectly satisfied as long as the German Fleet remains lurking in Kiel. The bare suggestion of what my words have implied, according to his reading of them, has made my hair stand on edge, and set my teeth on end. The idea that I could have imputed to Sir JOHN JELLICOE's command the slightest satisfaction at not meeting the foe would be absurd enough to any one who knew me and my sentiments, but my words would seem to have carried this construction to the critic in question, who goes so far as to attribute it to my laicism. No one knows better than I the high spirit of the Sure Shield. I have often commended it in these columns. All that I meant to imply—and I must apologise profoundly for the ambiguity—was that, as long as the German High Seas Fleet refused an engagement, the British Navy was doing all it could. I feel confident that my words were not misunderstood in the wardrooms of the Fleet.

I have decided on this occasion to hold over my usual weekly prediction that America will declare war upon Germany within the next few days. I hope to be in a position to revive this feature in our next number, but something depends upon the ineffably illogical BERNSTORFF.

I have been fortunate enough to receive a large number of delightful letters from charming people in relation to my quaint account of the sinking of the *Königsberg*. That is no great surprise to me as I felt certain that it was bound to please. The consensus of opinion, both in my correspondence and in the Service Clubs, seems to be that my gunnery deductions were correct.

If there is no further news from the Adriatic, the Ægean, the Baltic or the Black Sea, I shall hope to return next week (which I shall do very gladly) to my little quadrilateral diagrams of the Submarine "blockade." One of my foremost critics, surely in a fault-finding mood (even I cannot satisfy everyone), has been making merry at the expense of these poor diagrams of mine and has asserted that the figure three conveys its meaning quite as directly as three little squares neatly drawn one above another. I know very well that my readers will not agree with him. An article of this kind cannot exist without diagrams—that much I have learned from a study of the work of my distinguished military colleague upon this journal. They break up the page and give the thing an appearance of diversity, besides tending to excite curiosity in the reader. Nothing could be more effective than my diagrams. If you want to know how many ships have been lost you have only to count the squares, pricking them off as you go along with a pin. It is just on such points as these that I hope I am of service to my readers, who have perhaps less time and ingenuity than I have, by collating the newspaper reports and expressing them diagramatically. The thing can also be done even more satisfactorily with a box of bricks. That is how I do it at home—if I may give away a personal secret. I have the whole thing built up on the smoking-room mantelpiece, with coloured bricks for the Atlantic liners. Not a bad idea for a layman.

And while I am on this question I may add that the effect of searchlights upon Zeppelins—as a guide to gunnery—may be usefully tested by working in a dark room with a suspended banana and an electric torch.

The Point of View.

"A hind, named Harker, in the service of Mr. J. J. Crusher, of Hutton, who was in charge of a horse at the time, had his leg accidentally broken on Friday. Mr. Crusher has had a singular run of ill-luck with his hinds."—*Teesdale Mercury.*



CHURCHILL S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE.

Winston (*through force of nautical habit, to Sir John French*). "COME ABOARD, SIR!"



WAR ECONOMY.

Lady Sybil de Vere. "DO LOOK AT THOSE EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE. THEIR CLOTHES ARE QUITE NEW!"
Sir Hugo. "ROTTEN BAD FORM!"

MY WORKING-PARTY.

"IT'S sickening," said Margery; "mother's going to the Buffingtons and says I must go with her."

"Buck up!" I urged with the callous after-lunch indifference of the middle-aged; "the Buffies aren't so bad."

"They're beastly. And Sheila's biking over this afternoon too. We mend the Convalescents' socks on Mondays. You'll have to look after her till I come back."

The door banged violently and I was alone. The worst of a youthful sister is that she takes so much for granted.

Sheila is a fashionable and determined young person who gracefully combines the youthfulness of sixteen with the sagacity of a dowager. I am really afraid of her. At 3.30 the door was flung open.

"Hullo!" exclaimed a brisk voice.

I smiled foolishly.

"Let me put your bag down."

"No, thank you. This," she swung it defiantly, "is my work."

"Oh," I answered humbly, "irregular verbs or arithmetic?"

I gave her the chair on the other side of the hearthrug and watched her wrench forth the contents of the bag. It seemed to hold a good deal. I made a remark about it.

"What are you doing for the soldiers?" she asked loftily.

"Well, er——" I began, overcome by the suddenness of the attack. "I write a—er—little cheque sometimes, and," I added hastily, "I was a special constable once."

"Can you darn?" she inquired after a strained interval.

"Yes," I answered simply; "I won the Balliol Blue-stocking twice when I was up at Oxford."

"Then perhaps," she said graciously, "you would like to help."

I started on a pale pair and all went well until——

"Mind the blood doesn't stain," she remarked.

"A little bit gay for the Line, aren't they?" I picked up a purple-and-magenta mixture. "This chap's probably a Surbiton Hussar."

Sheila examined some of my work.

"I say, are you quite sure you won that stocking for darning?"

"Quite," I answered promptly. "Give me a tube of magenta, please."

When Margery got back we had finished tea and I had mended seven pairs of socks—at least I had pushed the needle about inside them until the holes got smaller.

That night I went to bed feeling I had done my bit.

The next evening Margery dashed in late for dinner.

"I've been to see Sheila," she announced briefly, and, turning to me, added, "I say, old thing, you've made a pretty beastly mess of young Henry's socks. I don't know what he'll say when he comes back from school. He's rather particular about his socks."

"His socks," I repeated vaguely—"Henry's socks?"

"Yes; they forgot to send the soldiers' mending from Broadmead yesterday, so Sheila was told to darn her brother's socks instead."

Extract from the advertisement of a well-known firm of poultry-fanciers:—

"This is where the value of their first-rate laying strains tell. They produce eggs in large numbers right through the bad weather, and that their customers do this also is proved by the many hundreds of letters —— & Sons receive monthly."

We congratulate Messrs. —— & Sons on the excellence of their birds, but still more on that of their customers, who, if they possess the remarkable powers attributed to them, are indeed *raræ aves*.

THE WOTTLER AND THE MATRON.

I am the husband of a Quartermaster. That may mean nothing to you, but if you read Miss Muncaster's book on Quartermasters which Elkin Mathews has published you will find that Kitchener has a light and easy job compared with a Quartermaster. In actual fact a Quartermaster is responsible for the stores in a Red Cross Hospital and spends the greater portion of her waking hours filling up forms about torn pillow-cases and broken plates. The Quartermistress—I decline to have a Quartermaster as spouse—tells me wonderful stories about the appetites of wounded heroes and the quantity of rice they consume. I am not surprised at their heroism. A man who dare face rice pudding need dread nothing in this world.

At night, when I leave my special constable duty, I call for the Quartermistress to escort her home. Though a veritable dragon in a storeroom she is a little timid in the dark. Then, as I am badged and armleted, that great person, the hospital matron, condescends to exchange a word or so with me. She is a magnificent person, and as she sweeps down on me in her official uniform I feel absolutely confident about the War. Nothing could beat her. If she could be marched along the British lines I know the Bosches would break and flee.

Still I am nervous when she speaks to me. It is like talking to a Zeppelin.

On this night she bore down on me.

"We shall have rain to-morrow," she said, and I felt that the elements would obey.

"You have noticed an hotel opposite?" continued the matron.

"Is there one?" I murmured. Guilty man that I was, I had often taken refuge in it when the Quartermistress had not finished form-filling and stock-taking and I had dreaded waiting for her under the matron's severe eye.

"Yes. Listen to that," said the matron.

There was a sound of revelry from across the way.

"That has been continuing all the evening. It must cease."

"Do the wounded object?" inquired timidly.

"They do not. Many of them manifest a spirit of reprehensible frivolity in war-time. I object. Is this a time for 'The Merry Widow'? Will you please stop it at once?"

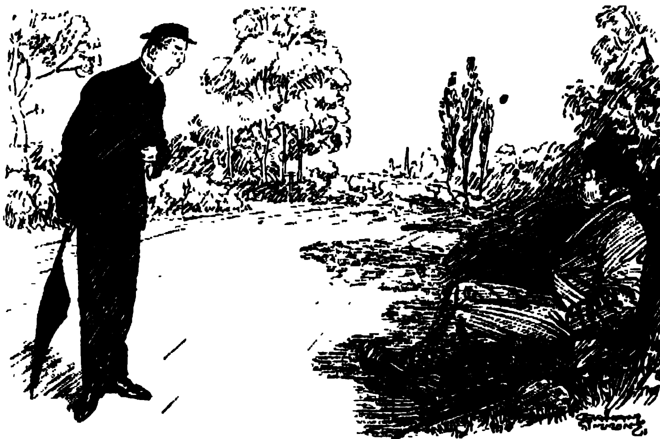
Automatically obedient I walked towards the hotel. I found an electric piano in full blast. I removed my armlet and ordered a beverage—not from thirst but from diplomacy—and appealed to the landlord.

"Is that to be kept going all night?" I asked. "It gets on the nerves of the matron of the Red Cross Hospital."

"Well, Mister, Councillor Stubbs uses this 'ouse and he's a wottler if ever there was one."

"A what?"

"A wottler—a chap 'oo says, 'Wot 'll you 'ave?' He's not a minesey; minesers are them 'oo always say, 'Mine's a beer.' Where was you brought up?"



HIS ROOF THE OPEN SKY.

Clergyman. "Instead of spending your life wandering about the countryside and sleeping under hedges, why cannot you act like a man and go out and fight for your hearth and home?"

"Well, what about Councillor Stubbs?"

"You see 'is son was reported wounded and missing, and now he's only reported wounded and not badly 'urt. So Mr. Stubbs wanted to stand drinks to all in the 'ouse; but this new regulation——"

"What's this got to do with the piano?" I interrupted.

Well, he's left money for a cigar for every customer, and he's paid for the electric piano to be kept going all night. Left five bob in coppers to be put in the slot. Now I'm anxious to oblige a lady, but I promised to oblige Mr. Stubbs. He's a wottler if ever there was one. It'll take all night to work 'is money off.'

I returned to the hospital in fear and trembling.

"The piano will cease playing directly the money that has been put down for it is exhausted," I reported diplomatically.

"I have always found that any instructions I give to a special constable are promptly attended to," beamed the matron.

The next day, as I passed the hotel, the landlord stood at the door.

"She come," he said, nodding towards the hospital.

"What did she say?" I asked eagerly.

"A lot," returned the landlord.

"Er—anything about me?"

"She said that if I wouldn't take no notice of a special—and she didn't blame me, as they was such a poor lot—I'd got to take notice of 'er. Yes, I stopped the piano. I told her that Mr. Stubbs was a true wottler, but she said that it was wottling that was losing us this War. She ain't got what I call the wottling spirit. A fine figure of a woman if you like, but no wottler. I don't expect she ever stood no one a pint."

Now I wait for the Quartermistress in the road.

"Such manners may have been current last year—*avant la guerre.* But now *vons avons change tout cela.*" —*Indian Daily Telegraph.*

Yes, the "vons" have changed a great many things. Even the French language has not escaped.

"The Nairobi Defence Force will rendezvous on C. Company Parade Ground, near the Presbyterian Church, at 5 o'clock this afternoon. The new unit will for the first time be respected by His Excellency the Governor and Commander in Chief."—*Daily Leader (British East Africa).*

Our own "G.R.'s" should take comfort; their turn of deferential appreciation will come.

"Bleachers and dyers in various towns in Lancashire yesterday began handing in notices to leave work in order to enforce their claim to an advance of wages between two and three shillings a week in the case of weekly wage-earners, and 10 per cent. in the case of peace-workers."—*Scotsman.*

Why this differentiation? They are none of them war-workers.

"New Cumnock School Board. Wanted by the above named School Board, a female certificated assistant teacher. Salary, £65 per annum, rising by annual increments of £5 to £95 if untrained, and to £1000 if trained." *Glasgow Herald.*

A good chance for an intending Methuselah.

"People who desire longevity drink water. Those who have tried it and failed should try —— Beer."—*Japanese advertisement.*

As sold in the Elysian Fields.



Recruiting Officer. "I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T GET PAST THE DOCTOR."
Puny but pugnacious Recruit. "I BET IT WON'T BE FOR THE WANT O' TRYIN'. WHERE IS 'E?"

MALENTENDU CORDIAL.

THE alliance with France in our suburb is imperilled—nay more, it is all but suspended. The regrettable incident only shows how a mere choice of words, spoken without a suspicion of malice or evil intent, may in a single infelicitous moment undo the loving labour of years.

It happened in this way. In our suburb we are nothing if not original, so it occurred to us to give a concert in aid of the Belgian Relief Fund. The *clou* of the entertainment promised to be the performance of a French lady vocalist, a refugee, who had been a professional.

The eventful night arrived. Each artist was introduced by our curate, who constituted himself a kind of articulate programme, and then the French lady's turn came. Now I am quite sure that the curate, a most earnest-minded young man, was guiltless of any intention of facetiousness in his introduction of Madame Chambellan; he was incapable of it. Yet before she had started to sing the aria, "*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*," the audience broke into delighted laughter, and continued to give vent to subdued giggles during the first few bars of the song. Gradually, however, it dawned on them that no humour was intended, whereupon their attitude became, and remained to the end, one of half-aggrieved bewilderment, as of people who have been unwarrantably deceived.

Madame came off the platform in high dudgeon, declaring she had never been so insulted in her life and that "*ces Anglais*" were still the rudest, the most stupid and the most perfidious people in the world. For how should she, poor lady, ignorant of "Sister Susie Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," appreciate the fact that her auditors had been led to expect a French variant of that popular ditty by the curate's announcement, expressed in the following terms: "Madame Chambellan will now sing a *chanson* from *Samson*, by SAINT-SAËNS"?

TWENTY-TWO.

TWENTY-TWO
At the end of the week, if he'd seen it through.
We left his grave in the curé's hands;
I met him as I was coming away—
A white-haired man in cassock and bands—
And I showed him where it lay.

"Twenty-two—
Yet he's older than you or me, M'sieu,
And the riddle of time for him is read.
Yes, I will see the grave kept trim,
And after the prayers for our own are said
I will add a prayer for him."

Twenty-two—
Someone will bitterly weep for you;
Yet she'll lift her head with a wonderful pride:
"He was my son, and his life he gave.
Shall I grudge such a gift, tho' my heart has died?
He was brave: I must be brave."

Twenty-two—
Ah! for the dreams that can never come true:
All that the world should have had in store!
He was willing to die, though he loved to live.
We must be ready to follow—the more
That we've many less years to give.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXIX.

My dear Charles,—I may not be in a position at the moment to give you information at first hand from our own trenches, but I can give you the next best thing—life stories of great soldiers from the opposite trenches.

I don't recollect his name (Fritz as likely as not), but, whatever he might call himself, it was just fifteen months ago when he suddenly realized the intensity of his belief in himself and everything German, and his scorn of all other nationalities, temporarily excepting certain possibles in the Near East. A passion for war came over him; battles and bloodshed, he discovered, were things which appealed irresistibly to his fair godlike Teuton manhood. His newspaper told him what a fine fellow he was and what a warlike nature was his; when he came to think of it, he saw how true this all was, especially the part about being godlike. He itched for War, for which, it appeared, he was already scheduled, and his first experience of the horrors of it did nothing to change his mind. He came undaunted and unscathed through a period at a training centre in the interior, a period of garrison duty in occupied Belgium, and even more strenuous soldiering in a side-show on the Eastern front, where, with nothing more than a dozen or so heavy siege batteries and at most a gross of field guns behind him, he had to keep his end up against hundreds of dangerously angry peasants, armed with real sticks and stones.

He not only held out, he lik[illegible] holding out, and he was quite annoyed when he was told to give over for a day or two and come down to a soft job in the West. They reminded him that he had shown himself to be a finer fellow even than originally supposed, and at last he came to see that, even if things were to be easier and less worthy of him in the new area where the enemy hadn't any sticks or any stones and had been starved into an abject inertia, he *had* had a hard time and deserved a period of rest and quiet. It would be hardly worth while taking his rifle with him, he suggested, if the enemy was as done in as all that. "Perhaps you'd better," they told him. "It is just possible the French and English may attempt some half-hearted violence in their last dying spasm;" and so he entrained, and told all his friends whom he saw *en route* that he would write them long letters from his new quarters, where he expected to be very quiet and have a lot of time on his hands.

His holiday began in earnest as his train approached the Western front; he was asleep at the time, but his holiday beginning woke him up. His first treat was a great spectacular bomb-dropping turn by a French airman. For this he was in the front row seats, so to speak: long after it was all over he laboured under the impression that he had been the target instead of the privileged audience. He said he really should want some months of repose after that, and was told that he would get it sure enough if he wouldn't just mind helping to restore so much of the train as could be found to so much of the line as was left. He took them at their word, as became a well-disciplined Teuton, but he couldn't help being puzzled when he remembered their earlier statements that the Allies had practically no ammunition left, what with English strikes and French revolutions and German submarines and suchlike. However, he and his fellow-travellers, who were in the same case, thought perhaps that this was the last shell and got rid of the "practically." But the English airman who was next featured upset that argument (and a good deal besides), giving them, in another bomb or two, what you might call the "All change here" chit. Our holiday-maker concluded his journey on foot, but even his country stroll somewhere in France did not lack movement, being enlivened by the Crump family, in their side splitting entertainment presented by our gunners.

Twice detrained from above, much harassed by public nuisances of all sorts on th[illegible] evel, and lastly, even while unpackin[illegible] his valise in his dug-out, rudely shaken from beneath, this ardent enemy of ours lost first his ardour, then his enmity, an[illegible] conceived such an affection for us that he must needs run across the open that very night in order to be, as he now is, among us.

By the way, you'll take a morbid pleasure in hearing that he quite agrees with your view as to the trend of affairs. We are being thoroughly beaten on all sides; the Central Powers win all the way. He has this in writing from the people who are doing it. We asked him, if this was so, why he was in such a hurry to throw in his lot with ours. But we had asked him such a lot of questions by that time that one can quite understand his answer being a little confused.

This Fritz is not the only interesting person. I've come in touch with just lately. I have found the Royal Flying Corps people not wholly depressing. On occasion I borr[illegible]w off them a gallon of petrol to see me home: the pleasure is theirs, they say; the honour is mine, I protest; the petrol is, of course, yours, Charles. These airy fellows talk of war as if it were a day's shooting and they the cock pheasants with the best of the fun up aloft. Upon my word, the hen who hatched such birds should be a proud, if anxious, mother!

Other people quite well worth meeting are our French Allies. I see a lot of them these days, and it won't be long before we are exchanging kisses. The old Chief of the French side of my business rolled up the other day. I and my particular ally saluted according to our several ideas of proud humility. He waved all that sort of thing aside, gave us a hand each to hold, called us his infants, his brave infants, his very brave infants, and we concluded the parade by shedding a few tears of affection and joy together, still holding hands. To-day I have with some pains composed and written out orders for our new French department, "signed by Henry, Lieut., for Lieut.-Col. Commanding," which concluded as follows: "In end of account you will you remind that, the responsibility of the French Service of what-you-may-call in this Army being to you, Mister the Colonel will well wish to have all the confidence in you, he will count on you and he will you reinforce altogether and all at once if you you find in the embarrassment of the undiscipline."

Our idea of our ally as a soldier is that his *élan* and gay courage are very much more remarkable even than supposed; but for the dull heavy work of continued warfare there is wanted, if we may say without offence, the more stolid qualities of the English. On the other hand the French opinion of their ally as a soldier is that his dash and devilment are really astonishing, even to the most expectant critic; but for the sordid monotonous strain of this trench business it needs (a thousand pardons!) the duller persistence of the French.

Yours ever, Henry.

"'NO FAT' GRIEVANCES.

Plenty to come from Turkey and Greece."

Morning Paper.

We have added this to our collection of "Glimpses of the Obvious."

"Two mounted the parapets and the skirt of the pipers was audible above the crash of bombs."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

The tartan must have been of a peculiarly loud pattern.

An advertisement:—

"DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR."

Morning Paper.

We always do so if we can, particularly if Sister is driving.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

As it was my first time home on leave from the Front, I had expected that my tales of battles would create a certain amount of interest amongst my friends and relations. My haversack was filled with German buttons, pieces of shrapnel, shell fuses and other instruments of torture, picked up on the stricken field or bought in French shops, and my tongue was eager to be telling of hair-breadth escapes.

My arrival in Hampstead certainly caused a little interest. My parents were glad to see me safe and sound. My sisters, so they said, were proud of me. My aunt, who believes that everyone should be sent to the Front the day he enlists, and kept there until he is killed, wished to know when I was going back. I obliged her with the date, and we sat down to dinner.

They asked me how I liked it, and I started on the tales. They listened in polite silence to what I had got to say. Somehow the souvenirs in my haversack began to lose their value, and I decided that they had better stay where they were till a more favourable opportunity for exhibiting them presented itself. I turned the conversation from wars and rumours of victories to the latest theatres. They were not interested, and by the time we reached the coffee I had decided that they preferred to talk rather than listen.

Had I seen a Zeppelin? Did I hear about that last raid? Would I like to see the piece of bomb that the housemaid's young man had found, and the housemaid had presented to the family in recognition of an extra half-day out? Was I talking of going to a theatre, and didn't I know that a London theatre was the most dangerous spot in the world?

This conversation, in its turn, bored me to distraction, for I was one of the lucky two hundred of my battalion to emerge undamaged from the last scrap. But it showed me that to produce my relics of the field was to invite indifference and a further half-hour of Zeppelin anecdotes, so I pleaded acute fatigue and went to bed.

Next day we talked of Zeppelins and their frightfulness from breakfast to teatime. Then, as I found myself the least important member of the family, I sought out a male friend and together we went to *Shell Out*. Luck was with me, for *they* came. I heard them whirring in the distance and I saw search-lights playing on the sky. I never saw the smallest trace of a Zepp., and I didn't care to, for my object was achieved, and I returned to Hampstead happy and uplifted.



'DON'T YOU THINK I SHOULD LOOK RATHER A FOOL IN UNIFORM?'
'WELL, OF COURSE, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT ISN'T MUCH OF A DISGUISE.'

They were all in the cellar when I let myself in quietly and stole upstairs to my room. There I rubbed some earth from a pot of chrysanthemums on my clothes and some dust from the mantel-piece on my face. I dragged my tie sideways, I ruffled my hair, and I filled my pockets with my souvenirs from the Front. Then I crept down-stairs, opened and closed the front door noisily, and clattered down into the cellar.

"Did you see them?" exclaimed my eldest sister. "They came right over——"

"See them?" I interrupted, for my time had come. "Why, bombs were falling all round me, and one exploded so near that it blew me ten yards up the road! Look at the state I'm in! The shrapnel was bursting all over the place! And two German officers fell out and landed in the middle of the street within five yards of me! I took some souvenirs off them. Look at all the things I've collected."

I produced several pieces of shrapnel, a shell nose, four German buttons, two German badges, and the remainder of the assortment. The family looked at me in awed admiration. I was the hero of the hour.

An Irishman's Rise.

"The news that Major —— has been promoted to the rank of Captain was received with much pleasure by his host of friends."
Free Press (Wexford).



First Lady. "I don't know what we want a censor for. He doesn't seem to please anybody."
Second Lady. "Well, I don't wonder. Look at the price of lump sugar!"

THE PARALYSIS OF THE TENTH PLATOON.

(A Tragedy of Trench Warfare.)

Stout miners all, their ardour knew no check
While forth we fared upon our warward way;
They wrote long letters from the ship's safe deck,
Behind the boom of some Ægean Bay
(Breathing the hot inflammatory soul
Which comes, it seems, from always carving coal),
Of how they heard the hideous cannon's roll,
And many a vivid but invented fray.

And when we sought the catacombs of strife
The lust for slaughter yet illumed their eyes;
On the way up they nearly took the life
Of two black braves from Afric (our Allies):
They longed to leap from out the sandbag's screen,
And in close combat satisfy their spleen;
While I, who, truth to tell, was not so keen,
Hardly persuaded them it was not wise.

The slow days travelled, and no blood was drawn,
Yet long their hearts were lionlike and large,
For oft we woke them, on the cool still dawn,
To arm and hasten to the battle's marge,
And braced them up for some tremendous bout,
And when, of course, the General washed it out,
We said to-morrow would supply, no doubt,
Their fearful wish to make (or break) a charge.

Then, like a terrier too often spurred
To "seek" the quite imaginary rat,
Darting, all eager, at the lying word
With busy sniffs where never a rodent sat,
Till a vile doubt affects the brute with gall,
That it may be there are no rats at all,
And heedless now he hears his master's call,
And sits and wonders what he's getting at—

A dark distrust encompassed my platoon;
Bored and incredulous they lie and brood;
I say it's Ramazan, the sacred moon,
When pious foes are likely to intrude;
Night after night I venture to aver
That something still may possibly occur;
They hear me sweetly, but they think I err,
And on the parados prepare their food.

I know not if indeed the gleam is gone
That did inflame this melancholy crew,
Or if deep down some ember carries on,
And, when at last the Turk comes creeping through,
As some old golfer, once considered warm,
Is deadliest yet where thick the hazards swarm,
They in a flash may find their ancient form—
Then Allah help the Faithful if they do!



THE PERSUADING OF TINO.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



ASQUITH, BALFOUR, LLOYD GEORGE AND EDWARD GREY, BEING OVER MILITARY AGE, ARE, AFTER SEVERE SCRUTINY, ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY FOR A SHORT TRIP TO PARIS.

House of Commons, Monday, November 15th.—Twenty-nine years ago I heard Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, standing at the corner of bench behind that reserved for Ministers, explain circumstances attendant upon his resignation of the post of Chancellor of Exchequer and Leader of the House. To-day I heard his eldest son, standing in same place, recount circumstances attendant upon resignation of Ministerial office and seat in Cabinet. WINSTON had advantage over his father in matter of weather. When the former made his historic speech spirits of audience were depressed by incursion of dense fog. As WINSTON spoke the sunlight of a frosty afternoon played on the windows.

RANDOLPH's career was irretrievably settled when he "forgot GOSCHEN." Effect upon future of WINSTON will be watched by the public with keen sympathetic interest.

In opening passage of his speech WINSTON gently chaffed EDWARD CARSON, seated on Front Opposition Bench, awaiting opportunity to pounce on FOREIGN SECRETARY in correction of statement made last week as to attitude of Cabinet towards Serbia which led to ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S resignation. "The fact," he said, "that I do not take my place on the Front Opposition Bench does not imply criticism on those who do."

With sly hit at whom it might concern (he was talking at the moment of Lord FISHER's doubts and hesitations touching Expedition to the Dardanelles), he declared he accepted responsibility for his written and recorded opinions expressed in every case "before not after the event."

These the only light Churchillian touches in a speech of an hour's duration. Scrupulously avoiding personal attack or even sharp criticism upon colleagues from whose inner council he had withdrawn, he contented himself with detailed explanation and vindication of his own conduct, more especially in relation to two episodes of whose failure persistent rumour has made him bear the brunt—attempted relief of Antwerp, and the, at present, abortive attack on the Dardanelles. Listened to throughout with closest attention, encouraged by frequent cheers, he sat down amid prolonged applause, joined in from every part of House.

PRIME MINISTER, in one of his felicitous phrases, summed up general opinion. "My Right Honourable friend has," he said, "dealt with a very delicate situation not only with ability and eloquence, but also with loyalty and discretion."

No higher tribute could be paid, nor, coming from this quarter, one more valuable.

Business done.—Report stage of Vote of Credit for £400,000,000 agreed to without dissentient voice.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord FISHER, like K. OF K., is a rare visitant to House of Lords. Busy men with plenty of work to do, they feel they cannot waste time in an august assembly which one of them calls "the Talking Shop." FISHER partly made up for prolonged absence by coming in this afternoon excessively early. Seated himself on Front Cross Bench. Waiting for stroke of half-hour at which public business commences he conned a broad sheet of manuscript produced from an inner coat pocket. Promptly at half-past four he rose. Successfully repressing inclination to preface his remarks by shouting "Ahoy!" he said, "I ask leave of your lordships to make a statement."

At the moment their lordships did not muster more than a score. Regardless of empty benches the Admiral read on in loud voice which in this his first attempt conquered faulty acoustics of Chamber that have proved fatal to many more experienced speakers. Certain references to him had been made on previous day by Winston Churchill. Having been in the service of his country for sixty-one years, he was content to leave his record in the hands of his countrymen.

"It is," he added, "unfitting to make personal explanations affecting national interest when my country is in the midst of a great war."

With this dig at Winston, possibly allusive to his former colleague's remark about desirability of expressing opinion "before not after the event," he sat down. Only for a moment. Tucking his sheet of manuscript in breast-coat pocket he abruptly left House. If anybody had anything to say on the subject let them speak. For his part, in the briefest maiden speech ever delivered in either House, he had said all he had it at heart to say.

In Commons a full House awaited Premier's statement about compulsion. At Question Time he was heckled by group of Members seated among his nominal supporters who believe themselves more competent to conduct the War than the newly-created Council or even the General Staff, disrespectfully spoken of this afternoon in other House by that eminent military authority from St. David's (not the Bishop). Severe catechism elicited nothing fresh. Accordingly, when second reading of Appropriation Bill was moved, making opening for debate on any topic ranging from China to Peru, Whitehouse returned to the charge, protesting against compulsion in any form. Incidentally he referred to Lord Derby's circular on subject of coyness of unmarried men as "an insult to the House and a gross breach of its privileges."

By this time Premier had retired, "engaged on duties connected with the War, which," Bonar Law explained, "make it absolutely impossible for him to be here." Having, indeed, already started for Paris, and not being a bird, he could not at the moment be on Treasury Bench.

Task of replying to debate was deputed to Colonial Secretary. Admirably performed. Effectively defended Premier from accusation of halting between two opinions. At Question Time he had declared with confident hope and belief that resort to coercive methods of recruitment would not be necessary. If hope and belief are not realised he must have the men, and, Bonar Law unmistakably indicated, he will compel them to come in.

Business done.—Commons read Appropriation Bill a second time.

House of Commons, Wednesday.—In temporary absence of Premier, Bonar Law answers for him at Question Time, *vice* Chancellor of Exchequer, still busy with his Budget.

A statement by Home Secretary shows how tightly the net is being drawn round eligible men of military age who develop sudden yearning for foreign travel. During continuance of the War they will be required to provide themselves with special permit for the voyage. "And," added Sir John Simon, "it will not be given without good cause."



Scene: War-work drawing-room on Sunday.

Hostess. "Oh, shout out, Colonel, if you feel the needles in that thing. It's a pin-cushion during the week."

Sark tells me of a rather awkward episode attendant upon the earliest working of the new Order in Council. Yesterday evening Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Minister of Munitions arrived at Dover on their way to conference with French Government in Paris. As they were about to step on board the packet-boat they were approached by emissary of Home Office with demand to show their permission to leave the country. Edward Grey, personally conducting the little party of excursionists, furnished explanation in French tongue. Home Office man naturally confused. Whilst he hesitated the captains, and (if the Censor will permit me to say so) the kings, departed.

George Cave, taking his seat on re-election after his appointment to Solicitor-Generalship, [illegible] with hearty cheers from all parts of the House, testifyi[illegible]rity and approval of his promotion.

Business done.—Finance Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—In debate on Appropriation Bill, much talk about reckless waste of rations in the trenches and in training camps at home. Forster, speaking on behalf of War Office, threw flood of light on situation by simple statement. As result of stricter supervision wanton waste has already been checked. Yesterday report received from one command stated "In the month of October we saved 800,000 lb. of meat, a ton of mustard, a ton of pepper, ten tons of salt, ten tons of bread, and a ton of bacon."

Forster beamed with honest self-congratulation at this evidence of efficiency. House rather inclined to regard it as painful confession of amazing miscalculation. Problem takes form of Rule of Three sum. If in one month, in a single command, ten tons of bread and a ton of bacon, not to mention meat, mustard, pepper and salt, are chucked away by the ton, what has been the aggregate of waste over a period of fifteen months in respect of an Army of a million men?

The harried tax-payer cheerfully suffers personal and domestic privations. In order generously to feed our gallant soldiers he gives up luxury of breakfast bacon, cuts down his butcher's bill, toys with the pepper-castor and the salt-cellar and saves up odd crusts of bread. But this ton of wasted bacon, so to speak, sticks in his throat.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a third time.

"I have had several kind anonymous donations, which are most encouraging to us at the present time. Official receipts have been forwarded as usual."

Hoylake and West Kirby News.

The anonymous donors now understand what it is to "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

From Miss F. E. Mills Young's recent novel, *The Great Unrest*, p. 59:—

"Among the tall reeds a swan was sitting, busily hatching her annual brood of signets; the male bird was swimming about near her."

No doubt admiring these seals of his wife's affection.



N.C.O. "'ERE, ARE YOU AN ARTIST, OR A POET OR ANYTHINK?"
Recruit. "NO, SIR."
N.C.O. "WELL, GET YER 'AIR CUT BY NEXT PARADE, THEN."

NEO-MONTESSORIANISM.

[Suggested by a perusal of *A Dominie's Log*, by the Scots schoolmaster, Mr. NEILL, who, according to *The Weekly Dispatch*, has had the "tremendous courage" to run his school on the no-discipline lines.]

I KNOW that I am teaching badly when my bairns are quiet. Noise is essential to life and I want to teach my bairns how to live. Every good schoolmaster should do all that in him lies to promote the dominion of din. The man who said that silence is golden was a cream-laid ass.

* * *

No self-respecting bairn should ever be without an adequate supply of cobbler's wax. I make a point of giving each of my bairns a fresh ball of this precious substance at least once a week. It not only pleases them but it has often enabled me to stick to my work long after I should have naturally left my chair.

* * *

As a boy my great ambition was to possess (1) a Jew's harp; (2) a saloon pistol. Acting on the principle that all boyish instincts are sound, I have purchased and presented one of each to every bairn in my school and encouraged them to bring them into class. I do not insist, because insistence is a crime. As a matter of fact only two of my bairns have declined to come into line. The results are most exhilarating, though so far I have only had two flesh wounds in the leg.

* * *

The cult of spelling is one of the greatest curses of our educational system. No really great man was a good speller. SHAKSPEARE spelt his name in nineteen different ways, and I encourage my bairns to follow his great example. One of our best lessons consists in spelling our names with the fewest possible number of right letters. I have given a prize to a bairn who spelt his Christian name without a single letter right—"Gekup" for "Jacob."

* * *

I object to age and experience; I am all for youth and empiricism. The duty of a schoolmaster is not to teach, but to preserve the youthfulness of his pupils by adopting their standpoint, and dress. I always wear short thick pants.

* * *

If one of my bairns misbehaves, I send him to the top of the class. Top boys are always unpopular, and the lesson is rarely wasted.

* * *

The prime essential in essay writing is to know absolutely nothing about the subject. Then and then only is it possible to approach it in a spirit of fresh and vital detachment. All knowledge is dangerous, but ignorance is of the Seventh Heaven.

* * *

I have not been caned by my boys for a fortnight. But it is too much to hope that this immunity will last much longer. Corporal punishment for schoolmasters is as necessary as milk for babes.

"Miss —— would be grateful to any lady or gentleman who could recommend her as Single Footman."
Wallington and Carshalton Herald.

We admire the lady's courage. She is too brave to serve as a Married Footman after Mr. ASQUITH's explicit pledge.

"'Truth,' cries Lord Milner, 'truth all round.' Thus spake Pecksniff that unctuous advocate of 'Terewth.'"—*Evening Paper.*

This was when *Pecksniff* was masquerading under the *alias* of *Chadband.*

LIFE ON A HALVED INCOME.

My efforts to live on half my income have not hitherto been very encouraging. To begin with, my income is already half my income; that is to say, it is exactly half what it was eighteen months ago; and the attempt to live on a quarter of the income to which I have been accustomed has shown me with appalling clarity the hopelessness of my outlook.

As matters stand at present I feel I am ploughing a very lonely furrow. People upon whose co-operation I confidently relied are not helping me a bit. They don't meet me half-way. They don't even half-meet me half-way, which is the least they could do if this half-income business is intended to be at all reciprocal. For instance, last week I sent my landlord a cheque for my somewhat overdue Michaelmas rent, not for the full rent, but for half. As I pointed out to him in my letter, if I was expected to live on half my income, it was clear that I could only afford to pay half rent; and as he too was doubtless living on the same principle, it would save him a lot of unnecessary book-keeping if I only remitted the half he was morally entitled to spend. On receiving his reply I was agreeably surprised to find my own cheque enclosed. "Good!" I thought. "He's a sport. He's going to live on no income at all. He's not going to do things by halves."

This latter part of my surmise proved to be correct. My landlord demanded a cheque for the rent in full, failing which he threatened to put a man in possession—a whole one.

This was not a very comforting start. I then sent for my cook-general, and *via* the inclement weather, her asthma and the increased cost of drugs—each topic cropping up out of the other with perfect naturalness—I adroitly introduced the subject of a reduction in wages.

And now I am wondering whether her emphatic "Not 'alf" was a cordial acceptance or an indignant repudiation of my suggestion. I wish I were better versed in the actual meaning of catch-phrases. Meanwhile I don't know whether she will expect thirty shillings or three pounds at the end of the month. I shall begin by giving her thirty shillings, and then if she raises her eyebrows, her voice, Cain, or anything else indicative of acute indignation or disappointment I shall pretend I made a mistake.

In the interim I am doing my best to halve everything possible. The other morning the cook-general was laid up in bed, the inclement weather having brought on a bad attack of asthma, which, owing to the increased cost of drugs, she had not taken the necessary steps to ward off. As I had to get my own breakfast I thought it would be a good opportunity to try to poach half an egg. This was harder than it sounds. I found I could poach the yolk alone, or the white alone. To isolate either was a simple matter. But when it came to severing the conglomerate into halves the egg slid all over the dish, and ultimately found a destination on the hearth-rug. However, I succeeded in retrieving most of it, and put it into the poacher, though from the subsequent result I am still very hazy in my mind as to whether I have really effected an economy in half-poaching a whole egg instead of whole-poaching a half-egg.

My next attempt was in the matter of boots. I possessed a pair, one of which was worn out, the other with many months of useful service before it. I can't explain why they should have been in this uneven condition, unless I have unconsciously formed the habit of walking more with one leg than with the other. Be that as it may, I went to the bootmaker's and placed an order for one boot. He simply wouldn't listen to me. The more I placed the order the less he listened. Finally, in desperation, I invented a purely mythical child who, I said, had been born with only one foot, and was now threatened with total bootlessness. He became so far interested as to inquire the size. I told him an eight. "Eights for a child?" he exclaimed, glaring at me fiercely and suspiciously. "Yes," I answered. "You see, though I said the child had only one foot, what I really meant was that it has Siamese feet—joined together, you know. That's why I must have an eight."

But my attempt was (pardon me) bootless. Lastly I found that what a contributor to *Punch* has already affirmed—that dentists are not reducing their fees—is correct. I went with the intention of getting the dentist to stop a runaway bicuspid which had been annoying me. "How much are you charging these times?" I asked when I had told him what I wanted. "A guinea," he replied. "But," I said, "I am attempting to live on half my income. Can't you meet me in the matter of your fee?" "Certainly," he said. "My fee for total extraction is half-a-guinea—just half; and you may take the tooth away with you if you like."

Thus for a hideous five minutes I had the melancholy satisfaction of living at half my normal rate of expenditure.



Husband (after smash). "DARLING, SOMETHING SEEMS TO TELL ME THAT IN THESE TIMES OF NATIONAL CRISIS WE OUGHT TO MAKE A SACRIFICE BY—ER—DOING WITHOUT THE MOTOR."

"Councillor —— said he was present when a gentleman was engaging nurses over the telephone, and the girls were talking the salary up by degrees. When the figure reached £120 he could hear them turn up their noses from where he stood."—*Evening Paper.*

The worthy Councillor must be a relation of the Sergeant-Major who, at the words "Eyes front," expected the eyeballs to go back with a click.

"Mr. George H. Greig of Winnipeg, secretary of the Livestock Association, will arrive in Vancouver to-day to support the call that has been sent by Augustine Church to Rev. Leslie Pidgeon of St. John's Church, Vancouver."—*Daily Province (Vancouver).*

The reverend gentleman could not have had a more appropriate backer.

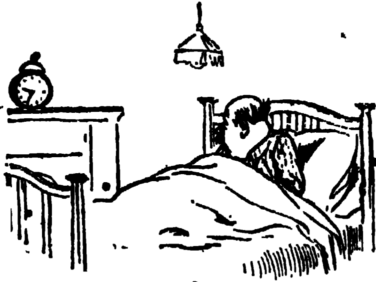
"Experienced Parlourmaid Wanted for 20 minutes from London; wages £28, all found."
Morning Paper.

Even in these days £1 8*s.* 0*d.* a minute is a generous wage.

"At last the long-expected missive arrived, and it contained one word, 'Peccavi!' An Hindustani scholar was sought, and he translated it. 'I have sinned (Scinde)!'"
Auckland Weekly News.

This detail regarding Sir CHARLES NAPIER'S famous despatch is quite new to us.

THE EVE OF THE GRAND INSPECTION.—A G.R. NIGHTMARE.



I awake too late.



Hurry on a few things,



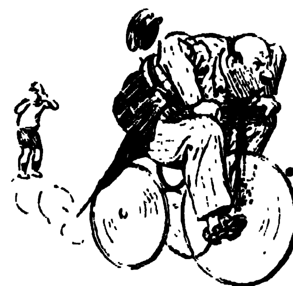
and leave the house with a feeling that all is not well.



Ten miles to the parade ground—impossible!



But stay!



Now we're off!



Machine gives out. However——



Here they are.



Shoved in the front, of course. And then—Inspection!



I shall have to cut out suppers.

THE NOVEL.

"Francesca," I said, "I've quite made up my mind. It's going to be done."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said; "it will be too short."

"No, no," I said; "it'll be just the right length."

"It never is, you know. You may be relied on to get it much too short."

"Don't talk nonsense, Francesca. The length is settled."

"And that," she said, "is just what I complain of. It always comes out as no length at all; and then we shall have you going about the house for a week or two looking like a German soldier clipped for action."

"That," I said, "is mere insolence. Besides, it has nothing to do with what I'm talking about. I shall do it in a hundred-and-twenty thousand words."

"A hundred-and-twenty thousand snips, you mean. You can't use as many words as that, you know. And, if you did, you couldn't count them."

"Yes," I said, "I could. It's perfectly easy. I should either average it at three hundred words to a sheet of foolscap or——"

"I do not know," said Francesca, "what this poor gentleman is talking about. I trust the world will be kind to him, for much learning hath made him mad. Come," she added sharply, "what are you driving at?"

"I am driving," I said, "at my first novel, which I am going to start without fail in half-an-hour from now."

"Gracious heavens!" she laughed, "I thought you were talking about getting your hair cut."

"Francesca," I said impressively, "I have noticed with growing regret a tendency on your part to neglect the higher things of the mind. I want the mantle of FIELDING and you throw round my shoulders a hairdresser's linen sheet. How, I ask you, can Art (with a capital A) flourish in such an atmosphere?"

"Art," she said, "with or without a big A, can look after itself. It generally has to. But if you're really going to write a novel I take back all I said against your having your hair cut. I have noticed that in novels novelists are always contemptuously referred to as 'long-haired.' Now I want you to be an exception, so you can go at once and get your hair cropped close to the skull."

"Then," I said, "I shall be contemptuously referred to as 'short haired.' I think I shall write my novel with my hair as it is."

"And then," she said, "you'll be contemptuously referred to as 'medium-haired.' You're sure to be caught whatever you do; and besides your hair will grow as you go along. You'd better give up this strange idea of writing a novel."

"You are not," I said, "very encouraging. Is it nothing to you that you should some day be referred to as the original of *Alexandra* in the novel of that name, or that men and women, when they see you, should nudge one another——"

"Men and women don't nudge one another in the best circles. They've given it up with butlers and motor-cars and other luxuries. There's an Anti-nudge Society, and I'm going to belong to it."

"Anyhow," I said, "that won't prevent your being spoken of as the wife of Carlyon the novelist. What a glorious day that'll be for us!"

"It'll be all right for you," she said, "but I don't much see where I come in."

"Don't you?" I said. "You'll have a lot of reflected glory, and so will Muriel and Nina and Alice and Frederick. Their paths through life will be made easier for them."

"Well, well," she said, "let us hear something more about this wonderful piece of work. What's it called? *Alexandra?*"

"No," I said, "that's another one. This one hasn't got a title yet."

"What is it about?"

"Oh," I said enthusiastically, "people, you know—men and women, and some of them fall in love with one another, and other people interfere with them; but it'll all come right in the end—trust me for a happy ending—and some of them will be agreeable people, and some of them disagreeable, but we can kill most of the disagreeable ones off in a railway accident, and then the nice ones can have their money. How does the idea strike you?"

"Yes," she said, "I think I see what you mean. Will there be a plot in it?"

"Nothing too violent," I said. "Just a gentle undercurrent to keep things together."

"It'll be rather a queer undercurrent, won't it, if it does that? However, you know best, of course. Will there be a hero?"

"There isn't much done in heroes of novels nowadays; but I think I'll have one."

"Blue eyes?"

"No," I said, "dark brown, the sort of dark brown that has a red flash in it in the dark."

"You're thinking of dogs," she said. "And, by the way, who's going to take the dogs out for walks while you're writing your masterpiece?"

"Arrangements," I said, "must be made for the dogs. I can't afford to subordinate fame to a Great Dane and three Pekinese spaniels."

"Well," she said, "you'd better be off now and make a start. There's no time like the present."

"Yes," I said, "there is. This time to-morrow will be much more like the present. I shall begin then."

"You might start on your hair to-day."

"Yes," I said, "I will."

"And don't forget about the dogs," said Francesca.

R. C. L.

A LITERARY WAR WORKER.

(*The favourite reading at the Front is, we are informed, the novelette of the more sentimental kind.*)

In these days of stress and tumult, when the frightfulness of war
Readjusts the private notions which were prejudiced before,
It behoves the present critic to express his deep regrets
For his strictures on the makers of the nation's novelettes.

He has sneered at them and found it far from easy to forgive
Their adeptness at the splitting of the frail infinitive;
He has sniggered at the love scenes, where, in sylvan spots apart,
Eva emptied over Ernest all the slop-pail of her heart.

But to-day the case is altered, now that somewhere that is French
'Tis the novelette brings comfort to the troops that man the trench;
Tommy, resting from his labours, is perusing with a zest
How Sir Brandon hugged Belinda to his large expanse of breast.

Here's a luck to such romancing; may ideas be never short
To the British novelettist of the sentimental sort!
May whatever gods inspire him keep his fancy free and fit,
For he's Tommy's favourite reading; so he does his little bit!



Joan. "Parson 'e be always askin' for money for 'is new ''eatin' apparatus.' Why don't 'e just say, plain, as 'ow 'e wants a new set o' teeth?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

The name of the Baroness von Hutten recalls agreeable memories of *Pam*, whom she created and projected, for our benefit, into the field of literature. I regret not to be able to assert that in *Birds' Fountain* (Hutchinson) she has reached her ancient standard. If she set out to write a trivial tale, flavoured with something more than a *soupçon* of naughtiness, about highly uninteresting people, she may be said to have achieved a considerable success. As to the characters, my profound conviction is that all of them, with the possible exception of *Mr. Immenhorn*, a butler, would be the better of a sound spanking. The heroine is *Mrs. Cloudesley Dorset*, whose tiring-room is described in the opening chapter with an amplitude and particularity of detail calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a hardened male reviewer. She is supremely shallow-pated and very beautiful, and, having passed what the author describes as a petty useless silly little life, she finally entangles herself in an intrigue with *Mr. Archibald Hood*, a Don Juan. Her husband is so deeply devoted to her that, to ensure her happiness, he is willing to put her in a position to marry her adorer and to settle seven thousand pounds a year on her. I ought to add—though this does not explain *Mr. Dorset's* complaisance—that she is able to "smooth her hair with absent skilful fingers," a pretty trick to which I invite the attention of Messrs. Devant. The story oscillates between elopement and reconciliation, and finally comes down with a bang on the right side of the fence after *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dorset* have, to the surprise of the latter, met and embraced at the grave of their child. *Mr. Hood's* fate is not described, but I trust we are entitled to assume that the statue of the *Commendatore* will get him.

Quite one of the most remarkable books I have encountered for a long while is *My People* (Melrose). When I tell you that the name of the author is Caradoc Evans you will perhaps be able to make an intelligent guess at the nationality of the People described. But no guessing could give you any idea of the quality of these horrible (I use the word advisedly) studies. The Welsh peasantry have been written about before now, in a variety of aspects; here we have them, or, as I would prefer to hope, the lowest class of them, from within. Not a trace here of poetry, imagination or those pleasing manifestations of the Celtic spirit that we have learnt to associate with Art movements and the soulful eccentricities of the over-educated. I can best compare *My People* to the grimmest passages from Hardy, told in the language of the Old Testament. The sordid brutality of them is only half relieved by a gleam of savage humour that the author sometimes permits himself in the telling. It doesn't sound pleasant, does it? Yet the power of the thing is altogether undeniable. For page after page Mr. Evans holds you, as *The Ancient Mariner* held *The Wedding Guest*, and your unwilling attention has no chance of escape. A word of warning however; *My People* is emphatically not a book for indiscriminate leaving about, even in these days of toleration. Mrs. Grundy is not so much flouted as ignored by Mr. Evans. One feels that he is telling of what he knows and has himself experienced; it is this that gives its horrible fascination even to

the most repellent of the stories. The fact that they are also literature will make me watch the writer's future work with interest.

It is a long time since I read a new novel which reminded me of CHARLES READE, who latterly has been no one's model. Yet all the way through Mr. EDWARD NOBLE'S story, *The Bottle Fillers* (HEINEMANN), recollections of *Hard Cash* rose before me. Not only is there in it a young man the victim of circumstances, and usually in search of a job, but the book was written with a reforming purpose, the author's desire being to see more justice done to the brave men of the Merchant Service (who fill our bottles and larders) and more vigilance on the part of the Board of Trade (or Plaster Saint, as that august body seems to be known at sea) to check rascally owners. So long as he is at sea Mr. NOBLE is fine. He can marshal a storm with the best and prove every step of a fight with the elements. But on land he is less convincing, and I must confess to getting as tired of *Lucy* as of her forerunner in READE'S too lengthy attack on private asylums. Nor do I think it necessary for Mr. NOBLE to be so ruthless to both hero and heroine (not to mention their only child) as he is. The book would have been no worse and the reader would have been far happier had *O'Hagan* and his young wife escaped from the final wreck.

Those who only know their "GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM" in a mood of boisterous humour may not recognise him as a grim *retiarius* throwing his net of *Gossamer* (METHUEN) over the politicians of his native land, Covenanter and Nationalist alike, with distinctly hostile intent. It is a hostility pleasantly disguised by a sub-acid, cynical humour and a genial detachment. A dispossessed Irish gentleman, *Sir James Digby*, disgruntled victim of Land Purchase, is the narrator of this acceptable trifle of a tale. The other chief folk are a glib-tongued Nationalist, *Gorman* (a sketch not void of malice), and *Ascher*, a subtle, likeable financier of German nationality, who, when the War comes, deals fairly with the nation that has been for so long his kindly host. I hasten to say, in these suspicious times, that this doesn't mean that Canon HANNAY is a pro-German. So far as I can make out he has been recently and quite enormously impressed by the delicate texture of the financial network which covers and holds together the world—this is really his "gossamer"—and has worked off his new and perhaps somewhat amateurish wonder in this mild discursive book. But I can honestly say that I read every word of it with interest, for the reverend author has a jolly way with him, even when he is not meaning to be funny.

"I offer," says Sir RAY LANKESTER, in a preface to *Diversions of a Naturalist* (METHUEN), "these chapters to the reader as possibly affording to him, as their revision has to me, a welcome escape, when health demands it, from the immense and inexorable obsession of warfare;" to which I should like to add that, whether my health demanded it or not, I have tried and approved of his prescription. The articles here have already been published in *The Daily Telegraph* under the name of "Science from an Easy Chair," surely as seductive a title as the wit of a Professor could find. The author, however, has not only a nice taste for titles, but also the knack of presenting scientific facts in a form that will not disagree with the most delicately shy digestion. Even I, who thought myself a "douser," and now discover that my twig "plunged" merely because my muscles became fatigued, must accept this blow to my illusion with a good grace, out of pure gratitude for the tonic quality of Sir RAY'S *Diversions*.

It was doubtless because Mr. RILEY knew that the hero of his book, *Netherleigh* (HERBERT JENKINS), would have to be taken with a grain of salt that he housed him in an attic so that the salt should be of the right kind. Certainly it is not easy to believe in this young man of twenty-five. He is suffering from heart troubles and has been so completely confined to his room that he knows nothing of life but what he has learned from books, casual conversation and the country view from his window. If you can believe in him—and I advise you to try—you should have a good many laughs and quite a number of smiles over his record of the life which he starts at the instance of a new doctor who tells him not to be a mummy any longer but to wake up. His travels don't take him far beyond his village, but he meets people whom he has a very happy knack of describing so that you get to know them and like them. Occasionally he seems to see them with eyes that have more experience than the conditions justify; but that is where Mr. RILEY comes in. After all, you can't expect an author to publish his hero's manuscript altogether unedited.



Editor. "THIS JOKE ISN'T BAD. BUT WHAT HAS THE PICTURE GOT TO DO WITH IT? IT SEEMS TO BE MERELY A STUDY OF SEA AND SKY."
Marine Painter (who has turned to humorous Art). "WELL, IF YOU READ IT AGAIN YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MEMBERS OF A SUBMARINE CREW."

Another Poser for Lord Derby.

"A married man who enlists under the deferred service scheme and is sent back to civilian life would be permitted to marry, and when he was called up his wife would be entitled to separation allowance."
Manchester Evening News.

Yes, but which wife?

"GERMANY'S LACK OF METALS.
SUGGESTION TO BREAK UP STATUTES."
Eastern Province Herald (S. Africa).

Germany appears to be faced with "Red ruin and the breaking-up of laws."

An optician's advertisement:—

"OCULISTS' PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY EXECUTED."

There's many a slip 'twixt the eye and the lip.

CHARIVARIA.

A BOOK which is having a great vogue in Berlin describes the entry of the German Army into London, and mentions incidentally that the troops marched over London Bridge, as the Charing Cross Bridge had been demolished on the previous day by heavy German artillery. We are glad to see that this insidious attempt to enlist the sympathy of Londoners for the invader is being countered in advance, as the South-Eastern Railway Company is proposing to improve the appearance of this engineering atrocity.

* * *

The Censor who wrote, *à propos* of the story of a soldier's letter to his mother being destroyed without his being told the reason,—"I feel safe in saying that this is the work of one of the base censors," was perhaps unduly hard on his colleague. He may have been merely stupid.

Golf as played by the AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN is a great improvement on the ordinary Scottish variety. There are no bunkers on the course at Jalalabad, and tea is served on every green. This has given a new lease of life to several overworked jokes about caddies and spoons.

In a review of Lord REDESDALE'S *Memories*, *The Saturday Review* says that Prince LOBANOFF, the Russian Ambassador in London, claimed as his own "Lord Beaconsfield's celebrated epigram, 'London is the key of London.'" *The Saturday Review* is too modest. That epigram is entirely its own.

* * *

We understand that the American motor-car manufacturer whose advertisements are being so ostentatiously refused by certain British journals is quite happy about it. So long as his name gets into the papers every day he doesn't mind how little he pays for the publicity.

* * *

In view of the scarcity of clothing materials an invention for preparing paper in such a way as to make it suitable for almost every article of apparel has been welcomed in Germany. The KAISER is greatly taken with the idea, and has instructed the CHANCELLOR to compile a popular pamphlet entitled, "What to do with the Old Treaties."

Further evidence of the enemy's chastened condition is the statement on the notepaper of WOLFF'S Telegraphic Bureau that "it assumes no responsibility of any kind for the accuracy of the news which it circulates." But the statement that its despatches will in future be known as "Lamb's Tales" is as yet unconfirmed.

* * *

He is a big strong-looking young man, and has tried again and again to get into the Army, but never a doctor will pass him. However, he has not yet given up hope, and wrote home the other day, "If they won't take me as a combatant, damme if I won't go to the Front as a chaplain."

* * *

In order to set an example of economy the Government have ordered the substitution of steel nibs for the time-honoured quills in the House of Commons writing-rooms. But they have not yet ventured to abolish or curtail the Members' £400 a year. Their motto is: "Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves."



THE SUPER-PATRIOT.

* * *

It is not true, we see, that the Brixton policemen, when directing the traffic, wear a red lamp on their backs to prevent themselves from being run down. Another suggestion that their boots should be covered with luminous paint was rejected on the ground that it might give too much information to enemy aircraft.

* * *

The American Ambassador at Berlin has described the brutalities inflicted upon British prisoners in Germany; but we have as yet seen no protest from the American Ambassador in London against the provision of "free shooting for German officers at Libury Hall."

* * *

An ingenious lady has discovered that a box closely packed with newspapers can be used for cooking on the "hay-box" principle. As fourteen or fifteen copies are required to keep a saucepan "on the boil," our more inflammatory contemporaries are expecting a large addition to their circulation.

* * *

A "Patriotic Season-Ticket Holder" writes:—"In an issue two or three years ago you stated that the German Ambassador had made representations complaining that whilst certain notices in the South-Eastern and Chatham railway carriages were rendered in French, the German version was omitted. As a result, no doubt, of the publicity you gave to the matter, the railway company actually had new notices prepared:—

'Do not lean out of the window.
Ne pas se pencher au dehors.
NICHT HINAUSLEHNEN.'

Now, Sir, I have 'done my bit.' I have used three quarters of a packet of court-plaster and the gummy edges of sundry envelopes in surreptitiously obliterating the 'NICHT.' I have also ruined both blades of my pocket-knife upon the impenetrable enamel of this unpatriotic legend; but the evil is too widespread to yield to individual effort."

* * *

Lord PONTYPRIDD, opening a bazaar at Treharris recently, said that, though he was a member of many clubs, a Welsh Nonconformist chapel could not be beaten as a club. It is understood that the Committees of the Devonshire, the Reform and the National Liberal are contemplating the institution of Pleasant Sunday Afternoons in the hope of retaining his lordship's distinguished patronage.

"An old coloured print. Napoleon Crossing the Alps, and several other people; price £30."
The Bazaar.

It was a firm rule of NAPOLEON never to undertake a campaign single-handed.

"Wounded soldiers are taken by well-known Cairene inhabitants to see the sights of Egypt in pyjamas."—*Sphere.*

Considerable difficulty, we are told, was experienced in fitting out the Sphinx.

THE UEBERLAND ROUTE.

(*Rêverie of a Sultan.*)

Of course it's very nice for me,
And should, by rights, promote a gay mood,
To keep the course to India free
For William's passage; this should be
The best of fun for Mehmoud.

I ought to like, for his pure sake,
Remembering how superb a Boss it is,
To hang about in Ferdie's wake
And watch the vulgar Bulgar break
Our record in atrocities.

And yet the prospect turns me blue.
Must I (God's shadow as I am) lick
The Kaiser's crushers, should he do
A grace to me in passing through,
And light at my Selamlik?

Let's hope he may not turn aside
To share with me an hour's inertia;
But, taking Bosphorus in his stride,
Push on to make the East his bride
By way of poor old Persia.

Else he may find the foe *en route*,
Ready to bar his road at Bagdad,
And Father's mouth will then be mute
To Little Willie's cry for loot:—
"Me for the Indian swag, Dad!"

O. S.

THE SOUVENIR.

They were a carriage-full of "veterans," returning on short furlough from Flanders—the new kind of veteran, made by just the fifteen months of hard campaigning that had filled their lives without cessation since they had landed to the tune of "Tipperary" in August of last year. Veterans, yet so close was their youth behind them that it would not be denied, and bubbled out of them in strange contradiction of their warworn appearance. Stories of Mons, the Marne and "Wipers" were incongruously interspersed with reminiscences of callow larks and ingenuous anticipations of the times they were going to have during their short leave.

First one and then another produced some treasured souvenir that he was carrying back—a helmet, a piece of shell or shrapnel. They all displayed their trophies, excepting one somewhat older, hard-bitten man, who sat a little aloof, taking no part in the loud talking and showing but small interest.

At last one of the men addressed him directly. "Wot 'ave *you* got?"

"Nuthink," he replied shortly.

"Wot! not an 'elmit nor nuthink to giv yer gal?"

"Ain't gort no gal."

"Well, yer ole mother, then."

"'Ere! Never you mind abaht my ole mother, or you'll get a thick ear, me lad!"

"Ow! All right, 'Arry."

"And," fiercely, "my nime ain't 'Arry!"

"Blimey! Marmajuke, then."

A row seemed imminent, but peace was restored on the understanding that "Ginger didn't mean no 'arm."

"Funny your 'aving no souveneers," ventured one of the peacemakers ingratiatingly. "They ain't 'ard to find."

"Ain't gort no use fer 'em. Mug's gime, I calls it, crawlin' abaht wiv shells and bullets dropping all arahnd yer, tryin' to find an 'elmit. Fat lot of good an 'elmit 'ud be to me if me 'ead was blown orf gettin' it! Wot's the blinkin' good of an 'elmit if you've gort no 'ead to put it on when yer showing it to people, eh?"

"But if you was to come acrost one, in a wye o' speaking, I s'pose, nah, you'd pick it up?"

"Ow, if it was to come into me 'and, as you might sye, I wouldn't mind, same as a souveneer wot I did 'appen to get. It's the only one I gort, and it was just shoved into me 'and wivaht looking fer it."

"Was it, nah? And wot might it be?"

They all became interested.

"Ow, it ain't much." And he produced a small iron door-knocker from his pocket.

"W'y, that's only a blinkin' knocker," said Ginger; "I s'pose yer pinched it off of some pore old Frenchwoman's cottage door."

"Well, if yer thinks that, yer a bit aht, then, Mister Body-snatcher. That there knocker 'as an 'istory, it 'as, wot I'll tell yer abaht, if you blokes can keep that there Ginger's mahth shut before I 'as to close it permanent by knockin' his buck teeth dahn his perishin' throat!"

The necessary guarantees being given, he resumed.

"This 'ere knocker 'as an 'istory, as I ses. One night—must 'a' bin lawst December—I was in Wipers: a perishin' cruel night it was, too. There was a bitin' wind and rain, and I was just abaht fed up wiv the 'ole job. I was goin' dahn one of them side streets, just orf the Clorth 'All—you know the plice as it was then—pore ole Wipers, ain't much left of it nah!"—there was a sympathetic murmur of assent. "Well, as I was sying, I was walkin' dahn this 'ere street, sloppin' an' 'obblin' along them blinkin' cobbles in the dark, w'en I sees one of them French pubs, wot they calls 'Eastaminets,' wiv a cosy light. Dim, o' corse, but warm-lookin' and snug, an' a bit of a sing-song comin' aht. Not 'xac'ly the sime as a Bermondsey pub of a Saturday night, but lively for that 'ole of a Wipers. ''Ere goes,' ses I, thinkin' of a few pints of that there French beer, wot is wot all right, but don't seem to touch the spot. O' course there wasn't no double swing doors, with 'Public Bar' writ on them—just a plain door with this 'ere knocker. So I gives a knock, and waits there in the drivin' rain. After a bit, seeing as no one come, I ups with the knocker again to give a fair ole belt wiv it, and——" he paused while they all leant forward anxiously—"blimey! if a blinkin' Jack Johnson didn't blow the 'ole 'ouse out of me 'and!"

The Capital of the Abbasids.

"Bagdad, which figures so largely as the city of the abused caliphs in the Arabian tales."—*Cork Constitution.*

There is good reason to hope that the misprint will shortly be justified.

From a review of Mr. Eugene Corri's *Thirty Years a Boxing Referee*:—

"Full of admiration for the matchless courage and splendid endurance of the old-time men of the ring, he still thinks that baking, viewed as a great national sport, was never in a healthier state than it is to-day."

Mr. Corri will now give the reviewer one in the bread-basket.

"Large quantities of herrings and sprats have been netted by the Avoch fishermen in the Inverness Town Hall during the past week."
Highland Leader.

We print the extract as received, but feel sure there is some catch in it.



THE PROMISE OF WINTER.

Russia. "MY SEASON, I THINK."



IN DARKEST LONDON.

"Dropped anything?" "No."
"What are you looking for, then?" "Leicester Square."

THE WAY TO THE CITY OF LIGHT.

It is not with the City of Light that I am concerned—sad City of Light, still shocked and perplexed, although steadfast enough, by Guillaume's pitiless ambition! My theme is the journey thither, which, no doubt with excellent reasons (for I am one of those few eccentric creatures who believe that Downing Street knows more and is wiser than Fleet Street), is being made increasingly difficult every day. For what does the fair land of France, already so burdened by its own cares, want with civilian strangers, however noble their motives? The fewer, obviously, the better.

Getting to France, then, never very easy since the cloven hoof of Prussia showed through the iron heel, is now an ordeal indeed. Let me indicate some of the stumbling-blocks.

To begin with there is the authorisation. Perhaps you went to France a month or so ago properly attested by the various responsible War Office people. On the strength of their signatures you present yourself again, passport in hand, at 19, Bedford Square, naturally supposing that all is well. What was, is, you say. Never was there a more pathetic fallacy. What was, isn't—that is the new verity, and no one knows more of new verities than the gentlemen at 19, Bedford Square. Are you acquainted with these gentlemen? If not, don't be. They are granite, marble, crystal, petrified teak—everything that is hard and insusceptible. They deeply regret, but the authorisation is not in order. Since it was valid much has occurred; new regulations have come into play ("play" is good); in short, you must get another. Is there no possibility of squeezing through without it? None. The portcullis falls, the mountain closes; in the idiom of the day, the lid is on.

Probably, being a person of foresight, you had bought your ticket, taken seats, engaged a cabin, written to the hotel. Everything must now be cancelled, and there is nothing to do but wait the new authorisation. This you do, according to your philosophy.

It may come in two days' time; it may be a week; it may be a fortnight. One never knows in war-time, and, anyway, who are you, with your slender Red Cross connection, compared with men who hold trenches and kill Germans? Healing is secondary. This is war.

While you are waiting everything with you goes to pieces. You cannot make engagements, because at any moment your authorisation may come; you cannot work, because you are so unsettled. Besides, you told everyone you were going, and to show up again is banal. You are therefore reduced to idleness and seclusion.

This goes on for ten days, and then suddenly you are free to approach the geological museum at 19, Bedford Square once more, and your *visa* is given you, and all apparently is well until you notice that the route marked on the passport is *viâ* Dieppe.

"But I have my ticket *viâ* Boulogne," you say brightly, expecting re-consideration.

"I am very sorry," says Mr. Flint, "but the Boulogne route is closed for people going to Paris. You must go either by Dieppe or Havre."

You survey him blankly, remembering that the rough weather has set in



Fair Visitor (to soldier wounded in his right arm). "But how lucky for you that you can write with your left hand."

Jock. "Ay, Miss, I 've ma faither tae thank. When I was a wee lad he said, 'Noo, Jock, you jist learn tae cut yer finger-nails wi' yer left hand, an' then it disna' matter sae much if ye lose yer richt ane.'"

and you are the worst sailor in Europe. He prepares his desk for the next applicant.

Nothing more can be done, and you hurry out to telegraph again for seats and a cabin on the Dieppe route.

The next day you rise early for the Folkestone train, the boat for Dieppe now sailing from Folkestone—an added hour of agony on the merciless sea—and reach the port punctually enough, only to learn that, owing to unexplained causes, there is no service to-day. To go back to London being absurd, you take a room at a Folkestone hotel and get through the day as best you can, conscious with a certain dread sinking that the wind is rising every minute and a terrible gale is imminent. You express your forebodings to fishermen at the harbour, and they hold out no hope. A stiffish storm is inevitable. You buy sevenpenny novels, and hate them. You play billiards with a stranger humane enough to take you on. You beat a young Naval officer who is rather good, but the rude buffetings at the window deprive you of any joy in that feat. In the night you wake to find your worst fears realised—the hotel is shaking in the tempest. You raise the blind in the forlorn hope that the blast is confined to the land and the sea is calm, and are swiftly disenchanted. You return to bed and cannot sleep for the beating of your heart.

The next morning fortifies your worst terrors. The waves are mountains high, but the boat is going, and you have not the pluck not to join it. After all that has happened you simply must go.

You hurry on board early to see if your cabin is reserved all right and find that your telegram arrived too late. . . .

Have I said enough to deter the traveller to France? There is, however, more to follow.

The train from London is late, there is a double number of passengers to-day, owing to the defection of yesterday, and the steamer does not get away until three hours after time, when the sea is infinitely more lumpy. On the crossing it pitches and tosses away another good hour; so that (dropping a veil over the grisly horrors of the passage) you are not at Dieppe until seven instead of four. Once there, and your passport, for the second time that day, being *visé*, and your baggage, for the second time that day, being adjudged innocuous, you try to find a telegraph office, but learn that there is now nothing nearer than the head bureau in the town; and here your only gleam of sunshine in a depressing day cheers you.

Having asked the way and lost it, you stop an English soldier—for Dieppe is full of A.S.C. men—and inquire where the Post-Office is. I give the dialogue verbatim:—

Yourself. "Can you tell me where the Post-Office is? I want to send a telegram."

Mr. Atkins (in broad North Countree). "Ah don't know where it is. But will you give me a drink?"

Yourself. "I'll give you a drink willingly if you 'll give me a Post-Office first."

Here *T. A.* begins to shout, "Hi! Hi!" to some distant friends.

They stop and shout back, "What is it?"

T. A. "Hi! Come back! Ah've found a moog."

Yourself. "Mug! Oh no, my friend, that 's torn it. You can go to Tophet; I'll find the Post-Office myself."

You then ask a Frenchman, find the way, and telegraph to your hotel that your train will be four to five hours late—a telegram which you subsequently discover no one will dream of delivering until to-morrow is growing old.

You then return to the station and have what dinner you are able to swallow, and walk up and down waiting for the train to start, which it does at nine-thirty, or forty-five minutes after it was due to enter the Gare St. Lazare.

At last it gets off and, maintaining a snail's pace, creeps into Paris at exactly 2.20 A.M.

Now who will lightly adventure upon a visit to the once Gay City?

Nor will you be missed if you don't go.

"The following are transferred from Reserve to Regular Bns. as temp. officers, with dates of seniority as shown against their names:—R. Berks R.—Sec. Lieuts. . . . . A. J. G. Goodall (March 26, 1815)."—*Morning Paper.*

How the Mess must be looking forward to this gallant veteran's stories of Waterloo.

TO A BAD CORRESPONDENT IN CAMP.

To Lieutenant John Samp,
26th Regiment,
The Canadian Camp,
East Sandlingborne, Kent
(Or anywhere else about England that
the Regiment may have been sent)

DEAR JOHN,—All your kith
And your kin (counting me)
Are dissatisfied with
The scant treatment that we
Have received in the matter of letters since your transport in June put to sea.

One brief note as you sailed
Thanking me for the socks,
And the picture-card mailed
From the Liverpool docks,
With two sheets to your mother from Reading, haven't busted the old letter-box.

Now, if nothing is back
Of your taciturn way
But congenital lack
Of the right thing to say,
Here's a little set form for your letters which you're welcome to use day by day:—

DEAR MOTHER, [*Aunt, Cousin*]—
I take pen in hand
In more health than I was in
When not so much tanned
By our open-air marches and drillings in this fine soldier-fashioning land.

For some twenty-four hours,
You'll be happy to know,
We've had plenty of showers
[*Blizzards, sunshine, or snow—*
The third item won't do for the night-time, but with long English days it may go].

We're just back to our huts
From ten hours in the trench,
[*Route march, at the butts,*
Drilling, studying French]
And my brain [*tongue, hand, eye*] is so weary I could fall asleep here on the bench.

This county of Kent
[*The valley of Dee,*
The banks of the Trent,
York, Salisbury,
You've a copious choice of encampment] is something I wish you could see.

At each moment one stops
With a gasp of surprise;
The most exquisite hops
[*Maidens, cowslips, pork-pies*]—
I gather them often by armfuls—furnish ever a feast for the eyes.

Down the green shady lanes
Of the neighbouring park
Float the tremulous strains
Of the cuckoo [*thrush, lark,*
Newt, medlar, tench, cairngorm, or lamprey], and my cares fly away as I hark.

But this must be all,
For the bugles of camp
Blow [*any old call*]
And I'm hearing the tramp
Of the guard taking [*any old duty*], so remain, Yours, etc., J. SAMP.

With this bit of advice,
Which, unless I'm deceived,
Ought to have in a trice
Your pen-palsy relieved,
remain, your fond cousin, PRISCILLA.
P.S.—We have really been peeved.



A STATIONARY STUNT.

P.O. (giving his views on the changes in the higher command at Kiel). "I DON'T SEE WHAT DIFFERENCE IT MAKES TO THEM, SIR, WHO'S IN COMMAND. WHY, A BLOOMIN' CHICKEN-FARMER COULD DO THE JOB AS IT STANDS."

Exclusive.

"It is interesting to note that Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson and Co. were the printers of Sir Walter Scott's novels, while in recent years they have turned out Hall Caine's works."—*The Aberdeen Free Press.*

"RUSSIAN BLACK SEA MOVES."
Daily Paper.

There is now no longer any excuse for confusing it with the Dead Sea.

From a feuilleton:—

"Rupert, though he said nothing, doubted his own ability to battle through those raging wages. He had never swum in water."

We trust this does not mean that Rupert, like some other people affected by a rush of wages, is going to swim in beer.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXX.

My dear Charles,—The other day I was away at the far end of the area. I had phut-phutted a couple of dozen kilometres or so over care-worn roads and hackneyed side tracks, all amongst the motor-cars, motor-lorries, motor-ambulances, other motor bicycles as thrusting as my own, not to mention the silly egotistical hens which abound in these parts and have long ago lost what little sense they had in peace times. I arrived at my men's billet at 12.52 p.m. to the moment, and a most convenient moment, too, as you'll agree. Nobody appreciates more than I do the contrast between my present facilities and the housekeeping difficulties of the men in front, where the trouble is; and nobody sets out on his morning rounds with intentions more virtuous than mine. But virtue doesn't flourish on a motor-bicycle, and when I arrive I find I have mislaid that conscience which should make me refrain from snaffling a slice of Uriah's ewelamb.

Uriah, bless his soul, was out on this occasion, so there was nothing for it but to leave a message and return unfed. The Highland orderly was very nice and cheerful about it all, but didn't touch on the food question. It is my business to know something about languages and I think I should have caught any reference to lunch even in his. So first I cursed my luck, and then I gave the old bicycle a kick and off we skidded back, over the same old hens, for home, where I was met with a request from Sergeant-Major for an interview at once. He gave me a chit, referring briefly and coldly to my leave. I told him that all previous opinions were cancelled and he was undoubtedly the finest Sergeant-Major who had ever managed to survive the dreadful business of being a Lance-Corporal.

My leave was scheduled to begin on the following day; the following day was scheduled to begin at twelve midnight, and I happened to know there was a boat scheduled to leave an hour or two before midnight, and I had no doubt of my ability to defeat the other schedules if I could only get to the port of embarcation in time to do it. And to think that if Uriah had been at home and I had sat down with him to his old ewelamb (tinned at that) my chance would have been lost long before I'd got back to where Sergeant-Major and the leave-chits grow!

With never so much as a gas helmet (No. 2095b pattern) by way of kit, or a Park Drive Best Virginia Gold Flake Cigarette by way of ration, I upped and offed, dropping a piece of mudguard at other ballast at —— and at and finally parting with my silencer at As to the last, I had for some time been aware of a suspicious noise, as it might be something about to happen, but I wasn't being too inquisitive and officious about it. Once stop to inquire into the ailments of these machines and they'll pretend they're dead. In due course a lump of metal fell off with a clank, but came bounding along in the dark after us to join on again. But we left it to itself and proceeded so noisily that the little villages, twinkling in the valleys beneath us, doused their lights at our approach, mistaking us for hostile aircraft.

When I had got my transport into a rest path and myself on the quay there were still a few minutes before the sailing of the boat. I am always glad to meet a new face, but this was not the moment I should have chosen to run up against what seemed to be a couple or so of armies arriving. When I was safe past them at last I ran into a new thing in Majors, straggling behind. "Say, officer," he said cheerily, "have you seen the boys anywhere?" "Everywhere," said I. "Be an old dear," he begged me, "and put me on to my shemozzle. They're the Egmonton Crush." Had I had the time I would have inquired into this; as it was I told him briefly I'd just seen that identical regiment moving out of the harbour gates, and I set him doubling away in that direction. I often suspect, on reflection, that I've caused the old fellow to get mixed up in the wrong battle. For the moment my brain was fully occupied in writing a faithful description of myself in block letters on white cardboard, stating that I was not proceeding on duty and was anything but sick.

Reaching England at last I fought for seats in the Pullman car. Being small I was among the winners. It was a difficult hour of the night for the food-people to compete with, but, not to be put off their hospitality by a little thing like that, they served breakfast on us before we knew what was happening. The company that can do a large deal in eggs and bacon and marmalade at 11.45 p.m. deserves to make its fortune, even if it be in five-franc notes, slightly soiled. Finally we found ourselves flung into the light and life and laughter which are prevalent at Victoria, S.W., at 2 a.m. on a Sunday morning in war-time.

No doubt we are sent back to England from time to time like this in order to check our optimism. Out here we are apt not to notice how rapidly and completely we are losing. Anyway, it's a gay welcome we get from London, Charles. For myself it was the second time, and I knew what to expect. My young companion of the hour was inclined to think that no one loved him and he'd much better go back to the trenches and eat worms. The policemen, upon being hailed, didn't respond; they were very dignified, even suspicious Four hotels refused to let him so much as lie down on the tessellated floors of their marble halls, and the fifth only took him in because we threatened them with legal proceedings if they didn't. It was our threat alone which recalled to the mind of Gold Evening Dress that he had a room vacant. The price of one night in that room was equivalent to the subaltern's wages for three days in the mud; we proposed that it should be halved, because there was only half the night left, but it remained double because there were two beds in the room. When my friend agreed to that, or anything else, he was asked whether he had any luggage; and when we explained that he'd started out with his suit-case and top-hat box in one hand and his cabin trunk and golf clubs in the other, but had given the lot to a poor man who sat begging at the corner of a communication trench, the official, puffed up as he was with pride and regular meals, insisted upon being paid in advance.

This is a true story, Charles, and if you want to go round and discuss it with the man, I'll give you his address and half-a-dozen hand-grenades to explain yourself with.

But at home how different! I believe, when we come back again in the dead of winter, they'll still produce that last dish of green peas fresh from the garden, "kept back special for you, Master Henry" Ah! there's little to be said, but lots to be thought. And then it was all so short, so soon over; but what there was (as Mr. George Robey says) was good. When I found myself back at Victoria I considered the gathering of officers, all great but some greater than the others, and I wondered to myself, how many of you, for all your greatness and dignity, your importance on parade, your habit of commanding and being obeyed, saluted, deferred to and believed in, for all your top-boots, dare-devil caps, red flannel tabs and eye-glasses—how many of *you*, just about a week ago, were being sent (sent, mark you) round to the potting-shed to say a word, any word would do, to the old, old man who works there, and knew you in long clothes, and would be heart-broken not to be called upon.

Yours ever, Henry.



Territorial Driver (getting dangerously near the sea). "'ALT, CARN'T YER? I'M ONLY FOR HOME SERVICE, IF YOU AIN'T!"

THE STRAFING OF STRAUSS.

(*By an All-British Composer*).

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS's latest piece of frightfulness, "An Alpine Symphony" (referred to in Mr. Punch's *Almanack*), may be regarded as a direct challenge to British composers in general, and myself in particular. Accordingly, by way of reprisal, I am producing a work which is to be absolutely the last word.

As I anticipate that a description of it would be too much even for the analytical genius of Mrs. ROSA NEWMARCH, I furnish one myself, and am giving the readers of *Punch* the benefit of it in advance. It is a Typographic Tone-Poem in four paragraphs, to be known as The Printing Symphony.

The orchestra will be considerably augmented, the reinforcements comprising six Typewriters, a Telephone, two Linotypes, an E♭ Autoplate, four Large Picas, a Long Primer, three Double Octavos and two Double Sextuple Rotaries (by kind permission of Associated Newspapers, Ltd.).

An impressive introduction by the Double Octavos is followed by an *allegretto con grazia ma non troppo* in 15-16 time, scored as a double trio for the Typewriters, with Telephone *obbligato*. As might be expected in so advanced a work, no shift key signature is given. The movement comes to an abrupt stop, the second paragraph beginning with an announcement (*recitativo*) by the Long Primer that the MS. has been accepted and will be proceeded with.

This statement is made the subject of a lively fugue (*alla brevier*), begun by the strings and wood wind; at the sixth bar the Linotypes enter with a counter motive suggestive of the *Diavolo d'Imprimatore*, to which reference is made at intervals throughout the work.

The third movement begins with a quartet for the Picas, *andante cantabile*, displaying to the full the mellow beauty of this noble family of instruments, accompanied *pianissimo* by the rest of the orchestra, which at the two hundred and forty-third bar have just made a brief quotation from the Typewriter theme, when the Autoplate enters with a triumphant roar, and after chasing the Picas away in succession of minor sevenths and thereby establishing a personal ascendency, dominates the proceedings for the remainder of the movement, which ends in a series of massive chords, announcing (*con forza*) that he 's there because he 's there, an excerpt being made at this point from the popular marching song.

The fourth paragraph opens with a short *résumé* of the preceding subjects; the music then becomes wilder (*allegro furiosissimo inespressibile*), neither time nor key signatures being given, until it reaches a climax with the entry of the Rotaries, and finally comes to an overwhelming conclusion on the seventh inversion of the chord of the Submerged Tenth, the discord, in accordance with the best principles of modern Cacophony, being "left to evaporate."

The work is to be performed shortly at the Caxton Hall.

Hard Times in the West Indies.

"Among the lot of Eatables supplied ex recent arrivals are the following:—

Lucas Best Fire Bricks. Lucas Best Tapered Bricks. Best Bristol Hand Picked Temper Lime. Steam Pipes ¾ to 4" dia. with fittings. Pig Lead. Blue Grit Grindstones. Sheet Copper."—*Daily Gleaner (Jamaica).*

"This big tract of land, if placed at the disposal of men ready and willing to cultivate it until the owners actually require it for building or otherwise, would enable nearly 200,000 men to cultivate all the vegetables needed by an average family of, say, five persons."

Morning Paper.

Are vegetarians so voracious?

"The simple folk of Devon and Cornwall, it is said, maintain that the shades of Drake and Nelson have returned to earth to inspire their successors to emulate their triumphs, and it is on record that from May, 1803, to August, 1905, Nelson was out of his ship but three times."—*The Malay Mail.*

A pity he couldn't stay there another ten years or so, though, of course, the Fleet still has the "Nelson touch."



Maid. "PLEASE, M'M, YOU DIDN'T LEAVE ENOUGH FOR THE SWEEP."
Mistress. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I GAVE YOU A SHILLING."
Maid. "YES, M'M; BUT THE SWEEP SAYS CHIMNEYS IS GONE UP."

TWITTING THE TURK.

II.

WITH faces flushed and eyes like wine
The men sat mute along the line,
And some polemical design
Was palpably in view;
A flare soared sudden through the murk;
They turned unflinching toward the Turk
And shouted all they knew.

No ordered cheer, but each man cried
The sound on which he most relied,
Or just invoked the Soccer side
Of which he once was proud;
A milkman happily "Milk-o'd,"
Myself I simply said, "Well rowed!"
But said it very loud.

A wilder din you will not meet;
It hit the hills, it shocked the Fleet,
And many a brave heart dropped a beat
To hear the hideous choir,
While the pale Turk, with lips tight set,
Peered out across the parapet
And opened rapid fire.

For it was clear the Christian cur
Intended something sinister,
And Pashas hastened to confer
On that hypothesis;
Stout souls, they felt prepared to cope
With stratagems within their scope,
But, Allah, what was this?

Far down the lines the Faithful heard
And had no notion what occurred,
But plied their triggers, undeterred
By trifles such as that;
From sea to sea the tumult spread,
Nor could a single man have said
What he was shooting at.

Then spoke the guns, and gave it hot
To the offensive choric spot
Where we, who shrank from being shot,
Had long since ceased to be;
And even Asiatic Anne
Disgorged a bolt of monstrous plan,
Which fell into the sea.

I would that night Byzantium
Had been at hand to hear the hum
And count the cost, a fearful sum,
Of so much S.A.A.,
For no one but the Moslem knows
The way the ammunition goes
When he is on his day.

And what of those whose mad caprice
Had frightened half the Chersonese?
Did they, repentant, know no peace,
And, when at dawn there crept
A sheepish hush o'er crag and glen,
Pray that they might be better men?
Instead of that they slept.

And a despatch, in pleasing wise,
Spoke of "a daring enterprise
Against some enemy supplies,"
Adding this tragic note:—
"The casualties of the force
Were sixty men extremely hoarse
And one severe sore throat."

"Guillotine Cutter, for bindery department: also Man, for despatch; ineligible for Army."
Liverpool Echo.

We hope the Germans will not learn how we dispose of the surplus population.

"Of the many stories related of the Prince's doings in France, the most interesting was contained in a letter from a soldier who told how his Royal Highness left his motorcar during the battle at Loos in order to examine the situation, and, on returning to the spot where the car had remained, found that it had been destroyed by a chance shell. Unfortunately there is no confirmation of this story."
Evening Paper.

We note the word "unfortunately." It confirms our view that sub-editors, as a class, always put their own interests before anybody else's.

"STRANDVILLE II. *v.* ST. JAMES' GATE II.

Played this evening at Croydon Park before a small crowd of spectators. . . . the Greek Government took note of the Strandville II."
Dublin Evening Mail.

A welcome intimation that Greece is going to play the game.



PRIVILEGE.

Peer, *to* M.P. *(pointing to War Correspondent).* "POOR DEVIL! IF HE'D BEEN ONE OF US HE COULD HAVE SAID ANYTHING HE LIKED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, November 22nd.—Emulating patriotic example of the Lords, Commons began the week with sitting to-day. PREMIER and three Cabinet colleagues, safely back after perilous Channel crossing, warmly welcomed. VON TIRPITZ left gnashing his teeth in disappointment at lost opportunity. To have wiped out PRIME MINISTER, FOREIGN SECRETARY, FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY and MINISTER OF MUNITIONS by one blow dealt from heavens above the earth or from waters beneath it, would have been stroke of Kultur more pleasing in Berlin even than sinking of *Lusitania.*

Appointed business being further consideration in Committee of Budget Bill, attendance scanty; proceedings prosaic. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER informed Committee that sale of scrip vouchers of War Loan in small denominations amounted to five millions sterling. Submitted fresh proposals for making investment more attractive to wage-earner.

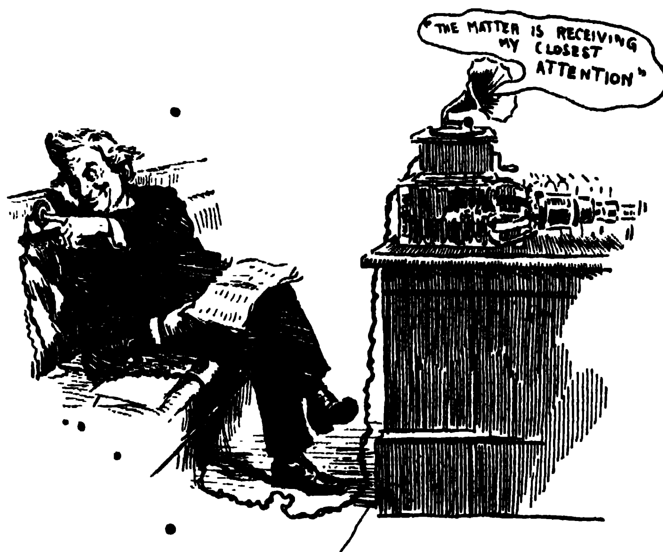
At Question time TENNANT made interesting statement with respect to comparative salubrity of life under canvas and under system of billeting. Doctors in charge of recruits report that when men quit tents and go into billets serious amount of sickness forthwith develops. "Under canvas it is much more healthy."

Business done.—Mills of Budget Bill grind slowly in Committee. Another long sitting devoted to process.

Tuesday.—House still economy-hunting. Thought it had "found" when the other day vacancy created on Equity Bench by retirement of Mr. Justice JOYCE. Evidence forthcoming from various authoritative quarters that state of business in Chancery Court could be easily carried on with remaining judicial forces. Question immediately put on paper inviting PRIME MINISTER to refrain from filling up vacancy and so save £5,000 a year. This stirred high authorities to unparalleled activity. In reply PREMIER enabled to announce that a new judge had already been appointed.

However, there was another opportunity of saving the lesser sum of two thousand a year by indefinitely deferring appointment of successor to what Major WINSTON CHURCHILL, attached to the Grenadier Guards and now serving in the trenches, described as a well-paid post of inactivity. Office of Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster with seat in Cabinet recognised as place of honourable retirement from active work suitable for veteran statesmen like JOHN BRIGHT or WINSTON. Most appropriately PENNEFATHER (Heraldic motto of this ancient family: "Take care of your pennies and your father will look out for himself") put up to suggest that should it be deemed necessary to appoint a new Chancellor the Government might set an example in economy by reducing the salary of their new colleague.

This the sort of thing calculated to appeal to body of gentlemen whose salaries, fixed on scale arranged in peace time, are assured. PREMIER rode off on his consecrated reply that 'the matter is receiving my closest attention.'



PROPOSED CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO OUR HARD-WORKED PREMIER, FOR USE AT QUESTION-TIME.

[Subscriptions already received from HOGGE, PRINGLE, KINLOCH-COOKE (twice), REES, DALZIEL and WILL THORNE.]

Thus repulsed on two favourable lines of attack the economists turned off on other track. It appears that the Headquarter Staff located at Hull endeavour to make themselves comfortable in offices leased at Station Hotel at an annual rent of £410 per annum. This trifle been paid since the War began. FORSTER pleaded that sum included firing, lighting and caretaking. Still, when you come to think of it—which the War Office are beginning to do on 112th day of the second year of the War—it seems a bit stiff. 'Other premises," he added, "are now under consideration."

More blessed than word Mesopotamia is the phrase "under consideration."

Attention next turned to luxury prevalent at public banquets. BATHURST, spokesman of people of small means officially enjoined to practise economy, suggested that during the War all such functions as the LORD MAYOR's Banquet in London and the Dolphin and Colston Banquets in Bristol shall be discontinued. PREMIER full of sympathy. But, really, this was a matter in which individuals and public bodies must exercise their own discretion.

This varied programme of economies for use of other people looked hopeful as seeming to lead up to a development in respect of which the public are keenly expectant. Economy like charity should begin at home. When House of Commons voluntarily relinquishes, during continuance of the War, salaries which only the other day, in time of profound peace and unbounded prosperity, were conferred in breach of honourable and time-honoured distinction among Legislative Assemblies, its cry for economy will become more effectual.

Business done. — Budget Bill at last through Report stage. Remains only to be read a third time.

Wednesday.—Pretty full gathering when SPEAKER took the Chair. Many attracted by anticipation that, in accordance with notice, HOME SECRETARY would introduce Bill suspending Parliament Act, and so avoid dissolution in January. Answering urbane LEADER OF OPPOSITION, PREMIER stated that introduction is postponed till next week. Whereupon Members went out into the Lobby and tea-room to guess what this postponement might portend.

Business done.—With assistance of considerably less than a quorum several small Bills advanced a stage. Adjourned at twenty-five minutes past six.

Thursday.—On motion for adjournment till Tuesday, HENRY DALZIEL, never weary of well-doing, pleaded for an extra day's work. "Why not meet on Monday?" he asked. Reckoned that business on hand could not be disposed of otherwise than by sitting up to Christmas Eve. Why waste a day a week when Providence had placed it at their disposal?

Impetuous MARKHAM went one better. Suggested that House should sit continuously and merely adjourn for one day at Christmas, returning on Boxing Day with renewed strength to deal with forthcoming Derby Report on question of Recruiting.



Tommy (finding a German prisoner who speaks English). "LOOK WOT YOU DONE TO ME, YOU BLIGHTERS! 'ERE—'AVE A CIGARETTE?"

PREMIER, happily undisturbed by grievous prognostications of overburdened Legislature scamping its work (as mentioned, having finished appointed task, it adjourned yesterday at twenty-five minutes past six), cheerily assured perturbed House that before prorogation ample opportunity will be given for discussion of every question of public interest.

Business done.—WALTER LONG introduces Bill to restrict during War the rents of small house-property and interest payable on mortgages of such property. With at least four more hours in hand for working out salvation of the country, House adjourned at twenty-five minutes to eight, in good time for dinner.

Intelligent Retrospection.

"JEWS' COLLEGE.—The next examination of persons intending to become teachers of Hebrew and Religion will be held at the College on the 23rd and 30th of January last."
The Jewish World.

"At noon yesterday a meeting of the full Cabinet will be held at 10, Downing Street."
Bristol Times and Mirror.

"As a result of the Vincent-Fitzgerald fight, Fitzgerald sustained a broken right jaw and a fractured left jaw."
The Cairns Post (Queensland).

We hope the injured pugilist appreciated this delicate distinction.

TO BILL, AGED SIX.

ALTHOUGH I'm just ten times his age
And long have cut, upon life's stage,
A figure quite austere and sage—
When will is pitted against will
I am the abject slave of Bill.

His parents are my lifelong friends
And often ask me for week-ends,
But, though his father is my host,
It's Bill that really rules the roast,
And, when I do as he disposes
Life is not all a bed of roses.

If it is wet a tale of bricks
Is given me to pile and fix,
And when the structure stands on high,
With not a single brick awry,
The fabric, as my labour's crown,
Bill has the right of knocking down,
While I must gather up the blocks
And pack them neatly in their box.
Released from Architecture's claims
We turn to our Olympic games,
With Bill as driver, me as horse,
Pursuing our erratic course
Between the tables and the chairs,
Or even up and down the stairs,
Until the midday meal draws near,
And nurse removes my charioteer.

But, if the weather's bright and fair,
Bill hales me forth to take the air;
He makes me run exhausting races
And visit all his fav'rite places—
Tool-houses, chalk-pits, hollow trees,
And caves explored on hands and knees;
But always when the gong's vibrations
Recall us from our divagations,
Bill makes me promise not to talk
To anyone about our walk:
"Remember it's a secret"—so
Homeward the two explorers go.

Bill is a tyrant, I admit,
Yet may the old and the unfit
Win in his company relief
From sharp anxiety or grief;
For Bill no dismal paper reads
That mutinous misgiving breeds;
He never talks about the War,
But he is rich in fairy lore;
His laugh is my best anodyne,
His ignorance is half divine,
For Heaven still close about him lies
And has not faded from his eyes.

A New Æneid.

"The story of the midnight virgil of three detectives in the Minchin Motor Works at Kingston was told to-day before the local magistrates."—*Evening Paper.*

"The British submarines' effective control of enemy traffic in the Baltic is reported from Germany to be most annoying for German commerce, especially as the German Admiralty firmly believed they had made the Baltic a *mare clausa.*"—*Evening Paper.*

This false concord bodes ill for a genuine peace.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

Dear Mr. Punch,—On the principle that the best brains in the country should be at the disposal of the Government at the present crisis, I feel it my duty to make a few suggestions on the economic situation. You may take it from me that we can afford to win if I may be allowed to show us how. But it may be a tight squeak, and there is only one way to do it. That is by killing two birds with one stone; otherwise we shall soon be short of stones.

While, Sir, we pursue as a nation a single aim, it is just as well in all details of the enterprise to have a double object in view. I am very glad to see that one member of the House of Commons has employed himself in devising projects which, while they have essentially a fiscal intention, are also meant to nip luxury in the bud and put the brake on extravagance. He wants to levy a tax of five shillings in the pound on all hand-reared pheasants, and soon we may look for the institution of a new and picturesque Pheasant Licence. Any unlicensed bird that gets into the bag might well be claimed by the local Red Cross Hospital, thus giving the tax a third desirable tendency. A rebate would no doubt be allowed on all such as died a natural death, and if there was any difference of opinion on that point the bird could be submitted to a *post-mortem*, for which a small fee would be charged. (Licensed birds would have to wear a badge or leglet.)

Then again, in view of the shortage of milk, it is proposed that Cat Licences be issued at a guinea a time, except in cases where a cat is kept solely for the destruction of mice. This is another excellent idea. But there is bound to be a considerable loop-hole of escape unless the cat is called upon to make good. Many so-called mousers are mere pets. A demonstration could be arranged with Government mice. Or, simpler still, a Mouse Licence might be imposed upon all Freehold Cat Keepers which would have the effect (besides bringing in revenue) of keeping the cat up to its work in clearing the house of them. Much can be done along these lines. This is no more than a promising beginning. If cats are to be licensed the cases of the mongoose and the guinea-pig must come up for reconsideration.

Further, Sir, anything that tends to give a man a distaste for his own fireside by robbing him of the solace and companionship of his domestic pets cannot but operate in the direction of improved recruiting returns.



First Burglar. "Disgriceful, I call it! Great 'efty young feller like 'im ought ter be in the Army."

Working on these lines I should be inclined to levy a duty on:—

(1) Canaries, which are notorious consumers of seeds that might otherwise be used for the upbringing of edible and egg-laying fowls. All canaries should be taxed, with the exception of those that have been specially trained as fly-catchers. (These would be known as Controlled Canaries.)

(2) Tame Rabbits and Hares (Belgian Hares would of course be excused out of deference to our Allies). An exception to be made in favour of such as are designed for the table. (Known as Exempted Rabbits or Hares.)

(3) Goldfish.—In this case perhaps the Licence duty should only apply to such as go beyond the number of two in any one household. We must have something to brighten our homes, after all. (Or at least these two might be placed in a later group.)

(4) Silkworms.—Except such as are engaged in spinning khaki silk, suitable for scarves. (These would be starred.)

There can be little doubt that such wise and considerate taxation would have the effect of raising money, conserving the food supply, assisting voluntary enlistment and bridging the gap between exports and imports.

I am yet again Yours,
Statistician.

Tactless.

"Plain Typist Wanted (female)."
Morning Paper.

AT THE FRONT.

There's really nothing I hate talking about more, but, talking about trenches, have you in England heard yet of the awful case of S 245?

Well, we took over S 245 with two platoons and instructions to "make it good." Having inspected it we wrote out a curt little chit to the effect that we weren't a reformatory, and then tore it up. By using all the material sent to us, by stealing all the material sent to adjacent companies, battalions and brigades, by devastating farmhouses and stripping bare all the R.E. material dumps within two miles of the line, we made that sodden chaos of shell craters into a recognisable trench.

Finally, when it had stood two nights' rain without disappearing, the O.C. company was just indenting for a D.S.O. with two clasps, when an order arrived saying, with the brief ambiguity natural to all military orders, that the two platoons holding S 245 would proceed to take over S 246.

Having satisfied himself that this involved the desertion of S 245 he laughed sardonically, ground his teeth, ordered the bearer of the message to be shot at midnight (if the Q.M. had sent up enough candles), and went to look at S 246. S 246 was just what S 245 had been, only, of course, one worse.

We got to work on it; but then a new factor supervened. All available material had already been put into S 245, so we wired for more stuff for revetments. To this we got the answer, "Use material from S 245, which is now to be scrapped." Having used this we wired for material for dug-outs. There was none available through the ordinary channels, but we were referred to S 245. We did what we could.

Then arose the urgent question of heating. This time we did not wait to wire. We dug into the shattered and dishevelled ruins of S 245 and brought up every fragment of woodwork that had been therein sunk since the War began, and used it in the braziers of S 246 to the last fibre.

Having taken this rash step we had no right to be shocked at the order that arrived next morning, "S 245 to be reconstructed and occupied as soon as possible."

You people who compete for having been most directly under the Zeppelins are not the only ones. I was sitting, the other afternoon, in a somnolent condition watching the humid disintegration of the mess dug-out when there was a rushing through the air from above, and a noise like someone lifting the plug of an enormous bath, followed by another like Vesuvius exploding bodily. I went outside when the lava had stopped coming down and found that a trench mortar had dropped a young mine about the size of a hotel three yards off the dug-out. At least I will swear it wasn't as much as thirty. I spent the rest of the afternoon with the signallers, cajoling a battery into some warlike act, while twenty-three further devils descended within a few yards of the first.

After "Stand to," came along the O.C. right company.

"Do you know," he said, "that confounded trench mortar was plugging 'em in just behind our mess all the afternoon?" I admitted I had heard some explosions. Next I met O.C. left company (mine was centre). "It's extraordinary," he said, "that our guns can't get straight on to a thing like that. The beggar was dropping them practically into my dug-out from half-past two to half-past four." I was duly scandalized and sympathetic. Later on I learned that the mortar had nearly (but not quite) massacred two passing generals and practically (but not quite) wrecked headquarters; and eventually mine was the only sector for some miles round which did not report heavy bombardment. I had originally thought out a rather effective little *brochure* about it all, but, with everyone else suffering so, it seemed up to us to keep our own woes dark. But it was a rare lesson in the human instinct of borrowing trouble because mourning suits you.



Mr. Johnkins (who has overslept himself). "Ha, the Zeppelins at last! Well, I'm glad I insisted on everyone sleeping in the basement."

Atkins is really best when an ordinary mortal might be contemplating suicide or desertion. From a mile behind our line runs a communication trench named Muddy Lane. In parts it is excellent. In parts you go in, during rainy weather, up to your middle. One night, after it had been pouring for some weeks, a fatigue staggered up this appalling swamp, carrying out-size hurdles weighing about eight hundred-weight apiece, brought from a good two miles back. As they arrived in the fire trench, grunting and sweating and looking — if one could have seen them—like a wet landslide, the last but one turned to the last man and observed reflectively, "I wonder now, Bill, wot made them call this 'ere Muddy Lane?"

From a list of papers read at the Royal Society:—

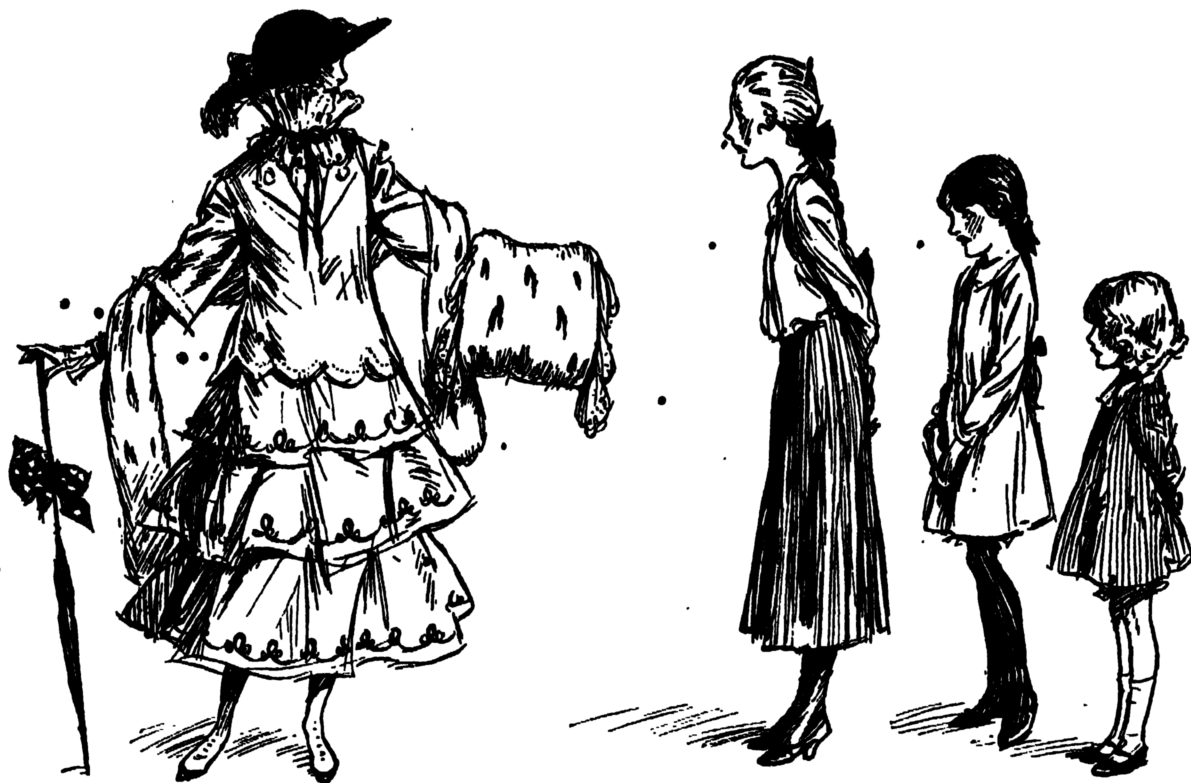
"The Bird's Heart. Communicated by Prof. E. H. Starling, F.R.S."

He should know all about it.

"The State of Kansas had for 30 years had the benefit of prohibition, and there the death-rate (7½d. per 1000) was the lowest of any place on the face of the civilised globe."

Bromley Chronicle.

This accounts, of course, for the small change in the population.



Fashionable Mother is stricken with remorse by the cry of her children: "Oh, Mummy, why can't *we* have some new clothes?"



And shares her new dress with the family.

A LETTER FROM GRETCHEN.

Berlin.

Dearest Elsa,—We are very gay and brilliant here—opera, theatres, dinners and dances, and flags fluttering and bells ringing constantly for some new triumph. The last occasion was two days ago, when we were told the glorious news that our brave troops are at Calais and have fired great guns across the Channel and reduced Dover to a little heap of rubbish, as it well deserves.

Our dear Kaiser often pays a brief visit to the Schloss. He is so busy, my Elsa, so busy preparing for the wonderful times that are coming when our triumph is complete. Our Princes are all going to be Kings, and our great Kaiser has not only arranged about their kingdoms but has found time even to design their crowns, and also a new, splendid, *very* large crown for himself when he shall take his new title, Emperor of Everywhere. That wretched Britain is to be broken up into three kingdoms again; and besides these there will be many kingdoms to be given away. When all our Princes are provided for, our adored von Hindenburg and our brave von Mackensen will each be King of somewhere; our von Tirpitz was also to have been a King, but there has been a little alteration of plans lately, and he will perhaps be only a Viceroy.

Ach, liebe Freundin! How my heart swells with pride and joy to think I am a German girl! I give a little "Hoch! Hoch!" all to myself sometimes. I had the honour and happiness to meet one of our Princes at a reception the other night. You will guess which of them it was when I tell you that at first he graciously refused to dance, and sat on a couch, making comments on the dancers and laughing—laughing so loud in his own charming way; and then he jumped up, snatched me from my partner (*me* your Gretchen), and said I was the only pretty girl in the room and danced with me himself. He said many gallant things to me, and I ventured to ask him by what title we shall know him when the War is over. He laughed very loud and said, "If I'm a good boy Father will give me Russia, but if I'm a bad boy he'll only give me Scotland or Ireland"; and he laughed louder than ever and whirled me so fast that, proud and happy as I felt, *meine Theure*, I was not quite sorry when the dance was over.

The Dowager Freifrau von Bundelbosch has been in great trouble. Her youngest son, the Hauptmann Karl, of the Prussian Guards, is a prisoner in barbarous England, and she heard that he was made to go on all fours and draw a great wagon full of stones all day, and was beaten with sticks! The Freifrau was like a mad woman, her big fists clenched and her eyes glaring (even we, her relations, dared not go near her), and she drove to the Schloss and threw herself on her knees and tore her transformation and her mantelchen, and cried, "Majesty, is it to be borne that a von Bundelbosch is to be turned into a dray-horse and beaten with sticks?" Our noble Kaiser promised to see to it, but that very day a letter came from the Hauptmann Karl. He wrote from a place called Bonnington Hall, and told his Mütterchen that he is well, has enough to eat, a good bed, a servant to wait on him, a piano to play (so that he can accompany himself when he sings the "Hymn of Hate"), billiards and tennis, and a large park to walk in. But he complains bitterly that he has nothing to do, that he is getting fat, that he is bored, and that they give him beef and mutton in spite of his demands for pork! Cruel barbarous islanders! It makes one's blood boil to think that they look on while an officer of the Prussian Guard loses his beautiful waist and suffers boredom and that they give him beef and mutton when he loves pork better! But the Hauptmann Karl will be avenged soon.

My Sigismund came to Berlin on leave two days ago. He looks well and handsome, and has won an Iron Cross (I am particularly glad of this, as otherwise he would have been the only man in Berlin without one). He tells me we can crush our enemies and end the War any day we please. I said, "Then why not do it at once, my Sigismund?" But he says there are good reasons of a private nature for not doing it quite at once.

He hurt me a little by looking me over and saying, "Girl of my heart, you have become a dowdy. Gott in Himmel! What a costume, and what a hat!" I said, "You do not speak like a kind betrothed or like a good German, my Mündchen, and you even come near to speaking lèse-majesté. All foreign modes are now verboten. These are our German autumn fashions, designed, even to the hats and boots, by our noble Kaiser himself!"

My Grossmütterchen, the Gräfin von Dumpfendorf-Mumpenberg, gave a little tanzfest for Sigismund and me. I was very, *very* anxious to look charming, so I took my life in my hand and wore a smuggled Doucet creation instead of a Schmidt-Müller gown. If only I could have had the wicked Niniche (who was sent back to her own shameful country) to do my hair! My Bavarian maid, Bertha, was even clumsier than usual, and when I looked at myself at the mirror, ach Himmel! I lost my temper. "Pig of a Bavarian! What have you done with all my beautiful hair?" I exclaimed, and I slapped her stupid face and made her weep. Chide me, my Elsa, for I deserve it. I, a von Dumpfendorf-Mumpenberg, to forget myself thus!

It was a so-happy evening. My Sigismund did not look at me critically any more. He seemed to think me quite *chic*—no, no! we are never to say that wicked word again. Instead of *chic* we are always to say zudemneuestenundfeinstenstilgehörig.

Ever thine, Gretchen.

THE DIRGE OF THE DRESS-COAT.

["Evening dress optional but unfashionable."
West End Theatre announcement.]

Let us rise up and part, O vest and bags,
My brethren in the trio of "glad rags";
Our fashionable reign is dead as mutton
The butcher's knife has carven into scrags;
We are *démodés*, cloth and thread and button;
Our brilliance fades, our shapely outline sags,
O vest and bags.

Let us give up, old things, let us decease.
No longer now the splendour of your crease
Appeals, O bags, to Algernon or Bert;
No more, O vest, as in the hour of peace,
Your sable curves enframe the bright "boiled shirt";
When London says "A merciful release!"
Let us decease.

But haply we may find a haven yet
Ere from the earth we ultimately "get";
Some red-nosed mirth-provoker of the Halls
May wear us still for fun; or, being set
Beside a chimney hat within the walls
Of some museum, we may find "to let"
A haven yet!

A "Roomy" Car.

"MOTOR CARS, CYCLES,

Beeston, Humber-road, double fronted, two reception, six bedrooms."
Nottingham Guardian.

Suitable for caravanning.

"This mine has just been added to the collection of war trophies in London. It is growing daily."—*Daily Mirror.*

This is very alarming. We trust it won't burst.



Highland Lass (to wartime postman). "HOO ARE YE LIKIN' YER JOB, SANDY?"

Sandy. "NO AVA! HOO WAD YOU LIKE TAE WALK SAX MILE UP THE GLEN WI' NAETHIN' BUT YIN PICTURE-POSTCAIRD FOR A BIT LASSIE'S COLLECTION?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

A LITTLE while ago I remember writing that each of the war-books now jostling one another from the Press had its individual and special excellence. That of *Between the Lines* (SMITH, ELDER) I should set down as realisation for the stay-at-home of actual fighting under modern conditions. Many of the other war chroniclers deal only sparingly with the absolute killing and being killed that are at the heart of the whole hideous business. Not so the writer who calls himself BOYD CABLE, and who (as he tells us in his Preface) has composed this book, all of it, within sound of the German guns and for the most part within shell and rifle range. His especial aim has been to explain "what lies behind and goes to the making of those curt and vague terms in the war communiqués." To this end many of his chapters (which you may remember in *The Cornhill* or *The Westminster*) are headed by one of those phrases which, though use has now made them familiar, remain mysterious to us who only see the War through reports darkly. "Artillery Support," "Advanced Trenches," "Nothing to Report"—these are the words that he has translated into pictures so vivid that at times the roar and reek, the whole terrific nerve-wracking tension of trench-warfare seems to leap out at you from the pages. It is a terrible and thrilling glossary that will be read and re-read in countless homes. One chapter especially, called "The Mine," is really a short war-story of which any writer in Europe might be proud; I have myself read it three times with increasing admiration. For this alone *Between the Lines* would be a book that no one should miss.

The Princess CATHERINE RADZIWILL has written, Messrs. CASSELL have published, and I have read *Sovereigns and Statesmen of Europe*, a stalwart book illustrated with eight photogravures and priced at 10*s*. 6*d*. net. Of these three achievements mine is, perhaps, the most noteworthy, for in regard to style and interest it must be said that the book does but little to help the reader who comes to it with a desire to be initiated into the mazes and mysteries of European diplomacy and to learn the qualities of those who have lately directed it to such calamitous issues. For instance, it does not carry me any further in my knowledge of Russia to be told that M. KOKOVTSOV "has an exaggerated idea of his facility in speaking foreign languages —a trait which is noticeable among other middle-class people whose early surroundings did not entitle them to the right of expressing themselves in any other idiom than their own. It is the saddest part of M. KOKOVTSOV that he is middle-class, in spite of all his efforts not to appear so." Again in the pages devoted to M. VIVIANI we learn that a certain lady said of him that he would go far "because the first time I saw him he was still eating with his knife, whilst yesterday he did not even attempt to do so with his fish-knife." This unexpected remark is said by the Princess to have delighted all in the room, and she adds that "this paradox had a deep meaning." All I can say is that it is

not my idea of a paradox, but then possibly I am too middle-class to appreciate all the sacred things that are involved in the due employment of a fish-knife. Of our own KING the Princess is good enough to say that "he has shown himself a faithful servant of his country, watching over her interests, and trying to lead her on the path of prosperity and greatness." The book is full of these lightning flashes of insight and epigram.

It has often been my privilege to suggest that you should read such and such a book; now here is one, *The Queen's Net* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) that I wish to urge you in the strongest terms not only to read, but to buy. And this for two reasons. First because you will thus be helping one of the most practical and deserving works that this time of crisis has called into action; secondly, because you will at the same time give yourself a great deal of pleasure. For this book, which Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE has written about the "Queen's Work for Women Fund," and certain persons who have been helped by it, is emphatically not one that needs the cloak of charity to cover its artistic sins. It has a value of its own, apart from its object, as being supremely well written, with that highest art that eliminates the writer altogether, and leaves the reader face to face with the persons described, as living realities. And how they live, and the strangeness of the stories they tell! One has continually to remind oneself with an effort that here is no novelist's make-believe, but existence as it has been actually endured by gently-born women in these last terrible days. Unexpectedly, perhaps, there never was a more heartening book, one more full of kindness and courage, and even heroic laughter. The persons of whom it treats are all—with perhaps one odd exception—at the present moment entirely happy people; the horror from which they have been gently lifted, and wherein others are still struggling, is the background against which they stand out in cheerful contrast. There is, I hope, no need to speak now of the aims and achievements of the noble and chivalrous scheme which *The Queen's Net* has been written to help. Buy the book for yourself, read it, as you will, between laughter and tears, and you will understand what work it is to which our Greatest Lady has given her name and energy.



PASSPORTS.

Assistant in Tourist Office. "SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, MADAM—I MUST FINISH ASSISTING THIS GENTLEMAN WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF HIS FACE."

All the profits from the sale of *Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Gift Book*, which is edited by Mr. GEORGE GOODCHILD and published by Messrs. JARROLD, will be given to Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON for the benefit of those who have lost their eyesight in the War; and when that eloquent fact has been stated I feel that your hands are already feeling for the three shillings which are asked of you for the help of so humane a cause. Incidentally you will also be doing a good turn to yourself, for this book is no medley collected in haste and pushed between attractive covers, but a volume that contains excellent work by both authors and artists. Mr. H. G. WELLS, for instance, has contributed a tale that no admirer of his ought to miss, and Mr. HUGH THOMSON'S frontispiece is a delightful example of his delicate manner. We are perhaps becoming a little sceptical about the work attached to well-known names in a volume of this kind; but here I can assure you that the sceptics will draw blank—or almost blank. No check to our charitable impulses can be possible while a chance is given us to lighten the sense of tragedy in the lives of those who have fought and suffered for us; but the only royal way to assist our blinded men is to help them to help themselves, and this is the work which is being so wonderfully done—as Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT tells us—at St. Dunstan's, Regent Park, a work to which it was his privilege, and is mine, to direct your generous hearts.

If you are a close student of the work of Mr. GEORGE MOORE you are no doubt already familiar with that one of his early stories which originally appeared under the title of *A Drama in Muslin*. Anyhow, it has now been republished under the name of *Muslin* (HEINEMANN). The change is to be commended, as there is certainly more muslin than drama about the tale; one might even add, in captious mood, that the muslin is of no special quality. For the rest the book remains a comedy of Irish manners in the early eighties; rather more than a little sordid in theme (was Dublin society of those days so frankly husband-hunting?), but engagingly youthful both in its manner and outlook. There is youth even in the attempts to outrage the sensibilities of the libraries. Daring for daring's sake was still a big adventure in those days; it has become commonplace now. Fortunately the maturer Mr. MOORE has been so kind, in a new preface, as to give the reviewer of *Muslin* a friendly lead. "A comedy novel, written with sprightliness and wit," is what he thinks of it. Elsewhere he notices that the theme is very much that of *A Doll's House* (which I should not have thought myself), and concludes a sympathetic notice of his own heroine with the pronouncement that she "gives me much the same kind of pleasure as a good drawing." And, as I suppose Mr. MOORE ought to know, I will content myself with passing on to you his verdict. Personally I shall continue to like other work of his a great deal better than this rather thin and faded chiffon.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN in Vienna the German KAISER had his portrait painted by an Austrian artist, and the *Neue Freie Presse*, in describing the picture, says, "The face, as represented by Schmutzer, is an open book." A book that wants binding—in Russia, for choice.

In reply to representations made by the Roman Catholics of Germany on behalf of the Armenians, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has replied that "the German Government, in friendly communication with the Turkish Government, has been at constant pains to better the situation of Turkey's Christian subjects." Thanks to this friendly intervention half-a-million Armenians will never suffer again from Turkish misrule.

It is *lèse-majesté* in Germany to criticise unfavourably any composition of the WAR LORD. Privately however, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR is said to have remarked that the Imperial telegram of congratulation on his birthday, "which, unfortunately, you celebrate for the second time in this war," was slightly ambiguous.

In connection with the recent changes in the Austrian Ministry, it is stated that the Austrian Parliament has never met since the beginning of the War. The inference that this alone has enabled Austria to hold out so long receives no support down Westminster way.

From the list of Christmas books issued by the German publishers there would appear to be an extensive demand for British sea-stories, such works as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island* and *The Pirate* being freely advertised, though of course in translations. It is suspected that these books are issued by the German Admiralty to the sailors in the Kiel Canal, in order to give them a notion of the ocean.

With the fervour of a renegade Herr HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN insists that German, not English, must become the universal language, and says, "People must learn to see that he who does not speak German is a pariah." The choice, as he puts it, is between the gutter and the guttural; but are these terms mutually exclusive?

A Berlin Professor, lecturing on the use of trees as fodder, stated that experiments have already been made in feeding dogs with beech-wood. It is hoped that in time these intelligent animals will be trained to subsist upon their own bark.

Lord KITCHENER has been justly complimented on the amount of travelling that he accomplished during his three weeks' absence from London. But his exploits sink into insignificance beside those of his colleagues. They were all over *The Globe* in half the time.

The latest story from the Front (not submitted to the Press Bureau). A British airman had trouble with his engine and was obliged to come down in the German lines. There two German staff officers arrested him, and, having had the engine put right, insisted, with menacing pistols, on his taking them up to reconnoitre. Arrived over the British lines, the airman, who had taken the precaution to strap himself in, looped the loop. Out fell the Germans; and down he came in triumph.



NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TO ENABLE YOUR MALE FRIENDS TO FORGET THEIR NO-TREATING, EARLY-CLOSING WORRIES.

Some anxiety was felt as to the ability of Major CHURCHILL to stand the rigours of the trenches. But it was quite superfluous. One of his brother-officers has described how, on the very first night of his arrival, after consuming the ordinary rations in a fireless dug-out, "he warmed up and talked interestingly for an hour." So long as he can impart information he's all right.

A little girl came home from school the other day with a medal. Asked how she got it, she replied, "We were asked who the British were now fighting for. The other girls said, 'The Belgiums,' but I said, 'The Serviettes,' and they gave me the medal."

Extract of a letter from a soldier to his home:—"All the French boys and girls can say 'Souvenir.' It is the only English word they know."

An unnecessarily gloomy view of the new War Bonds is taken by *The Aberdeen Evening Gazette*, when it says: "The money will be fully returned to us some day; but that, except we are very young, will only be after we have been a long time dead." Our Scottish contemporary is on safer ground when it asserts that certain classes "would invest more freely in War Loans if the vouchers were made liquid."

Lord HALDANE has uttered a surely otiose warning against entering at this time into peace negotiations with the ruling junta in Germany, on the ground that they may go back now in order to leap again later on. As he very properly says, "We do not intend to have any leaping again later on." Lord HALDANE as an eligible bachelor is now expected to move that 1916 be dropped from the calendar.

One of our social chroniclers tells us that a titled lady has recently undergone an operation, "performed by a specialist who prefers to be known as plain Mr. Blank." It is a curious whim, but he has, of course, constant occasion to realise that beauty is only skin deep.

A wounded soldier, writing from hospital, said, "DEAR MOTHER,—Please label my fruit cake 'socks' if you want it to get to me."

A British consular officer, returning from the Far East on a Japanese liner, was startled, on nearing port one day, to read the following notice, signed by the Purser: "All Consuls will be opened from 9 A.M. in the morning."

"MR. FRY'S SECRET.

. . . the girl's head in numtives whom he once on a time wholeheartedly encouraged to remain in a tadpole condition as far as their art was concerned. It took us some time to discover the underlying meaning of his show."

Morning Paper.

The girl was a mermaid—that is clear enough. But we are fairly floored by "numtives."

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXI.

(*From* Maximilian Harden, *Editor of the "Zukunft."*)

Sir,—It has rather been my custom to criticise Kings and Emperors in the columns of my paper than to address them directly by means of a letter. Indeed, I have shrunk from allowing my name to be mixed up with those who in this age appear to me to be phantasms of the world-brain called up into what is only a semblance of existence, having no substance and no relation to reality. Still, even these shadowy appearances that flit across the face of things have their influence. One must reckon with them in a world which is often ruled by shadows; and thus it comes that I, who am but a hardworking publicist, earning my daily bread by the labour of my pen, address myself to you, the high and mighty Kaiser, whose nod is supposed to shake the spheres and whose lifted hand shatters kingdoms into ruins.

For yourself as a man I may say that I have no veneration. You are the chief of the gloomiest and coarsest Court in Europe. No attempt that has been made to lighten the darkness and to mitigate the harshness of that Court has had more than a momentary success. Now and then a young and gay-hearted princess might appear and shine for an instant, but she was immediately drawn down into the vortex and, to all intents and purposes, she disappeared. It would have needed something more than youth and smiles and innocent gaiety to resist the oppression of the combined sabre-clanking and hard pietistic influences to which the new-comer was exposed from the time of her entrance into this dreadful circle. And so it has come about that there has been no check—none, at any rate, that in the least availed—on your own baffling and impulsive personality. At one moment you would pose as the War-Lord, fierce and be-starred and be-helmeted; at another you would show yourself as the glorified huckster of world-power, intent on gaining by commercialism all that your heavy diplomacy might fail to accomplish; and then, hey—presto! you would change again and would invoke in sanctimonious accents a tribal god whom, with the aid of the narrowest and most primitive Hebraism, you had invented as joint guardian with your own exalted self of the traditions of the house of Hohenzollern.

And now the natural result of all this feverish striving and all this posturing has happened, and we Germans are at war. For sixteen months we have been at war, and the end is not yet. On all sides money and blood are poured out like water. We are determined to achieve victory, but our foes too are stubborn and are resolved at whatever cost to bring us to the ground. So the fighting and the deaths and the sufferings continue and desolation threatens the world. And in the midst of this unexampled welter, in which our earth seems to be returning to chaos, are heard faintly, but with increasing distinctness, the voices (some of them German) of those who ask for peace before universal ruin is utterly accomplished. As to this it is right that we should not deceive ourselves by indulging in a hope that nations whom we have attacked are, any of them, in the mood to lay down their arms or to cease from defending themselves and from attacking us. By our own acts we have closed the avenues that might lead to peace. If we hint that peace is now possible our enemies retort upon us the destruction of Louvain, the shattering of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, what they call the foul murder of Nurse Cavell—in a word, all those acts which we have performed with the justifiable intention of producing terror and thus of shortening the War and which are now seen to recoil upon us and to lengthen the period of our sufferings. It is bad for a nation to become a victim to sentimentalism, but there are different kinds of sentimentalism, and perhaps the worst and most dangerous kind is the anti-sentimentalism of the more brutal kind of soldiers who see nothing but guns and shells and bayonets and armies, and forget that their acts may rouse a spirit against which the most powerful armaments cannot in the long run prevail.

Your faithful Editor, Maximilian Harden.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS.

In Summer we suffered from dust an' from flies,
The flies in our rations, the dust in our eyes,
An' some of our fellows they drooped in the 'eat,
But the Bosch, oh, the Bosch, was perspirin' a treat!

There were times when we longed for a tankard o' beer,
Bein' sick o' warm water—our tipple out 'ere,
But our tongues might be furry an' throats like a flue,
Yet it's nothin' to wot the fat Bosches went through.

Now Winter is 'ere with the wet an' the cold,
An' our rifles an' kit are a sight to be'old,
An' in trenches that's flooded we tumble an' splosh,
"Wot cheer?" we remarks. "It's the same for the
 Bosch."

If we're standin' in two foot o' water, you see,
Quite likely the Bosches are standin' in three;
An' though the keen frost may be ticklin' our toes,
'Oo doubts that the Bosches' 'ole bodies is froze?

Are we sleepy or sick or 'arf dead for a meal?
Just think of 'ow underfed Bosches must feel!
Are we badly in need of a shave an' a wash?
Consider the 'orrible state o' the Bosch!

So 'ere's our philosophy simple an' plain:
Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign,
'Tis balm to our souls, as we grumble an' cuss,
To feel that the Bosches are 'atin' it wuss.

Omnivorous.

After a Harvest Festival:—

"Our thanks are due . . . to those who furnish the wheat, barley, oats, bread and apples, which are afterwards greatly enjoyed by the choir boys."—*Parish Magazine.*

"'O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?' said the great writer, Hall Caine."—*Daily Telegraph.*

But we fancy he had been anticipated.

Extract from a resolution passed by the Council of the English Kerry and Dexter Cattle Society:—

"An entry form must be filled up giving the name, colour, date of birth, names and addresses of the breeder and owner."

Owners and breeders who may object to giving these personal details will be glad to see that the resolution will require confirmation at the next Council meeting.

"Sir Arthur Priestley predicts that for years after the war the modern Hun will crawl about the world like the parish dog in India."—*Jersey Evening Post.*

Very different from the parish pump, which is a fixture.

Impending Apology.

In a report of a recent discussion *re* the lighting regulations as given in *Lake's Falmouth Packet*:—

"Councillor —— supported the street lamp at the corner of Truro Lane."



THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT (*to working-man*). "LET ME SEE MORE THRIFT, MY FRIEND *YOUR* WAGES HAVE GONE UP; WHEREAS—LOOK AT *ME*—I HAVEN'T VOTED MYSELF ANY ADDITION TO MY FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR"



Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur). "I SUPPOSE I CAN WRITE TO YOUR LAST EMPLOYER FOR YOUR CHARACTER?"
Chauffeur. "I AM SORRY TO SAY, SIR, EACH OF THE LAST TWO GENTLEMEN I HAVE BEEN WITH DIED IN MY SERVICE."

THE NEW VIVISECTION.

FEW recent books have been more piquantly promising than the collection of portraits of Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE, by Mr. ROTHENSTEIN, with a commentary by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM. That MAX, the peculiarly Occidental quiz and delineator of the foibles of London's artistic and literary butterflies, should devote himself to the appreciation of the famous Indian mystic is considered to have as many elements of, let us say, surprise as often get mixed together between two covers.

This book, however, odd as it may be, does not stand alone. Other artists and critics have also been at work on similar collaborations, and we are able to some extent to outline their activities. As to the series of portrait studies of Lord NORTHCLIFFE by Herr RAEMAEKERS, with descriptive text by Sir JOHN SIMON, no information has yet reached us; and we are similarly to seek as to the more juicy particulars of a luscious septet of presentments in colour of Mr. SELFRIDGE by Mr. JOHN HASSALL, with joint appraisement by Madame DU BOCCAGE and CALLISTHENES; nor have we had any opportunity yet to examine the twelve versions of the fascinating but little-known physiognomy of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL by Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, with analytical letter-press by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, which is so eagerly awaited by the *cognoscenti*.

We have, however, been favoured with advance proofs of the ten views of the more prominent facial peculiarities of Lord HALDANE by Mr. SARGENT, with a eulogy by Mr. ROGER FRY, and we can wholeheartedly recommend this *morceau*.

Mr. FRY'S absorbing excursus is largely devoted to a comparison between Lord HALDANE'S visage as it now is and what it might be had it been designed by an artist of pronounced futurist or even vorticist tendencies. In a scholarly aside on the superiority of the Cyclopean ideal of beauty over that commonly admired to-day, the essayist rises to lyrical heights. He shows us the Cyclops in all his savage charm, with one eye in the middle of his forehead, and then proves clearly that the precision and philosophic calm of Lord HALDANE'S character made it imperative that he should have two eyes, each in the usual place on either side of the nose, no matter what the sacrifice in æsthetic rapture.

We prophesy an immense success for this extraordinary book.

A PARDONABLE ERROR.

THROUGH London lately as I went
There smote mine ear a sound of joy,
And, strange to say, the instrument
Of this was but a newsman's boy
Who plied with much reiterated bawling
His most untuneful "calling."

When his announcement of the news
Against my tympanum was hurled,
I thought of Mr. BROWNING'S views
About the "rightness" of the world,
And cried: "The wings of Nemesis awaken,
And Wrong is overtaken!"

But when I neared the youth and scanned
The flaring placard which he bore
In one unwashed but honest hand,
I quickly came to earth once more.
This was the headline: "KAISER IN VIENNA";
I thought he said "Gehenna."

Not a Popular Beverage.

"It is proposed to increase by about 2d. per 1,000 gallons the charges for water in Manchester. The revised scale will mean an additional annual revenue to the Corporation of £0,000."—*Gloucestershire Echo.*

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

You don't know the Hill Farm, perhaps. Well, it is only about two miles from Jimmy's home. Jimmy goes there sometimes; not for anything in particular—he just goes there, and when you are there of course there you are, and that's how Jimmy met the farmer. He met him in the orchard; not by appointment or anything silly like that; he just happened to meet him.

Jimmy says the way the farmer kept on swishing his whip about nearly made him fall out of the apple-tree. He wished he wouldn't keep on reminding him of things like that, as it made the apples curdle on his stomach like anything.

Jimmy tried to bargain with him. He asked the farmer how many swishes he really wanted to have at him to feel quite easy in his mind about it.

When the farmer said twenty, Jimmy climbed four feet higher up and asked the farmer if he would like to hear him recite "Casabianca."

The farmer didn't care much for poetry, Jimmy says, so Jimmy asked him if five swishes, and what he would get if he caught him again, wouldn't do if he showed the farmer how to move his ears and scalp at the same time. Jimmy also offered to throw in a certain cure for freckles. But no!

Jimmy says it is very funny how everything bad you have done comes back to you when you are up a tree. Jimmy says he thought of all the mistakes he had made in dictation, and how he had said that an axiom was what the world went round on, when suddenly the farmer asked him his name, and that settled it, because the farmer had heard all about Jimmy's bloodhound Faithful and the German spies he had caught.

He told Jimmy that if he would bring his bloodhound for him to look at and show him how he caught spies, he could have as many apples as he liked.

Jimmy says it is wonderful how nice farmers are when you come to know them. The farmer told Jimmy that he was sending a man in to the town, and that Jimmy could drive in with him and bring his bloodhound back in the cart.

Jimmy says he was surprised when he went into the yard, because the man who was harnessing the horse wore a black tail coat and bowler hat, and Jimmy had last seen him in London, where his mother took him to have a meal somewhere.

Jimmy was so surprised that he stopped eating. Jimmy knew the man at once, because when his mother took him to a restaurant when he was in London the man showed them where to sit.

The man didn't recognise Jimmy, but he told him he had come to help the farmer with his harvest. He didn't charge the farmer anything, he came because of the War, and of where England would be if he didn't.



Merchant. "RATHER POOR STUFF, THIS NEW PASTE, SMITHERS."
Office Girl. "I THINK, SIR, THAT YOU ARE INADVERTENTLY USING MY COMPLEXION CREAM."

Jimmy says the man was a bit puzzled with the harness. He told Jimmy that he had got the waist-band all right, but that he couldn't find out what you buttoned the horse's braces to.

Jimmy says it was a very loving horse, and as the man was buckling the ends of the reins to the collar the horse kept trying to kiss him in the middle of the back, and the man kept saying, "Lie down, will you!" The man had had a little difficulty with the collar, Jimmy says; he said it was only a fourteen-and-a-half collar and the horse took a large seventeen.

The man had just told Jimmy that perhaps he had better undress the horse and begin all over again when the farmer came to see what was the matter. Jimmy says the farmer seemed to ease the horse's mind a lot.

On the way the man told Jimmy that he liked driving, but it was always best to wear spurs, and he wished he had brought his with him.

ing a bit, Jimmy says.

It was one of these light spring carts, Jimmy says, without any springs, and you sat on the side instead of on a seat. Jimmy says very few vehicles passed them on the road, and most of them had to go on the path with one wheel in the ditch. One gentleman in a motor car had been playing a tune on his horn for some time before he could get past, and then he was so glad that he turned round to let them see his red face.

Jimmy got Faithful in all right, and the man told Jimmy he could drive the horse back, because Faithful kept trying to sniff a piece out of his trousers, and he couldn't keep his eye on Faithful and on the horse.

Jimmy was very glad to drive. You see Jimmy knows all about the way to make horses go. You do it with a prickly burr, and you put it under the horse's tail for him to hold there. Jimmy knows about prickly burrs because they teach him nature study at school. He is very fond of nature study.

Jimmy says they bumped a good deal because of the springs that weren't in the cart, and the man tried to hold on to the bottom of the cart, they went so fast.

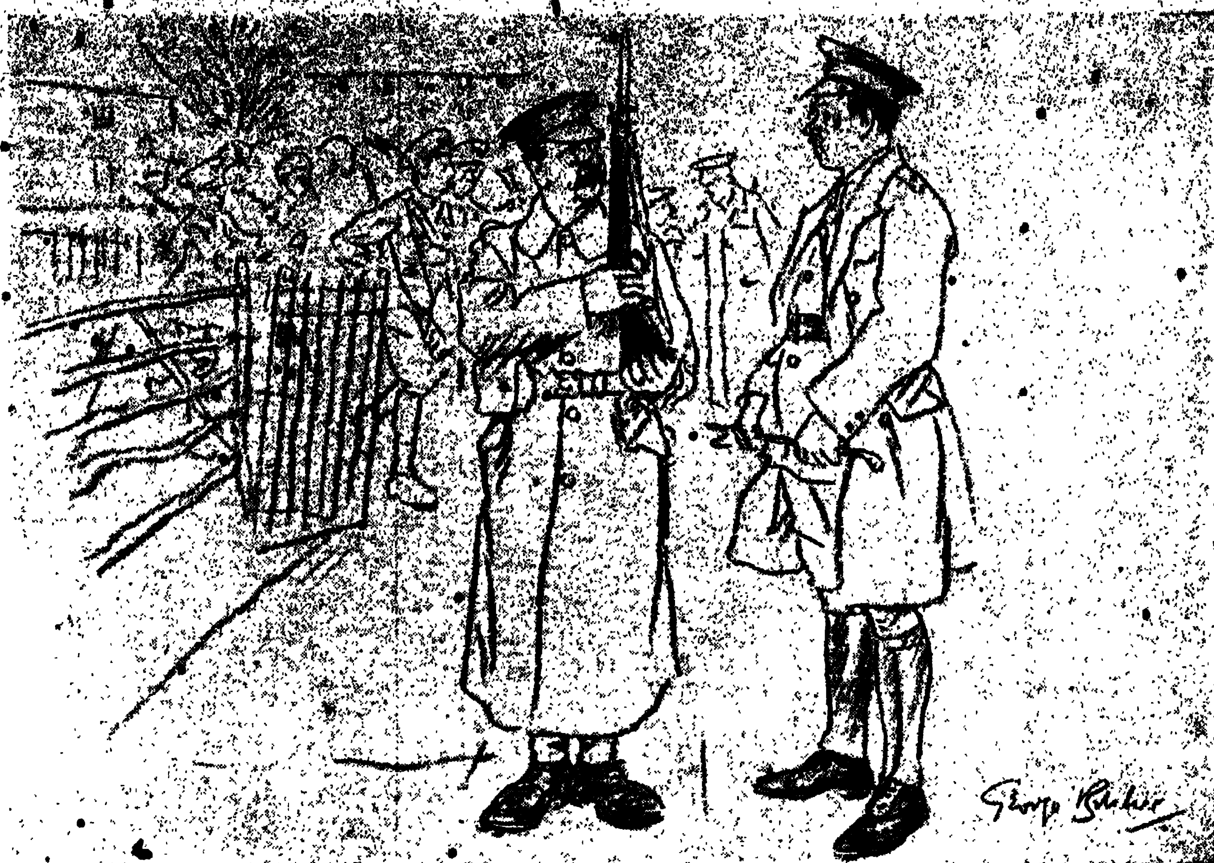
Jimmy says it was like those pictures where you take artillery into action, except that they don't use burrs. But Jimmy was all right, because the butcher boy showed him how to drive like that. Jimmy says the butcher boy always stood on the top of his cart whistling, with his hands in his pockets and then made his horse run away.

Jimmy says all you have to do is to sway with the bumps.

Jimmy says the man's bowler hat came off and began dancing about on the bottom of the cart at Faithful and daring him. Faithful soon got on its track; he chased it all round the cart and tore it limb from limb, Jimmy says, just to show it. The man didn't say anything except that they would be killed, and good-bye. He seemed a bit sea-sick, Jimmy says.

The horse was very glad to see the farmer again, it wanted him to make a pet of it and not let it out of his sight.

The farmer was surprised when he



Officer (visiting Sentry). "AND WHAT ARE YOUR DUTIES?"
Sentry (after a few minutes' hesitation). "TO PREVENT ANY UNAUTHORISED PERSON FROM ENTERING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY AND TO STOP ALL AIR RAIDS."

saw Faithful, Jimmy says; he told Jimmy that he thought he had got rather a large collar on him. But Jimmy told him it wasn't a collar; it was the leather band out of the man's hat; and it had "Otto Schmidt" written in ink on it.

Jimmy says the farmer looked at the man and then at the leather band, and then at the man again, and then at the leather band, and he kept on doing it, and then finally he looked at old Faithful, who was trying to scratch his ear off with his hind leg.

Then he said, "Dang my buttons if you bain't a German!"

"The writers agree that the British Staff officer is chosen solely for his ability and training and that at the front he is now working from between 8 and 9 p.m. until about eleven o'clock or midnight."
New York Herald (Paris Edition).

Yet some of his critics have tried to make us believe that those are just the hours that he devotes to bridge.

The Leather Bottel.

"We are now faced with a series of regulations so stringent that we shall have to drink with our shoes in our hands, like the Jews at the Feast of Passover."—*Morning Post.*

SPECIALITY TURNS FOR THE MUSIC-HALLS.

A WELL-KNOWN music-hall manager has stated that the most attractive sketch for a popular actor to produce on the Variety stage is one that displays him in what the public has come to regard as a characteristic situation. But in this age of condensation why not go further and have the situation without the sketch? We append a suggested programme, such as should prove an enormously popular success on these lines:—

THE COMEANSEEUM.
PREMIER VARIETY HOUSE.
Change of Programme Weekly.
Everything Else Strong.
Your favourite Artistes in their Speciality Stunts!

(i) Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER will stand with his back against a chair or table, and relate a Ten-minutes' Anecdote (with French quotations) to a family circle of antagonistic vulgarians.
An Act without its equal for charm and deportment.

(ii) Mr. FRED TERRY will give an exhibition of Ironic Bowing. The Navarre and Pimpernel Bows, etc. Also the Glad Eye as made at the Court of King Charles the Second.

(iii) Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Champion Theatrical Prevaricator of Europe, will Lie.

(iv) Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will consume an entire Five-course Dinner, and simultaneously deliver a Monologue on the sins of Society.
(The only Actor who can be impressive *avec la bouche pleine.*)

(v) Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER (Lightning Mental Contortionist) will submit to cross-examination by a Committee of the Audience, and will undertake to recover from at least three damaging Admissions.
Also Back-slapping, Winking, and other popular features.

(vi) Sir HERBERT TREE will imitate a Zeppelin located by search-lights.

(vii) Finally Mr. NORMAN McKINNEL (Strength in Silence) will give a Dumb Show Illustration of the text: "It is better to be taciturn than beautiful."

A CHAT WITH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

I am an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I know the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said.

When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use.

"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

"Yes," echoed Phyllis.

"The War," I began, "is a very terrible thing."

"That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologised for having pilfered someone else's *mot*.

"And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, "it's a disgrace to sillyvisation."

"And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity.

"Daddy says," Lillah went on, "that we are fighting for the flag. Are we?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Do the Germans want our flag?"

"They want everything."

"Why couldn't we give them one like it?" asked Phyllis with deadly common-sense.

"Because they can't even keep their own clean," said I.

"They could send it to the wash," pondered Lillah.

"They will have to," I answered grimly.

"Daddy says we are fighting for sillyvisation too. Are we?"

"Your father," I said, "is always right."

"I know," said Phyllis gravely. "I wanted to see if you knew."

"Your Uncle also," I said with hauteur, "is seldom wrong."

There was a ponderous silence.

"Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, "that you weren't ever very bright."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. I shall say a few hard words to Margaret about that putting ideas into the children's heads.

"And when we've won," said Phyllis, "will we have sillyvisation?"

"I hope so."

"What will it be like—a fairy-tale?"

"Very probably."

"Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom?"

"Freedom," I said "is—er—being able to do what you like."

Then won't there be any policemen after the War?

"Oh yes, we shall keep the policemen."

"Why?"

"Because the streets would look so bare without them."

They looked at me with suspicion; even at that tender age they could not believe in an æsthetic ratepayer.

"Do people like the War?" said Phyllis.

"No," I answered. That was easy.

"Not even the Germans?"

"I think not."

"But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war?"

"Er—no," I said.

"Then why do people—?"

"Well—er——" I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

"When you are older," I began; but Lillah interrupted.

"And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns?" It was Phyllis's shot.

"And if nobody wants the War what makes it go on?"

"And if it's a disgrace," queried Lillah, "why does Daddy want to go?"

"And why," began Phyllis; but I put up my hand.

"One day," I said, "I must tell you the story of Socrates, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock."

"What for?" said Lillah.

"For asking too many questions," I said.

"Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers?" said Lillah.

"Yes, they were," I said, as I rose. I took out my watch.

"Good heavens, it's after bedtime!"

"Does your watch say right?" said Phyllis.

"It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that moment Daddy himself appeared.

"Good-night chicks," he said. "Has Uncle James been amusing you?"

"We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a *double entendre* I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

"I don't know," I said to George as we went downstairs, "why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis."

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.

SEASONABLE (?) NOVELTIES.

A catalogue of Christmas toys contains a Mechanical Motor-accident and a Realistic Trench-warfare model, "with apparatus for Poison-Gas." Surely this method of preventing children's minds from dwelling upon the cheery side of life is capable of further extension, as under:—

The Frozen-pipe Doll's House.—Charmingly-furnished six-room House, with complete model system of Leaking Pipes. Real Water can be made to run down the walls. Paper peels off, etc. Endless Fun for Young and Old. 7*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*

Larger, with workable Kitchen-boiler Explosion, and death of Cook. 15*s.*

The Influenza Doll.—Exquisite model, with hand-painted Red Nose, dressed in real blankets. On being squeezed the Doll emits a cough similar to that produced by severe bronchial congestion. 6*s.*

Superior quality, with Double-Pneumonia effect. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Elegant Model Cinema Theatre, with Igniting Film and real Flames. Just the toy for a Thoughtful Child. Complete in box, with four refills of combustible Model Audience. 21*s.*

The Little Dentist.—Entire outfit, including miniature Forceps, Gags, Gas-bags, etc. Will keep an entire Nursery happy for hours. Help Baby with his Teething. 5*s.* 6*d.* the set (or, including model Electric-drill and old Illustrated Papers for Waiting-room, 12*s.*).

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

"Will this war bring us to Kidderminster?"
English Churchman.

Well, there are worse places than Kidderminster.



"Come along, slacker, or I'll put Lord Derby on to you!"

THE UBIQUITOUS SCOT.

We learn from *The Daily Chronicle* that Mr. Richard Northcott has compiled and privately printed some notes on the life and operas of Donizetti, which establish the interesting fact that the composer's grandfather was one Donald Izett, a native of Perthshire, who went to Italy, when the name became "Donizetti."

Grieg's Scottish origin—his forbears spelt it Greig—is already well known, but several other famous Italian musicians and poets also hailed from beyond the Tweed. Thus recent genealogical researches have revealed the interesting fact that Bellini assumed that name as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother, who was born at Peebles, and whose maiden name was Belle Leney. Verdi's grandfather, who was out in the '15 as a Jacobite and took refuge as an exile in Italy, was a certain McIverdy, which was abbreviated in the next generation to the name associated with so many masterpieces of the lyric stage.

Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," had for his great-grandfather a native of Drumnadrochit, who rejoiced in the patronymic of MacSandy. He emigrated to Florence to spread the cult of the bagpipes and soon adapted his surname to the euphonious form with which we are now familiar.

Mascagni's great rival, Leoncavallo, is, if not a pure Scotchman, at any rate a Scotch derivative. His father, a sturdy denizen of the Trossachs, who would be astonished could he but know of his son's musical genius, for he was at his best but a poor performer upon the pipes, was a prosperous crofter named Steed—Donald Steed. Greatly addicted to Shakspeare, and especially *Macbeth*, his favourite saying was, "Lay on, Macduff"—so much so that his friends came to speak of him as "Lay on" Steed. When, later, his son moved on to Italy, in the inveterate Scotch way of getting farther and farther away from the native heath, he retained the affectionate and humorous preface by which the old man had been known, but gave the "Steed" its Italian equivalent—thus producing Leoncavallo, an interesting example of the evolution of a *nom de pays*.

It seems that two of the greatest Italian poets were also of Scots extraction, Dante being a descendant of a Dundee jute merchant named Alec Gair, which on his becoming a resident in Florence was soon Italianized into Alighieri; while Petrarch's name is merely a condensed form of the Christian name and first syllable of the surname of his father, Peter Archibald, a Scots soldier of fortune who first saw the light at Inverness.

Among modern Italian writers Scotland also holds her own. Signor d'Annunzio, before he emigrated to Italy, was a young Aberdonian named Daniel McTavish, famous for a thousand firebrand tricks. Indeed, so great was his fame that he was known as Dan Nonesuch, and, on arriving in the new land of his adoption, he quickly Italianized this nickname into the world-wide style which we all know—d'Annunzio.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but we may content ourselves by observing that Italy is not alone in her indebtedness to Scotland. The name of the great Trojan hero, Hector, clearly points to a Caledonian ancestor, and the imitation of Edinburgh which is furnished by the Acropolis leaps to the eye of every intelligent tourist.

A Snub for Posterity.

Extract from a letter signed "Nationalist" in *The Irish Times*:—

"Every eligible Irishman who emigrates, turns, whether or not he realizes it, a deaf ear to the cry for protection of unborn generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen."



Hospital Orderly (to inmate on "chicken diet"). "CHANGE FOR YOU TO-DAY, MATE. YOUR CHICKEN AIN'T RABBIT—IT'S FISH."

THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'AVE a conversation book; I brought it out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an' comb;
It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the stars,
An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand hotels,
When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade in shells;
It 's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such —
But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you much.

There 's all them friendly kind o' things you 'd naturally say
When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o' day—
Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the air,
Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench,
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French;
An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand,
But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my 'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned from ear to ear;
An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says "Souveneer";
'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you are!

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed me 'is,
Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz;
"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says, an' 'is tears begun to fall;
We was comrades when we parted, but we 'd 'ardly spoke at all.

'E 'd 'ave kissed me if I 'd let 'im, we 'ad never met before,
An' I 've never seen the beggar since, for that 's the way o' war;
An', though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the same
If 'e 'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I never ast 'is name!

Another Impending Apology.

"It is worth nothing that Messrs. S. Pearson and Sons have lent three of their directors to the Ministry of Munitions."
Daily Chronicle.

"WANTED for East Coast, Curate. One not afraid of occasional bombardments. Apply Vicar."—*Church Times.*

"Why not install a canon?" asks the parson who sends us the cutting. But perhaps so high a dignitary would not pay sufficient attention to the Vicar's maxims.

"Outside, a pair of soldiers were playing shuttledore and battlecock."—*Hereford Times.*

A new game for the "Bantams," presumably.

From a description of a Budget Night at Westminster:—

"Some two thousand peers and diplomatists looked down from their respective galleries upon an animated scene, their black coats and white waistcoats, dotted with bald heads, and sprinkled with khaki uniforms."—*Wanganui Chronicle, N.Z.*

This remarkable scene seems to have been overlooked by our TOBY, M.P.



AN UNAUTHORISED FLIRTATION.

The Kaiser (*to Austrian Emperor*). "FRANZ! FRANZ! I'M SURPRISED AND PAINED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 30th.—Such a storm in a teapot! HOME SECRETARY, under misapprehension, made inaccurate allegation against *The Times*. Wrote immediately to that paper admitting his mistake and apologising. There, it might seem, matter would end. Those who anticipated such ordinary commonplace result don't know their *Times*. Here was opportunity for not only damaging a Minister but of securing bold advertisement far beyond possibilities of posters on the wall or displayed announcements in columns of contemporaries. *Times* accordingly daily hammered away at HOME SECRETARY, accusing him not only of malversation of fact but of disingenuousness and dishonesty in attempts to exonerate himself.

In such circumstances HOME SECRETARY'S best friend might have whispered in his ear MELBOURNE'S famous inquiry, "Why can't you leave it alone?" If advice given certainly not accepted. Questions over, HOME SECRETARY interposed with rejoinder that occupied more than a full hour's delivery.

Indiscretion contagious. Lord ROBERT CECIL interposed to "say a word about my own position." Impetuous MARKHAM created diversion by dragging on the scene MASTERMAN, of whom no one was thinking. DALZIEL told interesting little story as to how HOME SECRETARY, meeting a private Member in luncheon room on day fateful question was raised, concocted a little plot. JONES (of Merthyr), the private Member referred to, declared there wasn't a word of truth in the narrative.

"Dear me," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking up at clock pointing to hour at which adjournment must necessarily take place, "haven't I heard something about the country being engaged in greatest war ever waged since battles began? Isn't there something said about Serbia being wiped out under feet of Germany as was Belgium a year ago? Isn't there fighting in Flanders, peril in the East, decimation of dauntless heroes at the Dardanelles? What's this in to-day's Roll of Honour — killed and wounded 36 officers and 968 men? And here's the House of Commons spending a whole sitting in wrangling over personal questions."

As matter of fact the whole sitting, full seven hours long, was not sufficient for high purpose to which it was devoted. Standing Order provides that, with specially decreed exceptions, proceedings may not continue beyond eleven o'clock. Accordingly debate raised by HOME SECRETARY stands on journals of House as "Adjourned."

Business done. — None. STANTON taking his seat as Member for Merthyr cheered from both sides. His victory regarded as pledge from unexpected quarter at whatever cost to carry on War to predestined end.



"MERTHYR WILL IN."

MR. G. ROBERTS AND MR. EDGAR JONES INTRODUCE A 'BIG 'UN—MR. C. B. STANTON FOR MERTHYR.

Wednesday. — PRIME MINISTER always at his best amid fusillade of questions, some pertinent, others impertinent. His "Wait and see" has become a classic, useful to minor humorists in the magazines or at parish meetings. His assurance that a certain matter brought to his notice is receiving his most careful consideration wards off a multitude of inconvenient inquiries.

To-day struck out a new phrase. Pressed to say whether if Parliament be adjourned before result of Lord DERBY'S Recruiting Scheme is announced it will forthwith be summoned to consider the situation when the scheme is submitted.

"I can say no more," he gravely remarked, "than if and when the occasion contemplated by the Hon. Member arises it will be for the Government to take such steps as they may consider suitable."

Whilst the Hon. Member was framing Supplementary Question next one on the Paper called by the SPEAKER, and his chance was gone.

Business done.—Increase of Rent Bill in tactful hands of capable WALTER LONG read a second time.

Thursday.—Interesting to observe how marked characteristics of a nation survive through the ages. More than a century ago CANNING, dropping into poetry, wrote:—

> "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much."

In course of important debate on export of goods to neutral countries, a topic that attracted audience of twenty-nine Members, shown to-day that Holland is taking far too much in the way of linseed-oil and giving extremely little in way of explanation as to what eventually becomes of it. In first nine months of present year excess of export to Holland over similar periods before the War amounts to 29,000 tons. Shrewd suspicion that, in breach of international law, this surplus is re-exported to Germany, where it is found equal to supply starving population with material for 2,000 tons of margarine a week.

BIGLAND threw fresh light on problem of continuance of War.

"If," he said, speaking as one having authority, "we could prevent Germany from importing oil and fat the War would be over in seven months."

Business done.—A few small Bills advanced a stage. Got away home just before ten o'clock.

Pupils are Cheap To-day.

"PRIVATE School for Sale; 20 pupils; all included, £20."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"We know of theatres where, in spite of increased prices, in the late afternoon and evening, it was a physical impossibility to pack another person into the house—and a good many were packed, nevertheless."

The Bioscope.

They were filmed first, we suppose.

"Home Government is considering the advisability of a forged loan."

Jamaica Daily Chronicle.

It is supposed that this startling and quite untruthful announcement was due to a misreading of the report that as Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. McKENNA was "forging ahead."



PRUSSIANISED HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Sequel to a well-known story about King Alfred.

THE LUCK OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Crossley is an old friend of mine - we were at the same public school, where he went by the name of "Kinks" -but we hardly ever meet without argufying. He is quite sound about the War, the need of crushing Prussian militarism and so forth, but he has an unpleasant way of discounting all claims on behalf of the Allies to a greater humanity in the conduct of the War. His favourite phrase is "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." When I met him at the club last week his candour was at high-water mark. When I quoted the latest instance of German frightfulness, he at once retorted, "Well, what about Louis XIV.?"

"Louis XIV.," I cautiously replied, "flourished some two hundred and fifty years ago. But he wasn't called the 'Grand Monarque' for nothing."

"Oh, indeed," said Crossley. "Perhaps you are not aware that he waged war with the utmost barbarity against the Dutch, the Austrians, and the Prussians?"

Now a knowledge of the cam of Louis XIV. is not my strong but by a pure piece of good luck I had a stone in my sling which I discharged with great promptitude. Only a few days before I had been looking at the plates in *Turner's Picturesque Views of the Southern Coast*, and had copied out a passage from the letterpress accompanying Turner's wonderful picture of the Eddystone Lighthouse. "Did you ever hear the story of Louis XIV. and the Eddystone Lighthouse?" I asked. "No," said Crossley rudely, "nor yet the story of William the Conqueror and the Crystal Palace; and I don't see what on earth it has to do with the question."

"You don't? Very well then." And I produced and read my extract, which runs as follows:—

"While the second Eddystone Lighthouse was being erected under Mr. Rudyard's superintendence, a circumstance took place which may be thought to possess an interest that will justify its insertion on the authority of Mr. Smeaton. Louis XIV. being at war with England during the erection of this building, a French privateer took the men at work upon the Eddystone Rock, together with their tools, and carried to France, when the Captain expected a reward for his achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of the French Monarch, who immediately ordered them to be released and the captors to be put in their places, declaring that, though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing that the Eddystone Lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal use to all nations."

"Good egg," observed Crossley, "or at least a good egg in parts."

Commercial Candour.

"——'s Delicious Ham and Tongue. None like it in Leicester."

Leicester Daily Mail.

"EASTERN THEATRE.
Serious German Reverse.
Reuter's Special War Service."

Grocott's Penny Mail (South Africa).

The printer rose to the occasion.

"Mr. Long will move the second reading of the Government's Bill to stop increases of rent in the House of Commons."

Daily News.

In self-defence, we suppose, since the present Parliament proposes to occupy the premises for a longer period than was originally intended.

THE IMMINENT PROBLEM

I SHUT up the catalogue hopelessly and put it on the table.

"As for me," I said firmly, "I have decided about my Christmas presents I shall give everybody putties."

"You can't," said Barbara; "remember what Aunt Alicia said when she sent us the second-hand table-centre, 'It's not the gift, it is the spirit behind it.'"

I frowned.

"If your Aunt Alicia knew the spirit behind the coffee-machine she got from me last year——"

But Barbara cut me short.

"Your besetting sin," she said, "is laziness. What you ought to do is to find out people's tastes—and then the whole thing is perfectly simple."

"Putting that into practice," I rejoined rather bitterly, "what do you consider are the tastes of my nephew, Richard Edward Keith?"

"Poor little mite!" said Barbara. "Why, he's only eleven months old."

"For all that," I said, "his tastes may be very pronounced, for all you know. Bibs, for instance, may be like the collars I have seen advertised, which explain the wearer. 'The bib which proclaims the business baby, or 'Smart gent's bib for the babe about town.'"

Barbara sighed.

"Children are certainly difficult," she said.

"Then," I went on, "there is Joan who I admit is getting on and will never see five again; but she doesn't seem to have developed any tastes."

"Dolls," murmured Barbara.

"Joan already has twenty-seven," answered. "Of course, if you like to encourage large families amongst women without independent means——"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Barbara.

"Well, there you are!" I returned. "Put your theory into practice, and where are we?"

"I wasn't talking about babies," said Barbara.

"Considering," I answered, "that Christmas is a show run entirely for babies of all ages, I don't consider that you have the root of the matter in you."

"Well," she said, "adults can have their tastes studied, anyway."

"Do you think, Barbara," I remarked sternly, "that I am going to spend December going round like a private detective, spying on the little peculiarities of my friends? 'The innocent conceits that like a needless eye-glass or black patch give those who wear them harmless happiness.' Do you know who wrote that, Barbara?"

"GEORGE ELIOT," said Barbara promptly.

"Bother," I said; "I thought I could plough you on that one; and it isn't very helpful either, unless I give Richard a monocle and Joan a powder-puff."

"If Providence was really provident," began Barbara slowly, "babies would be labelled when they arrive."

"You mean," I said, "that it would appear in *The Times*: 'The wife of Marmaduke George Bone of a stockbroker.'"

"Something like that," she said.

"Or," I went on eagerly, 'Of twins—a married woman and a fine churchwarden.' My dear Barbara, what a splendid idea!"

"Of course," said Barbara, "if it turned out that it was going to be a burglar or something——"

I waved the objection aside.

"Oh," I said, "one would have to have a conventional phrase for that. People like the KAISER, for instance, would just get: 'The wife of F. Hohenzollern, Esq., of a great, great grief.' You see that would cover anything in the nature of a failure.

"And it would simplify Christmas amazingly," I added, "white spats for financiers, dolls' houses for married women, and some assorted women's movements for babies that were going to grow up into spinsters."

But meanwhile I don't know what to give either to Richard or to Joan.



Hosier (displaying latest invention in collar-pins). "KEEPS COLLAR AND TIE IN PERFECT REPOSE, SIR. IT IS AN ESSENTIAL TO SMARTNESS OF APPEARANCE IN THE TRENCHES."

AT THE FRONT.

WE are enjoying a rest.

There can be no doubt about this, because we have been told we are, on very high authority.

When the British soldier has been into trenches and out again, with an occasional battle to break the monotony, for a period of fifteen months he always gets a rest.

To a rest two items are indispensable:—

1. Mud.
2. A nine-hours' day.

Only a few days ago we did not know this. When they told us we were going to be rested, though we did not believe it for a moment, we imagined that rest consisted in long hours of sleep, warm comfortable billets, perhaps a dinner or a matinee now and again, and a few bright, brief and brotherly parades.

Then we were sentenced to rest. We marched deliberately out of a civilized town to a soggy malodorous marsh, where some war-weary A.S.C. driver had got tired of the tents he was carrying, and dropped them disgustedly into a couple of feet of mud, hoping no one would notice.

But no, the eagle eye of some red-spangled controller of our destinies spotted the jettison and said, "It's a rest camp!"

And that is how we came to be where we are.

There are no temptations. The mud is not deep enough to drown oneself, and no good soldier ever uses his rifle or side-arm to commit suicide with.

For two days we lay in a condition of bleak and comatose resignation, while our complaints passed through the usual official channels to the usual official terminus. (Wicker, 2*s.* 6½*d.*)

On the third day we received our programme. It provided for nine hours' military training *per diem*—with intervals for meals; for there was this generosity in their justice—we were not required to do the nine hours straight off. This routine began at daylight and ended at dusk.

In case any slacker should be cast down by this prospect, the very Exalted and Benevolent Person who had planned the Rest visited us and assured us that this was to be a complete vacation; that the men were to be encouraged to play football and hold sing-songs after afternoon parade. Singing and football, it appeared, would keep the men thoroughly cheerful. The idea was, of course, quite new to us. We [illegible] him how many hours after di[illegible] would like the men to sing for; and when he had gone away we indented for luminous footballs. But we regret to report that there have already been several cases of men not singing either on the line of march or during the leisurely evening hours which should be given over to harmless revelry. Footballs of the required type, moreover, have as yet not been forwarded to us.

Fortunately, however, we have numerous other healthy occupations in our copious spare time. We are kept busy by all sorts of red-hatted explorers whose curiosity goads them into visiting the less wet parts of the Rest Camp, and, after complaining that we have allowed it to get into a disgraceful condition, inquiring—(*a*) Why we do not build huts? (*b*) What is the ration of candles and pepper per man? (*c*) Why we do not take more care of the men's health? (*d*) Why we mollycoddle the men? and, lastly and most humorously—(*e*) Whether we have any complaints, and if we have why we have not forwarded them to the Proper Quarter?

It is stated, but unconfirmed, that one of our newest subalterns met some Commander-in-Chief or something the other day and was asked by him in the intervals of saluting what was the extent of the field-ration; whereon he replied, "Three ounces." The General clicked his teeth smartly and asked the subaltern whether *that* was all he knew about fuel; and the subaltern said that in the trenches indeed the men got two pounds and a half and in billets four pounds, but in this deleted spot it wouldn't run to more than three ounces, and you had to steal that. As the subaltern is still uncashiered these exchanges may not be as reported.

The men surveyed their new home on arrival in silent bewilderment. They received the programme without comment. It took two hours' tactical training of five units to extract from Private Thomas, who commonly speaks the public mind, the observation, addressed to the four winds during an "easy" "And to think that there's some as would spoil an 'eavenly 'oliday like this 'ere with *grousin'!*"

THE WAR POEM.

THE Senior Watch-keeper sat at the Ward Room table busily biting a penholder as he stared at a sheet of foolscap.

"What's up?" asked the Paymaster.

"I've got an idea. It's a deuce of an idea. Poem, you know. The sort of thing to shake people up. Buck up recruiting. Give people to think furiously and all that sort of thing," replied the scribe.

"Good on you," said No. 1. "Want any help?"

"Yes, you can all lend a hand. You see the idea of it is to show the bounders at home the unity of the enemy and their enthusiasm for war. How they all think alike and their singleness of purpose. The sort of thing that soldier Johnnie did, the sportsman who wrote about steam-engines and things."

"RUDYARD KIPLING," hazarded the "Pay."

"That's him," said the poet. "I want lots of names of German places so as to show people what they are doing all over the world. How's this for a start—

"In Walfisch Bay I heard them say?"

"There's a real swing about that," said No. 1, "but it's not German."

"What's not German?"

"Walfisch Bay."

"I don't see how I can alter that line," said the poet with firmness. "Who's to know I didn't hear Germans talking there?"

"How would this do for a start"—from the "Pay"—

"Across the bund at Swakopmund?"

"Who knows if they have a bund?" objected the poet. "I must be accurate to have any world-influence. Give us some more good German names."

"Dar es Salaam," from No. 1.

"Rotten," said the poet. "That's Arabic, and no decent poem could fit it in anywhere."

"Well," said the "Pay," "here's another start:-

"It fills my soul with mournful wonder
That Huns still walk the Apollo Bunder."

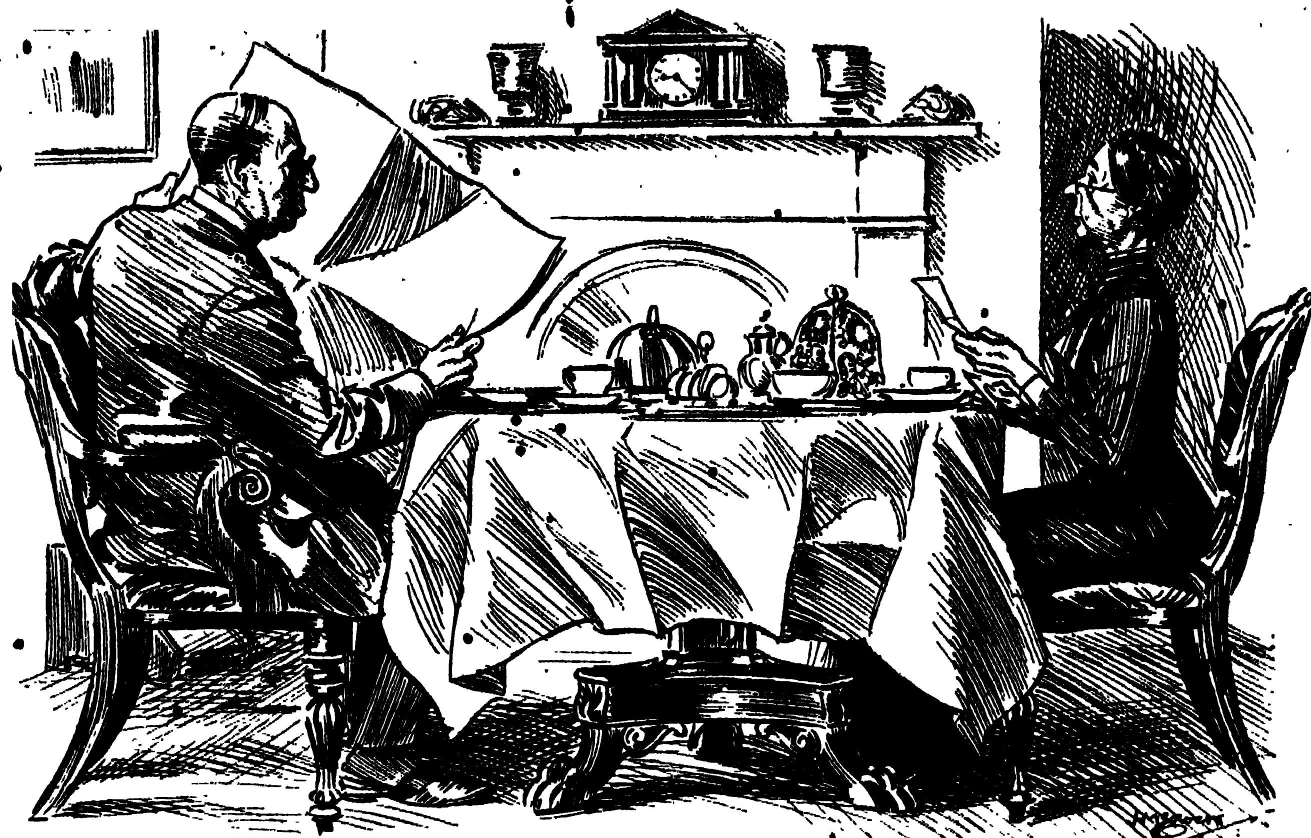
The poet was inclined to doubt the accuracy of this statement and also rejected it as not within the immediate scope of his endeavour.

"There are lots of Germans in Shanghai," interrupted the young Doctor, "and in Hong Kong, the Governor—"

The poet remarked with considerable dignity that he was not starting a Limerick competition. No doubt the eccentricity of old gentlemen from Peru or the levity of young ladies from Balham might lend themselves to humorous metrical treatment for the amusement of callow medical students in peace, but what lots of people didn't yet realise was the fact that we were at war.

I ventured to break the sticky silence by politely asking if he thought the poem would take him long.

"Not if silly asses don't interrupt," he said. "When I once get started, it'll come easy enough. It's all here," he added, tapping his forehead. "It'll



Mr. Pessimist (cheering up for once). "BRITISH MESOPOTAMIAN SUCCESS."
Mrs. Pessimist. "THAT'S THE WORST OF IT. THEY MESS UP ALL THEIR SUCCESSES."

be a bit soul-stirring when finished. I'll get on with it now so as to clew it up before turning in."

At breakfast the Corporal of Ward Room Servants asked if the piece of paper he had just picked up from under my chair were mine.

Thereon was written:—

In Walfisch Bay I heard them say,
I heard them say in Walfisch Bay.

The poet had clewed up before turning in.

Great talkers these Germans.

"Mr. BRYCE feared that business would be strangled by the excess profits tax, as in many cases the money to pay it would have to be buried."—*Morning Paper.*

Doubtless a development of intensive culture. The buried talent has hitherto been considered unproductive.

"Steeplejack wanted. Top price to a really good man."—*Provincial Paper.*

In this trade there is always room at the top.

"Wanted a Greyhound, preferred black, height 75 to 80in., male, thoroughbred.—Full particulars to be sent to Miss ——, Rotterdam, Holland."—*Our Dogs.*

Dutch hares had better look out when the 6ft. 8in. greyhound lands on their shores.

THE LAST CHANCE.

(*A Romance à la mode.*)

A GUSTY rollicking wind screamed and whistled over the long white road that curled like a ribbon on the bare face of the moorland, buffeting and swaying a man and a girl who struggled against it. The man's eyes, hardened to all weathers by long spells in the trenches, swept keenly and searchingly, almost fearfully, over the waste, as if he were looking for something he feared was not there, some help, perhaps, some opportunity. His uniform and his scars showed that he had faced his country's enemies; but here, on an English moor, he was palpably a prey to nervousness. Tension and the consciousness of approaching crisis were written in the set of his jaw and on every line of his lean sunburnt face; at times the blood throbbed painfully in his temples as a gust of hopelessness swept over him, a suffocating dread that this, his last afternoon of leave, was to be irrevocably ruined, to remain a memory to shrink from all his days. Had he looked at his companion he might have seen the questioning, sympathetic, perhaps pleading expression in her eyes; but his gaze seemed riveted on the roadside.

And then suddenly, in a little hollow beside the road, a mere furrow in the heather, he flung himself on his knees and looked towards her dumbly, beseechingly; and she stood above him, a slender figure, her skirts spread round him by the wind, and the face that she bent towards him was anxious, pitying, almost motherly. And then with steady hand, albeit a trembling heart, while she held her breath, he struck his last match, and lit a pipe of Benodoro tobacco; flushed and triumphant he rose, and she, cheeks aflame and eyes shining with the glory of desire satisfied, lit her Benodoro cigarette at the glow. [ADVT.]

Commercial Candour.

A Bombay merchant advertises:—

"This butter, manufactured from the best cream, will stand any high temperature if kept in a cool place."

"Certificated merchant captains and officers should not enlist having regard to the paramount importance of maintaining British sipping."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A nasty one for Lord D'ABERNON.

"The Germans [in East Africa] were in possession of heliographic plant which they used both day and night."

Manchester Guardian.

As the Irish emigrant said of England: The sun shines always there."

CONSTABULARY TACT.

We emerge from the police-station and fall into step together as we start our beat.

"I can't spare time to go to the police court this week," says my comrade.

"Nor I; but it' would be just our luck if something turned up to-night."

"Well, we must be tactful."

"That's it—courtesy and tact. Unless there's a murder."

We are just exchanging the War yarns of the day when a loud shouting is heard from a side-street.

"I'm afraid that's on our beat," I murmur. "Let's walk slowly so that they can see us coming."

Very majestically we march down, making as much noise as possible; but the row made by the combatants is so great that they don't hear us.

Let me describe the military position. The entrance to the fort—a small house—is guarded by a lady in mysterious white attire armed with a saucepan. From the fact that she has bare feet I judge that a night alarm has turned out the guard. The slip of garden in front is held by a gentleman simply attired in a pair of trousers and braces. The temperature is about 40. The moral temperature a little above 212. A stout lady leads the attacking party. The garden gate is either jammed or locked and she is making valiant efforts to get over the fence. Behind her a gentleman, who combines in his attire a frock-coat, carpet slippers, and a red cricket cap, acts as support. A subtle odour of beer pervades the air.

"Now then—now then—what's all this?" we say genially but firmly.

The stout lady tumbles back from the fence.

"She called my son a German swine," she says, pointing an accusing finger at the lady in white, "and 'im been twice wounded and once gassed."

One felt that the lady in white lacked discrimination in abuse.

"I called 'er a German swine," protests the lady in white.

"We got evidence ter prove it," says trousers plus braces.

"You - called - my - son - a - German-swine," says Frock Coat with tremendous emphasis. "I'm a Briton, I am. I got British blood in me, and when a man stands on my feet I let 'im 'ave it."

"'Er," says the stout lady—"I'll push her face in, I will."

She makes another effort to scale the fence.

"I've got evidence ter prove that she called my son a German swine," says Frock Coat, tapping me confidentially on the shoulder.

"'Oo stole the rent-book?" says the lady in white, suddenly changing the subject.

The stout lady, driven to fury by this remark, tries to flop over the fence. The moment for tact has arrived. I take her and Frock Coat by the arms. "I can't hear what you say because of the wretched noise those people make. Come up the street and tell me all about it."

I walk up the street gripping the stout lady firmly, for I feel that she is the dangerous explosive.

"Now, Mother," I say, when she is at the corner, "why should a respectable lady like you lower herself to speak to a woman like that?"

"Ah, you're a gentleman, you are. You see 'er in 'er true colours at once." She begins a lurid biography of the lady in white—who ought, I feel, to have been dressed in red. Frock Coat taps me on the shoulders after each statement and says, "I got evidence ter prove it."

"We was talking it over in bed," says the stout lady, "and it come over me that I must get up and tell 'er what she was. Calling a wounded 'ero a German swine!"

"We got evidence ter prove it," persists Frock Coat.

"Well, Mother, suppose you go back to bed. If you touch that woman and she gives you in charge, I'll have to run you in. Now it would pain me awfully to run in a lady like you."

"I'm a Briton," says Frock Coat. "I got a Briton's feelings and evidence."

"And a weak ches'," says the stout lady.

I jump at the point. "Out on a cold night like this. What will you say to your brave son, Ma, if his father gets pneumonia?"

"Albert, go in at once," orders the stout lady.

The stout lady pauses on the doorstep. "To-morrer, I'll go round and tell 'er jus' what you said about 'er, an' smash 'er bloomin' winders."

I wait for my colleague. He comes up radiating tact.

"What did you do with the others?"

"Oh, told them not to get mixed up with a low lot like that. Now they're safe in bed."

"The other lady's going round to smash their windows to-morrow."

"That's all right," says my unscrupulous colleague. "We're not on duty then. Wonderful what a bit of tact does."

We pace the darkened streets meditating on the advantages of tact.

"PI."

(An Indian Dog.)

Up in the hills, some seasons ago,
A half-caste dog-thief had me on show;
And you'd never suspect, to see me now,
That I went those days by the name
of "Chow";
Irish and Airedale and more am I,
But mostly bazaar-dog—call it "pi."

Black of coat with a vest of white
And nothing about me approaching
right,
An Irish head and a curling tail,
And legs that haven't been drawn to
scale;
So I was when the man came by
And, knowing his business, bought
this pi.

I'm not very clever; I do no tricks;
I sleep and swallow enough for six;
And when we go out on the hunt for
jack
I'm always in at the tail of the pack;
But I've still got teeth for him who'd
try
To burgle the house in charge of the pi.

English dogs, six months in the year,
Look at me sniffing and say, "What's
here?"
But my reply to each lordly pup
Is "Patience, my lad, till the days
heat up."
Then short is their breath and gla
their eye,
But I'm quite happy—for I'm a pi

When your terrier's down with a score
of ills
And retriever and spaniel must off to
the Hills,
When the Memsahib's gone and the
punkahs play
And the nights are longer and worse
than day,
Into my kingdom then come I,
And Master says, "Thank God for
the pi."

We boast no morals, we claim no birth,
And our figures are often a source of
mirth;
But we're always cheery, we don't go
wrong,
We'll love you kindly and love you
long;
And you'll find out here that it's best
to buy
The dog of the country—and that's
the pi.

"Charming old Smuggler's Cottage, modernised (Kent); suit officer's wife."

Morning Paper.

But if we are to gather that the fascinating owner goes with the premises the officer, especially if he is a Custom House Officer, might have other views.



A PROMISING TRENCH FIGHTER.

Instructor. "FLYNN, YE'VE NOT BEEN ATTENDING. WHAT DO YE KNOW, NOW, WITH ALL THE INSTRUCTION I'M AFTHER GIVING?"
Private Flynn. "OCH, WELL, I KNOW IF YE'D WANT TO HIT A MAN OVER THE HEAD, IT'S THE THICK END YE'D BE DOIN' UT WITH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

OBVIOUSLY at this time there is very little now to be said about so established a classic as Sir SIDNEY LEE'S *Life of Shakespeare*. One can but give it the salute to which its rank and record entitle it. The occasion of the salute is its reappearance, revised and enlarged by the author, and equipped by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER in the attractive bravery of reset type. Since the first edition appeared in November, 1898, Shakespearean research has been both active and fruitful; the resulting fresh knowledge, gained by Sir SIDNEY himself or by the follow-workers to whom his Preface pays tribute, has been embodied in the present volume. Especially is this the case with the documents that elucidate the stage-history of the Elizabethan era. There is also a fund of highly interesting information derived by the author while the volume was in course of preparation from the archives at Stratford and from the wills at Somerset House of SHAKESPEARE'S Stratford friends. An examination of them seems one of the things that one is astonished to hear no one else had previously thought of doing. Anyhow, here are the results, adding greatly to the value of a book of which the publishers state their belief that it "makes a direct personal appeal at this period of British history to every reader of British nationality." And so say all of us! Presumptuous as it may appear to question the annexation policy of the official poetry department at Berlin, the undeniable fact remains that, in spite of all posthumous temptations, the author of *Henry V.* remains an Englishman. So Sir SIDNEY LEE'S reminder of this comes, especially at the season of book-buying for Christmas, at a timely hour.

Through a long cheerful life Lord REDESDALE has known more of men and cities than did ULYSSES. He has studied both with keen eyes, and is happily gifted with a picturesque style that presents his recollections in vivid form. He is old enough to have seen LOUIS PHILIPPE strolling along the terrace of the Tuilleries. He knew Countess CASTIGLIONE, whose vaporous drapery, displayed at a ball at the Tuilleries, shocked the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. He saw the funeral procession of the Duke of WELLINGTON and the fight between HEENAN and SAYERS. He was at Eton in HAWTREY'S time and at Oxford in PUSEY'S. He shot four buffaloes in the Far West and played the cornet at the HANDEL Festival. He was an intimate friend of KING EDWARD VII., to whose memory he devotes an illuminating chapter. He knew ABD EL KADER, the famous Arab chief who fought France for years. He was intimate with RICHARD BURTON and looked in upon BRIGHAM YOUNG at Salt Lake City. One of the most charming of his personal recollections recalls a visit to GARIBALDI at Capri. In a brief sentence he strikes the keynote of the Liberator's character: "Simplicity combined with great dignity." He was on intimate terms with WHISTLER, CARLYLE, ROSSETTI, FREDERICK LEIGHTON, DISRAELI, Lord HENRY LENNOX, Lord WOLSELEY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Here is a marvellous, perhaps unique, portrait gallery. Round it linger vivid *Memories*, which Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish in two portly volumes. Temptation to

quote is hard to resist, but space in Mr. Punch's Booking Office is limited. One quotation appreciated by the Young Men seated to-day round the Old Mahogany Tree, under whose shade F. C. B. for many years presided, must be given. Writing of schoolmates at Eton Lord Redesdale says: "I must mention Sir Francis Burnand, who for so many years led the merriment of the nation. Did I talk of memories? Here at least is no memory, but a Happy Thought, for he still lives as gay, as bright, as laughter-loving and laughter-compelling as when he was a Fourth Form Boy. He remains the real *Peter Pan*, the boy who will never grow old." Of his many lifelike portraits the most attractive is that of the author himself. Undesignedly he makes the reader acquainted with a light-hearted, straightforward, resourceful man with a keen sense of humour. Of his genial nature it suffices to say that, dealing with a multitude of men over the space of 796 pages, he sharply criticises only two. They are wider than Poles asunder. One was Lord John Russell; the other—Oscar Wilde.

Mr. Jeffrey Farnol, deserting the present age, from which he has already extracted so many best-sellers, has now turned his attention to the fruitful fields of historical romance. The accuracy of the history of *Beltane the Smith* (Sampson Low) is a matter that need not detain us; as for the romance Mr. Farnol's countless admirers will not need to be told that this is laid on with no niggardly hand. There are fights and escapes, tortures and love-making to satisfy the most exacting; everything in short that the public demands from its costume-fiction Mr. Farnol sees that it gets in good measure. Even the chapter-headings begin with that delightful adverb "How," a pleasant trick that has thrilled me since I first met with it in *Windsor Castle*. I need not conduct you through all the tale of *Beltane's* adventures. There's lots and lots of it; beginning with "How Beltane lived within the Greenwood" (mark me that word "Greenwood!") and ending with "How they came to Pentavalar City," and "in the moonlit dusk she gave her lips to his." But of course before this happened there was the villain, a right caitiff varlet named *Pertolepe the Red*, to be overcome in fair fight, then spared with that super-sportsmanship that always sways the hero in the early chapters of books of this sort, then to gain, as villains will, a temporary but terrific ascendency and finally—but I must not discount the satisfaction of that finally. In short a pleasant yarn of its not very unfamiliar kind; and if at times you feel that its wanderings have not taken you further from Wardour Street than, say, Soho Square, this but giveth a heartening sense of security to the timorous. Beshrew me! Master Farnol, but so jocund a screed should be a-printing from now till Candlemas. Marry come up!



A TEMPORARY LAPSE.

Distressed Pessimist. "It's odd—very odd! But somehow, just after dinner I never can get myself to feel as though the Germans would win."

I have not the pleasure of Mr. Alfred Capper's acquaintance, but, after reading his *A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections* (Allen and Unwin), I wish I had; for the impression I get from that book is that he is an extremely good sort and just the man to have by one to while away a dull evening. In the matter of books of reminiscences I am a little exacting. It is seldom that the power of the human "I" is able to hold me. I turn away and browse on fiction. But in Mr. Capper's bulky volume there is an unaffected gaiety which made me feel, when I came to the last page, as if I had been turned out of a cosy club on a winter night after listening to the discursive conversation of a man with a pleasant voice, a wide experience of men and cities, and a keen sense of humour. In his capacity of Thought-reader Extraordinary to the civilised world, Mr. Capper has been everywhere, met everybody, and seen everything; and the cream of his memories is contained in this book. Both as an entertainer and as a collector of things worth remembering he has had unique advantages, for his is a performance which appeals to every class and nationality; and we have his word for it that he was just as big a success among the Tamil coolies as at Marlborough House. Naturally, thirty years of this sort of thing put a man in an excellent position as a *raconteur*. These are hard times when ten-and-sixpence is ten-and-sixpence, but I think I can conscientiously recommend the investment of that sum in Mr. Capper.

In a world of flux and uncertainty it is good to be able to count on something; more particularly as in London, in the month of December, one assuredly cannot count upon the rising of the sun. But that "C. E. B." will have a copy of verses in *The Evening News* is beyond question. Come rain, come shine, there is his punctual Muse, always alert, always pointed, always ingenious and urbane. Such of the verses by "C. E. B." (who is also, be it known, "Touchstone" in *The Daily Mail*) as bear upon the War he has now collected in a little shilling volume entitled, *Fife and Drum* (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), and I have found them as excellent in their re-reading as when I conned them first. May their author long continue to be one of the marvels of his age!

The *Catalogue of Christmas Books*, which has been issued co-operatively by the Publishers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, is designed to help the public to a choice of books of the year or of the season and to remind them of the best standard works. Booksellers, especially in the country, have long been in need of a representative catalogue of saleable books, and here they have it in a most seductive form, admirably arranged and delightfully illustrated. It is to be supplied to the retail trade at a small fraction of its actual cost for free distribution to the public; so nobody has any excuse left for not buying the best books that are to be had.

Commercial Modesty.

From a brewer's advertisement:—

"No order for less than one dozen bottles can be accepted. It will therefore be necessary for our Half-Dozen Customers to forward their instructions each fortnight."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"HALF-HOUR'S GRACE FOR DRINKS WITH MEALS."

Morning Paper.

This seems rather long for grace—even with drinks!

So great was the anxiety in Berlin to hear the CHANCELLOR'S speech that seats in the public galleries of the Reichstag were at a premium. At Westminster, on the contrary, the public will not listen to peace at any price.

***

PRESIDENT WILSON'S Message to Congress, in its denunciation of traitors in the United States and its avoidance of names (German or other), reminds one of the Perthshire Highlander who had had a quarrel with the Duke of ATHOLL at Dunkeld. On going home he narrated his interview with his Grace in forcible and picturesque language. "But surely," said the guidwife, "ye didna say a' that tae the DUKE?" "Na, na," said the worthy, "she only stood in ta middle o' ta street and swore at lairge."

***

A subscriber to *The Newport and Market Drayton Advertiser* complains of the activities of the Censor, to whom he attributes the fact that all that was left in that journal of a portrait-group of the officers of a well-known regiment was a few faint smudges. We rather think that the official blue pencil slipped and what he really meant to obliterate was a statement on the same page that "Peace can only be permanent if the Kaiser is removed—by Edgar Wallace." Our authors ought to be spared these incitements to assassination.

***

Extract from a soldier's letter (forwarded by Censor): "They are sending intoxating shells over to the germans now. i supos thats where our rum issue is going. and then they talk about no treating in England."

***

Mr. KNIGHT'S explanation of his unfortunate candidature in the Cleveland Division is that, being forbidden by the Liquor Control Board to "stand SAMUEL," he had to stand himself.

***

On learning that Marshal VON HINDENBURG had told a newspaper-man that war was suiting him "like a seaside-trip," Grand Admiral VON TIRPITZ is said to have remarked that, for himself, war suited him like an inland excursion.

***

If our stockings are empty this Christmas we shall at any rate know whom to blame for it. The Germans have taken to eating reindeer, and a first consignment of 6,000 animals has been slaughtered in Sweden and sent across the Baltic. It will be hard for Santa Claus to raise a team for his sleigh.

***

Three Justices of the King's Bench were engaged one day last week in de-[illegible]g whether a colliery pumpman was rightly convicted of aiding and abetting a vendor of refreshments in breaking the Sunday Observance Act, passed in the reign of KING CHARLES THE SECOND of pious memory, by purchasing three pennyworth of sweetmeats. And yet there are parsimonious people who say we have too many judges.

***

Answer to Correspondent:—Yes, the great DELANE was only twenty-three when he became Editor of *The Times*; but he was not the BOY-ED whom the Americans are dispensing with.

***

We are tempted to wonder whether Mr. ROOSEVELT knew what he was talking about when he described the Presidential message as "worthy of a Byzantine logothete." Byzantine is the last adjective that applies to Dr. WILSON, and a logothete was not a "word juggler," as at least one of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S commentators supposes, but an official who might be described as "Secretary to the Treasury."

***

As a proof of the rigours of the Macedonian winter a correspondent at the British Headquarters states that ink froze in fountain pens. Even the Censor's pencils looked quite blue.

***

The attempt of the advocates of a 'Business Government" to capture the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S seat as a protest against the new liquor regulations recalls a famous cross-examination:—

Counsel. Are you a heavy drinker?

Witness. That's my business.

Counsel. Any other business?

***

Tommy's father had gone to the Front, and his much-loved Uncle Geoffrey had a post in the War Office. This was Tommy's prayer: "God bless dear Daddy and bring him home safe from the War; and God bless Uncle Geoffley and bring him home safe from the War Office."

***

It is rumoured that a national economy campaign is to be conducted on the lines of Lord DERBY'S recruiting scheme, and that it will begin with the sending of a letter to every householder deemed to be in a position to economise. This is to be followed up by a personal canvass, conducted by volunteer inquisitors of both sexes; and persons who have made adequate sacrifices will be furnished with a badge in the form of a War Loan voucher. The whole scheme will be explained in a pamphlet entitled, "Social amenities, and how to promote them."

THIS IS NOT AN A.S.C. MAN GUARDING STORES. IT IS MERELY AN AVERAGE INFANTRYMAN WITH THE ORDINARY ALLOWANCE OF COMMODITIES, IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE THE ADVERTISERS' ACCOUNT OF WHAT IS INDISPENSABLE.

A Bird of Good Omen.

"An immense crow that witnessed the arrival of Lord Kitchener at the palace cheered Britain's War Secretary as heartily as it did Mr. Denys Cochin, Minister of France, thus evidencing that the heart of the Greek people is with the Allies."

Montreal Evening News.

"The State Department refuses to announce whether it has determined to revoke the *exequatur* of Dr. von Nuber, the Austrian Consul General in New York."

Morning Paper.

Everybody knows that the Austrians have had a lot of trouble with the Poles, but we had no idea that they had abolished the Equator.

"My Greek informant himself saw a party of Austrian and German gunners starting for Chanak (at the Narrows), and a railway official told him that a battery of German 10mm. guns had recently been sent there."

Morning Paper.

Narrow guns for Narrow places.

"BUCKS.—Unique family mansion, dating back to the VIIIth Century."

Land and Water, Nov. 27th.

"BUCKS.—Unique family mansion, dating back to the XI Century."

Land and Water, Dec. 4th.

Three centuries in one week! It reminds one of C. B. FRY.

CULTURE AND THE COLOSSUS.

["A giant statue of Admiral von Tirpitz, similar to Berlin's Hindenburg, for nailing purposes, will shortly be erected in Wilhelmshafen. . . . The Grand Admiral is posing in uniform, with oilskins, seaboots and sou'-wester . . . holding a telescope in the left hand, while the right is reaching out for his instruments. The eyes are gazing into space, far away over the distant seas, where the heroes of Germany's sea-power carry out his orders . . ."

Wilhelmshafener Zeitung.

The Berlin Academy of Art has protested against the scheme "in the interests of the prestige of our German Art and *Kultur*."]

HIGH o'er the harbour where his squadrons ride
Collecting limpets on their loisured keels,
Snug in their dug-out, safely barred inside
From every wave that chops and wind that squeals
Behold the effigy of TIRPITZ graven
"For nailing purposes" at WILLIAM'S Haven!

Colossal in his oilskins see him stand,
His giant trotters booted for the main;
A telescope employs his larboard hand,
A rude sou'-wester tops his teeming brain,
And, fashioned on a supernatural scale,
His hoary whiskers creak before the gale.

Note, too, the gaze of that Tremendous Tar,
With what a searching eye he scans and scouts
The faint horizon's limits, ranging far
To get his High Sea Navy's whereabouts,
And finds the billowy prospect strangely bare
Because the High Sea Navy isn't there.

Meanwhile he stretches forth, to touch his gear,
A fist to starboard, so by wireless means
To let his views impinge upon the ear
Of any remnant of his submarines,
Bidding their brave commanders work his will,
And try to catch a few more babes to kill.

And worshippers, not waiting till he's dead,
Propose to hammer homage, fore and aft,
Into his frame, from heels to wooden head
(Brass homage for Old Brazen-Face), and graft
A wealth of pimples on the Grand Sea-Rover
With any nails that HINDENBURG leaves over.

What though the pundits of Imperial Art
Lift a protesting academic bleat?
This is the darling of the nation's heart,
Made lovelier by the *Lusitania* feat;
The people cries for nails! let none usurp its
Right to select the fitting meed for TIRPITZ!

O. S.

MY MOUSTACHE.

EVERY day since my papers had gone in I had had a good look at it, morning and evening. When I inclined my head sideways some of it really seemed quite long and bushy; but viewed full-face I must admit it looked somewhat scanty. Still, although its growth was slow it was undoubtedly sure. I occasionally—about 465 times a day—ran the tips of my fingers along it, and none of it rubbed off. I had even pulled it with tweezers, and it had not come out. I showed it to a few chosen friends, and after one had said that nitrate of silver was good for removing moles, and another had observed that all the best nigger-minstrels invariably blacked their ears, too, and I had ultimately explained what it was, they unanimously agreed that it could never be taken for anything but a moustache, though in the long-clothes stage. I knew I felt that by the time I was due to report myself for duty to my C.O. it would not disgrace me.

And now I was actually *en route* for my battalion headquarters at Puddlecombe-on-the-Ooze. Before I had lunched at the railway-station restaurant I had taken a glance at myself in one of the many mirrors the establishment possessed. My moustache was still there, but looking a trifle wasted, I thought, and I began to wonder whether I had moulted any of it on the way without noticing it. However, after I had lunched (and I must own that I did myself exceptionally well) I took a final look in the glass, and to all appearances I was as well equipped as the hairiest Ainu. "I shall not be ashamed of *that*, at least," I said to myself as I settled down in a corner of the carriage for my three-hours' journey to Puddlecombe.

* * * * * * *

"What's that dirty mark on your lip?" roared the Colonel suddenly as I was in the middle of explaining to him who I was.

"That's what puzzles me," remarked the Adjutant before I could reply. "I asked him about it, and his answers were suspiciously—well, to say the least of it, suspicious." I started with surprise. I could swear that the only remark made to me by the Adjutant had been, "And how are they all at home?" However, I let that pass.

"It's intended to be a moustache, Sir," I began.

"I don't care what it's intended to be," snapped the Colonel. "The question is, is it or is it not what it is?"

"Yes, Sir, it isn't—that is to say, No, Sir, it is," I stammered, astounded beyond measure at the extraordinary importance the Army apparently attached to moustaches.

"Well, it's a precious poor one, whichever it is—or is not, as the case may be. What's your opinion?" he asked, turning to the Adjutant.

"Quite so," said the latter. "Indeed, one might say even more so."

"Just so," said the Colonel. "Now let's get to the bottom of this matter. Where did you get it from?"

"I grew it," I replied in astonishment. "All by myself," I added, as if pleading extenuating circumstances.

"His parents did not help him with it, I can vouch for that," observed the Adjutant pleasantly.

"What seed did you use?" asked the Colonel.

"The very best, I assure you, Sir," I answered in desperation, as I began dimly to wonder if there was some War Office fertilizer I ought to have used and through ignorance had omitted to do so.

The Colonel approached me with a magnifying-glass in his hand. "Why, it's skewbald!" he cried. "Some of it's brown, some of it's flaxen, and—bless my soul!—some of it's ginger. You grew it in a pot! Why on earth didn't you bed it out?"

I racked my brains for some reminiscence of the law governing the billeting of moustaches on private individuals.

"King's Regulations, page 993," muttered the Adjutant.

"I won't have him," raved the Colonel, resuming his seat. "I won't have an officer that looks like a By the by, what's the fellow's name?"

I was about to tell him who I was when the Adjutant said, "Charlie Chaplin."

"Excuse me, Sir," I put in hastily, "it's nothing of the sort. It's——"

"Do you mean to insinuate," said the Colonel angrily, "that the Adjutant doesn't even know your name? I shall have you conducted to the padded mess-room, and the M.O. shall remove your moustache, hair by hair, and wozzle 'em."

I hadn't the faintest idea what he meant, but it sounded dreadfully degrading. I thought of my mother and sisters,



THE TUG OF PEACE.



Tommy (to his prisoner). "Do you understand English?" *German.* "I a leedle undersdand."
Tommy. "Well, then, blimey! you try an' 'op it, and you won't 'alf bloomin' well cop it!"

and how proud they were of me. If I had only had an aunt or a grandmother I feel almost sure I should have thought of her too.

"Wozzle them, Sir?" I could only repeat blankly, a horrible grinding sound coming from the direction of the Adjutant, who was busy at a cupboard in the corner of the room. He was obviously getting the wozzler ready.

"Wozzle 'em was what I said," shouted the Colonel.

"*Wozzle 'em!* WOZ-zleham Junction! Change here for Puddlecombe, Sir," said the Guard, putting his head in at the window.

THE PRESS IN WAR TIME.

We observe that a German Professor has just issued a manifesto imploring the public not to destroy old newspapers. We have no doubt the German people will obey the Professor; they would never have been where they are had they not obeyed their professors. And yet—and yet the temptation to destroy some of the German newspapers must be very great.

The idea seems to be to use them for bedding for cattle, and we hastened to consult our Agricultural Expert, whom we encountered fortunately on our annual visit to Smithfield. He gave us the following notes:—

In my opinion the thing seems all right, but it won't be very comfortable. I notice however that, as the Professor warms to his work, a wider vision opens before him, and he suggests that papers might also be used as fodder, so that, after having fed the mind of man, they would go on to nourish the bodies of his dumb friends, and ultimately be "turned into steaks."

We may as well admit that, if it can be made to work, along with the parallel scheme for feeding pigs on cinders and poultry on cigar-ends, the collapse of Germany may still be far distant. On paper the cattle may do all right, but in practice difficulties are sure to arise. In the first place the censorship will have to be much more strict than it is if awkward facts in the situation are not to become the common gossip of the shippens. There have been many references in the German Press to a general slaughter of stock, with a view to preserving the grain supply; this might easily create a panic and put a whole herd off its feed.

Then again—especially in finishing beasts for the fat-stock markets—the most careful consideration in the matter of diet would be necessary. I shrewdly suspect that some of our own newspapers, which have already been accused of helping the enemy, may find their way into the troughs of the Fatherland. Failing that, a daily ration of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* might be recommended, with courses of *Vorwärts* at intervals as a sedative. But something more stimulating would be needed in the later stages, the *Berliner Tageblatt* perhaps. As a final dose nothing could possibly be better than a bale of the Kaiser's telegrams to Tino. These would have to be taken with a block of Attic salt.

The experiment will be watched with interest by agriculturists. It may be that at the German Smithfield—if there is such a thing—the patriotic prize-winner of the future will be announced as "Prime: Paper Fed." And at the least it is a happy way of disposing of any scraps of paper which may have threatened to interfere with the Kaiser's Destructive Sword.

OUR "HELPFUL" SERIES.

No. V.—Economy.

(*After the style of Mr. Arnold Bennett, at it again in "The Daily News."*)

Now that I have rolled over my opponents—in spite of their references to my fiction—on the question of Invisible Imports it is clear that we must get on to some other topic. From my unique correspondence I judge that there are still some people who don't understand the argument for war economy. I will therefore restate it and show them in a moment just exactly how it is.

To economise is to save money.

Money is saved by doing without things—not by adding to one's expenditure.

If we all economise faithfully we shall not spend so much money as we did before.

If these facts were understood there would be less confusion in the public mind than there is, despite the fact that human nature is human nature.

There are two ways of economising—the compulsory and the optional; that is to say the forced and the voluntary. Forced economy may involve a good deal of inconvenience. Voluntary economy might have the same effect were it not that human nature is human nature. (You can always get out of it that way.)

I will now explain where economy is reasonably to be expected.

(*a*) Rent.—Nothing doing here. I blame landlords for the state of affairs, and I blame building societies and mortgagees. Everyone is to blame, but the upshot is that unless the thing were organised on a large scale no results could be expected. If we all moved into smaller houses and the present large houses were allowed to stand empty for a bit, rents for big houses would come down with a run—and then we could all move back. But that demands unanimity.

(*b*) Food.—Optional economies might possibly be brought about. But I doubt it. You see human nature is—— The waste is awful, I admit, for that very reason. To this day all meat is overcooked in Great Britain—every time. To this day potatoes are allowed to stand in cold water before being boiled. To this day toast crusts are cut off before it is served. To this day, and to this hour bananas are eaten without their skins. Our ignorance of the art of feeding is profound and shocking. And you may be sure that a nation capable of these grotesque follies will never economise in food. Why should they? So that is no good.

(*c*) Dress.—Well, we don't spend much on clothes. All women spend far too little, which is a grotesque folly, profound and shocking. I am convinced that there are not enough and never have been enough new gloves in circulation. The duty to economise in dress is a very urgent one; but let us begin by trying to spend enough, when we may hope to have something reasonable to work on in making proper reductions. And mark you, the spectacle of streets full of shabby people, of ill-groomed men in taxi-cabs and dowdy women at matinées—— No, no! It must not be. It would adversely affect our spirits. It would play the deuce with our *moral*. Nothing can possibly be done in this department. (See "Helpful" Series No. IV.—"Moral.")

(*d*) Domestic Service.—No; it looks attractive but it can't be done. You can only dismiss a servant by shutting up part of your house. And you cannot in practice shut up part of a house. It is sure to burst open again, as long as human—— Any economy on these lines is ultimately uneconomical.

(*e*) Travel.—Great misapprehension exists on this point. It is erroneously supposed that money can be saved by travelling less and travelling cheaper. Don't you believe it. I can see no earthly reason why those of us who have been accustomed to travel first-class should not continue to do so. Nay more, I hold that those who used to go third might well try the experiment. Why not? The money is simply transferred to the railway company, and you may be sure that the railway company will use it to the best possible advantage, whereas if you keep it you are pretty certain to chuck it about in some ridiculous manner. The same argument applies generally. You are quite safe in buying the best cigars, as your tobacconist is sure to be a less reckless spender than you are. Again, what about motors? We read of pleasure-cars. No one ever spoke of a pleasure-dog-cart. Have we forgotten the days when people used to scorch about the country in dog-carts? No one ever spoke of a pleasure-bus or a pleasure-cab. It is pure prejudice. Some say that we should sack our chauffeurs, but that seems to me to be a fallacy. Suppose it were generally attempted. Suppose that Sir Edward Grey drove his own car. What should we think of the spectacle of our Foreign Minister down on his hands and knees in the mud of Whitehall looking for a puncture—while the Greek Minister was waiting for him at his office? I can imagine nothing more destructive of our *moral*.

(*f*) Drinking.—Something should be done here. But it will not be done. The Government seems to have surrendered to the miserable argument that human nature is human nature.

(*g*) Distractions.—I see no objection to dancing. On the contrary a practice which makes so directly for efficiency should not be neglected as it is. Theatres also are being neglected, which is a pity, for we shall live in a horrific void without them. But above all more money must be spent on books. Nothing steadies public opinion and uplifts *moral* like a voracious consumption of recent novels. Reduction of expenditure must not be confounded with true economy.

Here ends my list. The conclusions are, I know, profoundly true. If we all make up our minds once and for all to economise faithfully on the drastic lines here set forth—*we can afford to win.*



Soldier. "This stairway don't seem to me to be moving very fast."

Citizen. "Ah, that's because you've been used to dashing about at the Front on them motors and flying-machines."

A Family Likeness.

Underneath a picture of an Egyptian monument:—

"The face of Ramses II here closely resembles that of his mummy."



Visitor. "How delighted you must have been when you heard your son had won the V.C.!"
Scotch Wife. "O ay! I was pleased enough, but I wasna surprised. He stood up to *me* once!"

A MANOR IN THE AIR.

The stately homes of England have ever numbered some very odd names. Everyone remembers that beautiful Southern retreat whither, to the delight of the wags, Mr. Balfour often journeyed for his week-end holiday—"Clouds," the seat of the Wyndhams. Could there be a much more fascinating name than "Clouds"? And then there is "Wrest," Lord Lucas's Bedfordshire home, now transferred, how suitably, into a hospital for soldiers. And there is that Midland paradise which, in the days of placid even life, the editors of illustrated weeklies always recollected with gratitude when they were short of other pictures—"Compton Wynyates."

But the new name which I have just discovered, and which fills the inward eye with joy, is a house on a smaller scale than these—a manor-house rather than a mansion, perhaps one of the smallest that can be described as a "gentleman's place," but assuredly that. Somewhere in Sussex, Western Sussex.

It is not near the station, and to reach it you walk or drive along winding roads just now sodden with rain, but smelling of the good wet Sussex leaves and mast and soil, with the Downs rising not too many miles away in the South. Then a turn into a narrow lane, with the bare trees of a copse on either side and a scurrying pheasant in front of you, and behold the white gate! There is no lodge—the house is just too small for that, as you can now see for yourself, for there it is, under the protection of the wood that rises behind it, so quiet and self-contained that you almost gasp.

Very old it is, but good for many years more. The frame is of timber and plaster, and a Horsham stone roof. These stones are a little damp and moss-covered (for our ancestors insisted on building in a hole, or where would Friday's fish come from?), and the place is as Tudor as Queen Bess herself, in whose reign its foundations were dug. The chimney stacks, all smoking with the thin blue smoke of logs, are of tiny Tudor bricks, and the chimneys are set not square with the house but cornerways. A long low façade with the central door in a square porch; the whole grave but serene.

A path of more Horsham stone leads to the door, with thyme and lavender springing from the interstices undismayed by the feet of man, and smooth lawns on each side, and under the diamond-paned windows a bed where in summer would be night stock and lemon verbena and tobacco plant and mignonette. On the roof a few white fantails; a spaniel near the door; and a great business of rooks in the sky. Through the windows of the lower rooms you see the greenery at the back of the house and a suggestion here and there of books and pictures—everything that makes a house a home.

Beside the house on the right are the stables; and on the other side a dark shrubbery, and beyond that more lawns and gardens and the fish-pond.

Do you see it? Perhaps you have already seen it differently: for how could you help forming some mental picture of it when in every carriage on the L. B. & S. C. R. is posted up the notice, "Passengers to Lower Blinds"?

To me "Lower Blinds" is just such a manor-house as that.

Stellenbosched?

"General leaving through war, nearly 5 years' character."—*Morning Paper.*

Austrian official report:—

"A memorial service was held on December 2 by our troops in the sandjak of Novi Bazar and Mitrovitza, the population enthusiastically participating."

Manchester Evening News.

There is no reason to doubt the truth of this statement.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXI.

My dear Charles,—You should drop in one of these evenings at "A" Mess, just to see the odd collection of specialists who go to make up our company. These are the people who have the Bright Ideas.

First there is the Colonel, whose business in life is horses, Sir. He is a soldier of the old school, courtly and kind till it comes to a matter of business with a regimental transport officer. Then he develops a nasty suspicious side to his nature, no doubt calling to mind the affair of a certain "horse, draught, one" of earlier days of the campaign. Once upon a time the Nth Division (let us say) found itself the possessor of a horse which it did not love, but which would not die. Being wise in his generation the officer in charge very wickedly prefixed another number to that already there before he turned the beast adrift. In due course the Colonel became aware of the irregular existence somewhere in France of a horse marked NNth Division (let us say) and behaving in a suspicious manner; and, also in due course, the NNth Division got to hear of the same thing and of the Colonel's pained surprise in the matter. The responsible person was invited to explain it and not to be deterred from putting the explanation in writing by the fact that it would certainly be used in evidence against him.

Now it happened that the NNth Division had not at that time left England, but were none the less ready on that account to oblige the Colonel. They were prepared to furnish any number of explanations, but for the moment regarded the following as the most attractive:—"The horse, draught, one, feeling bitterly that the establishment of the NNth Division was complete without it, had trotted away from Aldershot (possibly in high dudgeon), made its way to Folkestone, jumped off the pier while the M.L.O. was snatching a hasty but well-deserved meal Elsewhere, grounded at or near the B in Boulogne, been shaken off the drops, strolled up-country to have a look at the trenches, taken a foolish dislike to the latter, galloped back again, boarded a train for Marseilles, and when apprehended was doubtless intending to proceed thence to some place unknown." This minute was not made more welcome to the Colonel by the remark upon it of an old enemy through whom it was passed:—'For your guidance, please."

Then we have a most diabolical Captain known as Patent Processes. There is only one man in the Mess of sufficient intellect to take part in his highly technical conversations, and that is the Lieutenant, in the same business but the other side of it, known as Antidotes for Same. They are rarely in complete harmony, but recently they combined to beg, borrow or steal a horse off the Colonel. This put the Colonel, always anxious to encourage youth and energy, in a fix; as he said, you supply one sort of horse for riding purposes and another for experimenting on. They, of course, could be no more explicit with him than I am being with you, for, as we all now know so well "*les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent.*"

Then there's Eliza, a very necessary euphemism (as you'll agree) for his technical description, Liaison Officer. You are not going to be told even what his business is; no one is allowed to know that. We suspect that he is kept in the dark himself. Whatever it is, he carries it about with him on his long journeys in a little bag. I have only managed to see that open once, and then he was helping himself to a piece of chocolate out of it. However, he never fails to bring back with him at night the very latest news from the very highest authority. He hints at it, behind closed doors, in the most discreet of whispers; and sure enough there it is in next morning's paper, officially denied.

Don't let yourself be deceived by the dignified bearing and intellectual refinement of Captain ——. He will discuss with you diplomacy and the fine arts; he will condescend, in an academic vein, to remark upon the nuances of feminine fashions, but on the whole he will leave you under the impression that the principle of his existence is *noblesse oblige*. Nothing of the sort: he's the Inspector of Army Ashpits. There never was a rubbish tip in the area but he must needs get to the bottom of it. We call him "Sue," which is short for sewage.

Next comes the General Staff Officer. The hurried nature and inconvenient times of his meals induced us for a long time to look upon him as a busy man, but now Lord St. Davids has shown him up. We therefore assume his timetable to be:—9 a.m. to 1 p.m., beer and bridge; 2 p.m to 5, cocktails and piquet; 5.30 to 7.30, whisky and auction; 8.30 to closing time, wine, women and song. Those solitary nights he spends on duty are given to absinthe and the more vicious forms of patience. Is it not all very, very sad? To the casual observer looking in, a General Staff office looks like a particularly dull insurance office always working overtime, instead of which it is, of course, a sink of iniquity, the female portion of which is cleverly disguised as unattractive and not too well-dressed Staff Sergeants.

Last, but not least, comes the Camp Commandant, whose lot it is to do adjutant over us, amongst others. The other day, in performance of his duty, he posted a notice in the Mess:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. Humber, *Capt.*,
Camp Commandant.

For some days the only result was as follows:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. Humber, *Capt.*,
Camp Commandant.

One. H. H. Humber, *Capt.*

Even that failed to encourage the others, and this was the complete text of the notice when last seen:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. Humber, *Capt.*,
Camp Commandant.

One. H. H. Humber, *Capt.*

Thank you.

H. H. Humber, *Capt.*,
Camp Commandant.

Last night we had a guest, a most engaging Colonel of one of the new units. His youth was spent soldiering, his middle age in commerce. His full maturity finds him in his element again. He said he wasn't feeling quite himself at the moment, having that morning had on the carpet (the Orderly Room carpet) his own bank manager. War is war and platoon commanders must be treated as such if the rifle-barrels of their platoons don't shine bravely through the rain. "Understand clearly," he said, "if this happens again you're for it, and you can do what you like about my confounded overdraft."

It's a hard life for an old soldier," he told us, but the old soldier doesn't set about to make it harder. On receiving summary orders from the War Office to report for duty, his first action had been to issue equally summary orders to his private *chef* to the same effect. He kept the fat, jovial but thoroughly surprised fellow by him while the Testament was sent for, and himself swore him in then and there. And so, within a few hundred yards of the Hun, the good cook continues daily to produce divine novelties from tins of bully beef and plum-and-apple jam. He takes his revenge for forced marches by wearing on all occasions a faded straw hat with his uniform, laughing at all threats of imprisonment. "I hate punishing my men," said the Colonel. "Quite," said we.

Yours ever, Henry.

OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE FRONT.

[This modest gentleman, feeling that the only flaw in his snapshots is the unavoidable omission of his own figure, has asked to have the story of his courage illustrated in black-and-white.]



I HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN REACHING THE FIRING-LINE.



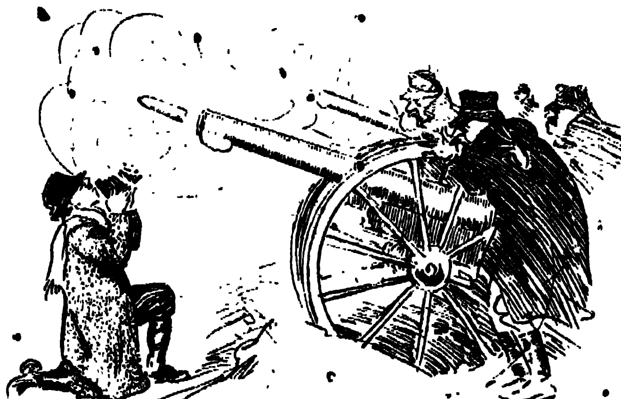
IT WAS LUNCH-TIME WHEN I ARRIVED, AND I GOT A GOOD PICTURE OF THE TRENCH METHOD OF TAKING REFRESHMENT.



HOWEVER, I WAS ORDERED AWAY BY A WELL-KNOWN V.C.



HAVING TAKEN PART IN THE SPIRITED CHARGE OF THE ——THS,



I PROCEEDED TO THE FRENCH LINES, WHERE I OBTAINED A UNIQUE SNAP OF SHELL ACTUALLY LEAVING GUN.



I WAS THEN ARRESTED. MY GUARDS WERE OF THE FAMOUS ——TH REGIMENT.



ORDERED BY AN EMINENT COLONEL TO BE SHOT, I WAS ABLE TO SNAP HIM IN THE VERY ACT OF PASSING SENTENCE.



THANKS TO THE COURTESY OF CAPTAIN —— I WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE MY LAST PICTURE JUST AS THE ORDER TO FIRE WAS BEING GIVEN . . . PLEASE NOTE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF REPRIEVE.



A MATTER OF COURTESY.

GALLANT HIGHLAND OFFICER TAKING A LADY VOLUNTEER'S SALUTE.

THE AUSTRALIAN.

["The bravest thing God ever made."—*A British Officer's opini*

THE skies that arched his land were blue,
 His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,
And yet from earliest hours he knew
 The tides of victory and defeat;
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,
 From red droughts ravening while he played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

The bugles of the Motherland
 Rang ceaselessly across the sea,
To call him and his lean brown band
 To shape Imperial destiny;
He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,
 The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

We know—it is our deathless pride!—
 The splendour of his first fierce blow;
How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
 He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!
And none who saw him scale the height
 Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would rob him of his title-right—
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

Bravest, where half a world of men
 Are brave beyond all earth's rewards.
So stoutly none shall charge again
 Till the last breaking of the swords;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
 Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
 "The bravest thing God ever made!"

W. H. O.

In a Good Cause.

MR. PUNCH begs to remind his gentle readers of the great and not very difficult service they can do to our gallant Soldiers and Sailors, whose worst enemy is boredom, if they will collect all the Magazines and Books which they can spare for the need of the Camps Library (Sevenpenny Editions are in great request), and simply hand them, unwrapped and unlabelled, over the counter of the nearest Post Office. No postage need be paid.

In the Cradle of the Deep.

"Admiral Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet, celebrated his second birthday yesterday, in keeping watch over the enemy's vessels."—*Southern Daily Echo.*

"Mr. Villiers told the audience the circumstances of an exciting adventure when he was taken for a German spy, by a French gendarme. The same morning three German spies had been shot. So he told the gendarme how he was an Englishman and a friend of their Mayor's, but it was only when he presented the gendarme with a note for 25 centimes that he got his release."—*Hull Times.*

We gather that the gendarme was a stamp-collector.



AN EMPTY VICTORY.

Imperial Sculptor. "I WANT YOU TO SIT FOR MY COLOSSAL FIGURE OF 'VICTORY.'"
Germania. "YES, SIRE. MIGHT I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 6th.—As usual, lion's share of Questions fell to lot of Under-Secretary for War. Also as usual, Tennant's replies were excellent alike in substance and manner.

The art of answering Questions satisfactorily not easy of full attainment. A Minister, especially one of junior rank and of age known at the War Office as "eligible," must avoid pertness, but should be able occasionally to gratify the almost infantile desire of House to be amused. He must be frank in statement whilst discreet in measure of information conveyed. In dealing with multiplicity of inquiries, a considerable portion born of personal vanity or desire for self-advertisement, he must live up, at least in appearance, to the Pauline example of suffering fools gladly. At the same time he must be able at rare intervals to administer sharp rap on knuckles to a pest of the Question-hour who momentarily excels himself.

Tennant too gentle by nature, too courteous by habit, to distinguish himself in last field of action. Other requirements necessary to success in difficult position he daily exhibits, achievement rendered easier by fact that he has modestly won his way to favour of all sections of House, with possible exception of Herr Ginnell, who is inclined to class him with his colleague, the Irish Secretary.

Business done. — Finance Bill further considered on Report. New Clauses introduced by Chancellor of Exchequer.

Tuesday.—Often wondered of late what had become of Stanley Wilson. In days that are no more he was prominent amid group of implacables above Gangway on Opposition side. Theirs not to reason why. On Treasury Bench was a Ministry scheming for Home Rule and other legislative iniquity. Business of group alluded to was to obstruct, if not absolutely stop, their progress. Member for Holderness Division active and sedulous in this patriotic mission. When Might triumphed over Right and Home Rule Bill added to Statute Book he slacked off attendance. Since War began—to-day at least two of his old compatriots are seated on Treasury Bench cheek by jowl with ancient enemy—has disappeared from parliamentary scene.

News comes this morning explaining mystery. Always ready to serve his country in whatsoever capacity Wilson volunteered for service as King's Messenger. As he was coming home, due in good time for Christmas festivities at Tranby Croft, Austrian submarine suddenly popped up. Commander boarded Greek vessel that carried Stanley, his fortunes and his despatches, and bore them off in custody.

House hears with regret of the misadventure. In spite of, perhaps because of, his occasionally boisterous manner Stanley a general favourite. Some consolation found in circumstance that he is the prize of an Austrian crew



A BIRRELLIANT IDEA.

rather than of a German. His treatment during coming festive season may accordingly be more Christmassy.

Business done.—Another uneventful sitting dealing with Finance Bill on Report stage. Half-an-hour after midnight permitted to pass it.

Wednesday.—Much talk in Lobby about Birrell's suggestion that by way of setting example, process more potent than giving advice, Ministers should accept reduction of salaries during continuance of War.

There is closely relevant precedent for self-denying ordinance. More than a hundred years ago, when Pitt with his back to the wall was fighting Napoleon, it was necessary to impose taxation relatively higher than that now cheerfully borne. It occurred to Pitt that it would be a good thing if His Majesty's Ministers contributed to the public exchequer a considerable proportion of money drawn from it in the way of official salaries. Enlisted the King in the good work, His Majesty contributing a sum from the Civil List.

Members keenly interested in Chief Secretary's public utterance on question. They recognise that, like *Captain Bunsby's* sage remarks, "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it." If Ministers relinquish part of salaries hardly earned the crusade of the numerically small, personally influential, section of the Commons who desire to see the Mother of Parliaments relieved from increasingly undignified position will receive irresistible impetus. Members can't go on taking full payment of £400 a year voted to themselves in time of peace whilst they insist on their constituents practising self-denial.

To-morrow the Reichstag meets. Imperial Chancellor expected to indicate terms on which the War Lord may be prepared graciously to grant peace to prostrate Allies. In speech at Guildhall in October last year, Prime Minister plainly indicated terms upon which the Kaiser may have peace. By undesigned coincidence he to-night indicated the latest attitude of the Allies on subject.

"If," he said, "proposals of a serious character for a general peace are put forward, either directly or through a neutral Power, by the Enemy Governments they will be discussed by the Allied Governments."

This intimation is at the service of the Imperial Chancellor for any use he cares to make of it when giving final touch to his speech.

Business done.—Rent Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Premier announces that arrangements have been concluded with Law Officers of Crown for reducing their rate of remuneration during the War.

"That," said Herr Ginnell, "is what I call opening the door to the thin edge of the wedge."

"Has the right hon. gentleman any idea when the Parliamentary Session will come to a close?" asked Mr. Lough. "No, Sir, not the slightest," cheerily answered the Premier.

Business done.—Budget Bill amid mutual congratulations passed Third Reading. Another tight job completed by the passing of Walter Long's Rent Bill through Committee.



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS.

SCENES FROM A REVISED HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. A SEQUEL TO THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

SALE PRICE.

SCENE.—"*The Plough and Horses.*"

"OVER-REACHED 'erself a bit—well, well."

"Do be you 'ludin' to, Luther Cherriman? Friend of yourn?"

"Gi'e 'er a name an done wi' it—that 's what I says."

"'Er name 's well know 'd to all—Annie 'Arbour, that 's 'er name."

"But no partic'lar friend o' anyone 'ere, fur as I knows."

Went to school wi' 'er, I did. Carrotty curls, she 'ad—bit of a know-all then."

"Bit of a know-all still, an' nosey it, so the womenfolk seem to say."

"Still I be fair sorry for the woman now."

"Tell us 'bout it, then."

"Ain't you 'eard?"

"Don't 'ear nothin' of 'er 'cept once in a way. She an' my missus don't see 'xactly eye to eye—that 's 'ow 'tis. Case o' bein' uncommon clever—that 's what 'twas. You all know 'er boy 'listed matter o' three months back—nobody couldn't stop 'im no longer, nor they couldn't."

"Spit o' 'is father, that boy—strong 'ardworkin' chap as ever walked, 'is father were."

"An' died o' a wapse's sting, so they do say. Stung an' dead an' all in less time 'an 'twould take to lift a row o' potatoes."

"Losin' 'er 'usband, same as she did, gi'e 'er a sort o' 'scuse for tyin' that boy o' 'ers to 'er apron-strings."

"Apron-strings not strong 'nough to 'old 'is father's son, though, when it 's war a-callin' 'im."

"They do say as 'is mother's tongue be a thing to flee from, too. 'Tain't as if 'e 'ad a pack o' brothers an' sisters to share it wi' 'im, neither."

"Shouldn't 'a said 'e were old 'nough for full-blown soldier. But time do fly, an' no mistake."

"Nor 'e wasn't old 'nough for part 'e claimed—that 's the way 'twas. But a fine up-standin' lad, an' when 'e gi'e in 'is age as eighteen, if anythin' were thought nothin' weren't asked. Don't do to ask too much in war-time."

"Ask no questionses an' you don't 'ear no lies."

"There you be gettin' on wrong task again, George, same as usual. Lie came first in this 'ere case, an' the question as might have proved it one was left out—that 's all."

"You chaps don't need to arguefy 'bout that. Tell us your yarn, Luther, 'fore it be time to quit."

"It be 'ceedin' simple, what I got to tell. 'Ere be fine up-standin' son, all joggety like to be off, an' 'ere be 'is mother clingin' 'old o' 'im still, like grim death. Yet off 'e goes an' calls 'isself eighteen, 'e does, an' says as 'ow 'e 'd been 'lowin' 'is mother fifteen bob a week, all told. Consequence is 'e gets a man's pay an' 'is mother she gets 'er tidy bit as well. An' to make up for it KING an' country they gets the strongest young chap in these 'ere parts—same as 'is father 'fore 'im, 'oo were a cert'n match for any man, but not for wapses."

"Annie 'Arbour weren't satisfied, though, if I guesses right?"

"You does guess right—an easy guess. Annie 'Arbour, she couldn't rest no'ow wi' 'er son recruitin' an' not a soul to nag at from daybreak to sundown an' round again. So she tried this way an' she tried that for to get 'old o' 'im again, an' not a morsel o' chance did she see. Then all of a sudden it come to 'er, an' she thought she 'd struck it fine."

"'Ow was that, Luther?"

"She devised it all very careful an' business-like, I be bound to say. Got 'is birth certificate down from London, she did, thinkin' to floor th' authorities wi' that most proper. Sixteen, birth



Recruit (who has been kept waiting for medical examination). "YOU'VE KEPT ME WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR OVER FOUR HOURS."
N.C.O. "AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, MY LAD? YOU'VE KEPT US HANGING ABOUT HERE FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS!"

certificate set 'im out to be—all of it in black-an'-white, as solemn as Judgment Day. Authorities couldn't deny it—an' didn't try."

"What did th' authorities do, then?"

"Cut down 'is mother's 'lowance, 'im bein' under age an' not likely to 'ave ever earnt all that 'ere to give 'er. Now she do 'ave to go on workin' for 'er livin', same as rest of us."

"Authorities didn't gi'e 'er back 'er son, though, did they?"

"Knowed a trick worth two o' that, seemin'ly. Th' authorities weren't born yesterday. Kep' 'er son, they did, an' didn't as much as thank 'er for lettin' 'em 'ave 'im at sale price, as you might say."

"Canon Scott Holland will lecture at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, on Wednesday, November 31, at 5 p.m. Subject: 'The Nineteenth Century.'"—*The Challenge.*

Memo. for the lecturer: "Take care of the months and the centuries will look after themselves."

"Mr. Rennie, in drifting away from trade unions, thought some illuminating remarks about women."—*Norwood Review.*

But seems, perhaps wisely, to have kept them to himself.

ROOSEVELT ON WILSON.

(Lines from an unwritten poem).

HE never touches any meat;
Canned beans are what he loves to eat;
He dare not drink his grape-juice neat;
His life-blood has no more of heat
Than you can find in driving sleet.

He thinks in his profound conceit
That he is of the world's *élite;*
He is disgustingly discreet;
His policy, half bluff, half bleat,
Invariably spells Retreat.

I've searched the lexicon of SKEAT
In vain for epithets to treat,
In any manner fit and meet,
This acid prig, inane, effete,
Who sits in mine and LINCOLN'S seat.

So, when I see him on the street,
The pedant absolute, complete,
Fish-like and smug from head to feet,
I long to batter, bash, and beat
This blamed Byzantine Logothete!

Journalistic Candour.

NEW DAYS reflects the new spirit of the times. Never a heavy, dull, lifeless organ of the pseudo-intellectual variety, it is always 'vile.'"—*Advt. in "The Methodist Times."*

"Is it not time that the right of the Mosensteins and the Siegenbergs to become Morleys and Curzons was restricted? We should like to suggest that no naturalised alien should be allowed to assume a new name until his family had borne it for three generations. But we have doubts whether this plan is practical."—*Evening Paper.*

We have great pleasure in sharing these doubts.

"No gift of divination was needed to foresee this move (the invasion of Serbia). In fact it was foreseen months ago, but all warning of it was suppressed by the Censor. And thus the Foreign Office was surprised."
Morning Paper.

The Censor ought to have remembered that Sir EDWARD GREY relies on the Press for all his information.

"If you want a first-class Bloater you can get one from —— & Son. Send postal order for 1s. 6d. We will send package carriage paid."—*Wiltshire Times.*

Who says that there are no bargains to be picked up in war-time?

"Judging by the subscription list, the attendance at this concert will be even larger than at the last, when many were unable to gain admittance."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Let's hope they've enlarged the hall in the meantime.

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

ABOUT 10.30 o'clock on the night of the —th ——er, 19—, I was shivering in my tent and trying to extract a pair of frozen feet from a pair of freezing gun-boots with the help of a tent pole when an orderly dashed in with a message marked "Urgent or ordinary" for my immediate use.

It appeared therefrom that no less a person than —— was going to inspect us to-morrow.

I read on with comparative nonchalance (chalance was out of the question at that temperature) until I came to a bit about Company Commanders. (I was, in a manner of speaking, a Company-Commander at that date. I believe I got an extra sixpence a day for it, on account of the responsibility, you know—or perhaps it was to keep a horse with; anyhow, "Company Commanders," read the message, "will be expected to know everything.")

More words may have followed qualifying even this moderate expectation; but as a matter of fact I suddenly realised just at this point that I was ill—horribly ill; had been for weeks.

With a feeble gesture and a few curt decisive orders I indicated to the orderly that I wished him to hand the message on to the Sergeant-Major. Then I fell back and would have swooned but for—— I can't really think why I didn't swoon. Perhaps because there was no one looking.

There are various ways of squaring doctors. It happened by chance that I had a great number of socks on hand. The strength of a man is his weakest kink. Our doctor's kink is socks. You can't give him enough. He has an idea, apparently not shared by official sources of issue, that socks save the men from frostbite. Anyhow, next day he provided me with a motor-car and a disease—I learned its name by heart—and left another officer with the company to swank before the inspector. I believe in giving some of the younger men a chance.

They brought me gradually here. We arrived at dead of night and took the place by complete surprise. Eventually we were lined up and asked to account for ourselves. I assured them that I was seventy-seven years old, had thirty-two years' service, had been in the country nineteen years and was a Bush Baptist.

The R.A.M.C. Corporal seemed dubious, but allowed me into B Ward. There a sister woke up and inquired what was the matter with me.

I told her.

She seemed incredulous and asked me again.

I repeated my lesson twice, and even then I was sure she didn't believe me.

"Where have you got it?" she asked.

"Here," I said. "I didn't like trusting it to my valise."

She made a disappointed noise.

"Haven't you a card?" she began again.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I've had none printed since war broke out. You see——"

"I mean a card saying what's the matter with you—from the clearing station?"

"No," I said. "No; you see, they couldn't have got it all in on a card, and it wasn't worth writing a letter, as I was coming myself so soon."

She sent me to bed.

Next day the doctor came round. I told him nearly the whole truth.

"Fact is," I said, "the division's 'resting,' and I'm most awfully fed up, and our doc. thought——"

"I see," he said. "How long have you been out?"

I told him.

He was a very sensible sort of doctor.

HECKLEBURY HALL.

A HIGH-CLASS COLLEGE FOR POLITICAL ASPIRANTS.

Principal.

SIR ARTHUR MARKHAM, Bart.,

Assisted by

Professor SIR HENRY DALZIEL.
Professor JOYNSON-HICKS.
Professor SIR WILLIAM BYLES.
Professor PRINGLE.
Professor RONALD MCNEILL.
Professor HOGGE.
Professor ARTHUR LYNCH.
Professor GINNELL.

THE curriculum of the College is specially designed to prepare pupils for a Parliamentary career.

Especial attention is given to shy, retiring and silent boys, with a view to encouraging them to speak and assert themselves on all occasions in a spirit of fearless independence and aggressive importunity.

The dominant note of the College is the Note of Interrogation.

Besides attending lectures by the greatest experts in the Inquisitorial Art, pupils assemble twice a day, at 12 noon and 5 P.M., to take part in a contest which faithfully reproduces the conditions of Question Time in the House of Commons, the professors acting as Ministers and the boys as Members.

Prizes are awarded every term to the pupils who have asked the most embarrassing, the most irrelevant and the most truculent questions.

Lessons in self-defence form an integral part of the curriculum. Classes are held daily in boxing and ballistics (Professor RONALD MCNEILL), fencing (Professor ARTHUR LYNCH), jujitsu (Professor Sir WILLIAM BYLES), Greco-Roman wrestling (Professor JOYNSON-HICKS), and pig-sticking (Professor HOGGE).

N.B.—Ill-tempered, violent and quarrelsome boys are judiciously treated on a new system of intensive culture, so that their idiosyncrasies may be turned to the best possible account.

Testimonials received by the Principal:

DEAR SIR,—Although my son has only been for one term at your College I am glad to say that he has already largely conquered his hereditary bashfulness. Only yesterday he asked his aunt at luncheon, in the presence of the Vicar, how long she had dyed her hair.

Gratefully yours, PAUL PRYOR.

DEAR SIR,—In sending you cheque for next term I wish to express my indebtedness to your admirable method of instruction as illustrated by the progress of my son Jasper. This morning he asked me whether I intended to give him a war-bonus in the shape of an extra shilling a week pocket-money, and when I replied that I must consult my bankers before answering the question, he threw his plate, containing poached egg and bacon, at me with extraordinary accuracy of aim. I attribute this result to the excellent training he has received from your Professor of Ballistics; and beg to sign myself,

Yours truly, CHICKERING PECK.

DEAR SIR,—Before he went to Hecklebury Hall my son was the most backward boy I ever knew. He is now the most forward lad I have ever met. We never know what he will say or do next. He has revolutionised our home life, and my wife seldom leaves her room in the holidays. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully, HADDEN DOONE.

DEAR SIR,—I have no sons, but if I had twenty I would send them all to your school to be turned into Hecklebury Finns. It is the finest product of our times and the only school where the young idea is instructed on the sound principle of being always "agin the Government." Heaven prosper your noble efforts to elevate the practice of Ministerial tail-twisting to the dignity of a high Art, I had almost said a Religion! Why should the Americans have the monopoly of it?

Your admirer, DAMPIER PEEVEY.



Captured German Officer (to English Officer in charge of German prisoners). "YOU FIGHT FOR MONEY; WE FIGHT FOR HONOUR."
English Officer. "AH, WELL! NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO GET WHAT WE WANT, DO WE?"

THE UNIVERSAL PRETEXT.

"IN future," said the restaurant proprietor, "we will have only Colonial and American meat. That will save something."

"But," said the manager, "the difference between English and foreign is to us, who buy so much, very slight, and our customers won't like it."

"They won't know," said the proprietor.

"They'll suspect," said the manager. "What am I to say if they send for me and ask me point-blank?"

"Say?" said the proprietor. "Say that it's English but that the *chef* has cooked it badly. Say that we can't count on the kitchen any more owing to the War."

"Understand," said the tailor to his foreman, "I won't pay any more for labour, not another farthing."

"But it looks as if you will have to," replied the foreman. "There is a scarcity of girls."

"No, I've been bled enough," said the tailor. "If they don't like it they can leave it. We can always get others at the price."

"I doubt it," said the foreman; "and the work will be badly done."

"Never mind," said the tailor. "Everyone makes allowances now. Say it's owing to the War."

"Well," said the brewer, "we're up against it now, what with extra duties and new restrictions. There's nothing for it but more water."

"I doubt if it will stand any more, Sir," said the manager. "It's about as thin as we can make it now."

"Well, you must try something," said the brewer, "and, after all, the houses are tied and we can give them what we like. Do your best."

"I will, Sir; but I think it's a mistake."

"Pooh! who's to object? And we can always lay the blame on the War."

"It's absurd," said the jam manufacturer, "to use so much fruit. Nowadays all that's wanted is the sweetness and the suggestion. Increase the alloy by another fifteen per cent. at least—glucose, swedes, whatever it is."

"Won't that be rather dangerous?" the manager inquired.

"We'll take the risk," said the manufacturer; "but I don't feel nervous. We can always say it's the War.

"What are you making our best Turkish cigarettes of now?" the tobacco magnate inquired.

"The same tobacco as usual," replied the manager.

"Well, don't do it any more," said the magnate. "Mix in at least a third of the No. 3."

"At the same price?" the manager asked.

"Of course. We must get something out of it."

"We had raised the price already," said the manager.

"Well, I wish it," said the magnate.

"They'll probably notice something and kick," said the manager.

"Oh no, they won't. They're prepared for things like that. They'll think it's the War."

And after all, why not? If we have got to have a war, let's make some use of it.

"Trousers, fit 38-in. chest, 5/-."
The Bazaar.

The "lower chest," presumably.

"The sock industry is new to the Isle of Man, and it took some little time to get the work on its feet."—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Possibly the three legs of Manxland accentuated the difficulty.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Francesca," I said, "I'm afraid my cough is no better; wuff-wuff-gruff-ruff-wuff."

"It's your own fault," she said. "If you would only consent to take your cough-mixture regularly you'd have got rid of it long ago."

"Francesca, how can you bring yourself to say such things? I certainly took a good strong working dose yesterday—or was it the day before? Anyhow, I'm sure I took something yesterday, and it hasn't done me a bit of good—gruff-wuff-gruff."

"If," she said, "you want a cough to yield to treatment you must first of all treat it."

"But that's just what I have done," I said. "I've given it all the nice things I could think of. It has had dozens of delectable jujubes, and scores of pastilles, and jars of black-currant jam in hot water; and yesterday I gave it breakfast in bed so as to humour it, and—wuff-gruff-wuff—this is all the return I get for my kindness."

"Well," she said, "you're not the only person in the world who's got a cough. I've got one myself—hack-hock-hank—and it's every bit as bad as yours, only I don't complain about it to everybody. I just bear it."

"No, you don't," I said. "*You* cough it and *I* bear it. It kept me awake for an hour last night."

"Yours kept me awake for an hour and a-half."

"You must be mistaken," I said coldly. "My cough's not the sort that can keep anybody awake except its owner. It isn't a loud cough. It's a gentle cough with a digging movement which is splendidly effective—gruff-gruff-ruff-wuff. Now *your* cough—I'll admit for the sake of argument that you've got one—isn't a real cough at all. It's just a harsh, metallic, choky bark."

"My cough," she said with dignity, "is as nature made it. And, at any rate, I'm using the cough mixture." She poured herself out a dose and drank it down.

"Francesca," I said, "you have great courage. Give me the bottle and let me, too, attack the enemy with this nauseous stuff. There, I've drunk it—wuff-wuff-gruffer-ruffer-wuffer. Bah! it only makes it worse."

"It's made mine much better. I couldn't cough now if I wanted to."

"For heaven's sake," I said, "leave it at that. Let it go. Don't ask it to come back."

"I should be ashamed," she said, "to show such terror of a poor little cough. Compared with your great St. Bernard of a cough mine's only a sort of Yorkshire terrier."

"It's managed to get on my nerves all the same."

"But your nerves," she said, "are such easy ones to get on to."

"Yes," I said, "a child could get on to them, or a curate or a monthly nurse—anything from a boy practising a bugle down to a motor-car."

"And women," she said, "are expected to go through life without nerves."

"Yes," I said, "that's only fair. Women have got to keep the home together, and they couldn't do it properly if they indulged in nerves."

"How anything so irritable as a man could ever manage to be a breadwinner I can't make out," said Francesca.

"We will not pursue," I said, "these investigations into our respective nerve centres. Is anybody else in the house going to have a cough?"

"Well, all the children have got colds, but you've been so wrapped up in your delectables that you haven't noticed it."

"I've noticed that nearly all my handkerchiefs have disappeared."

"Poor dears," she said. "Their own handkerchiefs are so small and so few."

"Yes," I said, "but why do they do them up in balls and leave them on all the armchairs?"

"It's a mute appeal," she said, "to a hard-hearted father. And James has got a bad cold."

"He has," I said; "I've heard him sneezing a good deal more than is compatible with his age and his position as seneschal. Somehow a sneeze and a butler don't seem to fit in together. I suppose the maids are not going to be left out of this."

"Not they. They've caught a nice plump cold apiece. And in a day or two they and James and the children will all be coughing like mad."

"It is," I said, "a most delightful prospect, and all owing to you."

"To me?"

"Yes," I said, "to you. You began it. Every day, when it's about time for the evening paper to be brought in, you start edging nearer and nearer to the library door so as to get first hold on the news."

"There never is any."

"No, but you think there's going to be, and you sit posted up against the draught between the door and the window, trying to look quite purposeless, until the door opens and then away you sail in a tornado of sneezes with the paper in your grip."

"You're a wonderful observer," she said. "You attribute it all to evening papers. Now I attribute it all to tobacco. If you didn't smoke so much you wouldn't be so liable to colds, and if you didn't catch a cold nobody else would—so there!"

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," I said. "Gruff-wuff-ruff-gruffer-ruffer—if I were laid up with measles my belief is you'd put it down to cigarettes."

"And I shouldn't be far wrong," said Francesca. "Hock-hack-hank-hack—you'd better have another go of mixture soon."

R. C. L.



Dealer. "WELL, SIR, OF COURSE YOU MUST TAKE THE 'OSS OR LEAVE 'IM. THERE 'E IS, WITH ALL 'IS IMPERFECTIONS ON 'IS 'EAD, AS THE POET SAYS."

Prospective Customer. "AH, YOUR FRIEND THE POET CAN'T HAVE LOOKED AT HIS LEGS."

"Rome.—The German Peace Assassin thanks the Pope for his work in favour of peace."—*Provincial Paper.*

Another synonym for the KAISER, we suppose.



Daughter. "WHO'S THAT GENTLEMAN, DAD, WALKING ALL ALONE?"
Dad. "THAT'S THE MAN WHO MISSED FIVE WOODCOCKS ONE AFTER ANOTHER—THE ONLY ONES WE'VE SEEN THIS SEASON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO. have been fortunate in starting their new series of *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* with *Delane of "The Times"*; they have been still more fortunate in finding such an exceptionally accomplished biographer as Sir EDWARD COOK. It takes an editor to appreciate an editor—his daily difficulties, his occasional triumphs, his frequent anxieties. With all these things Sir EDWARD has had long and varied acquaintance; and in this admirably-written book he gives us with many a shrewd comment and illuminating sidelight the benefit of his own experience. DELANE, who was almost as particular about the "graveyard" of *The Times* as he was about the leading articles, would have entirely approved his biographer; and the biographer, for his part, could desire no more inspiring subject. JOHN THADEUS DELANE was only twenty-three when JOHN WALTER the Second requested him to succeed the great THOMAS BARNES, who had earned for the paper the title of "The Thunderer." He had had but a year's experience of journalism, yet he accepted the responsibility with the same level-headed confidence that he displayed throughout the thirty-six years of his editorship. Before he was thirty his reputation was secure. He had the confidence of the proprietor and of the innumerable statesmen and other big-wigs with whom he was in daily communication; what was perhaps even more difficult, he had his team of leader-writers (some of whom, like HENRY REEVE, were inclined to kick over the traces) well in hand. His aim was to inform, interpret, and direct that great central body of British opinion on which the fate of Ministries ultimately rests. No personal fads or party prejudices obscured his judgment, and, though he often made mistakes and had to practise "the gentle art of curvature," *The Times* was never long out of sympathy with the national feeling. Fortunate in his proprietors—who regarded the dignity of their paper as more important than its profits—he was able to make the gaining of influence rather than of money his objective; and, as the almost inevitable result, he gained both. Every journalist should read his Life—the old for remembrance, the young for inspiration; but anyone who is interested in the social and political events of the Victorian era will find it as good reading as any novel, and a great deal better than most.

Was there ever a volume of recollections with so little trace of egotism, even to the point of the concealment of essentials, as Mr. RICHARD WHITEING'S *My Harvest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)? But I suppose his idea was to lay stress on the stored, not the sown, grain; on impressions and verdicts rather than happenings, which are only touched upon so far as they are necessary to elucidate. The fastidious phrasing (sometimes perhaps a little obscure in intention) marks the journalist of a long departed school, who, though he makes no particular grievance of it, views with concern the stress and hurry of our day of giant circulations and the queer policies that contrive and sustain them. It is of interest to know that the author of *No. 5, John Street* entered journalism out of craftsmanship—he had been apprenticed to BENJAMIN WYON, "chief engraver of Her Majesty's [QUEEN VICTORIA'S] seals"—*viâ* some sketches in *The Star*, under JUSTIN MCCARTHY, of the alleged impressions of a Coster in Belgravia, meant as a counterblast to

JAMES GREENWOOD'S "Amateur Casual" in *The Pall Mall*. As Special Correspondent in the Paris of 1867; Geneva of the Alabama Convention; Madrid of the Carlist rebellion; Paris again, with the friendship of HUGO and GAMBETTA; America; Berlin in the eighties; Petersburg (that was) with TURGUENIEFF—he has not lived a dull life or given a dull, though, may be, a quiet, reflection of it. The general reticence sharpens our wits to understand the faint allusions and induces a very pleasant glowing sense of intelligence when we succeed, to counteract the chill of disappointment when we fail. One must quote the verdict of "a brilliant Irishwoman" on a certain fantastic countryman of hers who shall be nameless: "You make a great fuss about him. We have a man like that at the cross-roads of every village snacking every passer-by for the benefit of the crowd." And neither this nor the author's own vehemence on the same too much discussed subject is the product of war passions. It is the only touch of spleen in a gracious book, which you may close with the verdict: There goes an honest Radical.

I suppose that detective or spy stories may be regarded as a mild form of intoxicant, and in this case I can promise that you will find *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (BLACKWOOD) an agreeably exhilarating blend. Indeed, I am not sure that its consumption should not be confined to certain restricted hours, say 5 to 6 P.M., or from 10.30 onwards. To begin sipping at it in the morning would certainly be fatal to the day's work. In his pleasant little Preface, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN refers to it as belonging to that type of romance "where the incidents defy the probabilities and march just inside the borders of the possible." There could be no better definition of the wild and whirling adventures that engulph *Mr. Richard Hannay*, from the moment when a supposed corpse walks into his London flat and demands protection till the last breathless minutes when—but I certainly shall not tell you about them yet. At times one may feel in retrospect that the border-line laid down by Mr. BUCHAN has been overstepped; but this is in retrospect only and belongs to the next-morning mood. At the moment the thrill of *Hannay's* evasions and escapes and disguises holds one too fascinated to worry over the question whether they could ever have happened. If I have a criticism, it is that the dressing-up motive is a trifle overworked. But if you should be tempted into some impatience over this let me beg of you to hold on for the sake of the last chapter, which provides a quite original and breath-taking climax. For this alone *The Thirty-Nine Steps* would be well worth your climbing, despite the undeniable steepness of some of them.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

"WOT ARE YER WORRYIN' ABAHT, BILL? CAWN'T REACH MY PIPE."

In *Upsidonia* (STANLEY PAUL) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, abandoning for a time his beloved country-houses and rectories, his squires and parsons and all their pleasant little world, gives us an account of a country in which wealth is a wickedness and often a punishment, and where ungenteel poverty rules the roast and oppresses the opulent. *Mr. John Howard*, who penetrated into this country, was startled and disconcerted by the furious indignation with which a proffered tip of sixpence was repelled by an inhabitant who had all the appearance of a tramp. He was doomed to be still further disconcerted; for when a kind-hearted native attempted to relieve him, for his own good, of his rich watch and chain he naturally pursued the thief, but was himself taken into custody. In Upsidonia a *Mr. Hobson* "had come his biggest cropper over a worked-out silver mine, in which antimony or some such metal was discovered the moment the shares seemed to be worth nothing, with the consequence that they jumped up again to unheard-of altitudes." When this crash came his wife had submitted to wealth with a noble resignation. She had taken a large house and filled it with expensive furniture, had bought silks and laces for herself and had clothed her children in the richest attire, thus taking her punishment like a true woman. Those who desire further and better particulars of this surprising country and of the manners and customs of those who live in it are referred to the book, where the whole scheme is worked out with the greatest ingenuity and just that amount of semi-solemnity which is suited to so Erewhonian a subject. It is a happy essay in grotesque but suggestive topsyturvydom. It may even prove to have a truly practical utility now that we are all bidden to give up half our incomes. But in Upsidonia they wouldn't have let you invest in a War Loan.

A Little House in War-Time (CONSTABLE) ought to be given a roving commission; I mean that it should be found here, there and everywhere, so that one may have a dip into it and pass on. To read it through at a sitting—as I did—is to come to mild loggerheads not so much with the book itself as with AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE'S idea of it. "We trust," they say in a foreword, "our pages may add a little mirth more to the gallant spirit abroad." Well, I discovered very little to make me laugh, but I did find something to refresh and gladden me. In short, when the EGERTON CASTLES are out to be funny they seem to me to leave the bull's-eye unscathed, but when they are telling us of courage in the face of danger, of anxieties nobly borne, or of the beauties and joy of their garden, they hit the centre of the target every time. Without conscious effort they create a bond of sympathy with their readers which is very real and enduring. This is what is called an intimate book, but eyes that are merely curious will get little satisfaction from its pages, its appeal being solely to lovers of a simple chronicle charmingly told.

CHARIVARIA.

SYNTHETIC rubber has once more been discovered, according to a notice issued by the Frankfort University. This time it is attributed to "co-operation between the local professors." It is supposed that they evolved it out of their inner consciences, which are notoriously elastic.

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Having read a moving description of "Meatless and Fatless Days" in Germany, a tender-hearted Briton writes: "Christian charity may forbid us wishing them, even in war-time, Heatless and Hatless days, but no exception can be taken to our providing them with Fruitless and Bootlessones."

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War is a wonderful thing. During the second battle of Ypres the following indent was received by the Stationery Office at the Front:—"Kindly let bearer have 4,000 yards of tape, red, for use with respirators." And so for once this material, instead of stifling military ardour, actually enabled it to breathe.

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We learn from *The Woman's Magazine* that the work of a famous black-and-white artist is in such constant demand that he can only escape a breakdown by rushing off to his cattle-ranch in Western America. Lest our readers should imagine that one of our own eminent draughtsmen is pointed at we hasten to say that none of them will admit to being a cow-puncher.

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An officer recently received the following postcard from his little daughter, who has just gone to a boarding-school for the first time:—"MY DEAR DADDY,—Please answer by return. Is a lieutenant's daughter higher than a captain's niece?"

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Civil servants, professional men and others of similar position who have been called up for service in Austria are allowed to wear a yellow armlet to distinguish them from soldiers of inferior social status. If the use of French expressions were still permissible out there they would be known as the "*jeunesse dorée*."

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In a peerage case the other day it was pointed out that in the Journals of the House of Lords certain names of peers had against them a cross, a star, or a tick, but no one seemed to know whether these marks indicated that they were present or absent. Lord ATKINSON said he had found the word "hic" against one name, but with commendable discretion did not speculate as to what that may have implied.

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Italy has found another use for old newspapers. Rolled together as tightly as possible, they are steeped in paraffin and cut into segments, one of which is sufficient to heat a soldier's rations. If the British War Office should adopt the idea it may be possible by a judicious selection from our Press to dispense with the paraffin.



IN DARKEST LONDON.

Nervous Lady. "TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, PLEASE."

A correspondent reminds us that BROWNING in his "Grammarian's Funeral" had a prescient admiration for the British Press of to-day:—

"That's the appropriate country, there man's thought
Rarer, intenser,
Upgathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes at the censor!"

* *
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In a laudatory speech about Germany's allies Herr NAUMANN referred to Bulgaria as a country that is washed by the Black and Ægean Seas, and will soon reach the Adriatic as well. Like *Lady Macbeth* Bulgaria wants a lot of washing, and for the same reason.

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It is a mistake to suppose that America is not suffering financially through the War. We learn that President WILSON has been put to the expense of two diplomatic dinners this season, instead of one, in order to avoid entertaining the representatives of the rival belligerent Powers at the same time.

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A serious attempt is to be made to clear the trenches from rats; and it is found that four trained rat-killers can clear twenty miles in thirty days. As there are ten thousand miles of trenches on the Western Front alone it is suggested that the ranks of the Highland Regiments should be searched for Pied Pipers.

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Extract from school-girl's examination paper:—"*The Lines of Torres Vedras* were lines written during the Peninsular War. Torres Vedras was a very clever and strong-willed man. He wrote these lines to his daughter to commemorate this dreadful war."

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In the case of a youthful jockey making two thousand a year the King's Bench has decided that as an "infant" he is not liable to pay income-tax. Several elderly millionaries are now asking whether this applies to second childhood.

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The following letter was recently intercepted by the principal of a girls' school, addressed to Miss D. Robinson, Girls' College, Shrimpville-on-Sea:—

Junior School,
—— College for Boys,
Shrimpville-on-Sea.

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—Frightfully sorry I have not written before. How are you? Are they any good at hockey at your Coll.? I am not in the 1st XI for footer worse luck. I am a section officer & a music officer frightful swank eh what! Are they decent girls at your College?

With LOTS of love & kisses from

TOM SMITH.

P.S. I am frightfully sorry but I have forgotten you sirname if Robinson is wrong.

Note.—It was.

"An unexploded 12 in. shell has been found at the Corporation refuse destructor works at Bradford. The assumption is that it was brought home by a soldier, who thoughtlessly disposed of it by throwing it into the ashpit."
Daily Paper.

As a 12 in. shell weighs 850 lbs. it seems a very large assumption.

"To clear the complexion. First I buy a yard of Turkish towelling which I make up into two washing-gloves: one of these I keep for the face only which I boil every week."
Home Chat.

Personally we fry ours, but only once a month.

A NON-STOPPER.

"'To save expenditure in printing,' the Northfleet (Kent) Urban Council have decided not to punctuate the official reports of their proceedings."—*Observer*.]

Mr. Punch, sympathising as he does with all kinds of economy, here tries his hand at a similar retrenchment, going even a step further and eliminating capital letters; but never again!

the friendly neutral who has been visiting germany austria bulgaria greece and turkey at the instigation of mr punch has now presented his report which runs as follows

my last place of sojourn was berlin where i was fortunate in being able to take part in the celebration of herr bode's seventieth birthday no one would guess that there was any war so enthusiastic were the crowds and so numerous and worthy were the presents which included a genuine victorian leonardo another sign of the perfect tranquility of berlin and incidentally of the untruth that there is any food shortage was a policeman standing by the brandenburger gate who though a copper was not requisitioned by the war office and though exceedingly plump was unmolested by the housewives of the city

passing on to vienna I was admitted to the honour of an interview with the aged emperor who is in the very pink of senile decay he said it is not true that the austrians are tired of the war on the contrary we enjoy every minute of it and its popularity increases daily nor are we in need of food it is only the other half of my empire that is hungary loud laughter i then essayed the balkans and succeeded in obtaining an interview with the royal recluse to gain admittance to his present throne room which so great is his people's love for him is in the lower basement of the chief safe deposit of sofia was the work of only a mere week and i was then allowed to speak to him not directly but through a perforated wall of steel several inches thick and not until after i had been searched to the bone we had however a charming talk and he reaffirmed his devotion to the kaiser and his conviction that after the war is ove bulgaria will be second in power only to the german empire

in turkey whither i next passed eager as i am to provide you sir with all the facts that can possibly flatter us i found complete contentment on every side except possibly among the armenians who however have not been heard to complain for some time possibly because they are dead having bought a copy of the times at yildiz kiosk where it is on sale daily and greatly in demand i entered greece and had the felicity of interviewing the king who was gratified to hear that a play named after him is now holding the adelphi at least he thought it was called tino and i thought it was more tactful not to put him right but of course it is really tina he informed me that he spends all his waking hours and they are many wondering whether he loves england more than germany or germany more than england and some day he hopes to know always provided that he can keep venizelos at arms length while he is making up his mind

having thus fulfilled the mission with which you were so good as to entrust me i shall be glad to receive a cheque

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO.

It was a murky night, and the room with its cheerful fire seemed particularly inviting when I entered and addressed myself to the man who was busily writing in a book.

"I 've come at last," I said.

"Pleased to see you," he answered.

"I should have come long ago," I continued, "only, you see, Jones and I had a small bet as to who would stick out the longer. I find Jones went yesterday, so here I am."

"Yes, you are," he admitted, "but—"

"I 'm five feet ten," I went on, interrupting him. "Chest thirty-nine—or forty, I'm not sure which. Not bad, eh?"

"Excellent," he agreed; "and I should say you weighed about twelve stone."

"Pretty right," I said admiringly "but I hope you don't propose to multiply them all together and prove me the Beast in the Revelations."

He smiled gravely.

"Then there 's my age," I went on. "Can you guess that? or shall we postpone further discussion of my statistics until I 've seen the doctor? I 'd better see him to-night and get it over. Suspense would be very painful."

"Yes, perhaps you had better. I fancy that 's his step outside now."

He darted out of the room, and after a minute or two returned in company with a sombre-faced man with such a pronounced professional air that it seemed almost to form a halo round him.

"You want to see me?" he inquired briskly.

"It's usual, I believe," I said. "Shall I strip?"

"I don't think it will be necessary. Just tell me how you feel."

I thought you always insisted on viewing the subject *in puris naturalibus*, but no matter. As regards your question, I feel all right."

"No drumming noises in the head? No sudden desires to do something rash?"

"None at all. Just ready to do what I 'm ordered."

"That 's right. What made you come here at all?"

"Duty alone," I told him.

"H'm," he murmured, raising his eyebrows. "Perhaps I 'd better have a closer look at you. Come this way."

He led me across a court-yard into a snug surgery, through which we passed into a room filled with weird-looking instruments.

Having examined me with the aid of divers pieces of apparatus for about half-an-hour, he put them aside and turned to me.

"You 're quite all right," he said. "You 've nothing to fear."

"Thanks," I said. "I feel as sound as a bell."

'You are. Good night."

'I suppose I may tell the other chap, I 'm perfectly fit?" I asked.

"If you want to," he said nonchalantly.

"The doctor has passed me," I told the inquisitor, "so we can soon polish off the rest of the business. I sign something, don't I, and get a shilling or so?"

A look of surprise spread over his face. "If the doctor says you 're all right, I suppose you must be," he said slowly. "But what 's that you said about a shilling?"

"Have you given up the time-honoured practice? I didn't know, but it doesn't matter anyway. Now what can I join? I think I should do rather well in the R.F.A."

His eyes suddenly lighted up with understanding. He rose and led me to the door.

"You must have mistaken the way in the fog," he said kindly. The Recruiting Office is round the corner to the right."

"Then this?" I gasped.

"This," he said, "is the Lunatic Asylum. Mind the step."

But I had already fallen over it.

WAR THRIFT.

I journey by the Streatham train
My own true love to see;
I used to buy sweet marjoram
For my sweet Marjorie.

But now Bellona rules the scene;
When I go there to tea
I take a dab of margarine
For my dear Marjorie.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"Coleridge's Ruins of the Ancient Marines."

This hitherto unknown work should be acquired for the library of the Royal United Service Institution.



CAROLLING BY COMMAND.

German Chancellor (*singing*). "God rest you, merry Germany,
Let nothing you dismay."

Kaiser. "A little louder, Bethmann; and put more conviction into it."



Village Clergyman. "Can I help you at all?" *Artilleryman.* "Yes, Sir, you can."
Clergyman. "What shall I do, then?"
Artilleryman. "Well, Sir, if you wouldn't mind going a bit further up the street the horses will understand the language better."

OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

(*A Point of Style.*)

Is not this a charming letter from Isobel?

Dear Uncle Punch,—I thought you might like to know that Tony and I are writing a story, because Tony says these writer fellows make pots of money, and he knows a chap at school whose father is one, and he gets a shilling a word, and if we write a lot of words that would be ever so much, wouldn't it? And perhaps we'd get more for the big ones; and we're going to put it all into the War Loan and win the War, and then Father and Tom can come home again. It's quite easy except just the beginning, because we both got "Very good" for spelling last term, and I've thought of a splendid plot, and Tony's bought a book, "How to write Short Fiction," which tells us exactly how to do it.

I'll tell you all about it, Uncle Punch, because I know you're a literal old gentleman, and I expect you've had some practice at stories yourself. You see, this is what the book says:—

"1. The plot must be striking and original. Ask yourself, 'Could anyone have thought of this?' and if the answer is 'Yes' it's no good." Well, that's all right, because Tony Sutherington is most awfully brave, and he's been out to the Front and got all the letters we can find in the paper after his name; and he's in love with Isobel Bruce, who is the prettiest girl in the county, and she refused him when he was a clerk before the War, but marries him when he comes home wounded. Many people couldn't have thought of that, could they? And you don't think it will matter their having our own Christian names, do you, because that will make it so autozoological, like *David Copperfield*, when we become famous?

"2. It must be topical." That means about the War, you know, so *it's* all right too.

"3. Grip your reader right away. Have a snap in the first sentence. It is a good plan to always as a general rule begin (why did that make father laugh, Uncle Punch?) with the hero or heroine's name, and let it be an attractive one."

Now we come to the difficulty. I began: "Lieut. Tony Sutherington's, D.C.M., D.S.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., V.C., M.D., K.C. jaws snapped like steel," and Tony said that made it look as if it was his jaws that were D.C.M., etc.; so he put, "Lieut. Tony Sutherington, D.C.M., D.S.C., M.V.O., D.S.O., V.C., M.D., K.C.'s jaws," and I don't think that's right, because it looks as if the jaws had belonged to just the K.C. part. Do tell us which you'd say, Uncle Punch, and we'll let you read it before anyone. Yours always, Isobel.

[That is a very difficult question, dear Isobel, but I should try "The jaws of Lieut., etc." I'm sure it will be a lovely story.—U. P.]

"The sight of the men asleep on the parapet during these long nights always impresses me profoundly."—*Morning Paper.*

The spectacle would probably not be lost upon the enemy either.

TERRITORIAL IN INDIA.

XII.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We Territorials in India are gradually coming to realise the significance of our position here. At first, misled by semi-official statements, we fondly imagined we had been sent out mainly for the purpose of being trained under favourable conditions in the gentle art of slaying Bosches. Months passed, and as the hot weather came upon us and we were split up into numerous detachments, which rendered war training for the time being almost impossible, we began to perceive our error.

Now over a year has elapsed since we landed in Bombay, and we are persuaded in our own minds that we are not, after all, destined to be useful in the manner of fighters, but to serve our purpose during the Great War by being merely ornamental. We have, in other words, come to the conclusion that it is our sole duty by the splendour of our appearance to impress the peoples of India with the might and glory of Britain. Some go so far as to assert that we were specially selected for this purpose by Lord KITCHENER, after anxious consideration, on account of the matchless beauty and symmetry of our persons and the magnificence of our physique.

Still, whatever we are asked to do, we are patriotically determined to do it well, even if it is no more than to look beautiful. Consequently, when an inspection of our battalion by the General was announced a short time ago, we resolved to surpass ourselves. Such a creaking of starched tunics, such a glittering of equipment, such a flashing of bayonets, such a mingled aroma of hair-oil and tooth-paste, have never been known before in all India. In the short march to the *maidan*, dust had settled upon our mirror-like boots. Native cleaning boys were hastily summoned to kneel and restore our footgear to its pristine brilliance as we stood in review order on the parade ground, till the nose of the General's horse appeared round the corner.

There is generally some reason, if you look for it, underlying even the most puzzling actions of the Army authorities. We have recently been issued with serge uniforms for the cold weather, and I was at first surprised to find room in my tunic for a pillow, the Company football and a washing bowl in addition to me. Even allowing for my rather emaciated condition—as a result of the hot-season—the proportions seemed altogether too generous. But I think I see now that it is meant as a gentle hint that my normal figure is not as impressively proportioned as it should be in order to awe the natives, and that it is up to me to develop it till it conforms to standard. Meanwhile I suppose the pillow, the Company football and the washing bowl will have to accompany me when I go on parade.

In view of the foregoing alleged explanation of our presence in India, there are naturally differences of opinion in the regiment as to what constitutes discipline. Some are all for rigid formalities and the harsh ways of the martinet. Others believe in the most free-and-easy methods consistent with efficiency. It becomes a little confusing for the long-suffering private at times. Yesterday, when I was acting as Mess Orderly, the Battalion Orderly Sergeant chanced to be of the martinet type. At dinner-time he formed us up in companies, called us to attention, dressed us by the right, numbered us in a series of stentorian and bark-like orders, and sent us marching off in fours to our respective cookhouses, heads up and arms swinging, left, right, left, right . . . Our Company Orderly Corporal, of the opposite school, bore it with resignation until we were out of earshot. Then he said quietly, "Halt! Fall out and get your —— grub!"

We strive to increase our impressiveness by rightly paying great attention to ceremonial drill. No detail is considered too unimportant in our efforts after perfection. Take, for example, the small matter of sloping arms from the stand-at-ease position. We used to count silently as we carried out the different motions . . . three, four—cutting the . . . away smartly at four. After a time there grew up a tendency to make the movements too huried, so, instead of counting four, we began to count seven, moving only on the odd numbers—*one*, two, *three*, four, *five*, six, *seven*. This, it was presently decided, made us too slow, so another method was adopted, and we were told to count—*one* and *two* and *three* and *four*.

These and similar changes inspired certain frivolous privates to invent other ways of ensuring uniformity of movement in manual drill. If you chanced to look into our bungalow one afternoon you would probably find one man in a corner busily sloping arms as he murmurs to himself, "Twice one are *two*; twice two are *four*; twice three are *six*; twice four are *eight*." Another would be performing the same action while muttering "Mensa, mensa, men*sam*—mensae, mensae, men*sa*—mensae, mensae, men*sas*—mensarum, mensis, men*sis*." Yet another would be reciting—

> "There is a happy *land*
> Far, far *away*,
> Where soldiers don't have *stew*
> Three times a *day*."



Small Boy (who has borrowed military boot of brother home from the Front). "THAT'LL FETCH FATHER CHRISTMAS."

And to justify the expectation—which in reality we all nurse at the bottom of our hearts—that some day we shall be required at the Front, we do not neglect to train assiduously in field work. If we expend much facetious argument as to whether shovels should properly be carried at the trail or at the slope, and whether the points of picks should or should not be burnished daily, this does not prevent us from getting underground with great speed and efficiency when the time comes to use them.

Privately I may confide to you that we argue as follows:—

The best British troops are those trained in India:

We are trained in India:

∴ we are the best British troops.

And we do our utmost to live up to it.

Yours ever,

ONE OF THE *PUNCH* BRIGADE.

P.S.—The Home Government has not, as we feared, entirely forgotten us. We have just been officially informed that we are entitled to benefit by the maternity clauses of the Insurance Act on and after 1st November, 1915.



Old Lady. "SO, WILLIAM, YOU'VE COME BACK TO US WOUNDED, I HEAR. HOW DID IT HAPPEN?" *William.* "SHELL, MUM."
Old Lady "A SHELL! OH, DEAR, DEAR! AND DID IT EXPLODE?"
William. "EXPLODE, MUM? NOT LIKELY. IT JUST CREPT SOFTLY UP BEHIND—AND BIT ME!"

CASES.

By A V.A.D.

WINGFIELD HOUSE, the voluntary hospital we were attached to, was an off-shoot of St. Elmo's, the large and dignified mother institution which was supposed to feed us with patients when it happened to remember our existence. No wonder we thought we were forgotten when week after week went by and the wards, which we had rubbed and scrubbed and polished till we could see our enthusiastic faces in practically everything, were still lacking those stricken heroes we longed to succour, help and comfort. At last, in answer to a tentative inquiry from our Commandant, we received a rather curt official intimation that we need not expect any cases for at least a week. On the strength of this the Matron took the night off, the three trained Sisters went home for the week-end, and the ward-maids went to the "pictures," leaving me and Doris and the Commandant in charge, and rather at a loose end. There was a lovely big fire in the kitchen, so Doris and I improved the shining hour by washing our hair, and we were just finishing off the drying process when the Commandant came in, and, being struck by the soundness of the scheme, followed our example. She had just got to the lathery stage of the shampoo when there came an imperative knock at the entrance door. I dropped my brush, bundled my hair into my cap, which fortunately is one of the kind that covers a multitude of sins, and went to see who it was. There stood an R.A.M.C. man and a big motor ambulance drawn up at the gate.

"What have you got there?" I gasped.

"Seven cases for you, Sister," he replied cheerfully. "From St. Elmo's."

"Oh, but——" I cried; "there's some mistake. We were told none were coming till next week."

The R.A.M.C. man shook his head.

"I don't know anything about that, Sister," he said. "This is Wingfield House. My orders was to bring 'em here, and I can't take 'em back."

"Oh no, of course not," I said hastily, my head in a whirl.

"My mate 'll give me a hand to bring 'em in," he continued briskly; "and we 'll set 'em down in the 'all till you show us where to take 'em."

I flew to the kitchen with the news, and I shall never forget the expression on our Commandant's face as she lifted it from the basin. But she was great. Giving her hair a quick mop up with a towel, she thrust it into her cap, had her apron on in a jiffy, and, ignoring the soapy water trickling down her back, gave orders as if she were on parade. The discipline and training Doris and I had undergone told too. Spurred by heavy footsteps in the entrance and the sound of helpless burdens being carefully set down, in less than ten minutes we had the fire blazing in the ward, the beds turned down, kettles boiling and cocoa simmering, and everything ready to hand. Then, led by the Commandant, we went to receive our first cases, and found that the R.A.M.C. men had triumphantly deposited in the hall—seven cases of blankets!

"Lady recommends Woman, lived with her six years, plain cook, or would go abroad with lady, look after children, or Ireland."
Morning Paper.

Mr. BIRRELL might be glad of her as an under-study.

"The Board of Guardians on Wednesday considered the question of Christmas extras for the Workhouse inmates, and decided to curtail the festive fare. On this occasion roast beef will take the place of boiled beef, and the quantity per head is to be 6-ozs. instead of the usual four and a half."
East Grinstead Observer.

The delighted inmates are ready for any amount of curtailment on these lines.

A WOUNDED HERO.

(By ONE OF THEM).

I LAID my head back comfortably against the pillows and glanced at Eleanor sideways.

"And now," I said, "you must never forget that I am a wounded hero—wounded hero, that is, as long as I am wounded, and then of course a hero pure and simple. This implies that our relative positions will not be quite what they were before the War."

Eleanor looked at me suspiciously. I should explain that she has an incredibly low opinion of my activities in every field of human endeavour that I have so far entered. She has also a scorn for my personal appearance, which in her less imaginative moments renders her most unwilling to be seen with me at public functions. Indeed, it has always been a source of permanent and unconcealed amazement to her relations and of modified surprise and gratification to myself that she should ever have chosen me for a husband at all. But that is another story, which I will tell upon another occasion.

"Pooh," said Eleanor.

I allowed a *soupçon* of pain to mingle with the "wounded hero" look which I had been practising in front of the looking-glass every morning for a fortnight and was wearing at the moment.

"But if I am not a wounded hero is it not clear," said I, with a happy touch of the Socratic method, "is it not clear that I must be a wounded coward? Perhaps you suggest," said I with growing heat, "that I myself shot myself through the leg?" (I was suffering from the uncomplicated passage of a German bullet through my thigh).

Eleanor was by this time frankly scornful. "My dear child," she said, "no one who looks like you look could ever be a real hero," and she gave me one of her firm glances, clearly expecting by decisive treatment at the start to banish this latest bogie from my brain.

"That's because your mother brought you up on novels in which the hero stood six-foot-odd in his stockings, had eyes of flame and an unnatural supply of honey-coloured hair. Such men are out of date nowadays. Their height would prove fatal to them in a trench even if their constitution proved equal to the preliminary hardships. No, Eleanor, heroes nowadays are made of less obvious stuff."

I closed my eyes, an invalid ruse which I often found effective. Were she less invincibly attractive in all her ways I should describe Eleanor's comment as something between a snuffle and a sniff.

"There are proud moments ahead of you," I went on. "As, for example, when you are able to drive by my side round and round Hyde Park in my grandparents' motor. Picture to yourself how the women in the crowd will nudge each other as we glide under the arch at Hyde Park Corner; how they will murmur 'Lucky girl! Lucky girl!'"

I paused a moment for any comments which Eleanor might make on this sunny forecast. I judged, however, from her expression that her thoughts were not on the happy tour which I had been planning for her. I felt that I must strike a nobler note.

"And then nothing is more certain than that the KING and QUEEN will visit this hospital," I went on. "Twice already since I was here it has been reported that Their Majesties were coming; and if the startling consequences which this announcement has had upon the flagging energies of the V.A.D.'s. have sometimes tempted me to doubt whether the rumour started so far away as Buckingham Palace there is little doubt that, upon the next occasion, Their Gracious Majesties will by their actual presence in our midst banish so unworthy a suspicion."

I stopped to recover my breath after this unexpectedly long sentence. Eleanor's eyes were far away.

"On that day the procedure will be something like this," I said, looking prophetically out of the window. "My bed will be placed in a prominent position upon the hospital lawn. I shall wear my green pyjamas and a brown woolly waistcoat secured by a safety-pin at the throat. The fissure in my leg will be hidden beneath a red blanket. The drawn expression on my face will be released into a slightly wan smile as the Royal couple approach. I shall indicate you standing behind me at a suitable distance with Griselda in your arms, and I shall say, 'Perhaps Your Majesties will allow me to introduce to you my spouse and little one.' Whereupon you, wearing that jolly hat with little side wings that I like so much"—I glanced at Eleanor to see how this subtle compliment had been received, and discovered her with chin on her hand obviously paying no attention to what I was saying—"wearing that hat with rooks' wings projecting on each side which always attracts so much attention," I resumed fiercely and was rewarded by a flicker of Eleanor's eyelids, "will advance with dignity towards the Royal party. It might quite well happen," I said, "that they, observing the satisfactory nature of our offspring, should confer some suitable military or other distinction upon me."

"I can't make up my mind," said Eleanor slowly, "whether to put Griselda into short clothes to-morrow or whether to wait till next month."

But a quarrel was averted by our daughter and, as we sometimes with ill-founded optimism describe her, our heiress. She had been asleep in my arms for at least ten minutes, but now awoke with small cries which developed, as she observed my moustached and still unfamiliar countenance, into a consecutive wail.

"There, there—did she want her mother, then?" said Eleanor quickly and, not without satisfaction, taking her from me.

That, I find, is one of the great disadvantages of a family of three in its initial stages. I am always the opposition, and my most flawless reasoning is always crushed by that solid majority of two. But Eleanor is generous in victory.

"You'll let me know in plenty of time if the KING and QUEEN are really coming, won't you?" she said, and kissed me.

There was irony in that kiss, certainly; but I still think that there was about it also a dash of something which I had never noticed in similar signs of recognition vouchsafed to me before the War.

SOUTHAMPTON.

THE sky is grey and the clouds are weeping;
Winter wails in the wind again;
Night with her eyes bedimmed comes creeping;
The sea is hidden in dusk and rain.

This is the gate of the path that leads us
Whither our duty the goal has set;
This is the way Old England speeds us—
Darkness, dreariness, wind and wet!

This is the gate where battle sends us,
Gaunt and broken, in pain and pride;
This is the welcome Home extends us—
Weeping rain on the cold grey tide.

Would we have balmy sunshine glowing
Over the blue from the blue above?
Rather the rain and the night wind blowing,
Rather the way of the land we love!

More Material for Sir A. Markham.

"Recruiting officers from Luton were again in attendance at the Infants' School on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of attestation of recruits, when a good number of eligibles were dealt with."—*Luton News.*

"At Oldham Private John ——, aged 1, was charged with being an absentee from the West Riding Regiment."

Dundee Evening Telegraph.

WHAT THE REVUE WILL HAVE TO COME TO.



Entrance of Male Beauty Chorus.



The Leading Lady and Jeune Premier sing a Love Duet



And dance a "*Pas de deux*."



Grand Patriotic Finale. Our gallant boys on sea and land.



CHRISTMAS AMENITIES.

German Sentry. 'Shall we zing you zome carols to cheer you oop?"

English Sentry. 'Noa! Sing us something funny. Sing us the ''Ymn of 'Ate'!"

YOUNG ROBIN RED.

Why, from the point of view of man, is the robin the most sociable of birds? Why is he less affrighted by the phenomenon of a human being than any other feathered thing? I look in vain to the ornithologists for the reason. Audubon cannot tell me, Morris withholds the answer, and Bowdler Sharpe is dumb. They can be great on his changing waistcoat, loquacious on his Winter song, and even too informative for a sensitive reader on his distressing habit of killing his parents; but they leave the reason of his passion for gardeners, his adoration for woodcutters, a mystery. And not only is the reason a mystery, but the very presence of the bird is a mystery too, for at one moment there is not a robin within miles, and there at the next, with the first prod at the earth, with the first fall of the chopper, a redbreast has materialised—saucy, sagacious, critical, vigilant.

It was, I fancy, Dan Leno who first remarked that he loved work; he could stand, he added, for hours and watch men working. Many have said it since, for low comedians are not too nice about repetition, but Dan, I believe, began it, and one almost thinks he got it from a robin. For it is the robin's ideal of pleasure—to watch men work, and especially, as I say, gardeners and woodcutters. That a gardener should be popular is natural enough, for he is continually turning over fresh mould and revealing new and succulent articles of diet; and yet I don't think the robin's is cupboard love either. I have observed a robin watching a gardener for long periods and he has never touched food; and the woodcutter's toil is of course wholly unproductive of nutrition. It must be on the robin's part an honest liking for human society, mixed with curiosity and possibly a freakish pleasure in playing the foreman, the gaffer. Certainly no gaffer, not even the most detested, ever did less or surveyed more searchingly.

Let us then leave it as a blend of inquisitiveness and friendliness; but why the thrush is devoid of it, and the sparrow and the goldfinch and the wagtail, is a problem for the Gilbert Whites of our day. These birds almost equally haunt the lawn, but at the first sight of man they are off.

One particular robin that I have in mind is so fascinated by the spectacle of the labourer, no matter in what capacity, that to-day he actually paid attention to me, who do no more than drive a reluctant pen. I had occasion to consult a book in a garden room, and he observed me walking thither and followed. The day for once being sunny I left the door open; and in flew the robin to see what on earth I could be about. I reached down one volume, he perched on another—a dictionary. That displeasing him, he flew to a row of Dickens; from these to a new novel on the table, then to a bust of Julius Cæsar, and again to Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies*. It was then that I came away, the robin preceding me by a couple of yards. All the way back to the house he flitted about me, so that I felt like an Italian prince I once saw leaving Venice, after a civic ceremony, in his motor-boat, escorted by aeroplanes.

Half-an-hour later I chanced to go into the kitchen, and there the robin was again, watching the cook. Two persons in so small a room being too much for him, he made for the door, not in the foolish panicky style of the ordinary bird that has strayed indoors, but with quiet precision.

And now I am wondering if science that can do so much cannot utilise and direct this remarkable gift of espionage. Flitting silent as a spirit and resented by no man, not even a German, what valuable information a robin might collect, and, crossed with a parrot, what valuable information he might impart!



RELUCTANT SWAINS.

Germania (*under the mistletoe*). "DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE ONLY THREE GENTLEMEN WHO'VE KISSED ME?"

The Dauntless Three (*aside*). "AND *WE* COULDN'T VERY WELL GET OUT OF IT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 13th.—Profound mystery broods over fate of E. JONES, Member for Merthyr-Tydvil. Has not for more than a fortnight been seen in his usual haunts, including House of Commons. Rumoured he has accepted service in ranks of Y.M.C.A. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR, pressed for information, loftily replied, "I do not represent the Young Men's Christian Association in this House."

That made clear, committed himself to statement that missing Member had "gone to the Near East"—personal addresses necessarily vague just now—under auspices of the Association.

MARKHAM, always practical, suggested that the vagrant should be captured, brought home and enrolled as a recruit under Lord DERBY's scheme. Cold water thrown on proposal by expression of doubt whether the hon. Member was "big enough round the chest."

Subject dropped. Member for Merthyr left missing.

"Curious how phrases recur," mused the MEMBER FOR SARK. "TENNANT protesting that he does not represent the Young Men's Christian Association (which he might well do) recalls BOBBY SPENCER's famous declaration which, some time in the last century, amused a crowded House. Interposing in debate on a question relating to wages of farm labourers, BOBBY, dressed in height of fashion, his lofty collar gleaming round his stately neck, turned languid eyes upon the SPEAKER, and remarked, 'Sir, I am not an agricultural labourer.'"

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER moved Second Reading of Bill authorising purchase of all suitable American and Canadian securities held in this country. Some criticism of details by financial experts. But Second Reading conceded without dissent.

Tuesday.—Question of payment of Members to the front again. On this occasion Ministers roped in. COWAN asked whether in order to reinforce by example appeals for personal sacrifice addressed by Ministers of the Crown to all classes of the community the PRIME MINISTER would take steps to reduce by not less than twenty-five per cent. emoluments of public servants, including Ministers and private Members of House of Commons, in receipt of salaries exceeding £300 per annum.

PREMIER wouldn't hear of such a thing. Income of Ministers and Members is, he said, taxed in common with other classes of the community. Pressed by succession of questions he rose to full height of his commanding personality. Unconsciously assuming attitude reminiscent of AJAX defying the lightning, he said, "I take my salary and am going to continue taking it."

Great weight lifted from mind of Members uneasily watching growth of movement. If Ministers will not consent to reduction of their salaries why should private Members be called upon to illustrate their lectures on economy and self-denial on part of general public by relinquishing portion of the £400 a year which they voted to themselves in time of peace and prosperity?



THE PRIME MINISTER DEFIES ASSAULTS ON HIS SALARY.

Loud cheers supported PRIME MINISTER in his heroic determination.

COWAN, now and later, had rather a bad time with the Four-Hundred-Pounders. His conversation with PREMIER interrupted by apparently irrelevant questions.

"Will the right hon. gentleman," one asked the PREMIER, "consider the high profit of manufacturers of penny-in-the-slot gas meters?"

Gas meters turned on again in course of COWAN's speech on moving rejection of Parliament Bill. Called to order by SPEAKER with instruction to avoid irrelevancy, he was entreated to "Put another penny in the slot."

Business done.—Bill extending life of present Parliament passed second reading without threatened division. To this end BONAR LAW contributed powerfully persuasive speech.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Lord DERBY, rising this afternoon to reply to question as to measure of success attendant upon his Recruiting Scheme, met with reception of warmth rare in this chilly atmosphere. The superb service he has done the State by strenuous, unremitting, well-directed efforts to bring men to the colours recognised by Lord CREWE in brief speech of graceful congratulation.

As LEADER OF THE HOUSE said, Lord DERBY is better fitted than any other man for gigantic task undertaken. Might have put it that he is the only man willing and able to do the work. His personal qualities, his experience, military and civil, his friendly relations with all classes throughout the country, political and social, combine to give him a unique position. History will write many glowing pages recording individual achievements since the War began. None is more splendid than that of the man who succeeded in stirring the nation to the pitch of enthusiasm that makes possible the placing in the field of a fourth million of trained soldiers.

Business done.—Bill to amend Munition Act read a second time in Commons.

Thursday.—ATTORNEY-GENERAL, standing at Table to announce on behalf of self and SOLICITOR-GENERAL voluntary relinquishment of considerable portion of their Ministerial income presented noble figure to yearning eyes of almost crowded House.

Whilst others have been talking about self-sacrifice, with general tendency, strongly marked, to press its observance upon the favourable attention of their neighbours, the Law Officers of the Crown have simply achieved it. They save an exchequer drained by unprecedented expenditure for war purposes a joint sum amounting to £10,000 a year. If that be not enough they "are prepared to consent to any reduction our colleagues in the Government or the House of Commons consider is required by the necessities of the case."

If this doesn't fetch the Four-Hundred-Pounders nothing will.

Business done.—Increase of Rent Bill and other Government measures advanced a stage.



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS.

Scenes from a revised History of Great Britain.

Edward III. (to Queen Philippa, after the taking of Calais). "Woman, you meddle. War is war! Besides, you are too late."

KITTY: A WAR PORTRAIT.

Four years ago, when down at Sheen,
I stayed with Hale, a college crony,
My godchild Kitty, just fifteen,
Lived mainly for her dogs and pony;
She was a cheerful, slangy kid;
She played a dashing game of hockey;
And everything she said or did
Was "rotten," or "top-hole," or "rocky."

Then Kitty took a studious line,
And sought to "petrify her tutors";
She banned the British Philistine,
And sniffed at cricketers and shooters;
She read and acted in Greek Plays,
Discountenanced the social scurry,
And spent laborious nights and days
With Sophocles and Gilbert Murray.

Another year came swiftly round,
And, yielding to a primal passion,
Miss Kitty in the van was found
Among the votaries of fashion;
Her hair was up, her skirts were down;
She made a cult of modish follies;
And Pekinese of golden-brown
Supplanted her devoted collies.

Then came the War, and all the traits
Whose growth her elders were afr
Dislimned, revealing to our gaze
The real stuff that she was made of;
Rebuking, too, the cynic pens
That quoted the Virgilian *notum*
Quid possit femina furens,
And showing us the New Factotum.

With both her brothers at the Front,
Her father working at munitions,
She found the ancient pleasure-hunt
Repugnant to her new ambitions;
She cooked; she nursed; she sold her car;
She felt "more natural without it";
She ran the house without a jar
And never made a song about it.

There was no stricken household near,
No home too intimate with sorrow,
But gathered from her words of cheer
Solace and strength to face the morrow;
And when the wounded saw her come
To sing them songs or write their letters,
The grinding pains that grip and numb
Seemed to relax their cruel fetters.

So when I met the other day
This new, transformed, ennobled Kitty
The gold had triumphed o'er the clay,
For pride was swallowed up in pity.
O woman, everlasting sphinx,
'Tis not the least of War's surprises
That from the ashes of a minx
A ministering angel rises!

A Christmas Tip.

"When you burst send to Blank's, New Street."—*Advt. in "Worcester Times."*

From a Parliamentary report:—

"Mr. Cowan (L.) rising to move the rejection of the Bill . . . Mr. Thorne (turning to Mr. Cown):—'Go on: turn on the gas-meter. (Laughter.) Mr. Cowen (proceeding) . . .'"
Evening Paper.

It is a pity Mr. Cohen is no longer in the House, or he might have had a hand in this coincidence.

"It is a difficult matter to keep the custom of the Mayor and Corporation officially attending the Parish Church alive."
Provincial Paper.

The dead-head habit is so easily picked up at the theatre.

"Mr. McKenna said that there were a number of useful questions to facilitate saving by wage earners, and he would bring those before the committee which was going to investigate the honeymoon."—*The People.*

We trust this does not presage a tax on matrimony.

HOW TO TOUCH THE WORKING MAN'S POCKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will have gathered by this time that I never like to be left out of any newspaper discussion that is going on, and I wish to assure you that I never put any restriction upon the publication of my views. You are quite at liberty to make any use you like of my opinions upon how the War Loan is to be introduced to the Working Man. A lot of weighty statements have already been made, explaining to us the preferences of the Working Man. There must, we are told, be no fluctuations because he doesn't like them, and no use of the words *per centum* because he doesn't understand them. There must be no vouchers because he has nowhere to keep them. There must be no distant date of repayment because he won't wait, and no conversion rights because he distrusts them. Again, the amount must be paid by instalments, so that he may be led to confuse the thing with furniture and goose-clubs. Finally—and this is crucial—(*a*) the money must be collected in the works; (*b*) the money must be collected in the home.

Such, Sir, is the current picture of the Working Man. I cannot say that I recognise him, but all the same I think we might set to work to smooth away these little difficulties and thereby open a clear path to success.

We can, in the first place, stop fluctuations once and for all by legislation which shall nail the loan to perpetual par. Anyone paying either more or less can be stuck in gaol, under the Defence of the Realm Act, for creating undue depression or inducing undue elation in the KING'S subjects. No difficulty there. Again, there need be no trouble about the phrase *per centum*. It need not be mentioned. A plain fact should be stated in plain language. Let our motto be, "A tanner on every quid twice a year." That should be printed in bold type at the top of the scrip.

But this raises the question of scrip. Paper must be avoided at all costs. The Working Man distrusts paper. It is altogether too handy as a pipe-light when matches run short; besides, if he sticks it in a drawer, it is apt to get down the back; besides, in any other safe place the spring cleaning is certain to find it out, and we cannot be sure that the War will be over by the Spring. But why, Sir, need we insist on paper? It is a mere convention. The suggestion that the amount be tattooed on the holder's arm I reject, simply because, looking ahead to the time when the issue is redeemed, I can see no way out of it but amputation.



GLOOMY FORECAST OF DURATION OF THE WAR.

Youthful Delinquent (who has just been "corrected" by his mother). "YOU'LL BE S-SORRY FOR THIS WHEN I'M G-GONE TO THE WAR."

But there are other tokens, symbols or emblems besides paper. Nay, more, opportunity opens up here for killing a second bird with the same old stone, by using the Government's acknowledgment for brightening the home. Why, I ask you, should it not take the form of a china dog for the mantelpiece? One dog for each pound subscribed. Ten dogs one timepiece. Ten timepieces one framed and signed portrait of Lord KITCHENER. I do not insist upon dogs. Local custom should be studied. There are districts where a pewter mug might be preferred. But can anyone quarrel with the principle? I think not.

Finally, in this scheme for providing concrete reminders of the investment, the point about collecting by instalments will be found to have solved itself, as the application will be practically equivalent to purchasing furniture on the easy-payment plan. And, Sir, if it be really true that goose clubs have such an enormous vogue among the masses, why not throw in a goose?

There is generally a happy solution of our War difficulties if they are fairly faced by people of imagination.

I am, Yours as usual,

STATISTICIAN.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"A Littlehampton allotment gardener has dug up a parsnip forty-seven inches long—about 4 feet."—*Evening News.*

AT THE PLAY.

"WHO IS HE?"

SEVERAL influences had contributed to make an eccentric of *Lord Twyford of Twyford* (alias "*Mr. Parker*"). There was his parentage for one. His mother (I follow his own account) was an angel, and his father prematurely bald with a cast in his eye. On the female side he had inherited a taste for anonymous charity, which took the form of penny buns stuffed with half-crowns and distributed to hungry people under cover of darkness. The optical defect of the other parent (his premature baldness does not seem to have exerted any hereditary influence) was no doubt a determining factor in the son's choice of the microscope as a medium for nature-study. But, apart from this predisposition to a habit of life unusual in a Peer of the realm, his mind had been incidentally deranged by an unfortunate affair of the heart. His lady, jealous of the microscope which came between them, had jilted him in favour of a cousin of his, and the expenses of their elopement had been met by a forged cheque drawn in the name of the aggrieved party.

Obeying that instinct for secretiveness which was so excellent a feature in his philanthropy, *Lord Twyford* had fled from the ridicule of Society and under an assumed name had sought the shelter of obscure lodgings, from which he only emerged at nightfall. Here the smallness of his bag and the tendency to inconsequence in his speech (the result of mental shock) might justly have roused suspicions; but the vagaries of a ground-floor lodger, however limited his luggage and however vague his explanations of himself, are never too closely scrutinised so long as he pays handsomely and in advance. Unhappily, however, "*Mr. Parker's*" escapade coincided with a Jack-the-Ripper scare, and his most innocent eccentricities (notably his nocturnal largesse of buns) soon had a sinister interpretation put upon them by a vigilant police. The misunderstandings that followed tended to develop an atmosphere of general insanity, and his landlady's behaviour, based upon a conviction that all was not what it should be in her lodger's head, fell under a like suspicion on his part. In the event, both his mind and the situation were cleared by the intervention, respectively, of a new love and an old solicitor, and all ended well along the simple lines of homely melodrama.

The charm of a scheme that has an eccentric for its leading character is that it gives you all the fun of farce without its cruder buffooneries.



AN INTERRUPTED PROPOSAL.

Reversing the old story, "*Mr. Parker*" (Mr. HENRY AINLEY) actually says, "Shut that door," but his lady-love understands that "Je t'adore" is intended.

somersaults are mental and not physical. He does not catch his toe in a material tin-tack; he trips over a kink in his brain. Of course, under favourable conditions his eccentricity is liable to be infectious—to communicate itself to those for whom nature had never designed it; and before you can turn round you are over the borderland between comedy and farce. But in respect of his protagonist the author can always claim the perquisites of irresponsibility. He can always say, "This is a figure of comedy; just thus and thus my creation would behave in the life." Which indeed is unanswerable, for here there are no precedents to follow and no rules to break. It is true that my lord, by a disappearance which was bound to get into the papers, must defeat his own desire to escape ridicule; but then he is an eccentric. True that, for an alleged woman-hater, he falls rather rapidly in love with the first woman he meets after his jilting; but what would you? He is an eccentric. And we of the audience are just as pleased as the author with this transparent device; we love to flatter ourselves that we have the good sense to prefer comedy to farce.



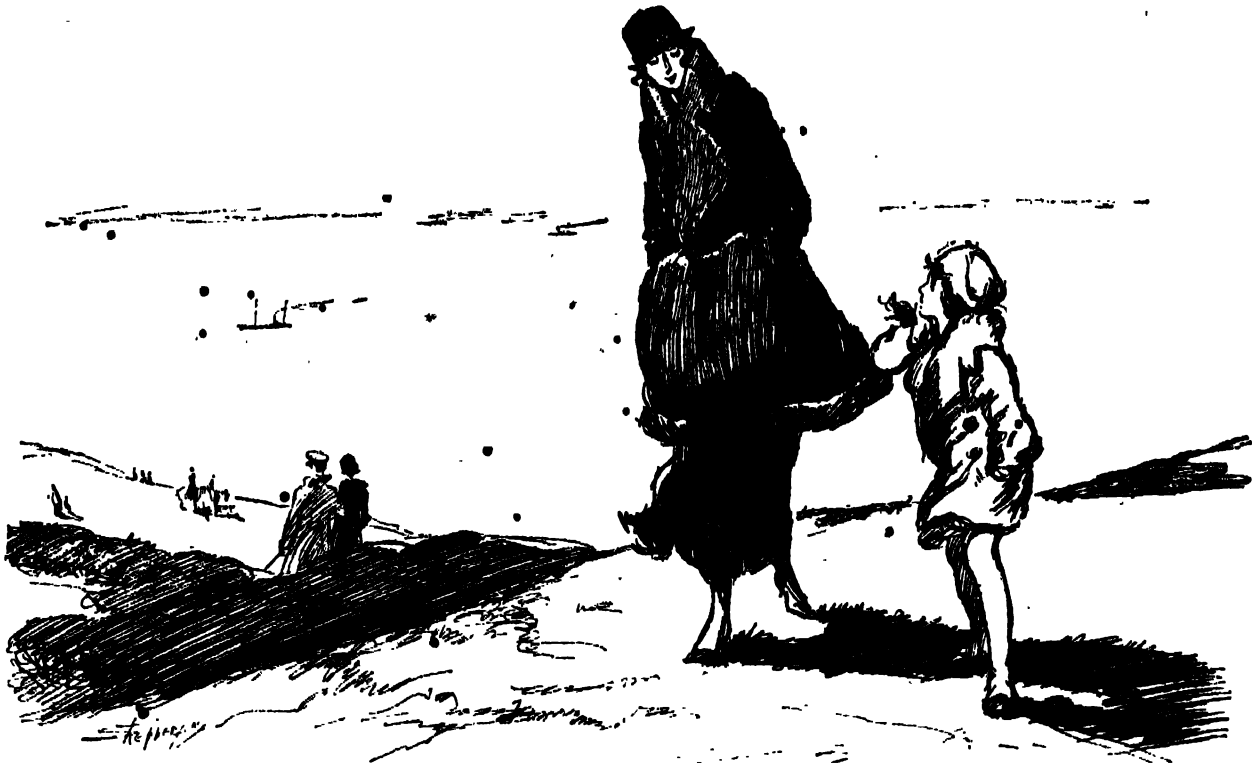
"EXPENSIVE SIMPLICITY."

Irene Harding (Miss IRENE BROWNE) contrives to starve gracefully in Grafton Street ts of the latest fashion.

Mr. AINLEY, as he proved in the more serious and sustained effort demanded of him in *The Great Adventure*, is our one man for this kind of part. It was a marvel how many fresh tricks of voice and gesture he had invented to distinguish his new character from the one in the earlier play that so nearly resembled it in its broader features. His personality was an irresistible delight; but the success of the play—and he would be the first to acknowledge it—was not due to him alone; he owed much to the services of Miss CLARE GREET and Mr. FREDERICK GROVES as the lodging-house-keepers. Types of a commonplace humanity not easily diverted from its fixed orbit, they both made an admirable foil to his eccentricity, and their closely-observed realism set from the start the right key of comedy.

With the character of *Irene Harding* neither Miss IRENE BROWNE nor the author was quite happy. As for the actress, she never looked the part of a starved typist; the studied artistry of her auburn chevelure and the expensive simplicity of her frocks gave her a false air. For the author, he put some very indifferent talk into her mouth, and constantly left her pendent in the most embarrassing silences while he busied himself with Mr. AINLEY. One's sympathy is naturally prepared to go out to any woman whose heart entertains a Peer unawares, but we received a very niggardly encouragement. And, by the way, I venture to suggest that *Lord Twyford of Twyford* a little mislaid his nobility when he thought it necessary to administer so much sparkling Moselle to the lady in order to bring her to the point of accepting his hand.

The unimportance of these plaints must be the measure of my appreciation. I am not in a position to say



Little Girl. "Mummy, what do you think Santa Claus will bring me this Christmas?"

Mother (anxious to economise). "Oh, perhaps he won't come this year. He may be away at the War, and then what will you do?"

Little Girl. "I expect they'll put a woman on instead."

in what exact proportions I should pay my gratitude to Mr. Vachell who wrote the play, and to Mrs. Belloc Lowndes who made the novel from which it was "very freely" adapted; but between the two of them they put Mr. Ainley in the way of giving me an extremely pleasant evening. O. S.

"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."

Across the orchard you can see from my study window the entrance to the "Green Man." My wife is always wanting to have trellis put up to shut out the view.

"How should we ever know the time?" has been my invariable reply.

You see every morning precisely at eleven o'clock William, the sexton, arrives at the entrance to the hostelry. At a quarter past twelve Mrs. William (I don't think William possesses a surname) chases him out to come to dinner. When I discovered William's admirable punctuality I utilised him to check our clocks. It became a habit in our home to say, "You've plenty of time for the train. The dining-room clock is five minutes fast by William."

Even my wife recognised the usefulness of William, though with feminine ingratitude she lectured Mrs. William at the Mothers' Meeting on the advantages of temperance. Once Mrs. William retaliated, "Ah, Mum, I see you know what the 'orrors of drink are in a 'ome."

Months before London went dry in the mornings our district was scheduled by the Board and a stern decree ordained that no licensed premises should open till twelve. The rule did not interfere with me who have given up the Hun lager which I drank in the happy times of peace. But I thought with horror of its effect on William.

At five minutes to eleven on the first morning of the new order I was at my window watching for William. I wanted to see the effect of the mental shock upon him. Could he break the habit of a generation? At ten seconds to eleven he appeared in the road and with his customary deliberation approached the door.

"Can it be possible that no one has warned the poor old man?" I thought. "What will he do when he finds that friendly door closed?"

I expected something superb in the way of dramatic denunciation. To my amazement William never even tapped at the door. He placed himself on the seat at the side of the porch and waited there solemnly till twelve o'clock.

When he arrived the following morning at his usual time I went across to speak to him.

"This new regulation is very trying, William," I said.

"Not a bit, Sir, not a bit," replied William cheerily.

"But you find it dull sitting here?"

"Not me, Sir. I'm goin' to show that other William that 'owever 'e tries 'e can't put me out o' my regular ways. Thirty-five year 'ave I been coming 'ere at eleven o'clock and no 'Un's goin' to upset me."

"But you haven't time to get your beer."

"If a man's got the proper spirit, Sir, 'e can manage it. Once it was just sip, sip with me, now it's swaller, swaller; and I gets my two pints in. We're goin' to win this War and I got to do my bit—and my bit means no interference with reglar 'abits and no grumblin'."

When Parliament is sitting and I have the blues about the War—strange that I never have the blues whilst Parliament is in recess—I look out for William, and his confident advent brightens my day. I see the determination in his face, and whatever the Cabinet may do I know that our William will wear out the person he cuttingly alludes to as "the other William."

SINISTER BONDAGE;

OR,

MINUTE BY MINUTE.

By Compton Somerset Mackenzie Maugham.

I.

Michael's condition was atramental, of that there could be no doubt. Nor was he surprised to discover that, having walked due West since breakfast, which he had preferred not to eat, for the bloater had reminded him too poignantly of Lily's favourite supper dish, he was now pointing East with a slight inclination to North. Would his search never end? He wondered vaguely how his mother and his sister would greet him, in the improbable event of his ever seeing them again in the fuliginous atmosphere of Chelsea. Why had he said what he had unquestionably said to both of them? Dulcedinous memories crowded tumultuously into his mind. He saw himself again at Oxford buying first editions of Walter Pater, drinking port and eating crystallized fruit at the J. C. R., making hay in a bad man's rooms, and generally making himself as disagreeable as possible to everybody he met. Had he really been the self-conscious and conceited prig that these memories pictured him as being? He supposed so, and the hypothesis filled him with delight. And now he lived with a murderer in Tosspot Street with a view to discovering Lily and eventually to becoming a Roman Catholic priest, after spending eight hundred pounds a year in purchasing mansions in various parts of London. Life was indeed a strange mixture. He shook himself and proceeded with his walk.

II.

As Michael neared the Thieves' Kitchen where he proposed to have his supper he became aware that someone was following him, someone whose footsteps made a curious clippity-cloppity sound on the pavement. In a flash Michael realised that it must be Philip who was thus pursuing him, and he turned round and confronted him.

"Look here," said Michael angrily, "why do you follow me like that? This is my beat, and I can't allow anyone with a club foot to come dogging me as you do."

Philip blushed deeply, which was a way he had when his deformity was harshly alluded to.

"By what right," he said bitterly, "do you presume to keep me away? You're not the only person whose thoughts and feelings matter. I know you're looking for Lily in all the shy haunts of London. Well, I'm looking for Mildred in the same places. Shall we search together?"

"If you like," murmured Michael, too tired to resist as he felt he ought to.

"Then," said Philip, "I will first tell you the story of my life in all its details."

"And I," said Michael, "will afterwards tell you the story of mine."

"Agreed," said Philip; "but I warn you not to be shocked. I have some dreadful things to relate;" and he told him how he had been born club-footed; how he had grown up and dabbled in painting in Paris without the least success; how he had all but poisoned his uncle, who had made a will leaving him his money; how he had nearly starved in London and been an assistant in a dressmaker's shop; and how he had betrayed the daughter of the friends who had rescued him from starvation and given him food and lodging in his misery. As he finished the first beams of the rising sun had begun to touch the houses with a golden glow and the furtive night-shapes were flitting back to their dens. Michael had fallen into a deep silence, though at the outset he had shown his usual tendency to interrupt. At last he spoke.

"To-morrow," he said, "if you will meet me at the same place I will tell you *my* story. I too have suffered; great God, how I have suffered!"—he brushed away his tears with a bright movement of his hand—"and I find in you a sympathiser, in spite of the terrible fact that you are a medical student. No matter," he added impulsively, "we are both degenerates, and that is a great thing."

"Yes," said Philip, "it has made us what we are. You with your club-footed mind and I with my club-footed foot, we owe more than we can express to degeneracy. And now let us pursue our search."

They linked arms and moved, supperless but united, towards the dawn.

(*To be continued indefinitely elsewhere.*)

THE TROOPER.

I've hollowed my back in the riding school,
Broken my neck and been damned for a fool,
Learnt to parry and point and guard
Till my arm was lead and my wrist went dead,
Wisped my fidgetting long-faced pard
Till he shone with a silky shine;
Learning "how" in the Cavalry,
The jaunty, jingling Cavalry,
What rides on the right o' the line.

Now here am I like a blinded mole,
Toil in a furrow and sleep in a hole
Dug in a grave twelve foot by three,
My strappings bust and my spurs all rust
With nothing but two mud walls to see
Sluiced with a driving sleet—
Me that was in the Cavalry,
The saucy, swaggering Cavalry,
Slogging my two flat feet!

I thinks all day an' I dreams all night
Of a slap-bang, Tally-Ho open fight,
One good chance on the open plain,
Then knee to knee, like a wave of the sea,
We'll blood our irons again and again
In thundering squadron line;
We'll give 'em a taste of the Cavalry,
The only original Cavalry,
And gallop 'em over the Rhine.

A Sinister Proposal.

One of the contributors to a discussion on "The Price of Milk" in *The Western Daily Press* is "A Bristol East Dairyman," who begins his letter:—"Sir,—Let us go to the fountain-head."

In *The Border Counties Advertiser* the Shropshire Yeomanry is asking for recruits "height 3 ft. 3 inches and upwards." This Bantam business is being a little bit overdone.

"LIQUOR IN THE WRONG PLACE.

"At the Ormskirk Sessions, to-day, a youth employed at the Bickerstaffe Collieries was fined two guineas for takin gintoxicating liquor into the mine."—*Provincial Paper.*

Something else besides liquor seems to have got into the wrong place.

"Wanted—Respectable and quiet home offered to parents desirous of leaving one child with good motherly lady, age 8 years upwards."
Statesman, Calcutta.

The maternal instinct develops very early in the East.



First Tommy. "'Ullo, mate, any luck?"
Second Ditto. "No, 'tain't no bloomin' good with them blighters disturbin' the water like this."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Do you want a tonic for pessimists, and one that, as the medical advertisements say, shall not be an evanescent stimulant, but a real food for brain and heart and nerves? I can think of no better description of the book to which Mr. Stephen Paget has given the name *Essays for Boys and Girls* (Macmillan). Do not be misled by the modesty of the Preface, in which the author says, "This book is for boys and girls only." It is not. It is for us all. There is no one of us but can feel strengthened by and profoundly grateful for such essays upon the War as these. Doubtless you know already the charm of manner that Mr. Paget will bring to the discussion of his theme. These pages are full of it; and the effect of them, their sincerity and simplicity, and the fine spirit that they reveal, is profoundly moving. I should like to quote, but that I despair of finding any one extract that would give you an idea of the original; because there seems none of all the perplexities and sorrows and compensations of these tremendous days upon which we might not listen with advantage to so brave and persuasive a counsellor. Perhaps the chapter to which I should most like to call your attention is that headed "A Venture of Faith." To see the good that is working in all these horrors, and to write of it sanely and smilingly, without pose or any kind of affectation, that surely is no small thing. Read especially the passages of real beauty in which Mr. Paget speaks of the consolation of knowing about some loved one at the Front that he is almost certainly far happier than ourselves who stay behind. "To be on active service is to be living and working, set, like a diamond in a watch, at the exact centre of a nation's fate." That is one of many phrases that hold my memory. As a pictorial comment on the subjects of the essays the book contains sixteen cartoons, upon which, as they come from his own pages, Mr. Punch can say nothing more than that it is pleasant for him to see them in alliance with a text of such high aim and dignified achievement.

This, they tell us, is to be a Russian Christmas. And a very good kind of Christmas that is. Anyhow, the Slavonic note, already sounded in our theatres and costume-shops, has now spread to the nursery; and one of its echoes is the appearance of a volume of fairy tales, collected and translated from old Russian chap-books by Mr. Robert Steele, and published under the title of *The Russian Garland* (McBride), with a cover and six fascinating coloured pictures by Mr. J. R. De Rosciszewski. This is altogether as it should be. In the time that is, I trust, coming, of greater social communion with our wonderful Eastern ally, it will be pleasant for little John and Ivan to be able to share such jolly memories, as for example how *Lyubim* was befriended by the wolf, or how the horse of *Prince Astratch* flew over hills and towns. The odd thing is, however, the extent to which this volume reveals the tales of fairydom as already the common property of childhood. Here is a self-playing harp, a duck that lays golden eggs, and many other friends of our youth. Only, the setting is different; but it is this that will provide a splendid new thrill for the special and very critical audience to whom

the book is addressed. Mr. ROSCISZEWSKI has caught the atmosphere of barbaric pearls and gold to a nicety. His pictures, of which one recording the equestrian feat of *Prince Astratch* is a long way my favourite, are vivid, bright-coloured, and dramatic, with just that touch of caricature that nurseries most appreciate. I hope there may be many in which *The Russian Garland* will this year find a place amongst their other seasonable decorations.

Mr. A. C. BENSON'S latest volume, *Escape, and Other Essays* (SMITH, ELDER) may be briefly described as a double-barrelled apology—in the text, for the existence of its dream-loving author in a world of affairs; in the preface, for its own peaceful presence in the time of War. The argument, convincing enough it seems to me, is pretty much the same in each case, namely, that a civilisation which in the stress of ordinary business has need of the artist and poet should, even when in convulsion, still find room for the hopes and ideals of peace. Anything more different from a military despatch than these pages can hardly be imagined, and in spite of the high courage involved in the public declaration, in his essay on "Authorship," that he never refuses to give an opinion on the unpublished MSS. of recognised genius, I fail to picture anyone less pugnacious than the author would have himself appear in his deliberate, not to say complacent, self-revelation. Here you will find nothing more unrestful than a little mild telepathy and spiritism, a good deal of admirable if not particularly novel analysis, and quite a notable exposition of the author's own personality, all expressed in language that has purity and charm and, in its lower rather than its more unscalable heights, recalls at any rate the less vigorous half of the RUSKIN to whom the writer owes so much. Of the individual essays I think I like "Walt Whitman," "Literature and Life" and "School-days" as well as any; but honestly it is not so much what he says as the way he says it that counts.



THE SADDEST SIGHT OF THE WAR.

A GERMAN PROFESSOR WHO HAS MISLAID HIS BEER TICKET.

The Extra Day (MACMILLAN) is one of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S now famous mystery tales, duly diluted for children; and if the mystical child survives into this day of jangling telephones, mechanical toys and general sophistication there should be a happy audience for these topsy-turvy adventures of *Tim, Judy* and *Maria, Uncle Felix* and *The Tramp*, and the extra day that came to them between Saturday and Sunday, when the clocks were stopped and they went out on the great quest. Mr. BLACKWOOD puts into his book besides that old, uncanny sense of doom and purpose behind the dark inanimate things, all the bright things too: birds and butterflies, flowers and shining clouds, and all very pleasantly and affectionately. If I never quite found out what the quest was, that is because I am really no genuine blackwoodsman. A willow by the river's brim is to me just a willow, and not a sinister sentient being who for tuppence will strangle me with sinuous arms if I decide to camp on its island without its permission. Of course that is all due to the deplorable lack of faith that comes to disillusioned middle-age, and naturally it is hateful to have driven into one this conviction of sin. The fact is I was distinctly annoyed with *Uncle Felix* for taking *Judy, Tim* and *Maria*, who were simply the nicest imaginable children, out of their charming daily life and drawing them away over the border. I wish Mr. BLACKWOOD would bottle his bogey for once and let us have such an intimate and humorous account of lovable simple things and folk as he gives us in his first few chapters, which couldn't be better done.

In these days, when the facts of war are daily under our eyes, the novelist who chooses a fighting theme cannot well complain if a super-excellent standard of merit is demanded of him. Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD, when judged by such a standard, passes—but without distinction—in *The Lord High Admiral* (WILLIAMS AND NORGATE). He passes because he is the happy possessor both of style and of a real knowledge of his subject, but he fails to reach distinction because his hold upon our mind and our emotions is not sufficiently clinching. If, however, he is to be judged by a less exacting standard I grant him worthy of your immediate attention, and indeed, if only for his stories that have nothing whatever to do with fighting, he has a claim upon our gratitude. Possibly you are already acquainted with some of these tales, for I see "acknowledgments" duly recorded; but even so you will not mind reading again "The Almoner" and "The Photograph"—the gems of this collection. They prove that, with his gifted imagination Mr. CORNFORD might easily afford to leave war-fiction to those writers for whom the obvious is an irresistible lure.

What our Nurses have to Suffer.

"No hospital ship has carried other than sick and wounded, nurses, medical staff, and medical stores. All are permanently painted as required by the Geneva Convention."—*The Red Cross.*

Is that how our nurses always manage to look as fresh as paint? We don't believe it.

"For each shilling subscribed for this purpose a 1/- parcel will be sent to your comrade, and ——— Tobacco Fund will send a shilling parcel of smokes to a lonely Prisoner of War in Germany for every 12/- received."

We suppose this is all right, but as it stands we cannot get away from the suggestion that the Prisoner of War will not receive all he ought to get.

"Chick, indeed, is the neckwear counter."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

This must be the feather-boas department.

WITH a refinement of cruelty the British Government has prohibited the exportation of sausage-skins to Germany. A shop in Berlin is now doing an increasing trade in sausages made of dog—with the bark left on.

* * *

A eulogy of Sir JOHN FRENCH in *The Daily Graphic*, after enumerating his other achievements, laid special stress on "the dogged manner in which he has pinned the Germans on his front." And a jolly stiff front, too.

* * *

There is happily no truth in the reports that British submarines in the Baltic have been blocked in by the ice. It is the enemy's fleet that is kept in cold storage.

* * *

A notice set up by Germans in a Belgian village runs as follows:—"Au crépuscule chacun est tenu de rentrer en lui-même. Les habitants doivent respecter les troupes passantes et les singuliers soldats allemands." And the Belgians are strictly forbidden to laugh at these posters.

* * *

A Berlin correspondent writing to *The New York Times* believes that the relations between Germany and the United States would rapidly improve "if it were proposed to lift the exchange of thought between Germany and the United States suddenly to a higher super-diplomatic plane." It is thought that Count ZEPPELIN will shortly be appointed as German Ambassador at Washington, as being the only man capable of rising to the required altitude.

* * *

"Romance of the Banana: Value of Publicity," says a headline. The man in the street is more familiar with its tragedies, and it is the publicity that makes them so poignant.

* * *

In a criticism of British generalship Major MORAHT, the German military expert, accuses our commanders of lacking imagination, and observes that "The Muses have for the most part been godfathers to the great generals and imbued them with the priceless gift of seeing, feeling and imagining with almost superhuman power." Lest he should think that our Generals are lacking in literary gifts, let him observe that Mr. TENNANT put forward as an explanation of the delay in the publication of the Suvla Bay despatches the fact that Sir IAN HAMILTON was a writer of great distinction who took time to polish his periods.

* * *

Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM says that the music you hear in Russian churches robs you of the sense of time. The same remark applies to a good deal of the music you hear in British variety houses.

* * *

A full list of President WILSON'S wedding-presents has not yet been published, but it is believed that among them were several packets of note-paper. It is quite untrue, however, that the PRESIDENT has adapted for his own use the motto. *Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube.*

* * *

Nothing perhaps could more forcibly indicate Germany's straits than the appeal that was made by Deputy GAMP in the recent Reichstag debate for an increase in the bread-ration His illustrious prototype never worried about a shortage of food.

* * *

Thanks, no doubt, to the example set by the Government and the House of Commons, the severest economy is being practised in London. At several first-class hotels you could get a very passable Christmas dinner for £1 a head, while in one or two the charge was no more than 10s. 6d. Wines and cigars were, of course, extra.

* * *

Professor MUNSTERBERG, the choragus of the hyphenated Americans, professes to believe that it would have been a good thing for Germany if Mr ROOSEVELT had been President in 1914, on the ground that he would have built a dam against the flood of lies which inundate the country. Are dammed lies any better than the ordinary kind?

* * *

Declining a suggestion that he should republish his war-speeches, Lord ROSEBERY has modestly likened them to used tea-leaves, only available to sweep the floor with. But they should come in handy when we wipe the floor with the enemy.

* * *

A Government office recently received a letter in which the writer, who was making an inquiry on behalf of his wife, subscribed himself "Her obedient husband" The correspondent who sends us this information thinks it necessary to add, "This is a fact." But who doubts it?

* * *

A Lincolnshire paper the other day said that Earl DE LA WARR had been succeeded by his only son, "Lord Buckarest." Everyone seems to be obsessed by the Balkan problem.

* * *

The old lady who saw an advertisement beginning "Fish for your friends at the Front," is afraid that the trenches must be wetter than ever, and wonders if one ought to use a net or a rod



CHRISTMAS MORNING WITH THE CROWN PRINCE.

"I WISH FATHER WOULDN'T PUT IRON CROSSES IN MY SOCKS"

A New Conjuring Trick.

"Then she thrust the envelope into the low necked bosom of her dress, conjured up a flush, and gave it a push that caused it to vanish completely from sight"—*Evening Paper*

Many a poker-player would like to know the recipe for conjuring up a flush.

A Record Time.

"We have had several visits from German Taubs, and I don't like them I never thought I could run as fast before, for I can do the half hour in ten minutes"—*Falkirk Herald.*

Our Spartan Women.

"For another reason, that of providing a mental tonic, many girls are giving small dances, quite alfresco affairs"

Evening Paper.

THE BITTER CRY FOR BUTTER.

[The KAISER'S edict forbidding all celebration of Christmas has served to increase the despondency caused by the lamentable shortage of butter, without which the life of a German woman is not regarded as worth living.]

THE dying year goes out in gloom;
In vain the sodden bunting flaps;
In vain the Potsdam pedlars boom
Their novel line in Balkan maps;
Bare is the festal tree, and still
The breath of music, brass or oaten—
All joyance, by the War-Lord's will,
Being *verboten*.

And, where beneath her limes Berlin
Moves silent as a dumb golosh,
What is this wail that chokes within
The bosom of the female Bosch?
What is this sense of something lost
Which, when they meet in solemn batches,
Makes an unmitigated frost
Of *Kaffeeklatsches*.

Is it by any chance a case
Of husband, brother, lover, son,
Far from his womankind's embrace
Doing his duty as a Hun?
Is it the absent strafer's kiss
On whose account this plaint they utter?
No, 'tis a dearer loss—they miss
Their slabs of butter.

O Teuton Fraus are brave, no doubt,
And at a pinch would stand to arms,
But simply *cannot* do without
The fatty source of half their charms;
Withhold the product of the churn,
You take from life its leading savour,
Those podgy waists by which they earn
Their warriors' favour.

Some day the nation's nerve may crack
(So straws will break a camel's hump)
Through local riots due to lack
Of means to keep its women plump;
I think it may; my hopes are high
That WILLIAM'S world-compelling flutter
Shall yet be dislocated by
A dearth of butter.

O. S.

Journalistic Modesty.

"The Neanderthal man, we know, rude as he was, made fires, and has left indications that he had reasons to suppose his relatives continued beyond the grave. His brain case, though not like ours, was quite capacious."—*Daily News.*

The Lady-Killer.

From a description of the hero in a recently-published novel:—

"He had lived in the world for 40 years . . . Beautiful women had turned to gall on his tongue, shrunken to their skeletons in his weary eyes."

From a report of Lord ROSEBERY'S speech:—

"So long as we stuck together . . . there was no danger capable of happening which we could not confront."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

The printer, at any rate, has set a good example.

"Lost, a German Sheep Dog, wearing a new collar with no address. Shaped like a collie, with shorter hair; head like a wolf. Scared left hind leg."

That, no doubt, is the German part of him.

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXII.

(From Mr. BENJAMIN TILLETT.)

KAISER,—You don't seem to understand the people of this country—if you had understood them I daresay you wouldn't have got yourself into the fix you 're in—but anyhow I 'll tell you a little story of what happened to me, and then perhaps you 'll begin to see light, as the parson says.

It was a year or two back and a nasty rainy day, and I was travelling inside a 'bus. The conductor was a very uppish young fellow—got a swelled head, no doubt, from being put in what they call a position of authority—and as he came into the 'bus to take the fares he trod on my foot. I 'm a little delicate about that foot and we got into a bit of an argument. He seemed to think it was his foot, and I knew it was mine, and there was quite a pretty lot of back-talk flying about, when at last he ups and says, "Who are you, anyhow?" he says, "and what 's your blooming name?" I says, "My name 's nothing to you, but if you want it you shall have it. BEN TILLETT 's my name, and very much at your service, my young corn-smasher." Just as I said this a tall thin lady who was sitting in the 'bus gave a shriek and got up to leave. "Anything I can do for you, Ma'am?" I says; but she gave me a regular witherer and sort of fixed me to the floor. "Unhand me," she says—I hadn't laid a finger-joint on her—"unhand me. I can't sit in a 'bus with a firebrand. We shall all be murdered in our beds;" and with that she stepped it in double-quick time. I never laughed so much in my life, and the conductor was struck all of a heap. That shows you what feelings were not so very long ago. We were all scrapping with one another and forgetting we were human beings at the bottom of it all. But now, Lord bless you, we 're singing a very different tune. Why, I'd engage to let an Earl, ah, or a Duke either, tread on my best corn so long as he was dressed in khaki or I knew he was doing his bit for the War, like the rest of us. And as for the tall thin lady if I 'm not mistaken I saw her in the front row at one of the meetings I addressed the other day, and she was cheering like mad, and afterwards she came up and shook me by the hand very warmly, and she says, "Mr. TILLETT, you 've said what wanted saying about the KAISER and the Germans, and you make me proud to be an Englishwoman. It 's liberty we 're fighting for, and we 're all prepared to die rather than submit to a bloated tyrant."

There you are, you see. War 's a beastly thing—there 's no getting out of that—but it 's made us one people. I 've seen how the soldiers are carrying on in the trenches, and I 've seen what we 're doing at home in England, and I tell you straight your game 's up; you can't win the War. And it 's no good trying to think of stopping it just yet. We haven't yet got our teeth far enough into your throat; but there 's a good time coming, and when it comes you 'll know it and no mistake.

So I send you the compliments of the season and hope you won't deceive yourself any more. *We* 're not cherishing any illusions, as the saying is. We know what the Prussian is; we 've seen him at work on land and sea, and we 've made up our minds to send him back to the place where he belongs.

Good-bye and bad luck to you.

Yours cheerfully, BEN TILLETT.

Precocity.

"The Incubators are seen in full working order, with the babies in charge of the staff of St. Mary's Hospital."



SWEEPING THE NORTH SEA.

Chorus of German Admirals. "STILL NO SIGN OF THE BRITISH SKULKERS!"

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXII.

My dear Charles,—Great excitement prevails. A number of unexploded shells have arrived, and at present lie in the Camp Commandant's Office. Somebody has insisted on knowing what's inside them, adding, in a chatty sort of way, that "all you have to do is to knock the tops off and use your common sense." Ah, yes but who's "you"? The Chemical Adviser has demonstrated very lucidly that it isn't the Chemical Adviser. He is quite ready to do his part, he says, which is the latter part. Who is going to do the first part? Ordnance, usually very jealous of its privileges, is not assertive on this occasion. The Quartermaster branch is, for once, modest and retiring. Intelligence is being peculiarly intelligent and is sitting tight; Operations isn't for operating, and the O.C. Sanitary Section is thanking Heaven he isn't a real soldier. It looks to me as if the Camp Commandant is about to open yet another branch of his flourishing business. At any rate we have sent him a chit, entitled "Shell-opening for Beginners: by one who has managed to avoid doing it." The salient paragraph runs: "To remove lid: puncture by sharp blow with dull instrument. If necessary, prize open forcibly with chisel inserted under band."

You have heard it said, no doubt, that battles would be good sport if it wasn't for the shells, and you've heard it added that even the shells are less trying than the telegraphic messages on minor matters which arrive at all hours of the day and night to complicate trench life. Thus, an ill-informed French civilian applied for the recovery of a packet of letters from an upstairs room of his deserted house. Notwithstanding the fact that the site of the mansion was in the first line trenches, the matter passed safely through all the preliminary stages of transmission. The inquiry, as it reached the trenches, was not happily worded. After referring in minute detail to the position in the house of the upstairs room, the position in the upstairs room of the cupboard, the position in the cupboard of the little green box, and the position in the little green box of the bundle of letters, it concluded with the ingenuous question: "Is the house standing still?" The reply arrived with unusual speed. "Most of the house," it ran, "has removed, but that part which is still standing is standing still."

Again, a unit, having with some tact and address secured a German soldier from over the way, extracted from him the information that lots more would come over with a little encouragement. Forthwith the unit was asked somewhat curtly to state if any steps had been taken to encourage same, and if so, what? With all the respect and submission which could possibly be packed into a telegram, the Company Commander concerned begged to report that "he had procured a gross (144 native sausages and had suspended them on the barbs of the barbed wire. Favourable winds awaited."

Lastly, there was some to-do further behind the lines about the nocturnal visits of an aeroplane, of which the dut-dut-dut-dut-dut was distinctly heard, and of which the conduct was rendered all the more suspicious by the fact that nothing ever seemed to come of it. The matter was ordered to be inquired into; a patrol, suitably armed, was demanded for all-night watching from the local battalion at (alleged) rest. They went out, and the first thing in the morning their report was received. There could be no doubt about the truth of the allegations; the dut-dut-duts were indubitable. That they were produced by an aeroplane was also beyond question; the unmistakable sound had been heard of its horn being blown as it went round the corners.

It is the habit of people when hostile aeroplanes are seen hovering to say to each other, "Now I do hope there isn't going to be any unpleasantness." Talking of which I might as well tell you of the local frightfulness in which I am at this moment involved. I returned this evening to headquarters to find a hubbub in progress. One of the Greatest Ones is scheduled to deliver a technical lecture, and all the less great ones are scheduled to listen. Most of them have run into one part or another of my motor bicycle, and I do not begin my share in this story with any large margin of popularity. Eventually I find myself in the office. Three telephones start ringing at the same time; three magnates proceed to detail three totally different programmes of what is to happen to the lecturer when he arrives. The telephones have just been got to lie down and keep quiet for a bit, when he himself blows in. Having had a judicious mixture of the three programmes put to him by me, he invents a fourth, to which he gives first place, and leaves me to settle things up with the other candidates. Meanwhile he thinks he'd like me for a guide.

I am just starting out when two of the telephones, growing suspicious, begin ringing violently. The obvious course is for him to silence one while I soothe the other; instead of which I deal with both and at the same time maintain my conversation with him very deferentially as becomes a subaltern. No. 1 telephone wants to know, Sir, whether it would be convenient for me, Sir, if it came round to see me, Sir, and, if so, at what time, Sir? Being informed as to who I am, it changes its tone and says it's coming round at once, and if I am not there to meet it I'm finished. No. 2 telephone refers to my X.Y.Z. 1 and its A.B.C. 2, and my X.Y.Z. 3, and asks me if I mean anything by my last, and if so, what? It must know at once and will hold on while I find out. Meanwhile my distinguished guest is getting fidgety, not finding my remarks at all enlightening. So we leave No. 2 grimly holding on, pretend not to notice that No. 3 is waking up, and go outside to find that his motor, with his chauffeur and all that is his, has disappeared into the void. Thither I follow it, alone, realizing as I go, with a cold sinking feeling, the picture of the three magnates expecting three totally different programmes to function.

When I find the car the chauffeur is, of course, absentee. When I find the chauffeur and the car and get the two back to where I left the owner, he, of course, is gone. Not daring to go back into the office for fear of telephone bells, I get hold of a sentry, armed with a rifle and 150 rounds of ball ammunition, and set him to mount guard over the chauffeur and the car and to take immediate action if either of them tries to escape. I then retire apart and evolve in my own mind a fifth programme, on the basis of what any humanly constituted man would have done, if there hadn't been so much arranging. Finally (to omit for your sake many further harassing details) I return to find that a sixth programme, cancelling all previous programmes, has come into force, the exact details of which are, I gather, secret.

For the present I am left in undisputed possession of a large motor car and a small chauffeur. For the future . . . who knows? Meanwhile there are others greater than myself to answer the telephones. At this moment, as I write, one of these terrors has started ringing again. The Major, who's talking to it at this end, isn't best pleased when the fact comes out that the man at the other end is another mere lieutenant, who only wants to have a little friendly chat with me. The chat, conducted in public, was not so friendly as all that. He wanted to know if there was any chance of ever seeing me again. "Damn all," I replied, and rang off.

Yours ever, Henry.



Tommy (on his way back from the trenches—to General's chauffeur). "Take 'er 'ome, Chawles. We're walkin'."

FERGUSON.

Ferguson has just returned to us from an enjoyable holiday spent in what I am constrained to refer to as "a fortress" situated somewhere contiguous to the Eastern Counties of England. Already, exact details of his imaginary adventures have begun to snowball their mendacious course through the village. I have no scruple about repeating them, for I know Ferguson to be a satirist and suspect him of being a Scot.

We have a local witticism to the effect that teaching a duck to quack is labour "dra'd away in vain." From what I know and don't know about Ferguson I feel that ingenuity spent in connecting his reputation with the desultory expenditure of very occasional sixpences is also labour dra'd away in vain. Put in another way, and one perhaps better suited to the requirements of the superficial reader, I contend that something over ninety-nine per cent. of the girds at Ferguson are composed by their alleged victim and circulated solely to afford him the peculiarly Caledonian amusement of laughing at us laughing at him being laughed at by someone else. I hope you follow.

There is the account of Ferguson obtaining lodgings. With some little trouble he discovered a small room right at the top of a house kept by a very worthy person of marked religious tendencies. As the house itself stood almost within the shadow of one of our most sacred and irreplaceable public buildings, the situation had, as the good lady readily admitted, some slight disadvantage just at that period. People were not really nervous, she hastened to add, but they all seemed to prefer the basement to the attics. Ferguson gravely assented—even enlarged a little on the drawback—but suggested that a thrifty and verra courageous man might face the risk at a materially reduced rent. Terms were agreed upon. Then, and not till then, did it come out that the modest fellow, combining patriotism with pleasure, and at the same time covering all his holiday expenses, had been taken on as a short nightly relief at a convenient munition factory. His hours for sleep would be from 3 A.M. to 10.

This is mere bludgeoning. I prefer the rapier-like malice of the theatrical experience. At which theatre it took place nothing short of a strictly legal indemnity against any action for damages could drag from me. Tears stood in Ferguson's eyes, beads of perspiration on his brow, as he spoke of the long-drawn agony of witnessing the performance. Misled—heaven help him!—by a specious title, he had thought to witness a really serious play, and it turned out to be a confection of the lightest and most frivolous description. Not to censure too heavily in the light of what follows, it must be understood that Ferguson, himself a highly moral man, considered that he had been defrauded by false pretences.

It was a *matinée* performance, I gathered, and there were three Acts. At the end of the first Ferguson made his way to the gallery pay-box and offered, as a great bargain, to compound for the remainder of the entertainment by the return of fivepence. This offer, it appears, was declined.

"But"—Ferguson's vigorous tone dropped almost to a melancholy tenderness—"aa got even wi' them after a'."

"How?"

"Aa went back and leestened to a' the fulshness recht to the end. Then in the dark aa just slippit under the seat and, after bidin' there a wee bit hour or twa, aa come oot unpairceeved and saw it a' over again for naething."

ANTI-AIRCRAFT.

The Mess waiter knocked at the door and came in.

"Come in," I said.

"Letters, Sir."

"Ah!" I held out my hand.

A minute later I wakened Henry up.

"Good morning. Letters," I said tersely.

"Go away."

"Letters for you."

"Go away."

"One in a lady's handwriting."

Henry sat up in bed; he opened the letter and scanned it through.

"Well," he said, "this is good. Listen. 'Dear Sir,—I am endeavouring to collect funds for Xmas gifts for our brave troops abroad. May I solicit your help?' There's a whole lot more," he added.

"That's all very well," I said; "but I am endeavouring to collect funds for my brave tailor."

"Surely," Henry suggested, "we ourselves come under the heading of brave troops. At any rate it's hardly our responsibility."

"And yet it is," I objected. "I feel we ought to do something. In fact, I'm going to do something. We'll make up a parcel for them."

"I'd rather do something for our own men."

"Precisely," I agreed. "That's just where the parcel's going to, or rather coming to. It's for this detachment."

Henry smoothed his pillow. "I leave it to you," he murmured. "Good night."

* * *

Personally I was rather pleased with the idea. Christmas on detachment with Henry and twelve men, or, to put it officially, Christmas with one officer and twelve other ranks, promised to be a matter of doubtful festivity.

There would be letters of sympathy; there would be parcels; there would be a football match, officers and N.C.O.s *v.* men, the officers' team borrowing two or three men from the other side. The Corporal would arrange for himself and the older gunners to be off watch on Christmas night; also I found it would be Henry's night off.

Nevertheless I felt there would be something lacking. I was convinced that a parcel of food, tobacco and cigarettes, including a box of cigars for the officers, would help enormously.

I had another happy idea: a letter of good wishes. Some two night watches were spent in the composition of this letter, which I think is perhaps worth reproduction:—

"The A.A. Detachment,
3rd South Wessex,
Rock Hill.

"To twelve (12) British boys, wishing them a Happy Christmas and hoping they will soon get abroad, from a few others similarly situated."

I was quite satisfied with this, quite satisfied, and yet Henry wanted to spoil the whole thing by sending an orderly for the food and tobacco and distributing it there and then.



ART AND LIFE.

Ali Baba (of Touring Pantomime). "Shove the gold in the van, Joe, and ask the doorkeeper to lend me threepence."

He had several objections to make.

"They ought to know the parcel comes from us," he said. "I don't want them to think——"

"They shall know," I assured him.

"Then, good heavens, man, they mustn't see that—er—composition. What about discipline?"

"They needn't see it; the parcel will be addressed to you."

"What are you going to do with the letter then?"

"Frame it," I said rather shortly.

Henry didn't seem to be entering into the spirit of the thing. However, I was determined to see the matter through. I spent a whole afternoon's leave and two days' pay and arrived back laden and triumphant.

Henry by this time had changed his opinion and on the morning of Christmas Eve together we made the parcel up.

I addressed it to the O.C. A.A. Detachment, 3rd South Wessex, Rock Hill, and called for the Mess waiter.

"You can't give it him to post," Henry objected; "if he sees the address he'll think we're mad."

"Henry," I said, "need I remind you a soldier never thinks? He obeys."

* * * * *

I was the author of the business, and naturally I was the one to receive the blame, but as I pointed out, Henry being the senior, I was, anyway, the only one who could be blamed.

The Mess waiter had not thought us mad. He had merely thought we had made a mistake, and that the parcel was intended for the other 3rd South Wessex A.A.'s at Hill Grove.

So he altered the address.

Technically this is known as initiative.

I forget what I called it.

Seasonable Presents.

"Chilblains and Broken Skin, 4d. and 7d., by post."

North Eastern Daily Gazette.

"He applied for a commission before the war started, under Mr. Churchill's scheme."

Yorkshire Evening News.

Major Churchill's responsibility is evidently greater than we thought.

"There are many ways of cooking old hens. They may be boiled very slowly for as many hours as they are old."—*Farmer and Stockbreeder.*

Begin at once, and be sure of a good dinner after the War.

From the report of a recruiting meeting:—

"The Mayor of Kilkenny associated himself and his constituents with the resolution, and said so far Kilkenny had done its hare and would continue to do it."

Waterford Evening News.

Obviously a misprint for hair. We are glad that Kilkenny's cats are keeping their fur on in war-time.

"A submerged dialect is now being towed into Milford Haven."—*Shipping News.*

No doubt the jettisoned property of a naturalised Englishman whose speech betrayed him.

From a recent notice of a "tone-poem":—

"The picture of '*The Gallows*' with the creaking caused by the body is wonderfully graphic."—*Morning Paper.*

Evidently a picture that jumps to the ears.

[illegible]

[illegible] Mess [illegible] demonstrative [illegible] of hilarity; and where the [illegible] sit there are some audible [illegible] respectful [illegible] when the P.M.C. [illegible] the C.O. [illegible] But [illegible] selves [illegible]

To-[illegible] there was [illegible]. When the bugle sounded [illegible] wives have puddings and [illegible] we filed into the long hut there were exclamations of delighted astonishment which grew rapidly into a tumult of applause. There were clean tablecloths.

That sounds rather as though we have been accustomed to pigging it; but it isn't so. The fact is that a recent moving of camps has landed us many miles from the nearest laundry, and the linen which should have been on our tables has been elsewhere.

For two or three days one may pass such matters by unobserved. But gradually we began to take notice. We began to recognise spots and stains, and at first there was a certain excitement about speculating as to their origin. We began to see in them a kind of diary of past meals. We recalled, almost with a smack of the lips, the roast-pork of Tuesday's dinner; we found traces of the chutney which had been eaten with the curry of Thursday's lunch; there were marks of the efforts of a certain O.C. Company—a sturdy eater—to draw his full fourteen-ounce ration from a bony segment of loin of mutton. It was the *sic ibat Simois* sort of thing, and we were getting to love the old cloth for association's sake, and to look forward to seeing it again at every meal.

You must understand that in the circumstances in which we are placed such things may occur. The spirit of active service is over everything. Somehow it is easier than it would be in times of peace for your bottle to mark its standing-place with a wet ring. When there is little luck anywhere it is not noticeably unlikely to spill salt; and it certainly [illegible] mustard?

But as time went on stain [illegible] into stain until the whole [illegible] to blend into one [illegible] tint. It was at this point that contentions arose. Born of regret at losing old landmarks, so to say, there sprang up a feeling of antagonism towards their destroyers—those Goths who recklessly allowed some new and



DON JUAN IN KHAKI.

Shop Assistant (to Tommy who has asked to see some silver name-brooches). "HERE YOU ARE. TAKE YOUR CHOICE. ETHEL, MAUD, GLADYS, PEARL, DOLLY—ANY OF THESE?"

Tommy. "YES, ALL THOSE BUT GLADYS. AND I'LL HAVE POLLY AND ALICE TOO, IF YOU'VE GOT 'EM."

undistinguished blur to obscure or obliterate one with a history. Officers who are really quite tidy eaters began to get other reputations. "Steady on," we would say, "with that gravy. Just look what you've done!" And replies would come bristling with accusations [illegible]

[illegible] little by little our meals came [illegible] in an atmosphere which [illegible] with acrimony. [illegible] call a gent- [illegible] And you can [illegible] shaken from [illegible] into applause at [illegible] the clean table-linen.

[illegible] was brief, and it was only a happy accident that restored us to the normal. After the applause had [illegible] everyone settled down determined to find out exactly who were the people who upset things. Even the most fastidious ones were nervous. You see there was no chance of accusing anyone else. The target was too clean and the range too short. A happy accident, as I said, saved the meal from being a dismal tragedy of suspicious glances and painful rigidity. Suddenly into the silence that reigned burst a brief exclamation. It came from the padre, a man never known to use a word of one syllable if a word of three would do. All eyes turned in his direction, and we saw him trying with a fork to recapture from the cloth the contents of the Worcestershire Sauce bottle.

It was the last bottle, but no one minded that.

"CUT THE CACKLE . . ."

The Phrase and its Maker.

After a recent visit to the House of Commons—the second time only that I had listened to that assembly at work—I have come again to the conclusion that few of the sententiæ of the world have more virtue than old Astley's growled command to his stage manager, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." There is hardly a moment of the day when this rule of life could not profitably be remembered. Every child should work it on a sampler and read it on its mug; copy-books should prefer it to the usual run of more arguable maxims; patriotic plutocrats should pay for its insertion at the top of *The Times'* personal column; and wherever there is an empty space on hoarding or wall, in omnibuses or tubes, it should be emblazoned in letters of gold. In all French railway carriages to-day the passengers are warned by Government placards to be silent and suspicious, for the ears of the enemy are everywhere; so that "*Taisez-vous! méfiez-vous*" has become a catch-phrase in that country where catch-phrases have ever prospered. Astley's immortal sentence should be equally popular here, for never was the recognition of its importance more necessary.

Entertaining such feelings as these with regard to the dictum, I naturally wished to know more of the man who gave it life, so I have been inquiring into Philip Astley's career. To Newcastle-under-Lyme belongs the honour of his birth, in 1742, his father being a cabinet-maker there. At the age, however, of seventeen (which would horrify some of our head-masters, however much it pleased others,) the boy turned his back on chisel and plane and enlisted in General Elliott's Light Horse, became remarkable as a rough-rider and breaker-in, and so distinguished himself at the battles of Ensdorf and Friedberg that his General presented him with a favourite charger. With this noble companion, known as the Spanish Horse, Astley toured England, to exhibit the tricks that he had taught him, which comprised unsaddling himself, washing his feet, removing a boiling kettle from a flaming fire, and impersonating a waiter at a tavern. Never had a man a better friend. The Spanish Horse (to anticipate a little) remained in Astley's service for forty-two years, and, on passing to Astley's successor at the Royal Amphitheatre, was carefully tended, two quartern loaves a day being provided for a toothless mouth that could no longer manage corn; [illegible] when death at last came, his hide (in order to perpetuate his memory) was tanned and made into a thunder-drum for the prompt side of the theatre.

From touring Astley turned to circus and theatre management in London, and, with various ups and downs of fortune, he continued in this business to the end, both in London and Paris, though on the breaking out of the French Revolution he again joined the army, under the Duke of York, and not only fought but was invaluable as a horse-transport officer. He behaved also in a way that marks him out especially as a forerunner of present-day methods, for he was thoughtful as to supplies of clothing and other comforts to the troops. In the words of one who knew him: "When he left this country he took with him a very large strong chest, with bits of broad-cloth, thread, needles, leather, bristles, wax, in fact everything useful in camp in that way; besides five hundred flannel jackets, and at the corner of each of them was sewed in a shilling, that in case they [the soldiers] should be in want of money for refreshment they would know where they might find a 'friend in need.' Previous to its being got together, like a good tactician he called his company to the theatre and asked them what they would yield as contents for the chest? The ladies instantly offered their services in making the jackets, which was received very good-naturedly."

After this campaign he was back at his amphitheatre, which was then on the site of the Lyceum Theatre, in time to dress in the Windsor uniform and sit his horse at the door of his establishment when the King and Duke of York rode by in triumphant procession. The Duke and Mr Astley saluting each other, "the King was pleased to say to his son, 'Who is that, Frederick?' to which his Royal Highness immediately replied, 'Mr. Astley, Sir, one of our good friends, a veteran, one that fought in the German war.' Upon this the King turned towards Mr. Astley and made a most courteous assent to him." The incident, the chronicler continues, was "a theme of exultation to Mr. Astley, and it was constant in his remembrance for a long while."

Mr. Astley's house of entertainment was famous not only for horses, but for the gigantic spectacles which he devised and elaborated. Among his inventions I rather fancy that "real water" has to be included.

In his circus he reigned supreme, a vain and choleric martinet, who was, however, beloved by his employees. In all his adversity—and through fire [illegible] stone he had more than his share—he remained steadfastly honest. His name throughout England became synonymous with whatever was most daring and exciting in horsemanship. Not only the best showman, but the best horse-tamer of his time, he never gave more than five pounds for a horse, nor did he care what colour, shape or make it was: temper was his only consideration. But when he had done with the horse fifty pounds probably could not buy it.

A contemporary account of the great man by one of his company, which I have already quoted from, calls him "very facetious and liberal." It adds that "he was obstinate at times and would not give up his opinion to anyone, but very forgiving the moment after." He was inclined (like so many autocrats) to be a little deaf now and then. Riding was not his only accomplishment. "One day, for a considerable wager, he floated on his back in the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, with a flag erect in each hand." Brave times! None of our theatrical managers—neither Mr. Butt nor Mr. De Courville—does these sporting things nowadays.

Astley died in Paris in 1814, and was buried in Père-la-Chaise. His son "Young Astley," who had long assisted and then succeeded him, lived only for seven years after, and Père-la-Chaise guards his dust too.

The great Philip Astley built altogether nineteen amphitheatres; and what the old fellow's ghost can think when he visits London now and finds not a single circus for all her millions (many of them children), who shall say? 'Twixt revue and revue no room for a horse to put even his nose in! Could his reflection be other than that we have cut the 'osses to come to the cackle?

"An 'R.T.O.,' as a railway transport officer is commonly termed, does more work than any other two officers put together and under far more trying conditions. His day begins at cock-crow and, if he is lucky, ends at the same time the next morning. But he is not often lucky, and the result is he may be kept on the go for a few additional hours."

Morning Paper.

The only time he gets ahead of his work is when his superior officer kicks him into the middle of next week.

From a notice of *The Faithful*, Mr. Masefield's new play:—

"If this play is not the equal of 'The Silver Box' and some others of his works, it will have to be considered in the final estimate of Masefield's place in our literature."

Morning Paper.

Mr. Galsworthy, we understand, is now wondering whether he should rest *his* poetical reputation on *Dauber*.

AUNT'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

[illegible]

For the elucidation of military mysteries this treatise is written to assist those estimable ladies who have given their nephews to the service of K. and C.

Motto.—When in doubt send tobacco.

Abbreviations.—[illegible] acquaintance with the following is [illegible]:—C.O., N.C.O., O.C., [illegible], D.C.M., [illegible], M.O., [illegible], O.P.O., [illegible].

C.S.M.—A [illegible] who made the British Army what it was, not what it is, and who is justly jealous for its future. Men reassure themselves with the thought that he cannot eat them; but they hate to be victims of the partial success that attends his efforts. On approaching the C.S.M. a man halts rigidly at attention, says, "Sir," blushes by numbers (One—give the blood a smart [illegible] up to the facial capillaries; Two—cut it away sharply), and makes his request. There is an interval of some minutes, during which the man carries on with blushing, judging his own time. Then he repeats, "Sir, may I——" "No!" says the C.S.M., and they carry the man away.

M.O.—A callous officer who heals the sick and makes the lame to walk, even when they can hardly limp. Soldiers with ailments report to him, and he marks them "Medicine And Duty," using only the initial letters, as he is a rude man. Then he explains that, there being no medicine available, only the latter part of the remedy is at their disposal. He is the Great Disillusion.

O.O.—The officer who sees that the rations are served and satisfactory. There is a scheme to replace him by a leaflet, printed, "If you are satisfied tell your friends; if not tell us." This would serve also as a recruiting agent, and, for convenience, might be indexed, "A F ψ 9999 - - - to *n* terms." The O.Q. may not accept a gratuity.

Second Loots.—No reference to later enterprises of the Crown Prince; but the name applied by sisters and *fiancées* to that vast crowd whose rank is denoted by a solitary star. Late 1915 models may still be obtained, new or hardly used at all.

C.Q.M.S.—The man who proves by algebra that soldiers are entitled to less pay than they expect. "What about your H.9731, and your B.O.55, and your U.8?" he says; and, being unable to solve even the simplest simultaneous equation, they depart with sorrow and regret.



Punctilious Officer. "Don't you know that you must salute an officer?"
Recruit. "Yes, Sir; but I was told never to do it with a pipe in my mouth."

T.N.T.—An ingenious discovery having a remarkable elevating influence which is found to be of great service in assisting Germans to leave their trenches. It may also be used to remove superfluous hairs.

C. 348.—A piece of paper divided laterally, with an unpleasant request on the left-hand side and a blank space on the right. Officers of the rank of captain and above fill in the space with "Passed to you for necessary action, please," and send it on to a subordinate.

O.S.E.—In summer camps an officer of [illegible] tendencies is appointed Officer Slaying Earwigs. Were this under W.O. authority the third initial would be W. for "Wigs, ear." A suggestion in "Insecticide Instructions, 1915," is based on the earwig's well-known propensity for climbing. A pole of infinite length is erected; the little creatures make for the upper extremity and are never seen again.

Another Impending Apology.

"At the Hotel Riposo, with Captain —— absent on active service, nothing is left to be desired."—*Bexhill Chronicle.*

Under the heading, "An Excusable Error," an evening paper last week printed the following:—

"The following correction of a telegram was sent out to-day by a news agency:—

In Christiania telegram sent you to-day please read:—

'Mr. Ford's peace expedition' instead of 'Mr. Ford's peace exhibition.'"

To us the correction seems quite inexcusable. Poor Mr. Ford wants to put an end to war, not to take the end off peace.



"Yon's a bonny lass."
"D' ye ken her?"
"Then will ye no speak to her?"
"Ay."
"Ay."
"Ay. When she's paid her penny."

THE PIPES: A PALINODE.

[Suggested by reading in *The Westminster Gazette* that the Provost of Inverness had received £194 from Java, subscribed by Dutch, Armenians and Chinese, to be utilised "in helping the pipe bands of the battalions of the different regiments quartered in the Highlands."]

When I was young and precious, and thought it fine and smart
To advertise my loathing of any low-class art,
I priggishly regarded the skirling of the pipes,
Matched with orchestral music, as mere melodic swipes.

I waxed supremely scornful about their nasal tone;
Denounced as inartistic their everlasting drone;
Denied that those who played them required the slightest skill,
And held that their æsthetic significance was *nil*.

But time brings his revenges, and age the truth discerns,
Or, as the ancient proverb remarks, "one lives and learns";
And I, who scorned the piper as one who squealed and crowed,
By way of recantation now pen this palinode.

We praise, most incorrectly, the piping times of peace,
But O it is in war-time that piping should increase;
For then no decent Briton—I leave the freaks alone—
Can hear unthrilled the music that from the pipes is blown.

I lounge up to the window when bands and soldiers pass,
Drawn by the lure of bugles, of drums and fifes and brass;
I hurry there like lightning when its [illegible] kilted throng,
And at their head the pipers stride valiantly along.

For in these strains barbaric a wondrous magic sings;
They tell of ancient battles, forgotten, far-off things;
Of grief and death and glory, until the pageant glows
With memories of Wallace, of Bruce and of Montrose.

The firth now calm and glassy, now flecked with angry foam;
The flaming pall of sunset that glows on Suilven's dome;
The bracken and the heather, the clover and the broom—
All haunt the vision woven by music's fairy loom.

Back to the lonely shieling beneath the cloudy skies,
To strath and glen and corrie the yearning spirit flies;
For all the Highland glamour and all the Highland pride
Lives in these poignant measures, enshrined and glorified.

So when I find in Java diverging racial types,
United by their common allegiance to the pipes,
Remitting to old Scotland close on two hundred pounds
To foster the production of patriotic sounds,

I'm not surprised or prompted to talk of zeal misplaced,
Or call their contribution good money gone to waste,
But deeply moved at finding Armenians and Chinese
And Dutch combined to cheer us in trying times like these,

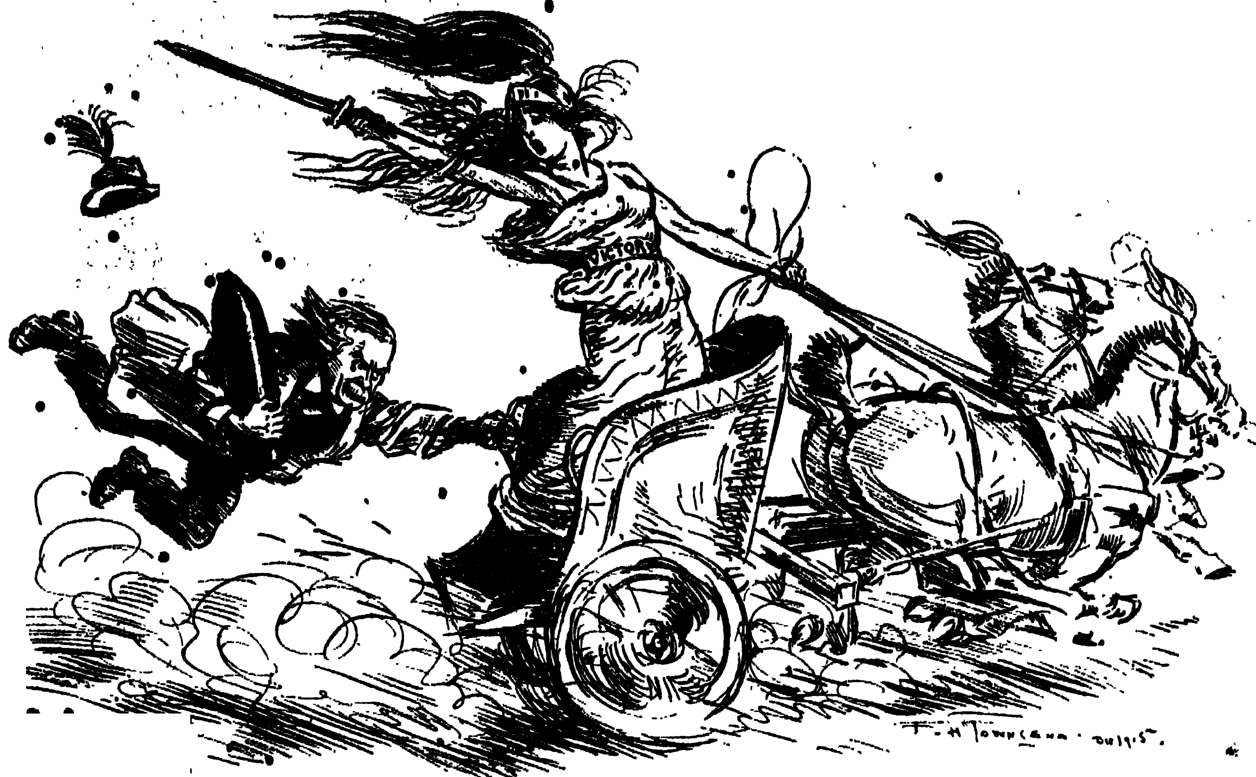
For, though I'm but a Cockney and know that in my veins
There's little blood deriving from any Gaelic strains,
I feel I'd merit beating with many bitter stripes
If I had failed in paying my homage to the pipes.



DEAD SEA-FRUIT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



ALMOST TOO LATE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ONLY JUST CATCHES THE VICTORIA 'BUS.

House of Commons, Monday, December 20th.—For nearly two hours the House, marvellously full considering Christmas Day falls within the week, listened to MINISTER OF MUNITIONS relating a story which will live among stirring chapters of English history. It began on doleful note, disclosing perilous condition in which for fully a year the country stood for lack of material capable of competing with the elaborately-planned preparation of the enemy. To this part of his address the Minister devoted one-half of his allotted time. It may be vividly summarised in a sentence.

"In the month of May," he said, "when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, most of them high explosives, we were turning out 2,500 a day in high explosives and 13,000 in shrapnel."

A gasp of pained astonishment passed along the benches. It was succeeded by hearty cheer when the Minister described transformation brought about in four months by the Department he created, whose work he has with rare insight and tireless energy directed.

"In September battle lasted for days, almost ran into weeks, but there was no shortage of shells."

House learned that this is only the beginning. Whilst store of high explosives for our armies in the field is abundant the time is close at hand when, in addition, we shall be able to increase our supply of high explosives to those of our Allies who are in need of them.

Generous in acknowledgment of services rendered by experts whom he has gathered round him for the accomplishment of this stupendous work, LLOYD GEORGE studiously kept his personal share in the background. Omission repaired by prolonged cheer from all parts of House that hailed an eloquent peroration.

Business done.—PREMIER consenting to extend life of Parliament by eight months instead of twelve as proposed, Parliament Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—Vote passed at 5 A.M. for further increase of "contemptible little Army" to four millions.

Thursday.—House adjourned for brief Christmas holiday. Back at work on 4th January.

The Superfluous Woman.

"BIRTHS.

On 15th December, at — Crescent, Cardiff, to Mr. and Mrs. ——, a daughter.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION."

Welsh Paper.

"After a clam night the German artillery has been very active."—*Evening Paper.*

So that's how the Germans get their shells.

"Foreman Gardener, aged 25½ years, seeks position in a good Church Choir, where similar occupation could be found."—*Musical Times.*

Our Cockney commentator suggests that the advertiser might be useful in keeping the verger in order.

"Washington, State department announces that several Belgian prayer employed as counsellor to American legation at severals has left Belgium and were not return. Germany has informed united states that natural was 'Personal non Grata.' Delaval whose report on could can injured cargely in french ministers correspondence published in great Britain were probably go to Havre."—*Quetta News.*

There would seem to be some justice in the complaints regarding the supply of news to the outside world.



"Lor, Mrs. Green, you ain't looking yourself at all this morning. Whatever do be the matter with you?"

"There, Mrs. Budd, you know the trooble we've allus 'ad with our George, an' now ah've a postcard this mornin' sayin' as 'ow he's got t' V.C., an' me an' 'is father teetotalers all our lives!"

TOAST IN WAR-TIME.

Chapter I.

A wistful subaltern sat in the mess-hut at breakfast. The rain poured down unceasingly and ran musically off the tin roof. He stared at the slice of anæmic-looking A.S.C. bread he had cut, and thought of toast—hot toast, wonderfully crisp and divinely brown. Toast for breakfast! He took up his slice of bread and buttered it sadly.

Chapter II.

After breakfast he wrote in the Mess Suggestion Book: "It is suggested that toast be supplied for breakfast."

After some time the Mess Secretary wrote on the opposite page: "This is impossible owing to lack of accommodation in the kitchen."

Chapter III.

For many mornings he ate his depressing bread in sadness; then an inspiration came to him. He wrote again in the Suggestion Book: "It is suggested that toasting-forks plied in the Mess." He pictur self squatting in front of the fire on a cold morning making that pale expanse of bread divinely brown. He waited eagerly for the Mess Secretary's answer, and was chilled to find written under his request for toasting-forks: "What for?" But, with a gleam of irony, he wrote underneath, "To toast with," and smiled gladly. The smile faded when he found written neatly underneath his ingenuous irony the single word, "Where?" Still undaunted, he appended the necessary explanation; "At the stove."

He waited again for this to bear fruit, and was himself noticeably brighter for the new interest which he found in his days. The answer, however, was not reassuring. "As it is a coke stove in the Mess at present, I am afraid you would not be successful."

Chapter IV.

He tried a fresh line of attack. "It is suggested that coal instead of coke be supplied for the Mess." But here he was on perilous ground. The answer came swift and decisive: "This touches on the Quartermaster's department, and is out of my province."

Feeling that the Mess Secretary was "one up" on him, he interviewed the Quartermaster. "Coal? What's the use of indenting for coal for a grate which is made for coke, and burns better with coke? If you can have the stove changed, I'll get you some coal. You'd better see the R.E."

He saw the R.E. man, who was a friend of his, but nothing could be done without the G.O.C.'s permission. "You'd better write out an application and put it in through me."

He went back to his quarters and began to write. He had begun the third copy, for it had to be sent in in triplicate, when he started to think.

After all, toast seemed a very difficult thing to obtain. It would only lengthen the War. He tore up his letters.

Chapter V.

A wistful subaltern sat in the mess-hut at breakfast. The rain poured down unceasingly and ran musically off the tin roof. He stared at the slice of anæmic-looking A.S.C. bread he had cut and thought of toast—hot toast, wonderfully crisp, divinely brown. Toast for breakfast! He took up his slice of bread and buttered it sadly.



"Con-found you! You did gimme a jump!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Readers who expect biography to be spiced with gossip and flavoured by anecdote will find little to suit their tastes in *The Life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal* (Cassell). Mr. Beckles Willson has given us a monumental book, and if we are compelled occasionally to think that he treats Lord Strathcona more as an institution than as a man I for one am in the end bound to admit that his method is justified by its results. After reading these 600 pages have not a very intimate knowledge of Lord Strathcona himself, but I do know thoroughly the work he accomplished, and Mr Willson may well say that the work is the man. What everyone knows from mere hearsay of Lord Strathcona is that he played a wonderful part in the development of Canada, that he was extraordinarily generous, and that he lived to a very ripe old age; what perhaps is not widely realized is that the thought always at the back of his mind was to bind the British Empire closer and closer together for self-support. That was his vision, that was the poetry of a life strenuously lived among business men and the atmosphere of business. When at the age of seventy-six, after years of devoted toil, Lord Strathcona (then Sir Donald Smith) was appointed High Commissioner of Canada in 1896, one of our ex-Cabinet Ministers apparently had never heard of him, and certainly did not know his Christian name. "Who," he wrote, "is this Sir David Smith who is to replace our old friend Tupper?" In the end honours fell fast to the lot of this gallant veteran, and to-day, when we are all Imperialists at heart, we have to thank him very largely both for the spirit of Canada and for the splendid way in which she has been able to make that spirit manifest.

I make a guess (it's dull of me not to be certain) that the title of *The Accolade* (Sidgwick and Jackson) had something to do with clever philandering *Johnny Ingestre's* victory over himself when that tenderly passionate and innocent maid, *Helena Falkland*, surrendered her heart to him so completely. He had been jockeyed by a criminally obstinate father into an early marriage with the wholly unsuitable *Ursula*, but he never claimed that the real thing when it came justified the breaking of all other pledges and many other people's happiness. Such knights are rare in modern fiction, and *Johnny*, who was the very opposite of a prig, but an odd bundle of whims, vanities, gifts and ambitions, and whose particular desire it was to throw over all the rather solemn swagger of the *Ingestre* tradition for the freer glories of the stage (his father dished that business also), is a character drawn with the uncanny cleverness and subtlety which the author of *Herself* so consistently achieves. If I have a grievance against *Johnny* it is that he found time to carry on such a delicate flirtation with *Violet Shovell, née Ashwin*. I feel that if *Mrs. Shovell* was going to allow anyone to flirt with her it might very well have been me, who met her in *Duke Jones* and fell desperately in love. So far I have very properly let concealment feed on my damask cheek. But I am sorely tempted to a paragraph in that indiscreet column of *The Times*. . . . The fact is that *Helena* and *Violet* are really perfect dears. Pray let me introduce you.

Still the War books come, and not in single spies. But

however dense their battalions there should, I am sure, remain room and a warm welcome in our hearts for the one I have last read, the title of which is *With My Regiment* (HEINEMANN), and its author a young officer who discreetly signs himself "PLATOON COMMANDER." His volume, which has at least the classic excuse of being a little one, is published at the pleasantly economical price of three-shillings-and-sixpence, and from cover to cover is filled with most vivid and well-realized pictures of the early days of the War, as they presented themselves to the writer. That is the special value of the book, that it gives in detail just those impressions that the stay-at-home watchers of Platoon Commanders most wish to receive; to read it is to share every experience (almost) in the life of a lieutenant on active service, from the day when he hurriedly joined at the outbreak of War, to that on which the Hospital Ship welcomes him, as a cot-case, to her tender ministrations. But the book is not only of interest for its descriptions of campaigning. Into his subject, *arma virosque*, the writer introduces many incidental portraits of the men who are making our War, of fellow-officers, the resourceful company commander, or the junior sub, fresh from Sandhurst, facing unmitigated horror with the quiet heroism of a boy and a gentleman, of certain N.C.O.'s in whom a deserved tribute is paid to a magnificent body, and finally of the best private soldiers in the world. "The men are fine," said a letter from the Front that I opened while in the very act of reading *With My Regiment*. "If the Germans could see their spirit they'd give in at once." No better words could be applied as the motto of a little book that everyone who has relations or friends at the West Front, and more especially the parents, sisters, cousins and aunts of Platoon Commanders, should make a point of reading.



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS.

Scenes from a revised History of Great Britain.

RICHARD III (*after that little affair of the Princes in the Tower*) RECEIVES, AT HIS OWN REQUEST, THE IRON CROSS.

I do not know which to admire more, the courage of Madame ALBANESI in sitting down to write a long novel with a hero whom only the most skilful handling could make sympathetic, or the art with which she has triumphed over this obstacle. She has set herself one of the most difficult tasks which the art of fiction presents to those who practise it, and, in the expressive American phrase, she has "got away with it." One of the most rigid rules governing fiction is that the hero, whatever his other defects, must never marry for money. He may have his faults, but he must not do that. Yet such is the magic of Madame ALBANESI's pen that, although the hero of *The Sunlit Hills* (HUTCHINSON) deliberately commits this worst of crimes, never for a moment does the reader cease to like him. Perhaps you imagine that there were mitigating circumstances, that he did this thing to support a widowed mother or to restore the dear old family estates? Not at all. He did it from purely selfish motives, because he liked money and the ease which money brings, and this was the only way to get it. And yet, as I say, it is impossible to dislike and despise *Toby Settringham*. You cannot judge him by ordinary standards. He is such a good chap. You feel all the time that he will wake up and be ashamed of himself, and then he will prove his real worth; and of course this is what happens. I was a little sorry that Madame ALBANESI fell back on the old device of the birth of a child to bring about the reconciliation of *Toby* and his wife, but I suppose the temptation was irresistible; and, after all, it is probably what would have happened in real life. Madame ALBANESI has the knack—achieved by virtue of her admirably natural dialogue—of making the reader feel that he is reading about living people. She uses no wood in the manufacture of her characters. *Toby Settringham* is so alive that he becomes a personal friend on the second page; and *Oscar Beel* is, I think, the only moneylender I have met in fiction who gave the impression of being able to walk and talk without active support and prompting on the author's part.

Among the many things that—without wishing to argue about the reason—I have clung to from my youth up is a tender feeling for pirates, and I am not at all grateful to Mr. LOVAT FRASER for trying to rob me of this cherished possession. Yet *Pirates* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL) is garbed, as it should be, in a garish cover; it contains "decorations" by Mr. FRASER that would thrill a cod-fish; its mere title is enough to stir the blood of the most anæmic. Moreover *Pirates* has a delightful history, for it appears that it reproduces *The History and Lives of all the most Notorious Pirates and their Crews*, the fifth edition of which was printed in 1735, and that this book was a "piracy" of a larger work by Captain CHARLES JOHNSON, entitled *A General History of the Pyrates from their first Rise and Settlement in the Island of Providence to the Present Time; with the Remarkable Actions and Adventures of the two Female Pyrates, Mary Read and Anne Bonny*. The smaller book takes no cognisance of the second section, and so we miss the deeds of these adventurous women, but we have record enough of the crimes of such men as Captains AVERY, JOHN RACKHAM, ANSTIS, etc., to satisfy most of us. My trouble is that their crimes were too sordid, that they murdered each other with an impartiality that is bound to be distressing to anyone who has a regard for their profession. I am not sure that even my profound affection for *Smee* is proof against the devastations caused by this dreadful thing that Mr. FRASER has thrown at me.

"There is shortly to be opened at Nuneaton, her birthplace, a memorial to George Eliot. This is the first public memorial to be erected to the novelist's memory, the other one in existence being that erected by Mr. F. A. Newdigate-Newdegate, M.P., on his estate Arbury—the Cheveral Manor of her works—where George Eliot was born."—*Morning Paper*.

GEORGE ELIOT appears to have had HOMER's knack of being born in several (we will not say cheveral) places at once.



THE PASSING.

"A PINT of British lager, if you please," said the dear old gentleman who was my *vis-à-vis* in the restaurant car, and he turned from the waiter to me. "One misses the Munich kind," he said, "but I couldn't stomach it now."

"Nor I, Sir," I replied, and was glad that he had spoken. I had watched his benevolent face—it seemed somehow familiar—in the compartment which we had shared, and wished he would speak to me. And now, with nothing but a small table for two between us, the ice, as they say, was broken, and we fell to talking of the changes of taste and habit, even in little things like lager, that the War had brought about.

"I should like to tell you, if I may," he said, "of a rather sad dream that I had last night. In my sleep I found myself in a certain London *bier-halle* (now Anglicized) that I used to frequent in the old days before everything German became impossible. Though the decorations of the room were still as I knew them, the atmosphere had changed with the management. I was sitting in meditation at my favourite table when there fell upon my ear a gentle moan, very human and appealing. I looked up. It was just from where the little man in the red cap was smiling from behind a Gargantuan barrel of beer that the sound of tender lamentation seemed to come. To be sure the little fellow was only half a man, being a flat presentment on the frescoed wall of the restaurant, and of course it could not have been he who had spoken. And then suddenly I knew that it was.

"'You don't mind me speaking to you?' said the small person. He came right off the wall as he said the words and squatted on the wooden table with its dumpy legs, swinging his own as he took his place. 'You see I fancied you would understand. I shouldn't wonder if they close this place now, for it is gone and will never come back any more.'

"'What's missing?' I asked, feeling sorry for his dejection.

"'You know. I have often seen you coming in for a sandwich and a drop of Münchner. What I am sorry for is that it is all over, all the jolly old spirit of Germany; but there—it is gone, and nothing will make things the same again. You see we were the real Germany, the Germany you and the rest admired. Pity to spoil it all, for there was a lot of good in it, and we never did any harm.' He planted his feet on a chair and shifted his belt.

"'I come from the Rhine, but I've been here in London for years now. Good place Germany, or it was once, but I shall never go back. They can scratch me off the wall if they like, I don't care.'

"'You don't approve of this Kaiser person, then?' I asked, a little relieved, for it seemed strange to be conversing with one who possibly should have been interned. The little man shook his head till the red cap quivered.

"'Him!' he said with vibrating contempt. 'No, I don't. He's not Germany. It's we who are Germany, we and my friends; and we are sorry, I can tell you that. Up there'—he gave a backward gesture whence he had

come—'we have talked it over, and we are all agreed. They have gone mad. You know what I mean. You've seen the Rhine. I heard you speaking of it one night, for you always used to sit close to me here. I am thinking of all that, and the music and the dreams, and the old professors—real professors who scorned politics as trivial things—and turret windows, and ancient cities, and fat old burgomasters, and the little villages and the *kinder*. You know the Christmas Tree came from there, the old Germany which we used to love when folks were kind and did their best.'

As he spoke he waved his hand, and in an instant there stood in the centre of the now deserted *café* a radiant vision of a tree, all fairy lights and dark and mysterious shadows, with dainty little fair-haired Gretchens sitting on the branches, and toy houses suspended by golden twine.

"'It was good, wasn't it?' murmured the little man as the vision faded away; 'but it wasn't only that. Germany had its kingdom, a mighty kingdom among the only things which really matter. It had romance and the spring, and it was good to see the students, to hear the laughter, and to listen to the old fellow who used to play the violin at that place in Heidelberg, you remember him? Ah, yes, it is sad enough, for it never can happen again, since the spirit of the true Germany is dead. No, it never can happen again—never again—never again——' He seemed about to say it once more, when suddenly there was a step on the stairs and a waiter hurried across the room, coming from the modern department on the floor above, and I looked up to see that my friend had returned to his place behind the beer barrel.

"That was my dream. Of course the little fellow had been out of Germany for many years, and had not seen that the changes of which he spoke had been going on for a long, long time under the influence of Prussian militarism. So that to-day we are not just at war with the Kaiser and his professional soldiers, we are at war with the whole German nation whose heart they have brutalised. How else can you account for the ecstasy of delight with which the sinking of the *Lusitania*, to take one example, was received by all classes in Germany? No such change of heart could be made on a sudden, even under the stress of war . . . Shall we go back to our compartment and continue this talk?" . . . We returned, lit pipes, and he began again.

"We too, of course, have changed, but not like that. We have roused ourselves from our apathy; we have learned to hate, and more hotly than we ever hated anything before, the spirit which provoked the War, and whose conduct of it has put our enemies for ever outside the communion of humanity. But we have not changed our hearts; we still cling to the old ideals and nurse the old hopes; we have not denied our faiths and loyalties; we have not lost our sense of honour and pity, nor yet our love of that humour in which tears and laughter are blent. I hope not; I hope not," he said very earnestly. "I look into my own heart and tell myself that I can find no change there. But I should like the test of some one else's unprejudiced opinion." He looked me very straight in the eyes as though to probe my sympathies. Then he rose and took a nice fat bag from the rack.

"I have here," he explained, "a few samples of my own thoughts, put down during the last half-year that has so tried our English temper. I am to give them to my friends for an Old Year's memory and a New Year's greeting. Will you do me the favour of accepting a copy, and letting me know at your leisure whether you think my heart, as far as these pages reveal it, is right? You will find my name and address on the fly-leaf."

As I was passing down the corridor behind him I had noticed a familiar excrescence between his shoulders, and now my best suspicions were confirmed as he handed me Mr. Punch's

One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Volume.





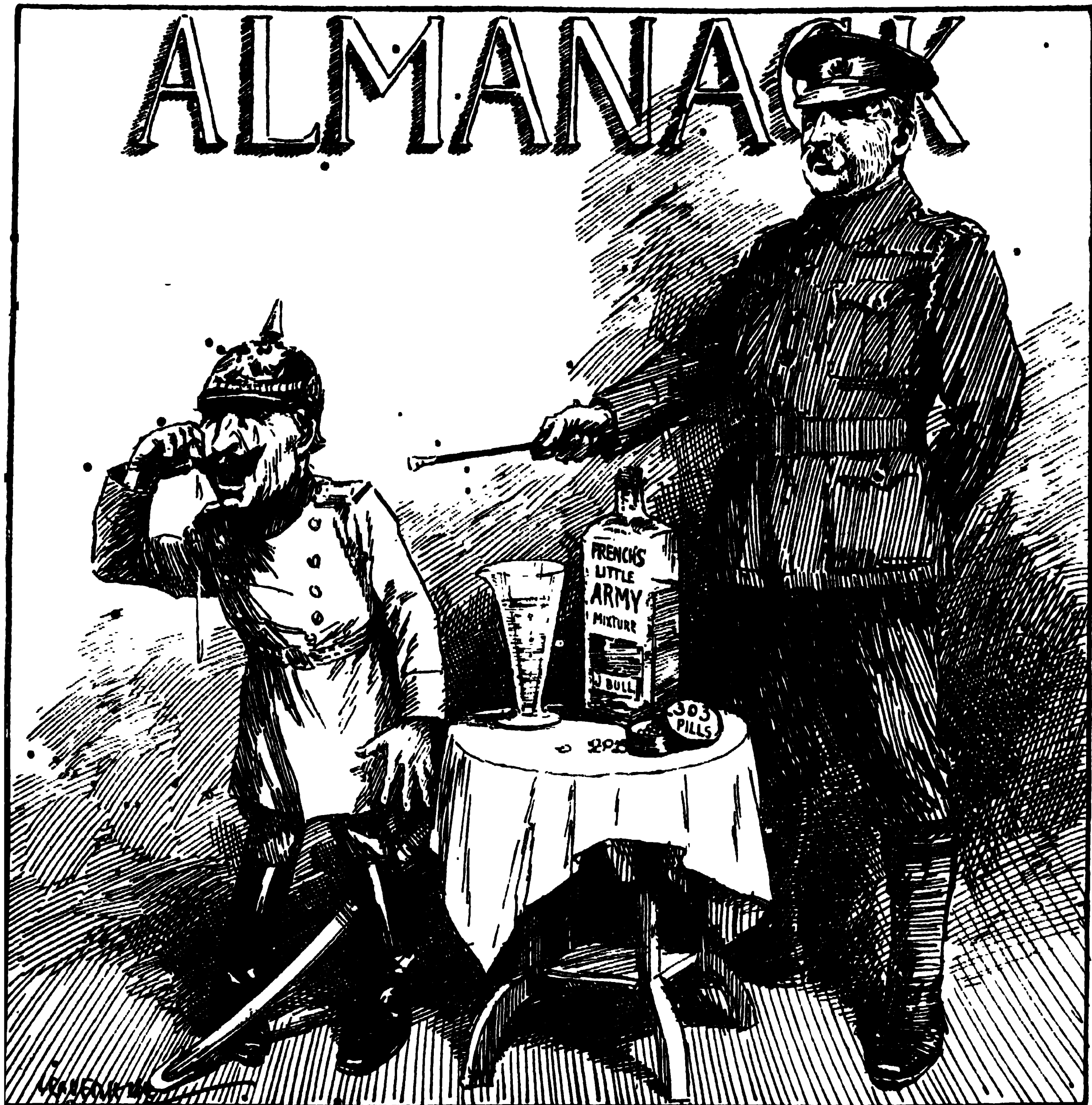
Cartoons.

Articles.

Articles—*continued.*

Pictures and Sketches.

FINIS



CALENDAR, 1915.

January

S	...	3	10	17	24	31
M	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...
W	...	6	13	20	27	...
Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
S	2	9	16	23	30	...

February

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	...
Tu	2	9	16	23	...
W	3	10	17	24	...
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

March

S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

April

S	...	4	11	18	25
M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	...

May

S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	31
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Th	...	6	13	20	27	..
F	...	7	14	21	28	.
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June

S	...	6	13	20	27
M	...	7	14	21	28
Tu	1	8	15	22	29
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F	4	11	18	25	...
S	5	12	19	26	..

July

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Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
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F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

August

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M	2	9	16	23	30
Tu	3	10	17	24	31
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Th	5	12	19	26	...
F	6	13	20	27	...
S	7	14	21	28	...

September

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M	..	6	13	20	27
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Th	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	...
S	4	11	18	25	...

October

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M	...	4	11	18	25	...
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Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
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November

S	...	7	14	21	28	...
M	1	8	15	22	29	...
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Th	4	11	18	25	...	...
F	5	12	19	26	...	...
S	6	13	20	27	..	...

December

S	...	5	12	19	26
M	...	6	13	20	27
Tu	..	7	14	21	28
W	1	8	15	22	29
Th	2	9	16	23	30
F	3	10	17	24	31
S	4	11	18	25	.

NEWS FOR GERMAN CONSUMPTION.



"The difficulties experienced in raising the much vaunted 'Kitchener's Army' are such that many of the recruits are mere children. Their equipment is of the most primitive description."



"Signs are not wanting that women are being pressed into the service. Many, indeed, are already in uniform."

NEWS FOR GERMAN CONSUMPTION.



I. SOCIETY. THE CHIEF TOPICS OF CONVERSATION ARE THE COMING INVASION AND OUR MAMMOTH HOWITZER.



"It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the panic which the Zeppelin menace has occasioned. Every night, in many of the principal thoroughfares, terror-stricken crowds may be seen gazing fearfully skywards."

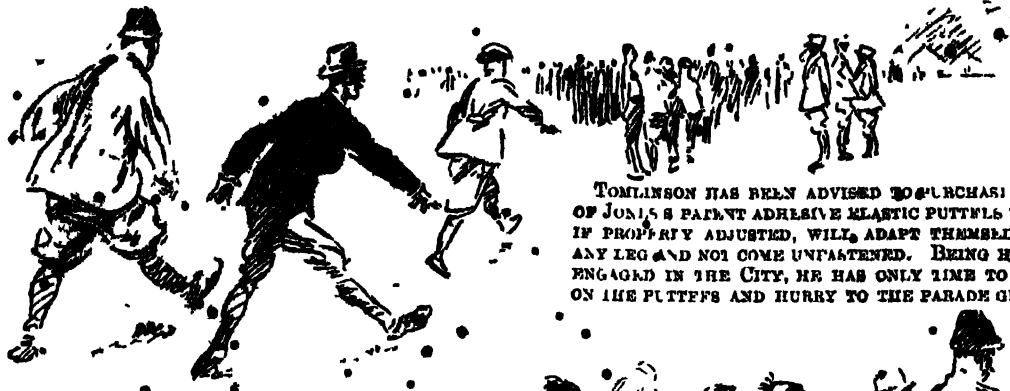


French Village Boy. "Souvenir! Souvenir!"
Weary Tommy. "Prenny the bloomin' pack, my son. I can spare it!"



Gwendolin. "'Ere! If there's goin' to be much more of this salutin' you can walk by yerself!"

THE ELASTIC PUTTEE.



Tomlinson has been advised to purchase a pair of Jones's patent adhesive elastic puttees which, if properly adjusted, will adapt themselves to any leg and not come unfastened. Being heavily engaged in the City, he has only time to fling on the puttees and hurry to the parade ground.



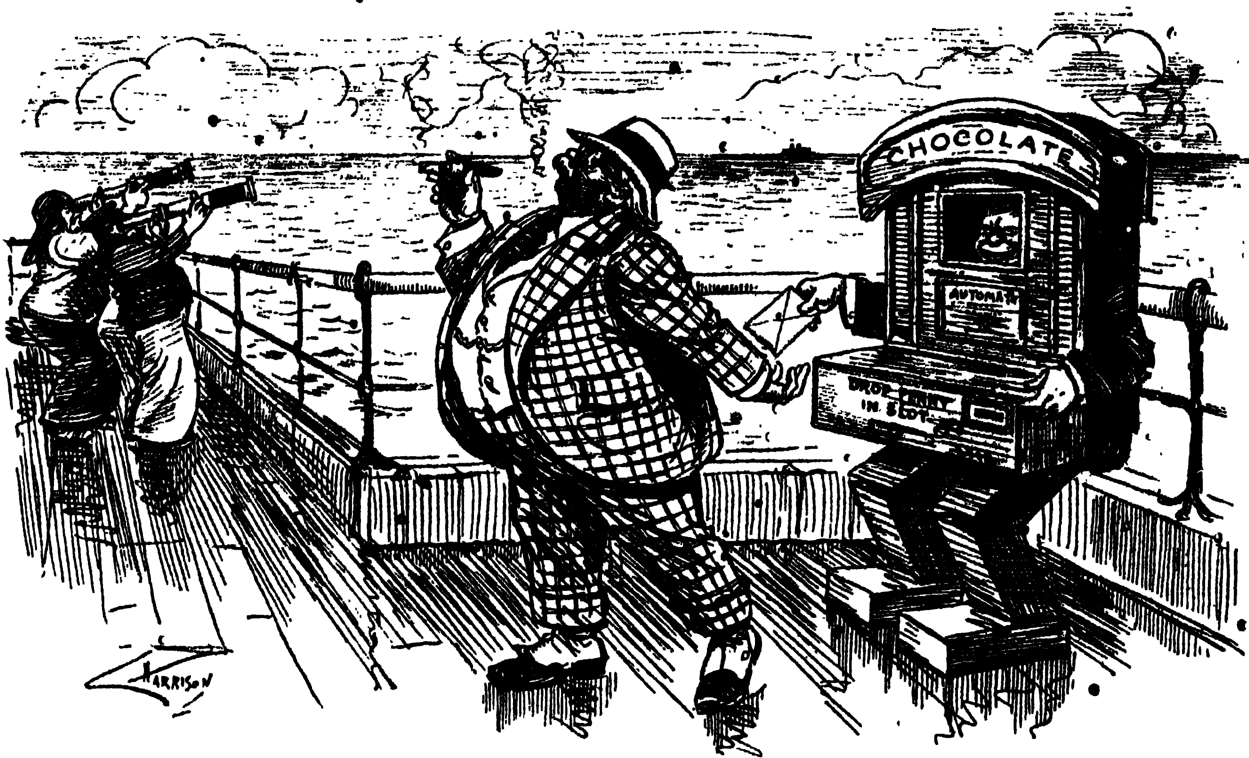
Later in the day—
"Form fours!"
(Jones's patent puttees fail to adhere to Tomlinson.)



Later—
"Platoon will retire—— about turn —— Why the devil don't you attend to the word of command?—— About turn!"



"Quick march!"



THE SPY PERIL.

ARE THE AUTOMATIC MACHINES ON PIER-HEADS INSPECTED OFTEN ENOUGH?



THE LAST LINE.

GERMANY CALLS OUT THE OLD PROFESSORS, WHO HAVE BEEN LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR, TO PUT THEIR THEORIES INTO PRACTICE.

SELF-INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF WAR.



"Rather a handy little book on infantry drill."



"Now I must get this Left Turn; left heel and right toe."



"So——"



"Now for the Right Turn you "



"simply reverse the process."



"Of course any idiot can do About Turn"



"That's just a——"



"swish——"



"round"

MINCE MEAT.

(*By our Charivariety Artist.*)

We hear from Buckingham Palace that, while King George cannot undertake to keep the Kaiser's Christmas dinner hot for him, he will certainly do his best to cook his goose.

* * *

As a homœopathic remedy for Huns and other highwaymen, our French Allies recommend Turpinite.

* * *

It is realised now that it was a mistake to place the Palace of Peace in the Bosch at The Hague. The idea of entrusting Peace to the tender care of a "Bosch" makes one tremble.

* * *

A patriotic British publisher is said to be about to place on the market a German Dictionary in English only.

* * *

The Kaiser, it is reported, has laid a wreath on the tomb of the Brothers Grimm—the fathers of the German Fairy Tale, so popular a feature in the Press of the Fatherland.

* * *

An unburstable inner tube for motor car tyres has been invented. Would it, we wonder, be possible for the idea to be extended to little boys at Christmas time?

* * *

Every Christmas Day the Fire Brigade receives an abnormal number of calls. It cannot be too widely known that persons who ring up the Brigade merely because the fire round their Christmas pudding is spreading and threatens to consume the whole of it are liable to a heavy fine.

* * *

There is again a strong rumour that a pen has, at last been invented which will always spell correctly. Its ingenious mechanism absolutely prevents its users making a mistake in orthography, and only last week a small boy who wished to spell "Kaiser" "Kayser," nearly had his wrist broken.

* * *

The idea of teaching children to be ambidextrous is to be extended. It is now proposed that the rising generation shall be trained to walk on their hands as well as on their feet. One great advantage of this would be that on a muddy day they could keep their boots clean.

* * *

"No," said Lady Deerleigh, "owing to the War, I shall not be entertaining this year." Many a true jest has been said in earnest.

* * *

Ostrich feathers being one of the luxuries which are now almost unsaleable, "Animal Lover" writes to suggest that it would be a humane act on the part of the merchants to return them to South Africa to be put back.



She. "No, I won't have it. I don't like the look of it."

Hawker. "No, and yer wouldn't like the look of yerself, Missus, if you'd been chivvied abaht by submarines ever since the war started."

SOCKS.

Shining pins that dart and click
In the fireside's sheltered peace
Check the thoughts that cluster thick—
20 plain and then decrease.

He was brave—well, so was I—
Keen and merry, but his lip
Quivered when he said good-bye—
Purl the seam-stitch, purl and slip.

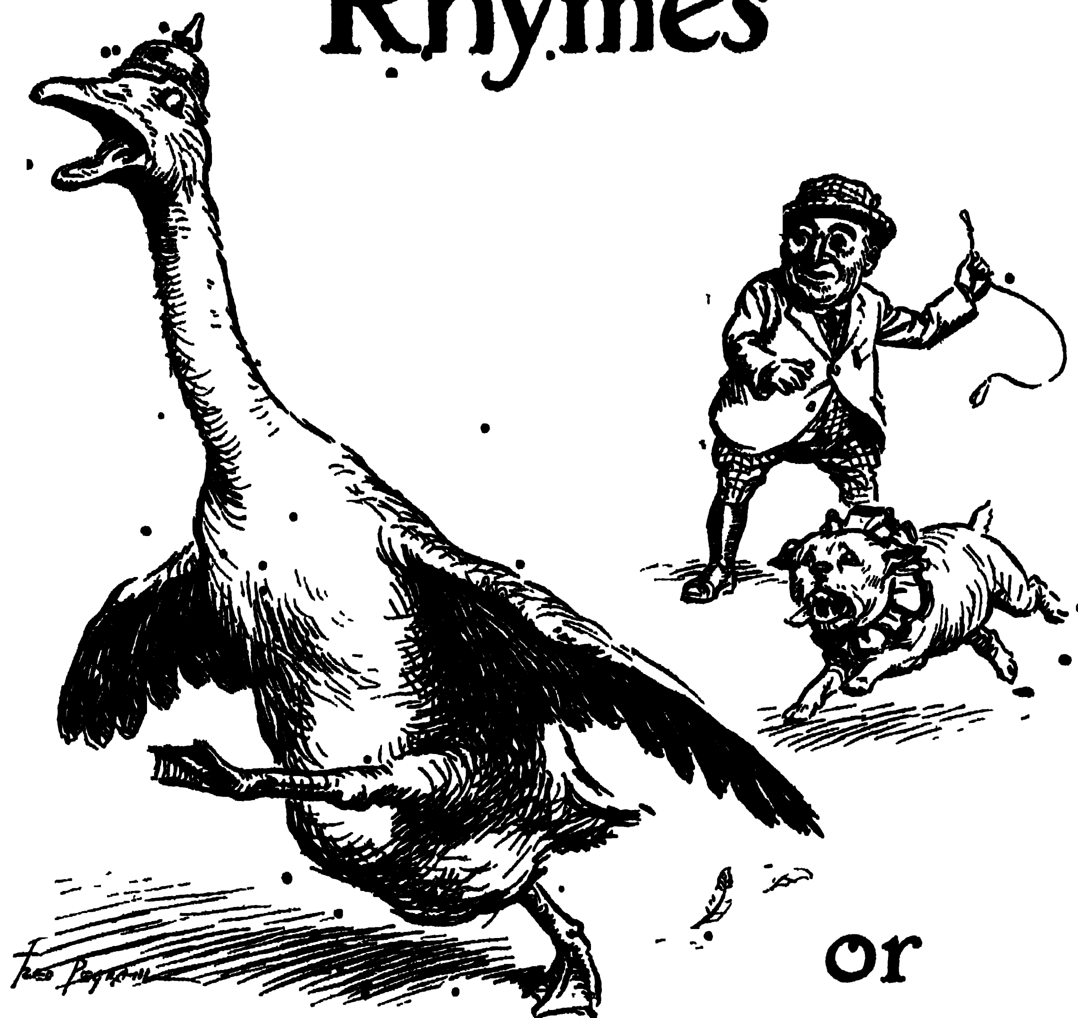
Never used to living rough,
Lots of things he'd got to learn;
Wonder if he's warm enough—
Knit 2, catch 2, knit 1, turn.

Hark! The paper-boys again!
Wish that shout could be suppressed;
Keeps one always on the strain—
Knit off 9, and slip the rest.

Wonder if he's fighting now,
What he's done and where he's been;
He'll come out on top, somehow—
Slip 1, knit 2, purl 14.

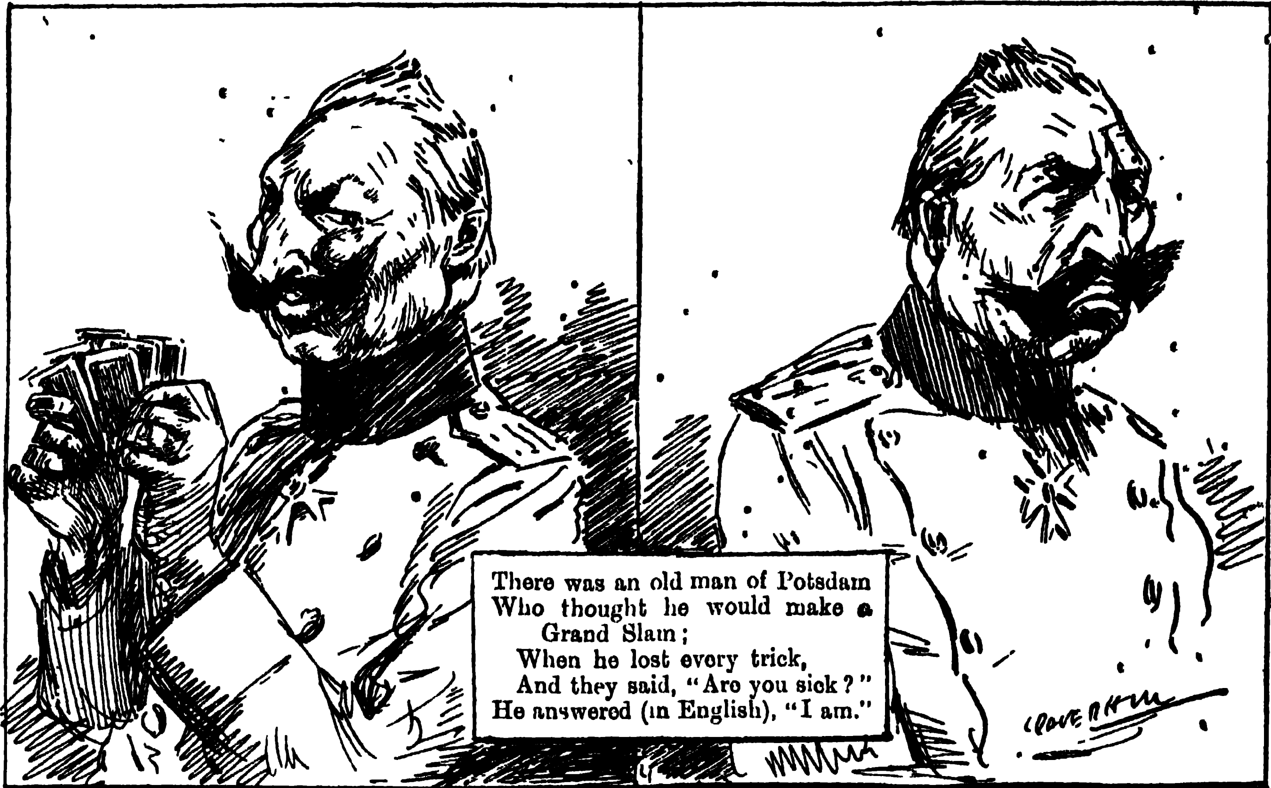
There was an Old Man who said, "What
A remarkably beautiful spot!
With its churches and towers
And its parks full of flowers,
I'd sooner destroy it than not."

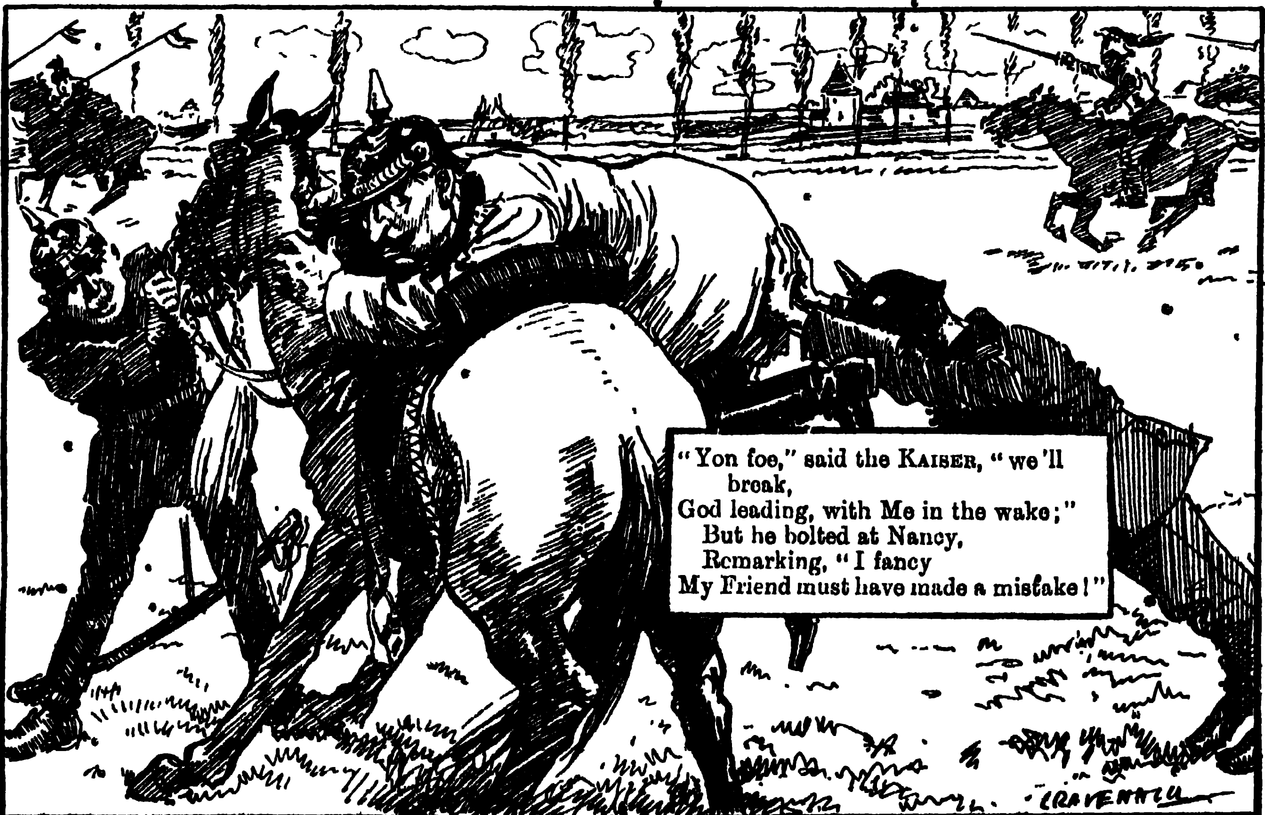
Mother Goose-Step Rhymes



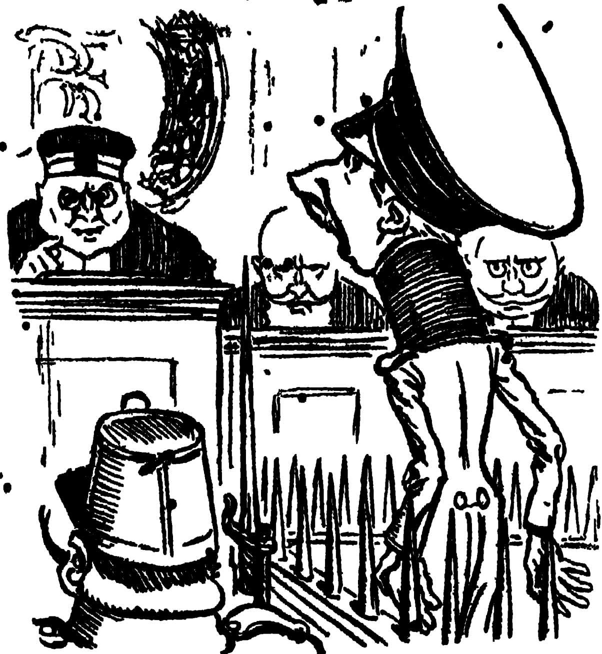
or

Letting Loose the Doggrel of War


There was an old man of Potsdam
Who thought he would make a Grand Slam;
When he lost every trick,
And they said, "Are you sick?"
He answered (in English), "I am."


"Yon foe," said the Kaiser, "we'll break,
God leading, with Me in the wake;"
But he bolted at Nancy,
Remarking, "I fancy
My Friend must have made a mistake!"



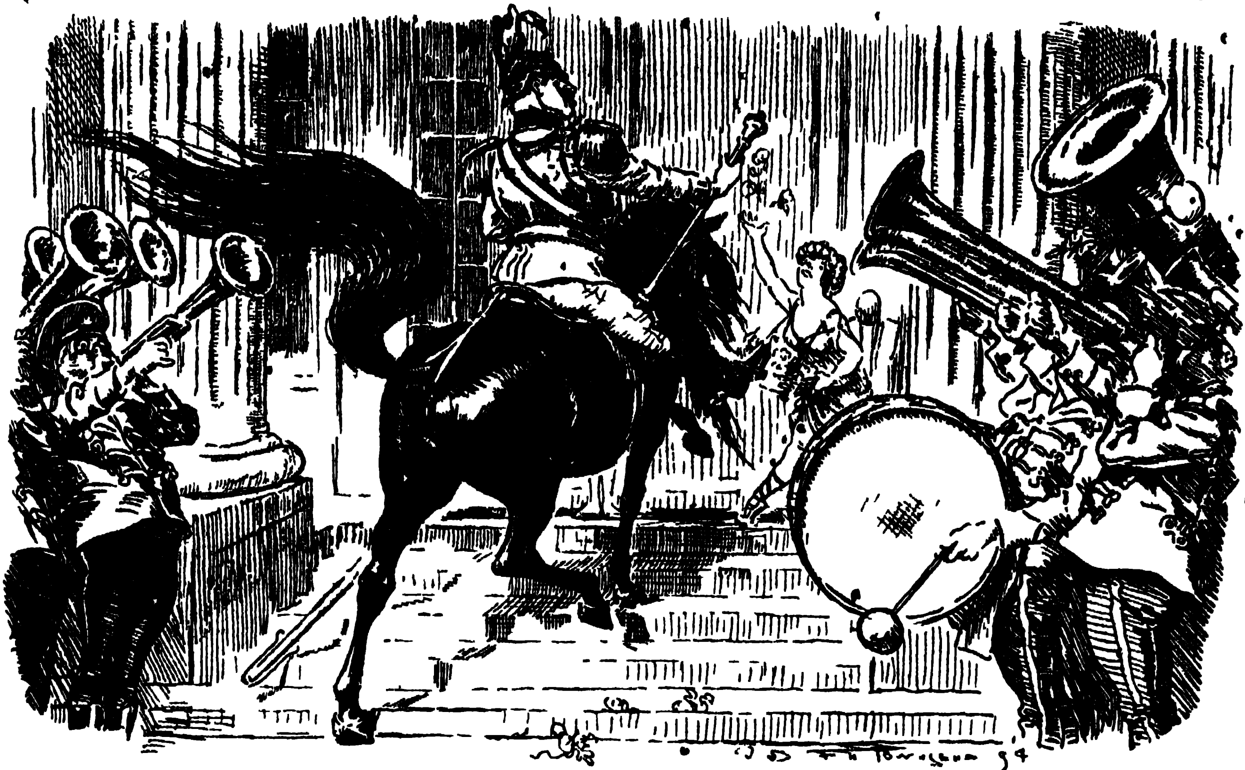


There's a chip of a pious old block
Who has lately been picking a lock,
And it ought to be rather
A blow for his father
When WILLIE appears in the dock.



To his grandpapa spake WILLIAM Two:—
"WILLIAM ONE, I will give you your due;
If there's anything odd
In my manner to God
I admit that I caught it from you."

WHEN WILLIAM COMES TO LONDON.



When WILLIAM comes with all his might
And sets the river Thames alight,
I shouldn't be at all surprised
If London Town were Teutonised.

Bidding his bands to play *Te Deum*
He'll occupy the Athenæum,
And Pallas' Owl become a vulture
Under the new *régime* of culture.



Britons will have to pay a mark
For leave to sit inside the Park

And watch the noble Uhlans go
Careering up and down the Row.

WHEN WILLIAM COMES TO LONDON.



A higher Art will mould our tastes
To Teuton wit and Teuton waists;

And when their houris ply the hoof
The house will rock from floor to roof.



On Pilsen beer the Bosch will bloat,
Supplied by Herren APPENRODT,

And German sausage be his joy
At the new-christened Saveloy.

WHEN WILLIAM COMES TO LONDON.

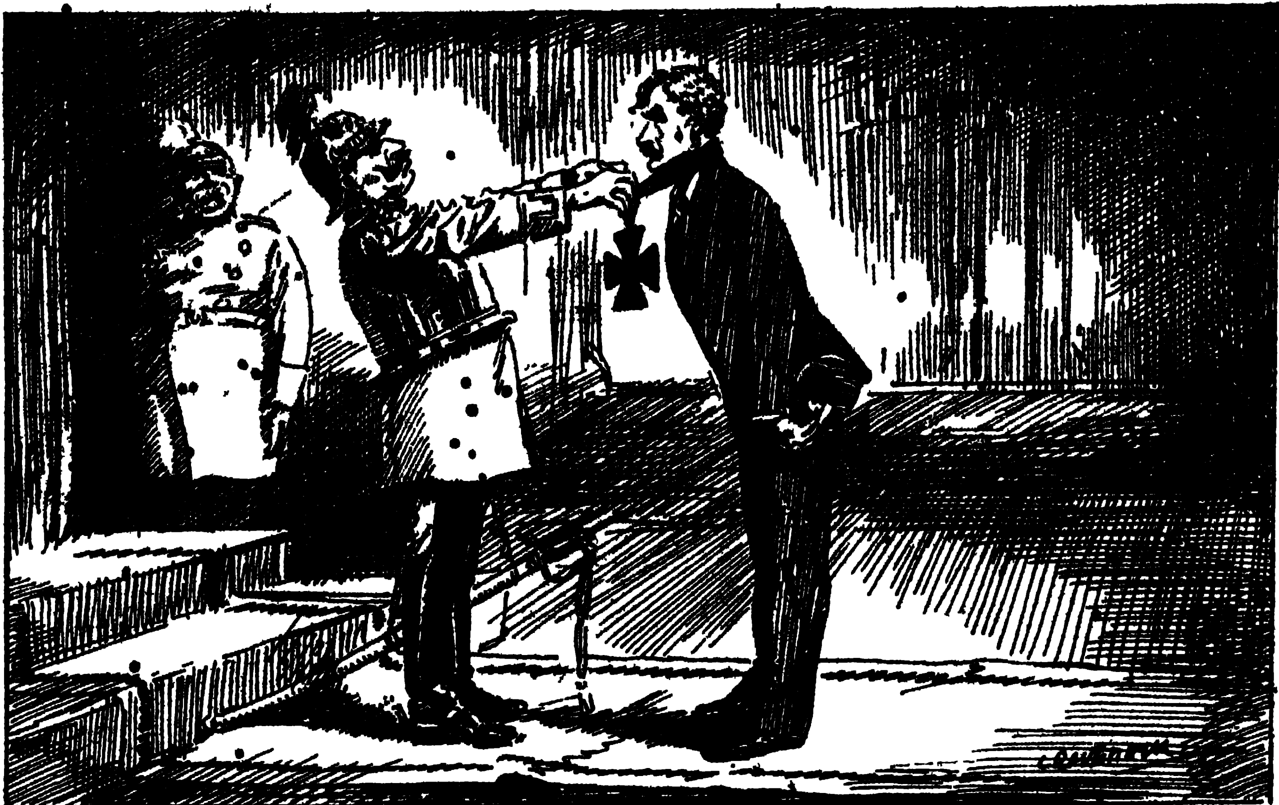


When WILLIAM shoots at goal like this
There will be murder should he miss;



when he plays what isn't cricket
help the Hun that takes his wicket!

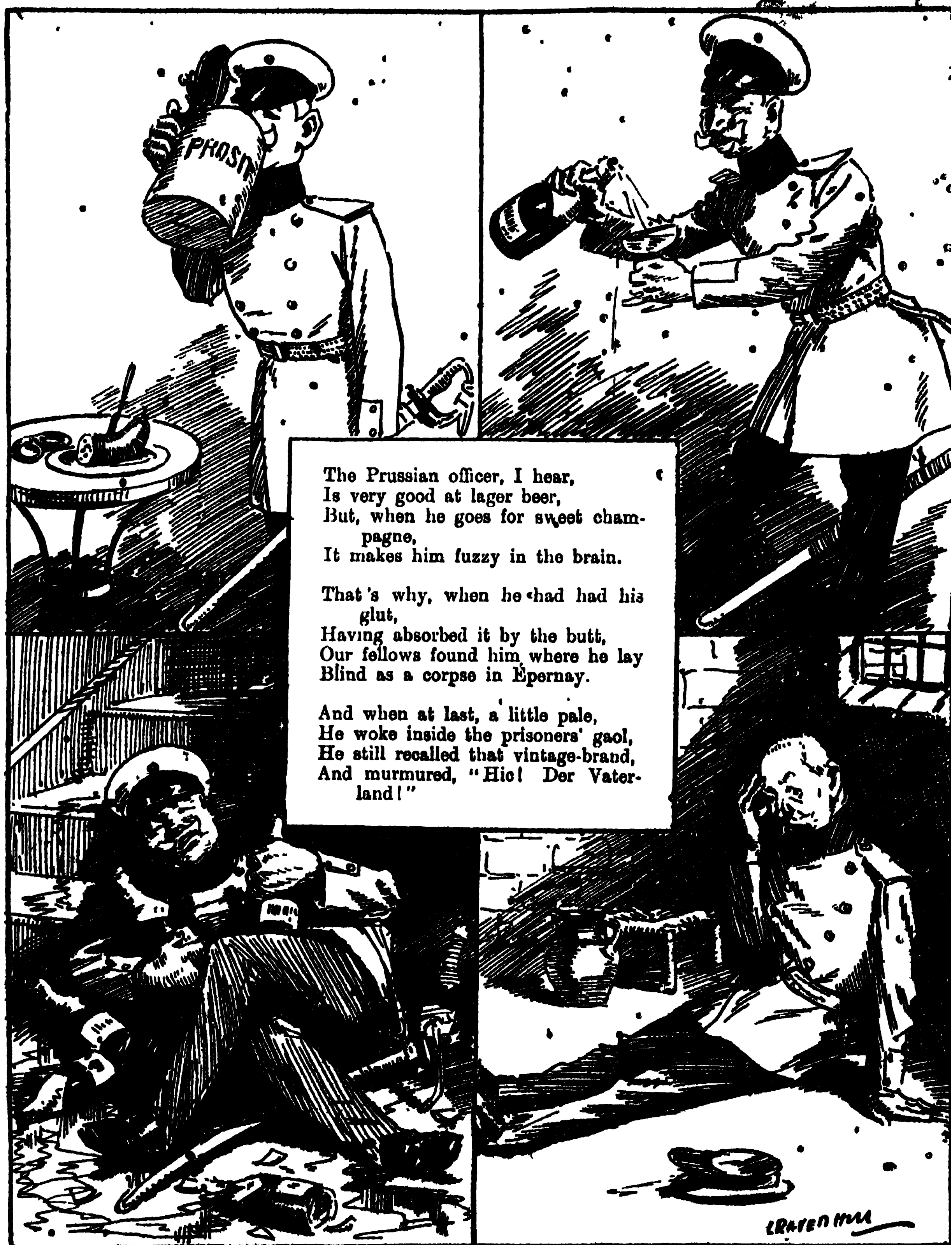
WHEN WILLIAM COMES TO LONDON.



You 'll hear the Tin-god of Potsdam say:
"Accept this Iron Cross, my RAMSAY;



Also the NOBEL Prize (though tardy)
I now confer on KEIR VON HARDIE."



IN THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY.

THE SHOCK-ING STOR-Y OF PROUD WILL-I-AM.

Once there was a ~~Gentle-man~~ Man named WILL-I-AM. He was a Sold-i-er, and a Sail-or, (with a love-ly Fleet of Can-al Boats) and all sorts of Oth-er Things be-sides. He could do Ev-er-y-thing bet-ter than An-y-body Else. He was IT. He was so Proud that his Boots hurt.

He had a Mail-ed Fist, a Tame Ea-gle, and a beaut-i-ful Stick-y-up Mous-tache.

Al-so he had Two Friends—(on-ly One of them was-n't ver-y Keen.)

¶ Now WILL-I-AM was ver-y fond of dream-ing. There was one love-ly Dream where he was EMP-ER-OR of the EARTH, and ALEX-AND-ER and NA-PO-LE-ON and CÆS-AR and all those peo-ple were in the Back Seats.

But he could nev-er real-ly en-joy his Dream, be-cause of a Cock and a Li-on and a Big Bear, who lived near him and used to dis-turb his Rest. So he thought it all out, and at last one Day he de-cid-ed to give them What For.

He fetched one of his two Friends—the Oth-er One thought he would-n't come, thank you,—and said to him, "Look here, just you go and sit on that Bear. My Ea-gle will knock the Stuff-ing out of the old Cock; and I am go-ing to tame that con-tempt-i-ble litt-le Li-on. Li-on tam-ing is my Long Suit. Now watch, and you will see a Circ-us!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

But the Cock turned out to be a Fight-ing Cock; and the Li-on some-how did-n't see his way to be-ing tamed. So WILL-I-AM pre-tend-ed he did-n't real-ly mean an-y-thing, and turned back to-wards Home. The Li-on and the Cock have ver-y kind-ly pro-mised to see him right up to his Door; and there he will find the Big Bear sit-ting on his poor Friend, wait-ing to wel-come him.

§ I do not think that WILL-I-AM will be a-ble to en-joy his sill-y Dreams for quite a litt-le while.

BERLIN

BERNARD PARTRIDGE inv. & del.

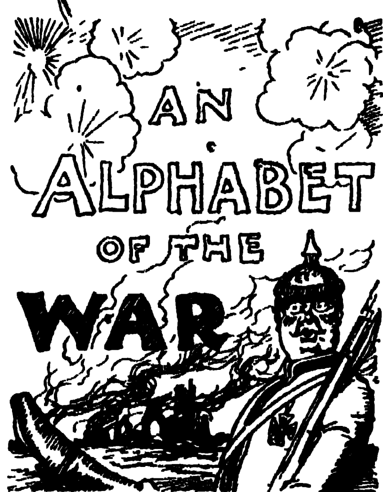


HERR BETHMANN'S BARTY.

(After "Hans Breitmann.")

HERR BETHMANN gife a barty,
  De KAISER he vas dere;
De gompany made zo vine a noise
  Ash efer sphlit de air;
De schampagne vlowed in poompers
  Und all vas himmel-gay,
Dey drinks gonvusion to England,
  Dey doasts de glorious Day.

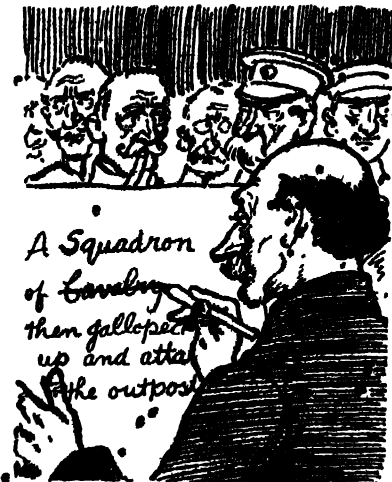
Herr BETHMANN gife a barty;
  Vhere ish dat barty now?
Vhere is de poashted shblendour
  Dat vlushed each varrior's prow?
Vhere ish de bronished trioomph
  Of Deutschers, left und right?
All goned avay mit de eagle's tail
  Avay in de Ewigkeit.



Attention! while artist and author combine
(The pictures are his and the verses are mine.)



A is my Aunt, with relations at Crewe,
Whose butler saw thousands of Russians go through.



B's the Bureau where the censors decide
If it's safe to let out that the cavalry ride.



C's a Crown Prince. While the others keep shooting
He very unselfishly sees to the looting.



D is "The Day" when he's collared enough,
And thinks it is time to get home with the stuff.



E is an Emperor. Need I enlarge
On the obvious fact that he's leading a charge?



F is a Flapper who hoped to assist,
And told Winston Churchill he ought to enlist



G is for Gordon, a palpable Scot—
"Vas mein vader's name Gottheim? Nein, certainly not!"



H for Headquarters. "Eye-witness" takes note
Of the way that a corporal puts on his coat.



I's the Impression one makes by remarking,
"My boy was at Buxton and *saw* them embarking."



J is old Jarge; he's 102,
And he's heerd there's a war, but he hopes it ba.n't true.



K is the Kaiser. (Let nobody fail
To notice Napoleon drawn to scale.)



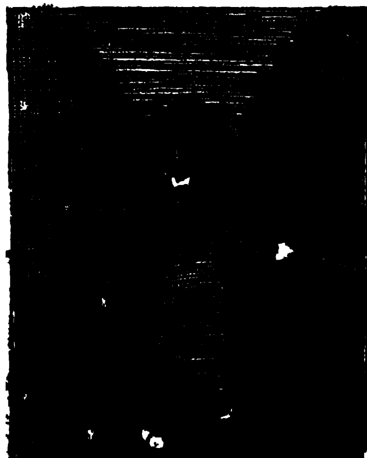
L is the Liar I met in the Strand
Who had "charged with the Lancers at Heligoland."



M is the Money I keep in my coat
(Now where in the deuce is that 10s. note?).



N is a Newsboy at work on his "pitch;"
It's the "Eye-witness" boom which has made him so rich.



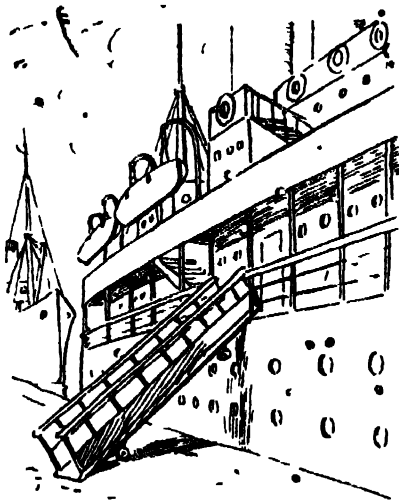
O is the Order *re* "lighting at night"
(My own little house is the fifth on the right).



P's the Professor who gallantly swore
It was Belgian ambition that started the war.



Q is the Quarrel I had with a man
Who called *it* "Saydong" when I called it "Sedann."



R's for the Russians. I ask you to glance
At the swarms on the gangway, alighting in France



S was suspected of being a Spy,
But never was able to understand why



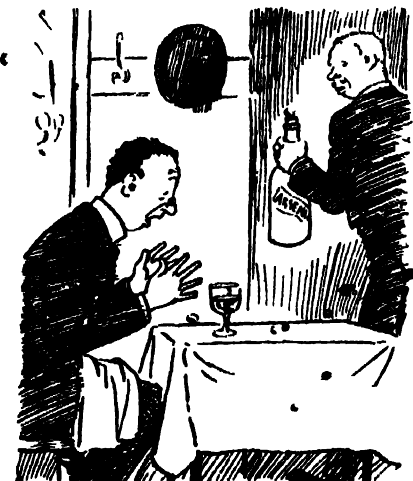
T is a Town which I'm taking as read;
If I'd only a cold I would sneeze it instead



U is a Uhlan who's taking a toss;
The Kaiser will probably give him a Cross



V is Von — — dash, I've forgotten his name,
But he proves that New Zealand was solely to blame



W stands for a Waiter. Alas!
He has emptied some arsenic into my glass.



X in the little equation that 's shown
Is the Crown Prince's chance of ascending the throne.



Y is the Youth whom I'm hoping to "cotch;"
While I waved to the troops he collected my watch.



Z is a Zeppelin, right overhead—
Isn't it luck to have something for Z?



Willie had a little Wolff,
Its fleece was black as ink,
And every time that Willie lied,
That Wolff was sure to wink.
It looked as harmless as could be
Dressed in a pet lamb's hide,
But everybody laughed to see
A hairy Wolff inside.



Sing a song of war-tales,
Each a Teuton lie,
Four-and-twenty canards
In a neutral pie;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
I never saw a dish of duck
So wild upon the wing.



O dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
O dear, what can the matter be?
Willie is out of the fair.

He promised to bring me a ribbon from Paris,
A ribbon, a tricolor ribbon, from Paris,
He promised to bring me a ribbon from Paris,
But somehow he never got there.

SPECIAL BOOMS IN BERLIN.



Though Teuton trade has had a slump,
Scrap-iron 's nicely on the jump;
It compensates for many losses—
This lovely boom in Iron Crosses.



Stone-masons, too, are working hard,
Sculping St. William by the yard,
To occupy the empty pitches
Of prophets in Cathedral niches.

SPECIAL BOOMS IN BERLIN.



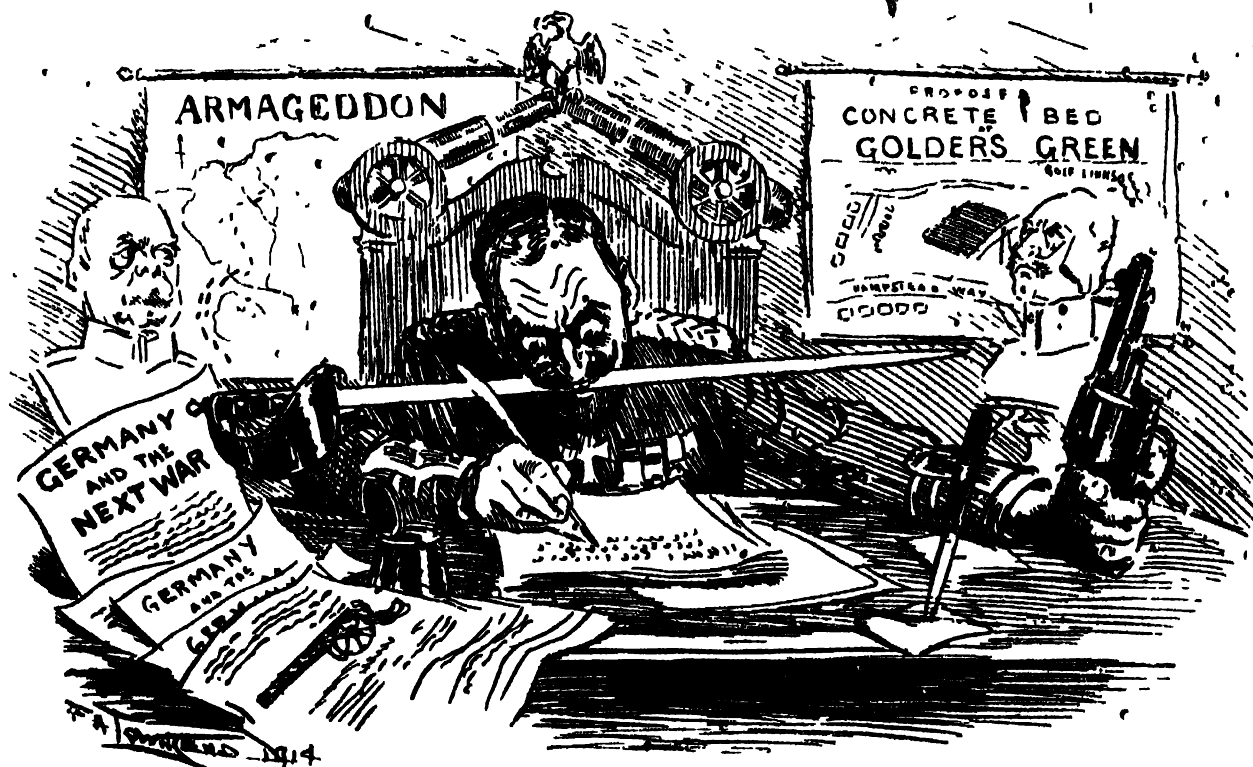
Tailors are stitching overtime
For Prussians who have passed their prime,

All day and night they readjust
Old tunics which have been and bust.



The Red Cross rage employs the hosier;
I hear his chance was never rosier;

Behind this screen the gallant Hûn
Can safely shoot at anyone.



BERNHARDI was a Teuton scribe,
One of the Blood and Thunder tribe;
I cannot tell you all he said on
The coming scrap at Armageddon,

But things have gone against his creed
And so he's very wild indeed,
And, if his brain goes dottier still,
He'll have to go to Looneyville.

BLOUDIE BILL.

AN AUGUST LEGEND, AFTER INGOLDSBY.

O, WHY doth thine eye gleam so bright,
Bloudie Bill,
O, why doth thine eye gleam so bright?
The Fatherland's sons
May have horses and guns,
They may fight all the day, and sit tight
All night,
But they'll never get round on the right.

Thy laughter is pleasant to see,
Bloudie Bill,
Thy laughter comes pleasant and gay,
"The contemptible FRENCH
And his Army entrench,
But We haven't a moment to stay
To-day;
And We shoo the poor fellows away.

"Then Paris lies open to Us
(Bloudie Bill),
In a week she comes under Our hand.
Next London shall feel
The full weight of our heel—
By October the 10th we shall land,
As planned,
And proceed up the Mall (with a band)."

O laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,
Bloudie Bill,
O laugh not, I pray thee, so clear;
Art thou totally blind
To the danger behind?
Look! the Cossacks are coming! They cheer,
"We're here."
They are thundering up in thy rear!

Thy answer comes ready and quick,
Bloudie Bill:
"In a week We have France on her knees;
Then We pillage and burn,
Do a right about-turn,
And mop up the TSAR at Our ease,
And seize
Just as much of his land as We please."

O, thine eye is prophetic and keen,
Bloudie Bill,
There's a splendour that shines on thy brow;
"'Tis done! We have won
Such a place in the sun
As no one can take from Us now;
So bow
To Us, the All-Highest. Wow-wow!"

* * * * *

O, why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
Bloudie Bill?
Doth the tear in thine eye make it bright?
VON KLUCK and his Huns
Had the horses and guns;
They could fight all the day; they could fight
All night . . .
But they never got round on the right! A. A. M.

End of Mother Goose-Step Rhymes.

AFTER THE WAR.



THERE WILL BE NO MORE LATE RISING IN THE MORNING. WE SHALL ALL SPRING OUT OF BED AT REVEILLE.



WE SHALL KNOW HOW TO TAKE COVER AGAINST ANY PROJECTILE WITH SOLDIERLY ADAPTABILITY.

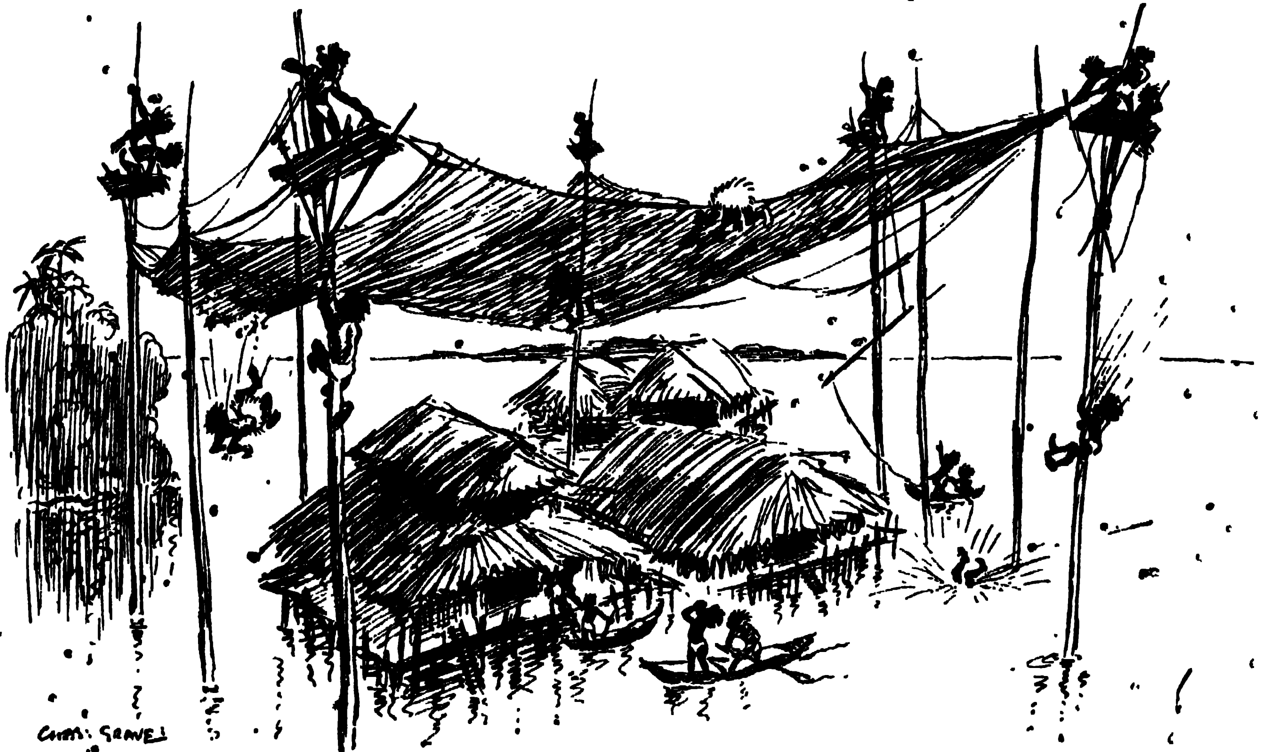


AND WHEN WE CAN AGAIN FIND TIME FOR CRICKET WE SHALL CONDUCT OURSELVES WITH THE PRECISION OF THE PARADE-GROUND.

MILITARY PRECAUTIONS IN THE EMPIRE'S OUTPOSTS.



DRILLING A KRAAL DEFENCE LEAGUE IN THE MASHONA COUNTRY.

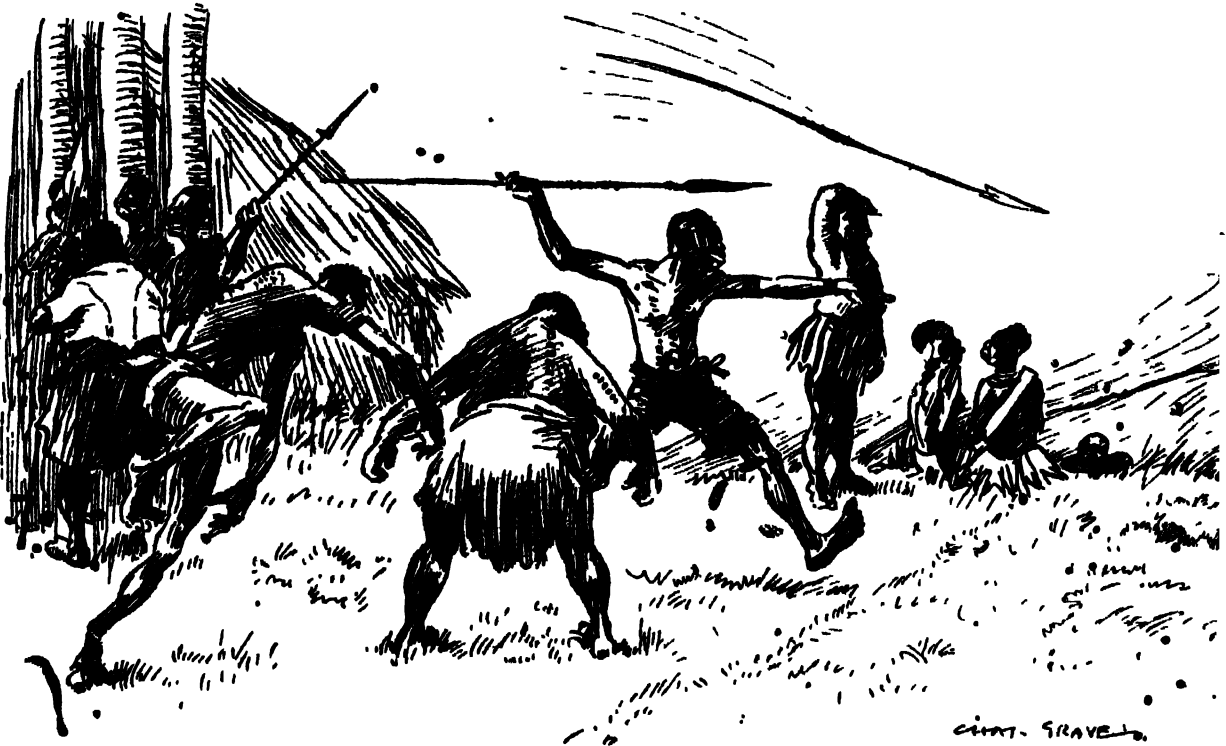


GUARDING A CHIEF'S HOUSE IN NEW GUINEA AGAINST AIRSHIP ATTACKS.

MILITARY PRECAUTIONS IN THE EMPIRE'S OUTPOSTS.



Smith Sound Esquimaux mining Peabody Bay.



Andaman Islands Landsturmers getting themselves fit.



Officer (to Tommy who is having his hair cut with horse clippers). "Does it hurt much?"
Tommy. Not much, Sir, only when 'is foot slips and 'e 'angs on to me by the machine.

TO POESY—FOR THIS CHRISTMAS.

O Poesy, thou chaste and heavenly maid,
Whom all right-minded persons call divine,
How long, how long is it since I essayed
Aught in thy line,

Since last I wooed thee, wooed thee as a queen,
And thou didst not unswervingly say "No"?
On a rough estimate, it must have been
Some months ago.

I had a temple sacred to thy name,
A quiet shrine, where never sound could steal,
Wherein I fanned the favourable flame
And did a deal.

Then, as from flower to flower the deep bees sup,
I lit on themes of general bounteousness,
And, at a pinch, could always pick one up
Out of the Press,

And sat aloof, and plied my gentle *rôle*,
And, if afflicted by a sudden blight,
In soft communion with some poet-soul
Got myself right.

Now, now, alas! that time has passed away,
The Huns have hoch-ed, the Huns are hoch-ing yet,
A stranger occupies the shrine to-day
(My flat is let).

The measures and the motives that I sang,
And hoped to go on singing, are decayed;
Nor do the folk about me give a hang
For thee, sweet maid.

That they have hearts attuned to warrior feats
And high emprise, I cheerfully admit;
But I believe that, if I spoke of Keats,
They'd have a fit.

And men are round me who, with cries of brass,
Would drag me down if I essayed to climb;
All, all is changed, and as a rule, alas!
I haven't time.

So if, at this frail hour of hollow cheer,
I still attempt the seasonable strain,
'Tis but to notify the fact that "Here
We are again."

Dum-Dum.

THE PACIFICISTS.

BROWN AND ROBINSON ON THEIR ROAD HOME DISCUSS THE TERMS OF PEACE.





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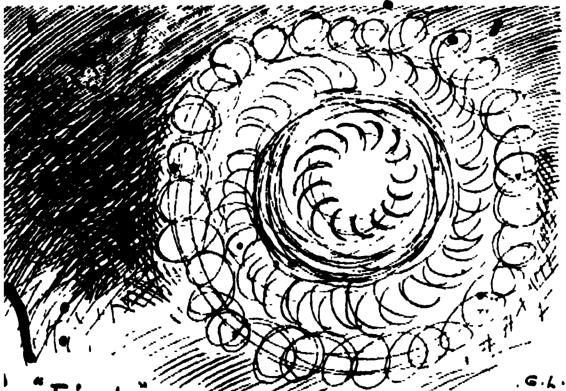
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"Who Goes there?"



"Friends."



"All's Well."



THE HERALD OF VICTORY.